

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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CANTATA ON THE PASSION.

By St. Alphonse de Liguori.

THE SOUL AND THE REDEEMER.

THE SOUL.

Tell me, thou Judge iniquitous, ah ! tell me why
Thou didst so oft my Saviour's innocence proclaim
And yet, at length, condemn Him to a death of shame,
Like vilest criminal upon a cross to die ?
Of what avail the barb'rous scourges cruel blows
If, in thy heart, thou didst His future death decree ?
Why not at once have doom'd Him to the bitter tree
When the first cry of hate from surging crowds arose ?
Since well thou knewest thou wouldst Him to die,
Why not at once make known His cruel destiny ?

But what do I behold ? an angry crowd draws near !
Confused cries are heard, and threat'ning groans resound !
Nearer still and nearer there comes a thrilling sound !
What is this clam'rous music, breaking on mine ear ?
Oh ! it is the trumpet, whose shrill discordant breath,
Proclaims aloud the sentence of my Saviour's death.

Now ; alas ! I see Him : along the rugged road
Painfully He's toiling with tott'ring steps and slow ;
Wounded sore and bleeding, He bears the heavy load
Laid upon His shoulders by His relentless foe.
At every painful step He makes
Fresh blood-drops mark the way He takes.

A cross of wood

Upon His wounded shoulder rests ;
 His bruised flesh is staining it with Blood ;
 His venerable head a mocking crown adorns ;
 His aching brows are pierc'd with long and cruel thorns.
 Tis Thy unfathom'd love, my dearest Lord,
 That makes Thee wear this crown of mockery.
 Where goest Thou, my God, ador'd ?

JESUS.

I go to die for thee.

THE SOUL.

Dear Lord, is it for me
 Thou goest forth to die ?
 How gladly, then, would I
 Lay down my life for Thee !

JESUS.

Peace ! till thy dying breath
 Think on My love for thee ;
 After My bitter death
 Forever love thou Me.

Remain, my turtle dove !
 For My heart give me thine ;
 My faithful one ! be Mine
 And pledge Me all thy love !

THE SOUL.

My Lord ! I Thee adore,
 To Thee my heart I bring
 I'm Thine my treasur'd King,
 I'm Thine for overmore.

Mrs. G. M. WARD--PENNÉE

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD IN THE LIGHT OF FAITH

(Continuation)

III.

VIII. THE BLOOD OF JESUS IN HEAVEN IS THE TRIUMPH
AND HAPPINESS OF THE ELECT, THE TITLE OF THEIR
PRIVILEGES.

THEIR TRIUMPH : It is the garment of glory with which they are adorned, according to the testimony of the beloved Disciple. He was enraptured unto heaven and had before his eyes a multitude of saints resplendent with an incomparable brightness.

“ And one of the ancients answered, and said to me : “ Who are these that are clothed in white robes ? and “ whence are they come ?—And I said to him : My lord, “ thou knowest.—And he said to me : These are they who “ are come out of great tribulation, and *have washed their* “ *robes, and have made them white in the blood of the* “ *Lamb.*—Therefore, they are before the throne of God, “ and serve him day and night in his temple : and he, “ that sitteth on the throne, shall dwell over them. They “ shall not hunger, nor thirst any more ; neither shall the “ sun fall on them, nor any heat, for the Lamb, which is “ in the midst of the throne, shall rule them, and shall “ lead them to the fountains of the waters of life ; and God “ shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.” (Apoc. VII, “ 13 17).

THEIR BLISS AND THE TITLE OF THEIR PRIVILEGES.

“ Blessed, says Saint John, are they *that wash their* “ *robes in the blood of the Lamb* ; that they may have a “ right to the tree of life, and may enter by the gates into “ the city.” (Apoc. XXII, 14).

To live from the tree of life. To be decorated and clothed with the Precious Blood is the condition required to have the right of living from the tree of life, from that tree which gives eternal life ; and that mysterious tree itself draws from the Precious Blood both its divine pro-

perties and its inexhaustible fecundity. In fact is it not watered by the unfailling spring of the Precious Blood? That spring proceeds from the throne of God; upon that throne the Lamb rules as it were immolated: from thence he distributes upon the whole extent of heaven and earth the fertility, life and glory of his adorable Blood. Saint John traces a picture of that eternal wonder in the following words:

“ And he (the angel) showed me a river of water of
 “ life, clear as crystal, proceeding from the throne of God,
 “ and of the Lamb. On both sides of the river was
 “ the tree of life, bearing twelve fruits, yielding its fruits
 “ every month, and the leaves of the tree were for the hea-
 “ ling of the nations. And no curse shall be any more; but
 “ the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it (in the
 “ city); and his servants shall serve him. And they shall
 “ see his face: and his name shall be on their foreheads.
 “ And night shall be no more, and they shall not need the
 “ light of a lamp, nor the light of the sun, for the Lord
 “ God shall enlighten them; and they shall reign for ever
 “ and ever.” (Apoc. XXII, 1-5).

To enter by the gates into the eternal city. It is the second privilege of those who have been regenerated in the Blood of the Lamb. What is the greatness and the extent of that privilege? What is the city whereof we become citizens through the divine Blood? What are its glories and splendors? Let us learn it from the beloved disciple: his sight has penetrated further than that of any other, his eyes have seen and his heart has understood; he has the mission of discovering and depicting everything to us, and he veils under the richest material emblems what our mortal eyes cannot—as long as we live here below—contemplate openly in their full reality. Behold in sublime allegories the so theological revelations, of the apostle Saint John:

“ And I saw a new heaven and a new earth. For the
 “ first heaven, and the first earth was passed away, and
 “ the sea is no more. And I John saw the holy city, the
 “ new Jerusalem coming down from God out of heaven,
 “ prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I
 “ heard a great voice from the throne saying: Behold the
 “ tabernacle of God with men; and he will dwell with

“ them ; and they shall be his people : and God himself
 “ with them shall be their God : and God shall wipe away
 “ all tears from their eyes : and death shall be no more ;
 “ nor mourning, nor crying, nor sorrow shall be any
 “ more ; for the former things are passed away. And he
 “ who sat on the throne said : Behold, I make all things
 “ new. And he said to me : Write, for these words are
 “ most faithful and true. To him that thirsteth I will
 “ give of the fountain of water of life, gratis. He that
 “ shall overcome, shall possess these things ; and I will
 “ be his God and he shall be my son.

“ And there came one of the seven angels and spoke
 “ with me, saying : Come, and I will show thee the bride,
 “ the wife of the Lamb.

“ And he took me up in spirit to a great and high
 “ mountain : and he showed me the holy city Jerusalem,
 “ coming down out of heaven from God, having the glory
 “ of God ; and the light thereof was like to a precious stone,
 “ as crystal. And it had a wall great and high, having
 “ twelve gates ; and in the gates twelve angels ; and names
 “ written thereon, which are the names of the twelve tribes
 “ of the children of Israel. On the east, three gates ; and
 “ on the north, three gates ; and on the south, three
 “ gates ; and on the west, three gates.--And the wall of
 “ the city had twelve foundations ; and in them the twelve
 “ names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb.—The city
 “ lieth in a four-square : the length, and the height and
 “ the breath of it are equal.

“ And the building of the wall thereof was of jasper-
 “ stone ; but the city itself pure gold, like to clear glass.
 “ The foundations of the walls of the city were adorned
 “ with all manner of precious stones. The twelve gates
 “ are twelve pearls, one to each : and every several gate
 “ was of one several pearl, and the street of the city was
 “ pure gold, as it were transparent glass.

“ I saw no temple in it. For the Lord God Almighty
 “ is the temple thereof, and the Lamb.—The city hath no
 “ need of the sun nor of the moon to shine in it : for the
 “ glory of God hath enlightened it : and the Lamb is the
 “ lamp thereof. All nations shall walk in the light of it :
 “ and the kings of the earth shall bring their glory and
 “ honor into it. The gates thereof shall not be shut by

“day : for there shall be no night there. And they shall bring the glory and honor of the nations into it. There shall not enter into it anything defiled ; but they who are written in the book of life of the Lamb.” (Apoc. XXI).

The last feature agrees with that other sentence : “ B’essed are those that *wash their robes in the blood of the Lamb* ; they shall enter by the gates into the eternal city.” (Apoc. XXII, 14.)

JESUS IN HEAVEN TRIUMPHS BY HIS BLOOD.

His divine garment carries eternally by the glorious imprint of it : “ *He was clothed, says saint John, with a garment sprinkled with blood !* The whole passage is as follows : “ I saw heaven opened, and he that was called Faithful and true ; and with justice doth he judge and fight. His eyes were as a flame of fire, and on his head many diadems. *He was clothed with a garment sprinkled with blood* : and his name is called, *The Word of God*. The armies which are in heaven followed him, clothed in fine linen white and clean.—And he hath on his garment and on his thigh written : King of kings, and Lord of the lords.” (Apoc. XIX).

Thus upon earth and in heaven, in time and eternity, it will be truly said : All glory is due, all glory is given to the most Precious Blood of Our Lord Jesus Christ ! It is the sense of the following invocation, which is as consoling as it is salutary :

All glory to the Precious Blood for ever world without end !

ANTHONY.

Heroism is the brilliant triumph of the soul over the flesh—that is to say, over fear—fear of poverty, of suffering, of calumny, of sickness, of isolation, and of death. There is no serious piety without heroism. Heroism is the dazzling and glorious concentration of courage.

The hero will not know he is a hero till the sudden trial comes, but his heroism is the fruit of numberless by-gone acts of self-possession and courage which have built up an abiding character.

“ *The Irish Catholic* ” of Dublin.

CONSOLATRIX AFFLICTORUM.

MARY ON CALVARY.

“ Now there stood by the cross of Jesus, his mother ”

ST. JOHN : XIX, 25.

Dear Mother, life is dreary,
No comfort here I see ;
I turn, with sorrow weary,
From this bleak world to thee.

It is thy power that strengthens me,
In weakness, doubt and fear,
Thy smile consoles my saddened heart
And sorrows disappear.
Whene'er the sinner, touched by grace,
Resolves from sin to part,
And prays to thee, with childlike love,
What sweetness fills his heart !

'Mid trials here that vary,
My soul is sore oppressed,
I fly to thee, O Mary,
For solace, peace and rest

Sweet Virgin Mother, deign to hear
My earnest, loving prayer ;
Protect me through life's pilgrimage
And take me to thy care.
Oh, be thou with me, night and day,
Throughout this painful strife,
Obtain for me the victory
Of everlasting life.

Beneath thy safe protection
No evil shall I fear ;
I'll cling, with fond affection,
To thee, my Mother dear.

Wher sinners call on thee for aid,
The demons trembling flee ;

Then thou wilt never, Mother dear,
 Refuse thy help to me.
 By all the anguish of thy heart
 Once pierced by sorrow's sword,
 I crave thy love and mercy now,
 Dear Mother of our Lord.

Beneath the cross, in sorrow,
 Thy soul found no relief ;
 No comfort couldst thou borrow
 From creatures in thy grief.

Thy heart was filled with bitterness,
 And dreadful was thy loss,
 When Jesus died to save us all,
 In anguish, on the cross.
 O Mother, it is hard to bear
 The loss of those we love,
 But sweet the hope, when life is o'er,
 To meet with them above.

O, *suff'ring* Virgin Mother,
 Thy heart is breaking now ;
 On earth is found no other
 So desolate as thou.

O, I would stand on Calvary
 To sympathize with thee,
 Beneath the cross, where thy dear Son
 Hath died for love of me.
 And with repentant Magdalen
 At Jesus' feet I'd kneel,
 And bathe them with my contrite tears
 And seek His wounds to heal.

How sweet, amid our grieving,
 To find a friend to share
 Our sorrows, thus relieving
 The burden we must bear.

That faithful friend we find in thee,
 For thou our Mother art,
 As 'neath the cross we contemplate
 The anguish of thy heart.

O Mother, may we learn from thee
 To suffer with thy Son,
 And say to Him from loving hearts,
 O God, Thy will be done !

O when my life is closing,
 Dear Mother, come to me,
 That, in thy arms reposing,
 I may belong to thee.

Behold the grace I now implore,
 In life's last solemn hour,
 Oh ! be thou my consoler then,
 And manifest thy power.
 If, under thy protecting care,
 I yield my final breath,
 I'll be secure from ev'ry ill
 And gladly welcome death.

M. S. B.

THE DEAD AND THE HOLY SACRIFICE OF THE MASS.

IF all that we can do in favour of the souls in Purgatory, there is nothing so precious as the immolation of our divine Saviour on the altar.

There is nothing in heaven or on earth so great, so holy, so powerful as the Sacrifice of the Mass.

There, it is a God who offers Himself to a God, a beloved Son who presents Himself to His Father with His glorious cicatrices of Calvary, a Brother who asks pardon for His exiled brothers, in a word, a Victim capable of appeasing the Eternal Father's justice irritated by our sins.

The divine Blood carries away on its cleansing waves, not only the sins of the world but also its chastisements.

The Mass is therefore gold for the souls.

O my beloved dead, come then around the altar !
 When I pray for you, when I give alms for you, I do so with little confidence, fearing that my intention is per-

haps not pure enough or my heart loving enough : but when I hear holy Mass for you, when, on the altar, I see the body and Blood of Jesus Christ, oh ! I feel powerful, I feel happy, and it is with the conviction of a soul who can certainly help those whom she loves, that I call you.

You thirst !—Come ! I will give you the Blood of Jesus Christ. You are poor !—Come ! I will enrich you with the merits of Jesus Christ. Come ! the meeting place is the Heart of Jesus.

How numerous, alas ! are the baptized souls who do not even suspect the infinite riches of the Holy Sacrifice !

How many, under vain pretenses, do not assist at mass where they are invited, nevertheless, by the pleading voice of the great Victim of propitiation ! How many there are who could hear Mass every day for the dead, and who do not do it !

Yet, by one mass heard, or offered to God, we honour Him more than by a hundred years of the hardest work of our life.

SAINT CATHERINE OF SIENA.

PATRONESS OF THE ADORERS OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

“In the Blood you find the fire.”

ST. CATH. OF SIENA.

(Continuation.)

THIS is what Catherine did after her profession. During three entire years, she never went out, except to the church, which was near her dwelling, and she never spoke except with her confessor. Who could tell her vigils, her meditations, and the fervor of her continual prayer?

“*He whom she loved,*” said her pious biographer, “*smiled at her ardor.*” He abandoned her not on the way of perfection, where she walked with so much courage ; and, to direct her steps, He gave her neither a man nor an angel : He, Himself, would be her guide on the straight and narrow way.

He often appeared to her and conversed with her, treating her with a delightful familiarity ; then her soul,

ravished with love, would enter into ecstasy, leaving her body insensible. "These supernatural communications being the origin, the cause of all her actions, explain the astonishing things which happened to her, her wonderful abstinence and admirable doctrine, and make us understand better the marvels of her existence."

"Rest assured, Father," said she to her confessor, that nothing concerning the way of salvation has been taught me by men. It is my Saviour and Master, Our Lord Jesus Christ, who has revealed all to me. He spoke to me as I am now speaking to you."

It will not be useless to cite some of the Master's words.

Once, Our Lord said to her :

"My daughter, knowest thou who thou art and who I am? If thou learn these two things thou wilt be blessed."

"Oh, how mighty is this short word!" exclaims the Saint's ancient Historian; "how simple and at the same time how large this doctrine is? Who will reveal to me its secrets and enable me to measure its depths?"

Another day, our Lord said to Catherine: "Think of me, and I will think of thee without ceasing."

"I will think of thee!" Catherine loved to repeat those words, which filled her soul with confidence and joy. Later on, she made them the text of a treatise on Divine Providence. When she saw any one disturbed: "Why do you trouble yourself?" she would say, with that radiant smile of hers which her Historians speak of. "Tell me, what can you do by yourself? Leave all to Providence whose eyes are upon you."

Dating from this epoch, her union with Jesus Christ suffered neither coldness nor interruption. Never did she leave His presence. The active life, to which she was afterwards called, never weakened this intimacy. She used to say "that the faithful soul abandons herself so perfectly to God, and is so immersed in Him, that she sees nothing but in Him and thinks of herself and of creatures, only in Him. That soul," said she, "is submerged, as it were, in an ocean, the deep waters of which surround her; she embraces only what is in the waters, and that which is outside them is inaccessible to her. She can easily see

the exterior objects which reflect therein, but she sees them in the water only and such as they are in the water."

Her life was, at the same time, ecstatic and penitential.

"Every evening for many years," says Caffarini, "at nightfall, she felt drawn by an irresistible force to God; then, ravished in an ecstasy—which generally lasted six hours—her bodily senses were as suspended; she conversed with the Eternal Wisdom. One night, in particular, as she was standing by the window with her eyes fixed upon the heavens, her thoughts ascended even to the Eternal Beauty whom she saw reflected in the heavenly orbs, when, suddenly, from the blue vault above her, there came a sound of exquisite melody, such as mortal ear had never heard, filling her heart with celestial happiness and ravishing her soul into a long ecstasy."

"Once, as she prayed for the virtue of charity and understood that her prayer was heard, she felt herself penetrated with so lively a sense of the Divine Presence, that, for ten days, she could neither eat nor drink or engage in her ordinary occupations."

"Another time, when, in like manner, she asked, in a prolonged prayer, for purity of heart, an angel appeared bearing a garland of spotless lilies which he placed as a crown upon her head. The beauty and fragrance of those lilies were unearthly, and Catherine declared the mere thought of her precious crown sufficed to cause her a kind of rapture."

"Suddenly, she was assailed by the most humiliating and dreadful temptations, and, at the same time, she felt abandoned by Heaven. Without being discouraged, she increased her terrible penances and took refuge in prayer. "O thou vilest of creatures," said she to herself "why art thou sad? Is it for consolations that thou hast resolved to serve God, or for Himself?"

"One day, these attacks were renewed with such violence that, throwing herself on the ground, the saint remained thus prostrated for a long time, imploring Our Lord to come to her aid. Understanding that all her sufferings proceeded from the malice of the enemy, she took courage and resolved to endure hereafter all these temptations for love of her Spouse.

“The evil spirits hastened to present themselves anew, striving to throw her into despair: “Miserable creature, insinuated the demons, dream not of resisting us; even if we have to torment and persecute thee all thy life, we will never leave thee one peaceful hour, until, at last, thou yieldest to our will.” But, full of confidence in God, Catherine made this heroic answer. “I have chosen pain and sorrow for my consolation. Therefore, it will not be difficult, but sweet and consoling, to endure all these afflictions for love of Jesus Christ, my Lord, and for as long a time as it shall please His Divine Majesty.”

“Suddenly, a radiant light from heaven illuminated her humble cell, and the infernal troops of impure spirits dispersed. Then, amidst celestial splendors, our Lord appeared to Catherine, as He was when hanging on the Cross, where He shed His Precious Blood for man’s redemption. Jesus called her to Him, and said: “Catherine, My daughter, seest thou not what I have suffered for thee? Then think not that thou canst suffer too much for Me.” And the sweet Saviour approached nearer to her under another form, and encouraged her with words full of tenderness and sweetness.”

The vision disappeared, leaving Catherine with a plenitude of joy and consolation that cannot be described. She loved above all to taste, in the secret of her heart, the tender name given her by our Lord: “*Catherine my daughter.*”

It was at this time that Catherine, by the divine help, learned the art of reading. She desired much to recite the Divine Office. One day, she prostrated herself on the ground and made this prayer to God: “Lord, if it be agreeable to Thee that I learn how to read, in order that I may recite the Divine Office, and sing Thy praises, wilt Thou have the goodness to teach me what I can never learn by myself alone? But, O Lord, if Thou wilt not teach me, may Thy will be done!”

When she arose, she could read easily and fluently, even the most difficult writings.

The manner in which she learned to write, later on, was not less marvellous. She was at the home of a noble lady, Blanche of Salembeni, in Roccati Teatonnano, when, by chance, relates Thomas of Siena, she found near

at hand a vase filled with cimbar or *minium*, which a copyist had used to color the initials of certain volumes.

Yielding to a divine inspiration, the Saint took up the artist's pen, and, although she had never before formed a letter, she now wrote upon a sheet of parchment in beautiful, distinct characters, the following prayer, which is nearly the correct translation, *verbatim*. "O Holy Spirit, come into my heart, draw it to Thee by Thy power. O my God, grant me charity and holy fear. O Christ, preserve me from all unholy thoughts. In flame my heart with Thy sweet love, and all my pain will be light. I implore Thy assistance in all my needs. Jesus love, Jesus love."

As soon as she could read, she devoted considerable time to spiritual-reading, and she soon acquired an admirable knowledge of the Holy Scriptures.

For her recreation, she loved to entwine garlands of flowers, and, whilst singing sweet canticles of joy, she would make lovely boquets and distribute them in order to excite in hearts the love of God. Above all, she loved roses, lilies and violets; even the more humble flowers were pleasing to her. This is the reason why the custom is established in Italy of celebrating her feast with a profusion of flowers (1).

The time of Catherine's public mission approached; but, before bidding her to leave her cell, Our Lord desired to celebrate with her that mystic marriage which has inspired so many great painters. The fact is thus related by her Historians.

"On the last day of the Carnival when, according to custom, the citizens of Siena were giving themselves up to foolish and riotous festivities, Catherine retired to her cell and sought to expiate the sins committed by the thoughtless crowds who passed her door. While she was beseeching Our Lord to bestow on her perfection of faith, He appeared to her, and said: "To recompense thee for having renounced all the vanities of the world for My sake, and for having given Me thy heart; and because thou hast chosen rather to chastise thy body with fasting than to take part, especially to-day, in the banquet of feast-

(1) The feast of Saint Catherine of Siena is celebrated the thirtieth day of April.

ing and rejoicing which has united all those who surround thee and even the inmates of this house, I will celebrate with thee a solemn feast and espouse thy soul in faith with great joy and glorious pomp.

Jesus was still speaking when there appeared, near Him, the glorious Virgin Mary, Mother of God, the beloved disciple Saint John the Evangelist, Saint Paul the Apostle and saint Dominic, the great patriarch and founder of the Order of penance. After these, came the kingly Prophet David with his harp in hand, on which he played a heavenly song of ineffable sweetness. The Blessed Virgin approached Catherine, took her by the hand and presented her to her Divine Son, praying Him to deign to espouse her in Faith. Jesus, with a sweet and tender countenance, consented, and taking out a ring adorned with four pearls and one diamond of marvellous brilliancy, He put it upon the finger of Catherine's right hand saying : "Behold I, thy Creator and thy Saviour, espouse thee in Faith, for always and until the blissful consummation of our union in the happiness of heaven. Now, then, act courageously; thou art armed with Faith, and shalt triumph over all thine enemies."

"The vision disappeared, but the ring, visible only to Catherine's eyes, remained upon her finger, mysterious token of a favor no less mysterious, but the signification of which is not obscure to those who study Holy Scripture. If every faithful soul is knit to its Creator by the tie of a mysterious union, how intimate must have been the one which Catherine contracted the day on which she received, as her dowry, the perfection of faith?" That symbolic ring reminded her of her divine vocation; it was the pledge of an indissoluble union with her Beloved.

The Church memorizes this celestial marriage. In 1705 the great council of Siena published a decree forbidding masks dances, and other Carnival festivities to be held "on the last day of the Carnival, dedicated to the sacred Espousals of their seraphic fellow-citizen, Catherine Benincasa.

LAURE CONAN.

(To be continued.)

A PRAYER TO ST. PATRICK.

17th March.

SAINTED APOSTLE, guardian, guide and father !
 Throned with the blest on high,
 Hear how the groans of age-long anguish gather—
 List to thy people's cry !
 Remember when thy torch of faith was lighted
 Of old in Erin's Isle,
 How, one and all, her fervent sons united
 To hail its radiant smile ;—
 But frantic discord since hath rent asunder
 Our state, and cause and grace ;
 Till nations gaze in sorrow, scorn and wonder
 Upon our scattered race.

Oh, blessed Patrick ! lowly now imploring,
 We crave thy mighty aid,
 While God's high justice humbly still adoring
 Pray that this plague be stayed !
 Pray that the centuries of our desolation
 Blotting the Book of Time,
 May have filled up the meed of expiation
 For our ancestral crime.
 Pray that the seven-fold gift of God—the spirit
 Of wisdom, strength and love,
 May heal our feuds and set us free to merit
 The brighter home above.

—*Mrs. Hope Connolly, in New Spirit of the Nation.*

LITTLE VESTRY AND THE WHITE SCAPULAR.

HE had "shined" his last pair of boots just before he turned the corner of an uptown street ; and then he came upon a high church with a cross upon its steeple. It was a warm September night, and the doors were wide open. A flood of light poured from the brilliant altars, and many voices were chanting a sweet Latin Hymn.

He was a queer, wise-looking little fellow, this brown-faced, grave-eyed Italian boot-black. "Vestry" was the street contraction of his full, musical name, Vito Vestrizzio; and the boys said it just suited him—he was so fond of serving mass at the Italian church down town. Far off in beautiful Genoa, his good old grandmother, who had reared him, taught him his prayers and Catechism, and trained him thoroughly in religion. She had often said to him : " Never pass the church, *figlio mio*, without going in to say one *Ave Maria*, that you may die in the grace of God."

He remembered it now and went in. The church was full of people, and Vestry, slipping into a back pew, laid his "kit" on the floor. By this time, a priest was preaching before a shrine where the picture of a lovely Madonna and Child was set among banks of lilies and blazing tapers. Vestry could not understand all he said, but he caught enough to know that he was urging everybody to love Mary, to seek her counsel, to imitate her virtues. When the sermon was over, men, women and children flocked to the altar rail ; and the priest began to give each one a little white Scapular.

Vestry longed to go up and get one with the rest, but felt afraid to venture. And then a wonderful thing happened. A beautiful young lady near him handed him a Scapular, and, smiling, motioned him to approach the altar. She wore a white gown, and her sweet, rosy face was shaded by a white leghorn hat with snowy plumes. Vestry thought she must be an angel, and silently obeyed her. In a few moments, he was kneeling before a lovely shrine, and the priest had thrown the ribbons of the White Scapular around his neck. The poor little bootblack felt strangely peaceful and happy. He even shed some tears

of joy, thinking tenderly of the dear old grandmother at home. He would write to her.

She would be glad to know that her regazzino had kept himself from the low vices of the streets and was wearing our Lady's Scapular.

Was it an hour afterwards or was it only ten minutes that he was crossing the street on his way down town? What a crowd was gathering! A voice cried "Fire!"—and a patrol wagon dashed with furious speed around a corner. The by-standers heard a shrill scream of agony, and, with blanched faces, rushed to lift from the cobble stone, a poor, crushed, bleeding little shape with a bootblack's "kit" slung across its shoulders and a small white something on its breast.

.....

There was a priest in the accident ward of the State Hospital. He had just given the last sacraments to a dying petrolman; and, as he passed to the door between a row of beds, he saw on one of them a little ghastly chap, so blood stained and bandaged that he looked like a small wounded soldier. The priest stopped and read on the chart at the bed head: "Vestry, a bootblack, aged 12: compound fracture of etc., etc.—contusion of, etc., etc. Supposed to be mulatto. Residence unknown."

From the pillow, a queer little foreign faced stared at him, old-fashioned as a brownie's—but with a soft reverence in the velvety eyes. Could the child be a Catholic? As if in answer to a mental query, the poor little lad thrust his one hand into his bosom and drew—trembling forth—a white Scapular of Our Lady of Good Counsel! "*Madonna mia!*" he whispered, feebly. The priest fell on his knees beside him. He had studied in Rome and spoke Italian fluently. It was a sight to see the radiant rapture of the little face when Vestry heard the music of his own tongue, and breathed forth his confession in the embrace of those strong but tender arms. The absolution was pronounced, the Holy Viaticum administered, and through it all the little Genoese held fast to his scapular. When the sacred rites were performed: "I am wearing a piece of Blessed Mother's mantle," said the dying child. "Is Madonna Mary very beautiful? Shall I see her soon,

Padro mio? . . . Ah ! yes," he sighed, wandering a little ; "I am thy child, good mother ! I shall always wear thy scapular"—(making an effort to lift it to his lips) - "take me—" There was an odd catch in the breath, his head dropped, and a gray shadow crossed his face.

"Died of a shock," said a passing surgeon. But there was a tear on the priest's cheek as he closed the boy's wide open lids over that look of admiration and awe as at the sudden sight of something astounding, new and lovely.

"His eyes have seen the Queen in her beauty !" he murmured ; and then reverently laid back the little White Scapular upon the dead child's breast.

"The True Witness."

REFLECTIONS.

"Conscience is a faithful friend who, in return for constant loyalty, requires from us nothing more than the performance of our duty."

There remains in all souls a natural propensity to seek God, though not at all for Himself, but merely for the satisfaction of nature and self love. This innate devotion is found in the most depraved.

VEN. A. BAKER.

Remember that there are many things noble and sublime in the eyes of God that are considered mean and contemptible by men ; whilst, on the contrary, many things that are beautiful and grand in men's estimation are insignificant and valueless in the sight of God.

SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

SAVED BY SAINT JOSEPH.

THE following incident will strengthen the confidence in Saint Joseph, which devout souls must never lose even in the most desperate circumstances.

The facts were related to me by the hero himself, captain of a frigate.

The vessel, returning from China, was already nearing port.

Although it was late, and the sea running high, gaiety reigned on board.

A cabin-boy was amusing the crew by trying to catch a small bird which seemed to have alighted on the vessel, less for the purpose of seeking a resting place in the rigging, than to play its part in the rope-dancing of the ship-boy.

In effect, the bird appearing wearied, hopped about whistling, and waited, apparently almost asleep, until the urchin, climbing like a cat and swinging like a monkey, was within a few feet. But when, stretching his arm, the boy thought to seize him, the wilful bird fluttered away and perched further off.

The captain was walking on the poop, smiling from time to time at this contest of agility between the child and the bird ; one might have even said he was interested in it.

In one of his flights, the boy had climbed to the top-most yard of the mainmast. With one hand he was holding on to a rope, when a gust of wind tipped the vessel, he missed his footing, swung for a moment in space, then lost hold and fell on the netting, then overboard.

A cry of terror burst from the crew.

The captain, beside himself, ran to his cabin, flung himself on his knees, his head in his hands, and sobbed aloud. He was a father to his crew.

Suddenly he rose. With a bound he was before the statue of Saint Joseph which he had placed in a covered niche at the entrance to his dressing room.

Opening the door which screened it from inquisitive eyes, "Saint Joseph," he cried stretching out his hands to the image, his eyes filled with tears, "everyone says you

are powerful.... if you save this child, I promise.... well, you will be satisfied with me !”

The gallant old captain, with all his seaman's devotion, could not manage to formulate his promise.

He sat down, his head again in his hands. “Poor child ! poor child !..... and his mother !”

He wept like a real father. More than a quarter of an hour passed. There was a rap at his door. The lieutenant entered.

“Commander,” said he, “I hope they will save him.”

“What ? They will save him. Whom ?”

“The little lad. They are working to fish him up.”

The commander rose, almost in a passion.

“Wretch ! What are you thinking of ? In the dark ! One accident is enough without five or six more.”

“Don't be afraid, commander....”

“I don't wish it, do you hear ? I don't wish it..... Poor child !”

“But Commander.....”

“No buts... I don't wish it.... Poor mother !”

“It is already done, Commander.”

“What ?”

“You see, while they let down a boat with five resolute men, we threw out life-buoys.... Wait... I'll warrant they'll bring him back.”

And without waiting for an answer, the lieutenant started off.

“You are out of your mind,” called out the captain after him.

He began to walk about the saloon. “O ! Poor boy !.... Saint Joseph, if you save him.....”

He was about hurrying after the lieutenant when the latter returned almost joyously.

“Saved ! Commander, saved !”

“Come, no jesting.”

“No, Commander ; the men have come back bringing the boy.”

“For what purpose ? We will have to throw the body back into the sea. No. We will give it to his mo-

ther. Poor woman ! O ! what need was there of his climbing up there ? ” . . .

“ Commander, if they give it back, it will be a living body. The doctor says it is nothing.”

“ Nothing ! How you talk ! ”

“ The doctor made him reject the sea water he drank, and he says there is no harm done. The cold water prevented the brain from congesting through the fall, and he himself was able to catch the rope thrown to him. To-morrow he will be all right.”

“ That’s easy to say.”

“ Come and see then.”

It was indeed true. Next day, the cabin-boy was around, able to land and go to embrace his mother.

“ Boys ” said the captain to the men, “ if the child owes a candle to the Good Mother, I . . . I owe Saint Joseph . . . in fact, I don’t know what . . . but I told him he would be satisfied with me. I say no more than that. Saint Joseph, you see, is the first Saint. He is the one whom we should address. We must believe that the good God has given him great power, since he was able to save our poor cabin-boy. So it must be understood : Saint Joseph is the Patron of the ship. To-morrow we will go to Mass, and I shall offer a gold heart in the name of the whole crew.”

“ Pardon, Commander.” said the lieutenant, “ if we may be allowed, we should all like to contribute towards it ; should we not, friends ?

“ Yes ! yes ! ”

“ Very well, if you wish we will offer the heart together, and I will take charge of the rest.”

The “ rest ” was a pair of magnificent candelabra, for Saint Joseph’s altar in the church at X.

“ Now, my boys, long live Saint Joseph ! ”

“ Long live Saint Joseph ! . . . Long live our commander ! ” burst from the throats of the three hundred men who formed the crew of the man of war.



WHOM GOD HELPS.

ONCE upon a time, in Rome, there were two blind men, one of whom cried in the streets of the city, "He is helped whom God helps;" the other, on the contrary, cried, "He is helped whom the emperor helps."

This they did every day, and the emperor heard it so often that he had a loaf of bread baked and filled with gold pieces.

The gold-filled loaf he sent to the blind man who appealed to the emperor for help; but he, when he felt the heavy weight of the bread, sold it to the other beggar as soon as he met him.

The blind man who bought the bread carried it home, and when he had broken it and found the gold he thanked God, and from that day ceased to beg. But the other continued begging through the city. The emperor summoned him to his presence and asked him:

"What hast thou done with the loaf that I lately sent thee?"

"I sold it to my friend, because it was heavy and did not seem well risen."

Then the emperor said: "Truly, he whom God helps is helped indeed," and he turned the blind man from him.—Grace Churchbells.

A CHAPLET OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

By S. M. A.

Written for "The Voice of the Precious Blood."

CHAPTER I.

A GLOOMY DAY.

IT WAS a dark, stormy evening, about the middle of December. The wind blew fiercely, as poor little Paul Ingram, trying bravely to face the drifting snow, might have been seen slowly wending his way down one of the principal streets of the great city of New-York.

He was a bright, handsome boy of twelve, with dark

blue eyes, which looked out wistfully from their long lashes. The tattered garments that covered his boyish form, were not sufficient to protect him from the icy blast, which beat pitilessly down upon him.

All day he had wandered through the streets of the great metropolis, seeking employment. He was accustomed to run messages, shovel snow, or do any odd job by which he could earn a few cents. To-day no one seemed to require his services ; he had only received ten cents, which he held in one of his small benumbed hands. Though almost famished, he would not spend a cent on bread ; he was keeping it to pay the rent.

Although so young, Paul was the sole support of an aged Aunt with whom he lived, in the cellar of a dilapidated tenement house, in one of the poorest quarters of the city. It was hardly fit for human habitation, yet the proprietor was exact about having his rent in due season.

" I will let it to ye very cheap ", he said to Paul, in a tone of great condescension ; " because I know ye're poor. Ye ken hev it fur three dollars a month ; but ef ye don't hand in the cash regular, ye'll hev to get right out ; d'ye see ? "

Paul saw ; and every day brought him ten cents. No matter how cold and hungry he was, he always thought of the rent first.

Poor boy, his brave heart was sinking fast. What was he to do ?

Many times that day he raised his heart in prayer :

" O Jesus, Mary ! help me. I do not mind being cold and hungry, but poor Auntie. Ah ! what will become of her, if I do not soon take her something to eat ? "

This thought urged him to make another attempt. A richly dressed lady was coming out of a fashionable store and was about to step into her handsome carriage. He went forward.

" Please, give me a few cents ; my poor Aunt is lying sick at home and has had nothing to eat since morning. The house is damp and cold and we have no fire, she has been watching for me all day, and I cannot bear to go home without bringing her something. "

He could say no more. Two big tears dropped from his beautiful eyes and his words died away in a sob. But

the proud dame did not seem moved. Her piercing eye scanned the trembling form before her, for a moment. Catching sight of the ten cents which he held in his hand, she said sharply :

“I thought you told me that you had no money?”

“This is for the rent, ma'am,” answered the boy.

“You cannot pay rent with ten cents, so you must be telling an untruth ; and I will not encourage falsehood,” she said stepping into her carriage, and ordering her coachman to drive home as quickly as possible. Sinking into her seat and drawing her furs closely around her, she thought no more of the poor child whom she had left standing bewildered on the pavement. He looked a moment at the receding carriage, trying to suppress the emotion rising within his breast.

“Oh! how could she be so unkind!” Then, listening to his good angel, he felt sorry for having entertained an uncharitable thought, even for a moment : “Perhaps she thought I *was* telling an untruth. Jesus and Mary, help me to be more patient. But I must go home now, even if I do not get anything. Auntie will wonder what is keeping me.”

Turning his steps homeward, and praying for strength and courage, he faced the storm manfully. He had only gone a few steps when, in the gleaming of an electric light, he saw something shining on the pavement, a few feet in front of him. It looked like a bright silver coin ; hastening forward he exclaimed : “Saint Joseph has seen my poverty and has come to my assistance.”

When he picked it up, he found that it was a medal attached to a string of crimson beads buried in the snow. He stopped a moment to examine them : “Oh how beautiful they are ! They must be very precious. Perhaps they are real rubies mounted on silver. But I wonder what prayers are said on them. It is not our Lady's cha-pelet, I know.”

He looked long and attentively at the string and then examined the medal. On it was engraved the figure of our crucified Lord, with the Precious Blood flowing from His wounds and seeming to fall upon a penitent kneeling at the foot of the cross.

The tempter suggested : " Go right away and sell them ; " and, in glowing colors, placed before his eyes all the good things he could purchase for his Aunt, with the money.

But Paul would not listen to the temptation, even for a moment.

" No, they are not mine, I will not sell them ; besides they may be blessed. Far better to put up with hunger and cold than to offend God by doing what is wrong."

He continued his march till he reached a long, dark street, down which he turned and soon came to a still darker alley at the corner of which was the wretched lodging he called *home*. It was occupied by more than twenty families.

As Paul approached, he heard the sound of men fighting, women and children quarrelling or screaming. He sighed, and raising his eyes to heaven, exclaimed :

" O my God ! how much Thou art offended. Would that I could make reparation for all the insults heaped upon Thee and make Thee known and loved by all men ! But, alas ! I can do nothing,—nothing. O Jesus ! make Thyself known to these poor creatures, so that they may not offend or blaspheme Thee any more."

On the ground floor of the tenement lived the *landlord*. He kept a little shop, in which he sold various kinds of articles—wood, second-hand clothing and food, which the majority of persons would not consider appetizing, but which was considered *delicious* by the poor creatures who patronized him. He was sitting behind the counter reading a newspaper ; looking up as Paul entered, he said :

" Well lad, have you the rent to-day ?"

" Yes, Mr. McCourt, here it is, answered Paul, as he put ten cents on the counter: then, as he hesitated a moment, the man said :

" What is the matter ? Do you want anything ?"

" No sir," replied Paul, going towards the door, " I cannot buy anything, because that's my last cent." The landlord winced :

" See here " ; he called out, " I can't take ye'r last copper, or how will ye keep ye'r body an soul together ?" He threw a penny on the counter.

“ Thank you, sir ”, said Paul. “ I will pay it back when I am able. But will you, please, give me two cents worth of wood.” Even though we are starving, he thought, it is better to have a fire, because we would freeze to-night without one.

The man gave him two sticks. Paul thanked him again, and then began, with beating heart, to descend the rickety stairs leading to the cellar.

CHAPTER II.

A HOME OF MISERY.

Oh ! how long and weary seemed the hours to Mary-Ingram as she lay on her bed of suffering, waiting for Paul to return. Often during the day, there arose before her mind, a picture of his handsome, boyish face, radiant with hope, as he kissed her good-bye that morning. Noticing her reluctance to let him go out in his thin-clothing, he said cheerily :

“ I don't mind the cold ; I run, stamp my feet, and swing my arms till I am as warm as can be : I pray too, Auntie, and I want you to join me in asking the Blessed Virgin to watch over me, and to help me to pay the rent, so that we can stay here. It would be hard if we had not even this poor shelter, especially now that you are ill and suffering so much. Oh, if I could only do something to relieve you !

“ God bless your heart, dear child,” she replied, tears coming into her eyes, “ I am not worthy of so much affection.”

When Paul had departed, she exclaimed :

“ Oh ! if he only knew all, —perhaps he would hate me. But, no —he is too generous and noble-hearted ; a king might be proud of having him for a son. Oh God ! pardon my sin. If I only had courage to confess — but I cannot, I *cannot*. Oh ! this poverty, suffering and misery, are all a just chastisement. And in my selfishness, I have made *him* suffer with me. O Mary, my Mother ! pray for me, pray for him. Give me courage to confess, that I may do him justice.”

Then, remembering that Paul had asked her to pray for him, she took out her rosary, and, with all the fervor of

a heart crushed by remorse and pain, implored the Queen of hearts to guide and protect this innocent child, whom she looked upon with love amounting to reverence.

The day wore slowly, every instant seeming to increase the sufferings of the invalid. The cold was intense and the poor room was dreary in the extreme. A solitary pane of glass admitted light in the only window which the room contained ; the others, long since broken, had been nailed up with boards, the chinks filled with rags. A rusty, fireless stove stood in the centre of the room ; a broken table, a stool and a time worn cupboard containing some dishes, were the only articles of furniture, except the miserable bed on which the sick woman lay, and a print of the Blessed Virgin on the wall.

Paul's bed consisted of an armful of straw thrown in a corner of the room on which he lay without undressing.

(To be continued.)

PRAYERS SOLICITED.

1. It is not yet time to cease praying earnestly to obtain a happy solution of the great question of the Catholic Schools of Manitoba.
2. For several sick priests and afflicted families.
3. For a great number of different intentions among which conversions and cures asked for take the largest place.
4. The end of this month (30th) will bring us the dear feast of Saint Catherine of Siena, second Patroness of Rome and first Patroness of the Guard of Honor of the Precious Blood. In union with this Beloved Saint, let us pray for the Sovereign Pontiff, for the Holy Church, for the diffusion of the worship of the Precious Blood. The illustrious Dominicaness above mentioned bore in her heart those three loves which make but one in a true Catholic heart.

LET US ALSO PRAY FOR THE DEAD, particularly for : REV. M. NADEAU, curate at St-Jude ; for the REV. BROTHER COLOMBAN of the Maristes' Brothers of St-Hyacinthe ; for MM. the NOTARY NORMANDIN, deceased at Boucherville ; ULDERIC NADEAU, at Ste-Angele ; LOUIS TESSIER, at Quebec ; MICHEL ST-JACQUES at The Presentation ; Capt. L. H. ROY, at Montreal ; A. P. TREMPÉ, at St-Bonaventure of Upton ; OLIVIER BRESSE, at Charlesbourg ; EDOUARD DEMERS, at St-Nicolas ; MARCEL ROUSSEL, at Iberville ; SERVILE FOURNIER, at St-Jean-Port-Joli ; ACHILLE VAUDREUIL, at Quebec ; EDOUARD HALLIE, at Chicago ; DAVID GILL, at Saint-François-du-Lac ; BENJAMIN PRINCE, at St-

Gregoire. For Mrs. LOUIS GERVAIS, deceased at St-Timothee ; Mrs. Widow JOS. LAPIERRE, at St-Charles ; Mrs. CHS. HEBERT, at St-Jean Dorchester; Mrs. F. FLOOD, at Quebec; Mrs. J. M. WARD-PENNEE, a devoted friend of our work, deceased at Quebec ; Mrs. FLAVIEN LAVALLEE, at Berthierville; Mrs. PROSPER LEVEQUE, at the Bic ; Mrs. PIERRE BEAUREGARD, at Vercheres ; Mrs. MARY SCHLICK, at Rochester N. Y. ; Mrs. MARIE MONGEAU, at St-Ours ; Mrs. NAP. SIMARD, at St-Simon ; Mrs. KATHARINA HAFERTEPE, at Chicago, (Ill.) ; Mrs. OLIVIER ROY, at Phenix (R. I). For Miss CLAIRE CHAPUT, deceased at N. D. de Grace ; ANNE-EMELIE DE BLOIS, at Pierreville ; MARIE-ANNE GOUIN, at la Baie du Febvre ; MALVINA BRAULT, at Magog, and for all the other subscribers deceased in February and March.

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

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

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

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

200 days ind. once a day.

Leo XIII. 20 June 1892.

THANKSGIVINGS.

OR FAVORS OBTAINED THROUGH PRAYER TO THE
MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD.

TO THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.—“ I render thanks to the Precious Blood that myself and some of the members of my family, especially my little girl suffering from a tumour, have been cured after the family had subscribed in that end to “ The Voice of the Precious Blood ” and had invoked the Precious Blood.”

“ Mr T. P.'s little girl was nine years old and had not walked yet. The doctors had no hopes for any cure through their art ; but since the novena made in honor of the Precious Blood, she is able to walk. Please insert this great grace in your review. The grace of a conversion has also been accorded.”

“ Through the intercession of the Precious Blood, I obtained the cure of my husband who was suffering from an incurable disease, the success of many difficult undertakings, the grace of two cures for myself, and several spiritual and temporal favours.”

A lady of Yamachiche renders the following testimony to the Precious Blood.

“ Three years ago, my little girl, who was then nine years old, complained of sore eyes which soon prevented her from continuing her studies, and we feared that she would completely lose her sight. I went with her to the Monastery of the Precious Blood in order to solicit a novena which we made with the community. The novena finished, my daughter was so well cured that she could return to her class. It is three years since the cure took place and her sight has never been in fault. Therefore, what confidence have we not in the Precious Blood ”.

An ex-citizen of Three-Rivers, now residing in the United-States, had his face and especially his eyes horribly burned last year owing to the explosion of a lamp. The doctor's opinion was that he could not hope to recover his sight. A sad perspective for a man still young, a husband and father. By his family, he solicited a novena to the Precious Blood for his cure, which he hoped for only through a miracle. The cure was accomplished, and, a few months later, he visited his family, who attest that he had not only recovered his sight, but that there was not a sign left of his terrible accident. In his gratitude, he loudly proclaims that he owes everything to the Precious Blood ”.

“ Enclosed you will find the sum of \$1.00 in thanksgiving for a benefit obtained and for the fulfilment of a promise ”.

A religious of our order writes what follows :

“ A zealous friend of our work was employed in distributing our billets of affiliation. She offered one to a man who could be styled a free-thinker. He refused,

saying to her conceitedly : " I have never given anything for such works as that." Shortly after, having lost his situation, he began to complain of having no work. The lady gently remarked : " Sir, if you will take one of these billets in honor of the Blood of Jesus, you will certainly obtain work, as it has often happened to other persons." He hesitated, then consented, almost in spite of himself. Some days later, seeing the same lady passing by his door he asked her to stop a moment : " Have you any more of those tickets?" said he, " I wish to take a second one." Seeing that the lady looked astonished : " Yes," said he, on the very day that I took the ticket you offered me, I escaped a great danger. More than that", he continued, " ever since that day, I have had more work than I could possibly do."—Infinite thanks to the Blood of Jesus that, by the means of temporal favors, has restored to this soul the true Christian spirit.

I wish to mention a favor obtained through invoking the Precious Blood and Saint Anthony.

I had long been in doubt and trouble about a person and had waited long for an answer to an important letter and, after praying to Saint Anthony through the Precious Blood, the long delayed letter came, containing all I wished to know. Thanks be to the Precious Blood, to Saint Anthony and to the Holy Mother of God ! Amen.

Please publish this testimonial in the " Voice of the Precious Blood."

Many other favors--both spiritual and temporal--have been obtained through the intercession of the Most Precious Blood. Ardent thanksgivings are offered in return.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

A RECENT CONVERT.—**EX-GOVERNOR WOODSON ADMITTED TO THE CHURCH.**—A few weeks ago, ex-Governor Woodson, of St. Joseph, Mo., became a member of the Catholic Church, Right Reverend Bishop Burke, assisted by Rev. A. Newman, of the Cathedral, administering the Sacrament of Baptism to the venerable

and distinguished gentleman. The ceremony was solemnized at the ex-governor's Hall street residence at 11 a. m. in the presence of the family, Rt. Rev. Bishop Burke, and Rev. Father Newman.

In speaking of the conversion, Bishop Burke said "Governor Woodson has for years had a predilection for the Catholic Church, and finally expressed a desire to join it, and in the event of his death to die in the Catholic faith.

"As far as I can learn he had never been baptized, but always had a leaning toward the Catholic Church. I have not been acquainted with the governor long. I first visited him last summer by request, before going to Rome, and did not see him again until I attended the ceremony of Baptism. Father Newman is acquainted with the family. One of the governor's daughters, Mrs. Hossea, was educated in the Sacred Heart convent and was a brilliant pupil, unusually talented."

It will be good news to the many friends of ex-Governor Woodson that he appears in better health now than he had been for several months past, having, as is well known, been for some time confined to his house by the infirmities of age. It is said that much of his old time vitality still remains, though he is now in his 77th year and those who have seen him recently think he may yet add several years to this span of life before the final summons comes.

The distinguished convert some twenty-five years ago was Governor of Missouri; and made one of the best chief executives the state has ever had. He retired from office leaving behind him a name to be proud of. As an orator he has few equals, his fame in this respect extending from one end of the country to the other.

He has been a resident of St. Joseph since 1854, is personally acquainted with almost every inhabitant of the city.

Notwithstanding his advanced age, until about one year ago he was able to attend to his duties as judge of the criminal court, a position he held from the time the court was created until a few months ago, when he voluntarily retired on account of his advanced age. - N. Y. Catholic Review.