

# 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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## OUR ADIEU.

**W**ITH this number, the "Voice of the Precious Blood" suspends publication.

As we frankly acknowledged at the outset, in undertaking this publication, we yielded to "the impulse of our heart." Devoted to the adoration of our Lord's Most Precious Blood, we were desirous of seeing this devotion more widely known and more intensely loved; and we had the ambition of laboring, according to our humble means, for the spread of this knowledge and this love.

Assuredly, our efforts have not failed to attract God's blessing and man's sympathy. Of the latter we received incontestable proof in the extraordinary increase of our patrons and friends. Of the former, the encouraging approval of His Lordship, our Bishop, was to us the precious pledge, as it was also our best recompense.

But the most marked success cannot supply for the loss of health; and experience has shown us that the work exacted of us on account of the "Voice of the Precious Blood" is incompatible with the nature and activity of our life. Our only resource is to discontinue our modest

Review, and to-day we reluctantly take leave of our faithful readers.

No, we cannot do so without regret ; and we shall not try to conceal that it was sweet to us to speak often to those who deigned to listen to us of that which forms the continual Object of our adoration. And to our humble " Sursum Corda," our Associates of the Precious Blood responded with so much zeal and fervor that our task yielded us pleasure and edification.

Without however waiting to repine we wish simply to express our gratitude for the good will which the " Voice of the Precious Blood " has encountered everywhere in its path. Gratitude first of all to our beloved father, the venerable Bishop of St-Hyacinthe, to whose high patronage our sheet owed its existence. Each month as it sped on its flight, his blessing rested upon it. At His Lordship feet, as a final act of homage, " The Voice " wishes to become extinct.

Gratitude to the distinguished writers who, on many occasions, honored us with their contributions. To all we shall consider ourselves forever indebted ; but we may justly be permitted to attach a particular expression of thanks to the name of the eminent " littérateur " who enriched so many of our pages with her remarkable productions. Our readers have recognised in this allusion, Madame Laure Conan, who, despite the high rank she occupies in the Canadian world of letters, did not disdain to place her erudite and elegant pen at the service of our unpretentious Review.

Gratitude, and we cannot express it sufficiently, to the deserving Editor of " The Voice of the Precious Blood."

We have only had to congratulate ourselves on having given our work into his hands.

Gratitude, in fine, to all who kindly constituted themselves our patrons and benefactors, either through their zeal in propagating, or by their personal subscriptions.

A last word. It is only our own voice which now dies away ; and we esteem ourselves truly happy to have worn it out in chanting the glory and virtue of the Redeeming Blood.

The Voice of the Adorable Blood speaks on in the Tabernacle and in Heaven. In the silence of our cloister we will continue to appeal to Its divine and omnipotent eloquence in favor of each of our friends.

While thus assuring all who honored us with their patronage of our unchanging gratitude, and in saying adieu, we pray them in turn to remember us. May sacred charity recall the humble Community in which their names will be perpetuated in the golden book of prayer and thanksgiving. Let them continue to grant it the benefit of their sympathy.

THE SISTERS OF THE MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD,  
 Monastery of the Precious Blood,  
 St-Hyacinthe.

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THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

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O Precious Blood !  
 Redeeming flood  
 From Jesus' sacred Feet ;  
 Come thou upon our sinful hearts,  
 To heal the wounds of sin's fell darts.

O Precious Blood !  
 Redeeming flood  
 From Jesus' sacred Hands ;  
 Upon us come ! We cry to thee !  
 From satan's bondage set us free.

O Precious Blood !  
 Redeeming flood  
 From Jesus' sacred Side ;  
 Come sign us as the Saviour's own  
 And claim us at His Father's throne.

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### THE FEAST OF THE MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD.

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Close on the commemoration of the Five Wounds follows the Feast of the Most Precious Blood. This year they are separated by two days only --the former falling on the twenty third, the latter on the twenty sixth of this month. A few days earlier the church venerates the memory of the centurion who pierced our Saviour's side with a spear. The intimate relation which each of these feasts bears to the other will be seen at a glance. When we concentrate our thoughts on the Wounds which, for love of us, Our Lord Jesus Christ bore in His body, our minds cannot but be fixed on the adorable Stream which flowed from them ; they were in effect inflicted to serve as outlets for the Blood which was to be our redemption. And again, when meditating on Our Lord's surpassing love as shown by His Wounds and by the effusion of His Blood, we unconsciously recall the centurion's action and all the circumstances of the infliction of that special wound whence issued the last Drops of Blood which still lingered in the inanimate body.

The redemption of the human race had been accomplished, but " the Heart that loved men so much " would still give a proof of undying tenderness. Each portion of Our Lord's sacred body had suffered its own torment. His august head had borne the painful and ignominious crown of thorns, his hands and feet were pierced through with large nails and his whole person was lacerated from

the horrible scourging. This did not suffice for His love. After death He would still testify to His infinite and God-like charity by fulfilling in Himself, in a sensible and corporal manner, the words of the bridegroom in the canticles : " Thou hast wounded my heart, my sister, my spouse." Hence the opening of His Heart by the soldier who, in the performance of this action which looks like a deed of unnecessary cruelty, was guided by a direct inspiration of Providence.

The stream of mingled Blood and water which issued from the cleft in our Lord's side typifies the Sacraments, especially that of baptism which cleanses our souls and makes us children of God ; it also symbolizes the Eucharist in which we receive the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ.

Although the wound was inflicted by a special design of Providence, yet, the action itself demands reparation which can be made by lovingly compassionating the world's Victim on account of the heartless treatment to which He was subjected during life and even after death ; and by adoring those last Drops of Blood which spoke so eloquently of the strength and immortality of His love. Neither must we forget that every offence we have committed during life was a sword-thrust aimed directly at the Sacred Heart which for our sakes emptied itself of its Treasure—the Most Precious Blood. This thought should indeed arouse deep contrition, but it must also awaken the strongest confidence ; for what could be refused us after such manifestations of love ? Let us in all our sorrows, perplexities and temptations, and even in our temporal misfortunes, have immediate recourse to our crucified Lord and send up our petitions to heaven in the name of His Adorable Blood. One of the favors we should pray most earnestly to receive is that of generosity in God's service. Would it not be unsuitable and unjust if such a bountiful and magnanimous Master received from us a pitiful, half-hearted fealty ?

Our Redeemer did not reserve a single Drop of His Blood ; let us not withhold a drop of ours, but instead, devote our lives completely and irrevocably to God, giving Him all the affections of our hearts and even the blood

in our veins to be spent in penance, suffering and laboring for His glory.

We learn from tradition that the centurion who on witnessing the convulsions of nature at our Lord's death, exclaimed: "Indeed, this man was the Son of God," was named Longinus and is supposed to be the same who opened His sacred side. He is said to have been afflicted with a malady of the eyes which left him partially blind until some Drops of the Precious Blood having fallen on them, perfect sight was restored to him. At the same moment the eyes of his soul were enlightened; he received the gift of faith and became a saint.

Let us petition for a favor similar to that bestowed on the Roman soldier--the cure of our spiritual blindness through the virtue of the Precious Blood, for alas! we do not know how to distinguish and appreciate the graces of which we are the object, and we reflect but superficially on the beauty and sublimity of the divine mysteries. Let us ask God, through the merits of this last effusion of the Precious Blood, to infuse heavenly light into our souls and to enable us to love Him with that generous fervor which does not recoil when confronted with sacrifice.

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LETTER FROM REV. FATHER LISSNER,  
SUPERIOR OF THE MISSIONS IN  
DAHOMEY.

TO REV. MOTHER CATHERINE AURELIA OF THE  
PRECIOUS BLOOD.

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MOST REVEREND MOTHER,

You feel intense pity for the millions of blacks who are still in ignorance of the price by which they were redeemed, and you take a singular interest in our far-off missions.

Allow me to relate for you how a negro was the first apostle of Dahomey--this Dark Continent--so sadly forgotten, till our own day, in the work of evangelization.

No journal, no learned academy has ever spoken of Antonio, and yet, in God's sight he played a great and

magnificent part, and the African missions of which he was the precursor cannot let his memory perish.

I hope, Reverend Mother, that you will not be an uninterested reader of a short sketch of his life.

Antonio was born at Ehoné, a small island near the Slave Coast. At the age of ten he was sold to a slave dealer and, with several others, was carried off to Brazil. Here, the child had the good fortune to be purchased by Dom Romualdo, prior of the Carmelites. The good monks were charity itself to the little negro. They initiated him in the elements of human learning and prepared him very carefully for baptism. He was endowed with fine dispositions ; his soul expanded to the light of the Gospel and he became a CHRISTIAN in the full extent and strength of the term.

It will readily be understood that the fate of the majority of his companions in captivity was very different from his own. Having fallen into the hands of masters who regarded them as nothing more than animated utensils, they received but very superficial instruction previous to baptism and were then put at various kinds of labor without further thought of their souls.

Deeply moved by their misfortune, Antonio, with his master's encouragement, sought out his compatriots. They confided their sorrows to him, and on his side he wept with them and showed them the sincerest affection. He was not slow in acquiring over these poor unfortunates a strong influence which he used in laboring for their instruction.

However when the Emperor of Brazil abolished slavery throughout his dominions, the greater number of the negroes returned to Africa. Antonio did not follow. His master had been a father to him and he declared he would remain with him.

Several years had passed when some of his former fellow slaves having come to Brazil for trading purposes, he learned that nearly all who had gone back to their country, left to themselves, had returned to the fetichism of their ancestors.

Antonio was profoundly grieved by this news. The thought of going in search of these lost sheep came to his mind at once, but he shed many tears before venturing to

disclose his project. Nevertheless the day came when, after fervent prayer, he cast himself at the feet of Dom Romualdo's successor :

"Father," said he, "I owe you spiritual and corporal life ; but those you taught me to love as brothers are on the road to perdition ; an interior voice urges me to go to them."

The superior reflected a while and then answered :

"Go my son ; God wills it ; go and open a path for missionaries."

Enlightened and strengthened, Antonio hesitated no longer. He bade a lifelong farewell to the monks he venerated and to the beautiful church in which his lively faith made him find a kind of paradise.

The voyage was frightfully stormy. One would have thought that on account of this strange missionary the demons never tired of exciting tempests. But God was watching over Antonio and he arrived safe. As soon as his foot touched his native soil, he threw himself on his knees begging God's mercy on his unhappy countrymen. He then started out in search of those he had known in Brazil.

Alas ! sad as was the description given him of their state it did not approach the reality. But far from losing heart, Antonio began his apostolate valiantly. He raised a little chapel of bamboo to which he invited his former companions in America. He sang hymns, said the rosary and did his best to imitate the ceremonies of the church. Whether out of curiosity or owing to the remembrance of his generous friendship, many negroes came immediately at his call. He pressed, entreated and terrified them with threats of divine vengeance. He was deprived of the resource of the Sacrament of Penance, but he understood the power of prayer. He extolled this grand means of salvation and multiplied it in every form. His efforts were not fruitless. Nearly all the apostates consoled him by their return to the faith ; the pagans themselves yielded to the charm, asked for instruction and were baptized.

Thus did a poor emancipated slave, ignorant of everything but his catechism, succeed in creating a veritable christian settlement.

But a christian colony cannot long subsist without a

priest. Antonio knew this, and his prayers rose earnestly and unceasingly towards the Sovereign Master, beseeching Him to send missionaries to his country. The aged negro might often have been seen on the sea coast straining his eyes over the vast expanse of waters trying to discover if no ship was yet bringing the long craved assistance. He who has promised everything to prayer could no longer resist.

The great Apostle once had a vision in the night in which he saw the angel of Macedonia who cried to him ; " Pass over into Macedonia and help us." Might not the same be said of Mgr. Marin de Brésillac when he conceived the project of going to preach Jesus Christ in Nigritia or the Soudan ? Had no angel said to him : " Go to Dahomey—to that land never yet trodden by the missionary's foot ; go and ear to those abandoned souls the treasure God has deposited with thee."

Who could describe Antonio's joy on one day seeing a bishop disembark with his priests ? But who too could depict his anguish when, a few weeks later, he saw them sicken and die—slain by the climate. But faith never capsize in the old negro's heart. " Jesus was Mary's only Son " he would say, " and yet God took Him away from her and made Him die on the cross. His will be done ! "

The work of the missions in Dahomey died apparently with Mgr. de Brésillac ; but, other missionaries have followed in his steps, and as you know, it is to continue and develop this work of which I now have the direction that I have come so far to appeal to christian generosity.

Reverend Mother, when your fine country was still plunged in barbarism one of the missionaries laboring to christianize it wrote :

" Alas ! my God, if a few of the ladies of France would only spend their superfluity in this most holy cause, what great blessings they would bring down on their families ! What glory in the sight of the Angels to collect the Blood of God's Son and apply it to those poor infidels ! "

I wish I were able to utter the same words to every Canadian woman. Among them there are some who are weeping over the ruins of a soul dear to them. There are mothers who would shed their blood to preserve their

sons' faith in all its strength and purity ; let them give to the missionary.

Women easily rise to heroism through pity and compassion. O what point would they not reach if one could only give them some idea of the suffering witnessed beneath the sun of Africa ? That land is incomparably the most unhappy, the most abandoned part of the globe. Livingston, the great explorer, made it a law for himself never to think of the horrors he had witnessed, but these frightful memories would come before him in his sleep and chill him with horror.

To day the Dark Continent, hitherto reputed impenetrable, is approached on all sides. Everywhere the population is strikingly dense ; there are millions and millions of souls to be saved.

A missionary is pitied. We must acknowledge that Africa is the GREAT DEVOURER of the whites ; still, a missionary lays down his life joyfully. What saddens him, what rends his heart is that the longings of his charity are perpetually held in leash by the lack of resources. If women would only help us !

Woman seems *the great weakness* ; she is in reality *the great power*.

How gladly, Reverend Mother, I would say to each of them :

In the name of Christ who has drawn you out of abjection, who has shielded your feebleness with honor and respect, have compassion on your sisters who, in that region, are groaning in slavery the horror of which no word can describe. You have perhaps, in the best hours of your lives, envied Veronica and the other devout women who, during the Passion, bestowed tokens of sympathy on Jesus Christ. Out in Africa, our Saviour in the person of the blacks is still scourged, torn, bleeding and sacrificed. Will you do nothing to help Him ?

Allow me, Reverend Mother, once more to recommend our missions to you. A noted Catholic says: "those who pray do more than those who fight."

Deign to accept etc.

I. LISSNER,  
Sup. of the Missions.

NIGHT WATCHES.

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Throughout the silent hours of the night,  
 When crime runs deep,  
 Rise, Sisterhood, and watch with prayerful hearts—  
 The angels weep.

Like faithful sentinels of virtue join  
 The spirit band ;  
 Into the brooding shadows upward lift  
 A pleading hand.

Still from the burdened cross a mystic Stream—  
 The Saviour's Blood—  
 Pours through the rocky, sin obstructed land  
 Its saving flood.

Work, gentle hands, these rocks of sin to lift,  
 The Stream to free  
 And set afloat God's pinioned souls to life  
 And liberty.

J. W. B.  
 Detroit.

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THE SYMBOL OF REPARATION.

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THE representation of the Sacred Face of Our Lord Jesus Christ as It appeared when, laden with our crimes, He took upon Himself the responsibility of them, is a generally accepted symbol of reparation particularly for sins against God's holy name. The history of the courageous women who, according to tradition, made amends by a public act of reparation for the brutality of the soldiery and the executioners, is related in St-Joseph's Monitor :

When our Divine Redeemer, thorn-crowned and weary with suffering and fatigue, was on His sorrowful journey to Calvary, bearing His heavy cross upon His

mangled shoulders, He was met by His Blessed Mother, whose Immaculate Heart was plunged in an abyss of sorrow at witnessing the bitter sufferings of her only, beloved Son. So enfeebled was He that He might well permit Simon of Cyrene to help Him bear His cross, and when a woman as compassionate as she was courageous, forced her way through the crowd of Jews and soldiers, knelt at the feet of Jesus, and offered Him her veil with which to wipe His adorable face - that face once so beautiful, but now pale, disfigured, covered with wounds, sweat, and blood. Jesus rewarded her for her charity by miraculously imprinting His sacred countenance upon the veil. The Gospel does not mention this circumstance, but the traditions which recount it are so ancient and authentic that it is impossible to doubt it, and the name of this holy woman has thus from age to age been held in the highest veneration. She had courageously acknowledged Jesus as her Lord and Master when all Jerusalem pursued Him as a malefactor, when His Apostles and disciples fled from Him in terror, and when it was considered worthy of rebuke even to appear as His friend. "Oh, heroic woman, exclaims an ancient writer, "thou hast merited immortal glory in time and eternity, for Our Saviour hath given thee the richest gift He could bestow upon a creature; He hath imprinted His sacred features upon thy veil. Let this holy veil show to all men the emaciated and disfigured face of a suffering God, and preach by means of this image the Passion of Jesus Christ in more remote countries than did the Apostles. I promise thee that I will venerate thee all my life, on account of this heroic act of charity, and, whether living or dying, will always have in my heart and on my lips the name of the incomparable Veronica." (P. Parvillers)

According to many ancient writers, Veronica was born in the town of Caesarea in Galilee. She was espoused to Zacheus, a rich man, and one of the chiefs of the publicans. It is supposed that Veronica was the sick woman of whom St. Luke speaks, who timidly approached Our Saviour with the thought: "If I but touch the hem of His garment I shall be healed." She approached and touched the hem of Our Saviour's robe and was cured. And Jesus, turning, said to her: "Daughter, thy faith hath made

thee whole. Go in peace." If then, Veronica was the spouse of Zacheus we can easily conceive the great desire which he had to see Our Lord. St. Luke says : " He sought to see Jesus who He was, and he could not for the crowd, because he was of low stature." When Jesus was entering into Jericho, Zacheus ran and climbed into a sycamore tree that he might see Him. When Our Saviour came to the spot He looked up and said : "Zacheus, make haste and come down, for this day I must abide in thy house." And he made haste and came down and received Him with joy. By this visit of Our Blessed Lord Zacheus was converted. He gave half his goods to the poor, and made four-fold restitution to those whom he had wronged.

Tradition further affirms that Veronica was a friend of the Blessed Virgin, also one of the pious and charitable women, cured of their infirmities by Our Saviour, who followed Him from city to city to hear His word, and ministered to the temporal necessities of the Apostolic community. She had a house in Jerusalem, and it was there she resided during the Passion of Our Lord, when it was her privilege to wipe the face of Jesus as He journeyed to Calvary. This house, reconstructed and repaired, still exists in Jerusalem, and contains a little chapel piously visited by pilgrims in every age, even to our own times.

Saint Veronica was a witness of the burial of Our Lord, and also of His glorious resurrection ; she shared in the holy joys of Pentecost, and edified by her virtues the infant Church in Jerusalem. Some time after Our Lord's ascension the Emperor Tiberius fell grievously ill, and his physicians were powerless to cure him. One of his officers named Volusian spoke to him of Jesus of Nazareth who performed so many wonderful cures in Judea, and Tiberius sent messengers to seek for this extraordinary man. But Pilate related to them that Jesus had been crucified by the Jews. Volusian having learnt that Veronica preserved with loving care a portrait of Jesus, asked that it might be brought to Rome to Tiberius. Veronica therefore, accompanied by Zachens, travelled to Rome, taking with them in a small box the precious veil on which was imprinted the Holy Face. Admitted to the presence of the Emperor, she spread it out before him, and imme-

diately he was cured. Tiberius having thus acquired a knowledge of the miracles worked by Jesus Christ, proposed to the Senate that He should be numbered amongst their gods. But the Senate refused, for this God wished to be alone adored. They begged him also to issue a decree for the persecution of the Christians, but Tiberius refused, and persisting in his idea, he raised a statue to the honor of Jesus Christ in his palace. Henceforth also he had a great veneration for Veronica, who lived many years in Rome.

During the reign of Claudius, Saint Peter arrived in the capital of the Cæsars, in order to establish there the Chair of Truth. He was accompanied by Martial, future Bishop of Limoges, Saturninus, future Bishop of Toulouse, and many other disciples. He immediately sent Saint Martial to Gaul, and Veronica and Zacheus, leaving the precious relic of the Holy Face to the care of the new-born church at Rome, joyfully accompanied the holy missionary. Already Saints Lazarus, Mary Magdalen, and Martha had evangelized Provence, and it seemed as if Our Saviour wished these intimate friends to be the first to christianize the nation which was one day to become the " eldest daughter of the Church. " Veronica had brought with her from the East many precious souvenirs, notably different objects belonging to the Blessed Virgin, which, with pious liberality, she distributed amongst the churches founded by Saint Martial. The messengers of the Gospel travelled through all Aquitaine, and while Saint Martial fixed the centre of his apostolate at Limoges, Veronica took up her abode at Noviomagus (Soulac) upon the borders of the ocean, where she built a little chapel in honor of the Blessed Virgin, which was consecrated by Saint Martial. Here the Saint died at an advanced age. The seaport in course of time disappeared through the encroachment of the ocean, but the humble sanctuary raised by Veronica in honor of Mary was transformed later on by the piety of the faithful into a beautiful church. Near it was founded a Benedictine monastery which for many centuries was a renowned place of pilgrimage under the title of Notre Dame de Soulac. About the ninth century, either on account of the wars or the inundations of the sea, the precious relics of Saint Veronica, which had until then reposed at Soulac, were carried

to the Church of Saint Seurin at Bordeaux, which still guards them.

We have already remarked that Veronica left at Rome the veil on which was imprinted the adorable Face of Our Lord, which she had brought from Jerusalem. This precious treasure has always been preserved with the most scrupulous care and veneration in the Eternal City, and we are enabled to follow through every age the history of devotion to the Holy Face. When the days of persecution were over the holy image was placed in the Basilica of Saint Peter in the Vatican, where it is still venerated. It was enshrined in a magnificent reliquary which was secured by ten locks, the keys of which were confided to the chiefs of the different quarters of Rome, so that the precious treasure was guarded, as it were, by the whole city. In 707 Pope John VII. transferred it to a little chapel dedicated to Our Lady, called Sancta Maria ad Veronicam. Malio who wrote about the year 1159, relates that ten lamps burned both day and night before the Holy Face. In the sixteenth century was raised the magnificent cupola of Saint Peter. When the new Basilica was finished the Holy Face was removed to the place of honor on the 23rd of December, 1625. Beneath one of the immense pillars which support the dome stands the colossal statue of Veronica, sculptured out of pure white marble, of the height of fifteen feet. Above it is a niche wherein are preserved a relic of the true cross, the point of the lance which pierced the heart of Jesus, and the holy veil of Veronica. These precious relics are often exposed to the veneration of the faithful, particularly on Holy Thursday and Good Friday. The veil, formerly white, has become through age of a dull hempen color, and it is difficult to trace the august lineaments of the countenance of Our Lord, which are almost effaced by time. During the exile of Pius IX. to Gaeta, when the Holy Face was exposed on the Feast of the Epiphany, 1850, the venerated features of Our Saviour appeared very distinctly, just as the Holy Face is generally represented. The remarkable apparition was verified by a judicial enquiry.

In the year 1713, the learned Piazza, speaking of the Holy Face, says :—“ One cannot contemplate, without a profound feeling of compunction, the thorn-crowned and

bleeding head of the Redeemer ; the eyes swollen and blinded with blood ; the face bruised and livid. Upon the right cheek is a bruise like the imprint of the gauntlet of Malchus, who so cruelly struck our meek and suffering Saviour in the house of Annas, and the other cheek is rudely soiled and defiled with spittle, the mouth filled with blood, the beard and the hair matted and torn. And yet in the adorable Face of Jesus crucified, majesty, compassion, love, and sorrow are so blended that it cannot fail to produce a lively impression upon all those who contemplate it."

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### REFLECTIONS.

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There is no religion without mysteries. God Himself is the great secret of nature.

A soul conversant with virtue resembles a fountain ; for it is clear and gentle, communicative and rich, and harmless and innocent.

The sweetest flowers are those which shed their odors in quiet nooks and dingles ; and the purest hearts are those whose deeds of love are done in solitude and secret.

No one can understand the power which a pure soul possesses over God's Heart. It is no longer she who does God's will ; it is God who does hers.

#### VEN. CURÉ OF ARS.

Keep the altar of private prayer burning. This is the very life of all piety. The sanctuary and family altars borrow their fires here, therefore let this burn well. Secret devotion is the very essence and barometer of vital and experimental religion.

The perfection of virtue does not lie in extraordinary paths. The Blessed Virgin led a poor and ordinary life ;

but because her heart, her prayers, her humility and patience created within her the most sublime holiness, hers was the purest and most privileged soul that ever existed.

However indifferent we may be towards our Divine Saviour, how would it be possible to see Him constantly praying for the welfare of the Church and the salvation of souls without feeling impelled to draw nearer to Him and to add our prayers to His? How would it be possible to listen unmoved to the voice of His Precious Blood, poured out at every moment upon the altar, and constantly crying to Heaven for mercy?

FATHER RAMIÈRE.

What is this world? Dust, a heap of dust, vile nothingness. What is Heaven? God entire. Fix your affections, then, on high, and think of the happiness which is to last always, while the shadow of this world will vanish forever.

Faith in God is an essential element to a clear view of nature, and to a proper appreciation of what is good, beautiful and true. It is the main spring of all noble effort, the inspiration of all lofty and worthy aims. Faith in God is the comfort and the joy of life. It makes us feel at home in the world, like children in their father's domain, and not as strangers who have no right there. It makes us feel that whatever may happen, even though fortune turns against us, and friends prove false, and old loves turn to hate, yet God being with us, and always looking carefully after our interests, all is well, and, in the end, shall turn out for the best.

It is a noted fact that some people are brave and defiant in the face of the world, but are actual cowards in religion. In their worldly occupations they stand firm, but in things pertaining to morals their nerves completely fail them. They are put to rout because they are not true soldiers of the kingdom of Christ. They give way just when they should stand firm. Did you ever hear of a

brave warrior who would forsake his post in times of danger ; or did you ever hear of a fair weather sailor ?

We are told that there is no comparison between suffering in Purgatory and suffering on this earth and that we can merit here by voluntary penance and self-denial. Hereafter we shall have to depend on the charity of others for any lessening of the debt which is owed to God's justice even for sin forgiven. How wise then is it for us to make atonement now by prayer, by penance, by gaining indulgences, and not to wait for the fires of Purgatory to effect our purification.

There is hardly ever a complete silence in our souls. God is whispering to us well nigh incessantly. Whenever the sounds of the world die out in the soul, or sink low, then we hear these whisperings of God. He is always whispering to us, only we do not always hear, because of the noise and distraction which life causes as it hurries on.

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 " SITIO. "

—  
 Rain of Love in mercy draining  
 Precious Blood from every vein !  
 Like a vase of alabaster  
 Shows the frail form of the Master  
 White against His cross of pain.

Tears of Blood His eyes are blinding,  
 Clots of Blood His pale lips fill,  
 Hands and Feet with Blood are streaming,  
 Scarlet on His white limbs gleaming,  
 Scorned of all on Calvary's Hill !

Rain of Love ! in crimson torrents  
 Painting all that " Tree accursed ! "  
 Till the fifth dread word is spoken  
 And the awful silence broken  
 With the plaintive cry " I THIRST. "

Not for wine, and not for water  
 Nor for aught His pain to ease ;  
 But for souls He would deliver  
 From eternal death, forever,  
 Burning *thirst* He bears for these !

O That loving thirst unsated,  
 For so many—hopeless pain !  
 Chosen souls o'er whom He's yearning,  
 Those who from His love are turning,  
 Those for whom He thirsts in vain !

To Thy Sacred Thirst, O Jesus,  
 We our lives have consecrated  
 Help us toil for souls untiring,  
 Only one reward desiring :  
 That Thy Thirst be satiated !

JEAN E. U. NEALIS.

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### FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

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Not long ago a writer in one of the Catholic papers of England asked : It is possible that devotion to the Good Thief originated with Mary Queen of Scots? We read that on the morning of her martyrdom, about 4 o'clock, the Queen, who was in the habit of having the history of some saint read to her after her evening prayers, was unwilling to depart from this habit, and after having hesitated as to whose life she should select on this solemn occasion, she fixed upon that of the greatest sinner of all, the repentant thief, saying with humility : " Great sinner as he was, he had still sinned less than I have. I will therefore pray to him in remembrance of the Passion of our Saviour, trusting he will have pity upon me in the hour of my death, even as our Lord had pity upon him."

The good thief is venerated under the title of Saint Dismas. In Canada, one church, at least, bears his name and is placed under his protection.

The communion of saints is one of the sweetest and

most consoling doctrines ; for among those celestial friends a special patron may be found by persons of every class and honest occupation.

The blessed Foster Father of Our Lord, the great Saint Joseph, is the patron of the universal church ; happy those who in laborious employments like his own while on earth, imitate his virtues. Saint Luke is regarded as the special patron of painters and sculptors ; Saint Veronica of linen weavers, and Saint Anthony the hermit, of basket makers.

The Purification of Our Lady was, in the olden time, considered the particular feast of laundresses.

Saint Dorothy is invoked by florists ; while Saint Ives has lawyers and notaries for his clients. Saint Cecilia is the patroness of musicians and singers, Saint Catherine, of young girls, and Saint Barbara, of stone cutters, miners and firemen. Saint Nicholas is the advocate of writers, young people and boatmen ; Saint Eli, of goldsmiths, tinsmiths and plumbers ; and Saint Hubert, of hunters. Saint Odo is the patron of brokers ; Saint Aubert of bakers and confectioners ; and Saint John before the Latin Gate, of printers, book binders, compositors and typographers. Saint Martha is the model of all in general who lead a very active life.

Many, many more might be added, but these will suffice to show that numbers of those now in glory, led the simplest, and, at times, the most distractingly busy lives, but despite all obstacles, they kept ever in view the " one thing necessary."

This is an inviting theme, so we allow ourselves to quote from a pious writer some lines on this subject. It is related that the sister of Saint Thomas Aquinas once asked the holy doctor, " How should she save her soul ?" He replied. " By willing it." This answer is applicable to every one who cares about his salvation. If we sincerely wish it, we shall not fail to attain it. All depends upon our wishing it seriously and earnestly ; for if we wish it sincerely, we will strive to advance in virtue, we will exert ourselves with all diligence to render ourselves perfect, and thus we will secure our eternal life. This doctrine is conformable to a rule laid down by Saint Ignatius in the beginning of his Constitutions. " It is," says he, " the

interior law of charity, and of the divine love imprinted in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, which ought to support, guide, and make us advance in the way of God's service.' It is this fire of His love, this insatiable desire of His greater glory, which ought continually to urge us to elevate ourselves towards Him, and make us advance in virtue. This desire once truly imprinted in the soul makes us exert ourselves with fervor and diligence to attain what we wish for. For we are naturally active in seeking and finding out the thing we have an inclination for ; and it is for this reason the Wise Man says : " The beginning of wisdom is to excite in our hearts an earnest desire thereof. But in this we find another advantage also, which renders this means very efficacious ; for let the duties be ever so difficult in themselves, a strong attachment to them makes them easy and sweet."

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### A NEW WORLD CALVARY.

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Few indeed among Canadian country villages can boast of so many and such varied claims on the attention of the outside world as can the little village of Oka. With its population of less than four hundred souls, no manufactures, and not even a railway communication, it can scarcely be called important in a commercial sense. Yet it has charms quite its own which more flourishing centres might well envy. Not least among these is its situation, which is picturesque and beautiful in the extreme. Standing at the head of the Lake of Two Mountains, a widening of the noble River Ottawa, and sheltered by the Laurentide peaks from which the lake is named, it looks out over a broad expanse of water, flowing on, past rugged shores and verdant islands, to the rapids of Ste. Anne's, immortalized in Moore's " Canadian Boat Song." Nor has art marred what nature has so well begun, since the pretty red stone Mission Church and buildings erected at the waters' edge, surrounded by historic elms, and backed by the quaint *habitant* houses of the village, but add to the picturesque setting. Then, the place has its history in this land of yesterday. It is one of the oldest of Canadian

Missions, and can boast of a parish register running regularly back for some two hundred and fifty years. Perhaps the village is best known, in this Province at least, from association with the neighboring Trappist Abbey of "Our Lady of the Lake." Few indeed, whether Catholic or Protestant, can resist a feeling of interest in that remarkable order. Nor are the Trappists Oka's only Religious. The Sulpician Fathers—the "Gentlemen of the Seminary of Saint Sulpice," as their quaint French title runs—its earliest missionaries, and, later, Lords of the Seignior, have here established an Ecclesiastical Seminary, and are still, as they have always been, in charge of the Mission. Their church, by the way, well repays a visit, enriched, as it is, with numerous art treasures and interesting antiquities.

But it was none of these many and varied attractions, interesting though they may be, that led a party of some two or three hundreds pilgrims, of whom the writer was fortunate enough to be one, to embark at Montreal for Oka one bright September morning. For there is yet another feature there which, situate as the village is, in the heart of a most Catholic Province, attracts to it, yearly, thousands of pious pilgrims, and with which its name is most closely associated among the people of Quebec,—its "Stations of the Cross."

The devotion of the "Way of the Cross" is naturally, one of the oldest, as well as one of the most popular of the many beautiful devotional exercises encouraged among her children by our Holy Mother the Church. Pilgrimages to the scenes of Our Lord's Sacred Passion began with the dawn of Christianity, but as comparatively few could undertake the fatigue and cost of so great a journey, the practice soon arose of making the pilgrimage in a spiritual sense by the aid of local surroundings which should present to the eye and recall to the mind the incidents of that great Mystery. This practice was, later, fostered by the pious Franciscans, guardians of the holy places in Jerusalem, and Popes Innocent XI., in 1686 and Innocent XII., in 1694, granted to all Franciscans, and those affiliated with them, who should devoutly make the Way of the Cross, the same indulgences attached to the actual visiting of the holy places of Palestine themselves. These

privileges were extended by later Pontiffs to all the faithful, and the indulgences themselves have been from time to time increased. Stations are of course, most usually to be found within a Church, but how much more devotional do they not become, and how much more vividly do they not recall the holy events which they seek to commemorate, when they are erected on a wild mountain side, with a steep climb between each station ! Little wonder, therefore, that one of the first duties of Oka's earliest Sulpician Missionaries, in their attempts to bring home to the minds of their rude converts the story of the Atonement, was to consecrate this wild and beautiful spot to God, and make of it a perpetual memorial of His Sacred Passion, by erecting on the steep and rugged mountain side the "Stations of the Cross." As they stood over two centuries and a half ago, so these Stations stand to-day, recalling to pious pilgrims, from age to age, the infinite love of God for His creatures.

About a mile outside the village, in the direction of the Mountain, and just at the edge of the wood which clothes it from base to summit, stands a large wooden cross, the rendez-vous of the pilgrims, and the starting point of the devotional exercises. A few hundred yards further on, through a natural avenue of tall maples, we reach the first Station, the Agony in the Garden. And Here let me say that, going back, as they do, to a period anterior to the remodelling of the devotion in its present form, the Oka Stations are not those with which we are all so familiar. They are seven, instead of fourteen in number, and respectively represent (1) the Agony in the Garden, (2) the Scourging at the Pillar, (3) the Crowning with Thorns, (4) Veronica wiping the Face of Jesus, (5) the Nailing to the Cross, (6) the Death on the Cross and (7) the taking down from the Cross. The first four are of similar character. The representations are of wood, carved in relief, and more or less highly colored. They are about six feet by four in size, and are let into and protected by whitewashed stone buildings of very substantial appearance. The pictures, or rather carvings, are shielded from the weather by wooden doors or shutters, which are, of course, kept closed when the Stations are not in use. These four Stations are placed at distance of from three to

four hundred yards apart and the path as it passes them, though steadily ascending, cannot be called steep. But after leaving the fourth, the way becomes both steep and rough. It is still, however, as it has been ever since we left the initial cross, thickly wooded. Suddenly the path takes a sharp turn and emerges, with scarce a warning, on a narrow ledge of rock, where a glorious panorama meets the eye.

At our feet, shimmering like a sea of gold in the radiant light of the autumn sun, lies the broad expanse of the lake, while away to the right winds the mighty river, until its silver thread is lost in the western horizon. Beyond and on either side stretches a magnificent rolling country, flanked in every direction by the Laurentian Hills and dotted here and there by picturesque villages—Oka, which we have so recently left, Como, Hudson, distant Vaudreuil and Ste. Annes, with each, as its most prominent object, its parish church, pointing a finger up towards heaven. To the south, forming a fitting background to the scene rises the blue outline of the Adirondack mountains. The great Metropolis lies hidden only by a bend of the rock. All about and around us, spread out in reckless confusion, glowing in exquisite tints, is the glorious Canadian autumn foliage. What a place to worship the Great Creator, amid the impressive beauty of His works. Here, on the ledge on which we stand, are erected, close together, the three last stations. They are much more pretentious structures than the others, being, in fact, little chapels furnished with altars at which Mass may be celebrated. The central one, the Death on the Cross, which is larger than either of the others, and built on somewhat higher ground, is capable of holding forty or fifty people. At the outer edge of the little plateau, opposite the door of the central chapel, a high wooden cross has been erected, having at its base a rough pulpit, from which a much larger congregation can, of course, be addressed than would be possible in this little chapel itself.

Sure are the Oka Stations of the Cross. They have been, from time to time, enriched with numerous indulgences; notably by Pope Pius IX., who granted to them the same indulgences as are attached to those of the Pantheon in Rome: the most important being a plenary for

each Way of the Cross, and seven years and seven quarantines for each Station. From year to year, pilgrims flock to the spot in crowds, many traversing the entire distance from the village to the summit and back, without shoe or stocking, the more vividly to recall the pains and sufferings which the Compassionate One bore for us. Such scenes are not uncommon in the Catholic countries of Europe, but in America they, alas, strike one as almost an anomaly. Would that such public acts of faith, once so universal and still not infrequent in the Old, were more often met with in the New World.

W. L. SCOTT.

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### THE RUSTIC CHURCH.

From de French

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An ancient church, with arches low  
 One eve we entered in ;  
 A place where many a burdened soul  
 Had told its grief and sin.

We entered just at sunset hour ;  
 As cold and still it seemed  
 As a dead heart ; and on its shrines  
 No flickering tapers gleamed.

The gentle accents of a prayer  
 Fell on the silence deep,  
 As a belated bird's lone note  
 Sounds when the grove's asleep.

ANELEH.

Alameda, Cal.

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### LEGEND OF THE POPLAR.

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When Our Lord was dying on the cross amid the general grief and consternation of nature, one tree alone—the poplar—gave no sign of mourning, but remained proud and erect. At that moment an angel carrying a golden

chalice filled with the Precious Blood which he had collected at the foot of the cross, passed through the air immediately above the tree. Seeing it standing unmoved on the deïcidal mountain, the loyal spirit shuddered with indignation, the chalice tipped slightly and a few drops of the Redeemer's Blood fell at the foot of the tree.

"Faithless and ungrateful tree!" he cried; "while all around mourns thy dying Creator, thou alone refusest to give any token of sorrow. In punishment of thine indifference, while all the trees around thee, on calm summer days, remain motionless, thou shalt tremble, and tremble always."

Thus does the legend explain the perpetual rustling of the leaves of the poplar, and why the stately tree seems ever to lament.

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### LET US RETREAT.

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In those parts of the world where the Church has been long established and the spiritual needs of the faithful are quite adequately supplied, nothing is more appreciated than the retreats for the laity. We have such things here in our missions and retreats, but those do not involve any suspension of one's labors or absence from one's home, and therefore while they inspire a spiritual glow to the aroused soul expose it inevitably to the distractions of the world.

Monastic quiet, the clean, conventual guest chamber, the plain fare, the presence of neighboring religious, the order of a regular life are circumstances which give reality to the atmosphere diffused in the time of retreat. The novelty, the peace, the spirit of a religious house are most delightful to the world-weary soul. Many a man and many a woman also, whose useless past and sinful present foreshadow a hopeless future and impel them to the despair of suicide, would save their life and their soul besides did they but know the soothing influence of a retreat and the consolation of the confessional.

Many among us know the sweet silence of the vacant church where only He abides whose presence fills the

world by day and night, while men and their affairs clatter outside. The retreat in some monastic house is merely this sweet silence prolonged, while the interior voice speaks to the awakened conscience.

Why should this spiritual luxury be left to the clergy ? Have not men in the world souls also which they treasure and try to purify ? Why, therefore should it seem strange of men and women of the world to seek God in the solitude and silence of the religious retreat ? There is nothing strange in such conduct. To leave one's desk, to hold one's tongue for a week, to look at the crucifix even for a short while and rest one's weary eyes from temptations at which we have been staring blindly for many a day, and then to listen to the truth and not to customary lies that is a prospect to tempt even a pagan, let alone a Christian.

VISITOR.

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### MOTHERS' PRAYER.

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**W**E cannot better illustrate the power of a good mother's prayer than by reciting the following touching incident that happened during the Franco-Prussian war.

There was a young soldier in the French army who, when he went to war, had most earnestly asked for the prayers of his mother. It was the last request he made to her when he left home, and every letter she received from him was sure to express this same pious desire : " Do not forget to pray for me. " She did not forget to do what he had asked, but prayed for him morning and evening. One Wednesday afternoon this mother had it most strongly impressed upon her mind she could not tell why or how, but so it was that her son was in great danger, and that she ought to pray for him at once. And accordingly she did so, and went on praying for him, still having the same feeling for more than an hour. In process of time she had a letter from her son, stating that on that very day, at the same hour, he had been in the extremity of danger ; he had been picked out to serve in the forlorn hope of the French army in the battle of Buffalora. Soldiers

who stood on his right and left were shot down—many of them ; his own cap had been shot away, and his trousers were nearly torn to pieces with splinters of flint hit up out of the ground by spent bullets ; but he himself was not the least injured had not even a scratch.

From what has been related above, many people should be led to know and feel that a mother's prayer is the most powerful one on earth.

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### FORBIDDEN READING.

Whatever may be said of the evils produced by bad reading, there are some who will employ pretexts, more or less specious, to justify them in reading everything which may fall into their hands. We must not forget that a formal law of the Church absolutely forbids Catholics to read books or journals which attack faith and morals. Even a priest cannot read such works without the permission of the Holy See. How then can a layman think he is exempted from the rules of the Index ? But it may be urged that the author is celebrated. Would you, therefore, take poison in the shop of a pharmacist because he has a reputation ? But the book is written in an inimitable style, and I read it to adopt a beautiful phraseology. Yet how many books are better written, and you do not read them because they are good. And, again, should a person take a draught of hemlock from a golden cup, would he not be mortally poisoned ? Would you plunge a poniard into your heart because the blade is of precious metal ? But I read through curiosity. Eve looked upon the forbidden fruit through curiosity, and curiosity inflamed her appetite, and we know what the result has been for her and ourselves. No, you cannot plead excuse or pretext of any kind. You are guilty if you read bad books or journals—yes, more guilty than they who sell or propagate them. And as for those who write them—well, they will one day wish that human justice could shield them from the inexorable justice of God.

EXCHANGE.

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Written for "The Voice of the Precious Blood."

A SHORT TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF  
VERY REV. WILLIAM CORBY, C. S. C.

"Lives of great men all remind us,  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And departing leave behind us  
Foot-prints in the sands of time."

Surrounded by devoted friends, Very Rev. Father Corby, Provincial of the Congregation of the Holy Cross in the United States, passed out of this life, at Notre Dame, on the evening of Dec. 28th, 1897. Although Father Corby was sixty-four years old he was in good health which circumstance, in connection with his genial, courteous manner and light heart, gave one the impression that he was much younger and would be spared for many years. His illness was very short, his death being caused by pneumonia. Many hearts are saddened by his loss, not only at Notre Dame where he was a leader and guide, but throughout the States and in Canada. He was a great man, and left "*foot-prints*," in the shape of colleges for education, churches for devotion, and heroic acts for history. All these things the world knows, but there are many acts of unselfish kindness, cheering words, and making "straight the crooked paths," which are known only to those who enjoyed the privilege of personal intercourse with this chosen soul.

Father Corby was born in Detroit, Michigan. In 1833 he came to Notre Dame to pursue his studies. After a year's residence in that Institution he decided to embrace a religious life, and in 1860 was ordained a priest of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. At the beginning of the War Father Corby, with six other priests, was sent to the front as chaplain. He filled that position in the 88th Regiment, New York, and was also chaplain of the fighting Irish Brigade. One of the most touching incidents during the war, and one which has become historical was that of the "Absolution." It was at Gettysburg, the ranks were under fire when Father Corby, mounting a large stone, told the soldiers what he was about to do, begging them to

make a sincere act of contrition and firm resolution to confess their sins at the earliest opportunity. Extending his right hand, he gave the absolution and every man, Catholic and non-Catholic, knelt as the words left his holy lips. Who can tell the comfort and hope which entered the hearts of some of those men who so shortly after felt the piercing balls and the darkness which comes before the everlasting light.

Father Corby was a holy and devout priest who embraced every opportunity of refreshing his soul with prayer. During the marches he would ride along, one hand on the bridle, the other busy with his rosary. There are enough beautiful little stories in connection with his soldier life, to fill a book. If I am not mistaken "the Absolution" at Gettysburg is the only one in the history of the United States given under similar circumstances.

On returning from the war in 1865, he was made President of the University of Notre Dame. In 1872 the Sacred Heart College of Watertown, Wis. being in its early days, Father Corby was transferred there and took charge of affairs until 1877 when he again returned to Notre Dame. In 1879 his clear brain and brave heart were needed for, on the twenty-third of April, the College building with all its contents, was destroyed by fire. Father Corby's devotedness and energy were manifested in the hour of trial, for by the beginning of the next scholastic year the present main building of the University was ready for the reception of students. He remained President until 1881 when he became Provincial of the Congregation of the Holy Cross.

To know him was to cherish and revere him. Even those who were not fortunate enough to know him admired him, for his name has become a household word, and his "foot-prints in the sands of time" will guide many wayfarers. Were it not for human weakness we should rejoice that at last he is with God our Father who took into His tender embrace *His* faithful loving servant, a holy man, a hero, and our friend.

THELMA.

Chicago.

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## PEN-PICTURE OF A PRIEST.

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“There is in every parish a man who has no family, but who belongs to every family, a man who is called upon to act in the capacity of witness, counsel, or agent in all the most important acts of civil life ; a man without whom none can enter the world or go out of it ; who takes the child from the bosom of its mother and leaves it only at the tomb ; who blesses or consecrates the crib, the bed of death, and the bier ; a man that little children love and fear and venerate, whom even unknown persons address as “Father,” at the feet of whom, and in whose keeping, all classes of people come to deposit their most secret thoughts, their most hidden sins ; a man who is by profession the consoler and the healer of all the miseries of soul and body, through whom the rich and poor are united ; at whose door they knock by turns, the one to deposit his secret alms, the other to receive it without being made to blush because of his need ; the man who, being himself of no social rank, belongs to all indiscriminately—to the inferior ranks of society by the unostentatious life he leads.”

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NOTES, ETC.

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There are a quarter of a million Masses said every morning in the Catholic churches of the world. What an entrancing spectacle of Unity is represented by this fact in these days of crumbling creeds and multiplied dissensions ! To bring millions of human hearts, with all their disrupting forces, together and to set them all atune to the one devotional note, is the master-work of the Holy Spirit !

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A press despatch from New-York, dated Jan. 4th, says :—There has been laid before the Archbishops and Bishops of the United States and Canada a request to consider the formation of affiliated fraternities of the

Archconfraternity of our Lady of Compassion, which has its headquarters in the Church of St. Sulpice, Paris, and for its object the conversion of England to the Catholic faith. The Archbishops and Bishops have not yet indicated what action they will take. If they take any, it will be done very soon, and addresses will be issued to the priests and laity of the Church urging the action, and setting forth the manner in which they expect such affiliated fraternities to be organized and conducted.

This movement originated with Cardinal Vaughan, Archbishop of Westminster, who laid the matter before Pope Leo XIII. about a year ago. After careful deliberation and after calling into consultation the Archbishops of Paris and Autun, the Pope gave his approval of the movement, and his formal sanction of special services to be held in St. Sulpice, Paris, to formally inaugurate the organization of the original Archconfraternity. These services have already been held, Cardinal Vaughan being the principal figure in them, and reading at them the formal sanction and blessing bestowed upon the movement by the Pope.

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*Catholics in Britain.*—London, January 12.—The "Catholic Directory" for 1898, edited at Archbishop's House, estimates the Catholic population of the kingdom at close on five and a half millions. England and Wales contribute 1,500,000, Ireland, 3,500,000, and Scotland, 365,000. In England and Wales there are seventeen archbishops and bishops, 2,698 priests, and 1,482 churches and chapels; in Scotland seven archbishops and bishops, 421 priests, and 350 churches, etc. Of Catholics there are nineteen members of the Privy Council, thirty-one members of the House of Lords, and seventy-three members of the House of Commons. The total of Archiepiscopal and Episcopal sees, Vicariates Apostolic, and Prefectures-Apostolic in the British Empire is 170.

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