

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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IN THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS.

BY JAMES B. FITZPATRICK, A. M.

In the shadow of the cross
What a Sacrifice we see !
Shedding Blood from every wound
Is the Savior God for me.
Seven times It flowed for man,
Seven times It was forespent,
To uplift a God-cursed ban,
To endow each sacrament.

In the shadow of the cross
We can trace redemption's price,
For the Sanguine Streams of grace
From its wounded Victim rise.
In the shadow of the cross
We must all embark for Heav'n,
Though the sea be rough and surging,
'Tis the one our Lord has giv'n.

THE GREAT NEED OF JESUS AND OF HIS SAVING BLOOD.

(Selections from Faber)

VI.

The human soul needs Jesus.

IT is very difficult to feel as we ought about eternal things : we are surrounded by sights and sounds of this short earthly life. We judge things by their earthly importance. When we try to bring home to ourselves or to others the immense importance of eternal things, we find ourselves in a difficulty. Time alone enables us in some degree to realize them, and they must grow into us by frequent prayer and long familiarity.

We are placed in the same difficulty when we want to realize truly the necessity of the Precious Blood. It is more necessary than we can say or think. What would come of being without it is inconceivable by us.

The most recollected saint and the most thoughtful theologian are not able to realize how much and in what ways they are indebted to God, receiving from him, living upon him, using him, and immersed in him.

So it is in the spiritual world with Jesus. It is a wonder that he ever came among us. Yet he is indispensable to us. We could in no wise do without him. We want him at every turn, at every moment. It is the wisdom of life, as well as its joy, to be always feeling the great need of Jesus. A true christian feels that he could no more live for an hour without Jesus, than he could live for an hour without air or under water. There is something delightful in this utter dependance upon Jesus. It is our only rest, it is our only liberty in the world. It is the bondage of our imperfection that we cannot be directly and actually thinking of Jesus all day and night. Yet it is astonishing how near we may come to this. Our very sleep at last becomes subject to the thought of Jesus, and saturated with it. It is part of the gladness of growing older, not only that we are thereby drawing nearer to our first sight of him, but that we feel our dependance upon him more and more. We have learned more about him. We have had

a longer and more varied experience of him. Our love of him has become more dominant and supreme. As we grow older in our spiritual life, we become more sensitive to the presence of Jesus, to the necessity of him, and to his indispensable sweetness.

The world needs Jesus.

What would the world be without Jesus ? We may perhaps have sometimes made pictures to ourselves of the day of judgment. We may have imagined the storms above and the earthquakes underneath, the sun and the moon darkened, and the stars fallen from heaven, fire raging over the face of the earth, men crying to the mountains and rocks to fall upon them and hide them, and in the masses of the eastern clouds Jesus coming to judge the world.

Yet the misery and the confusion of earth at that day will have less of real horror than the earth without Jesus would have. An earth without hope or happiness, without love or peace, the past a burden, the present a weariness, the future a shapeless terror, such would the earth be, if there were no Jesus.

His Five Wounds are pleading for ever at the Right hand of the Father. They are holding back divine indignation. They are satisfying divine justice. They are moving divine compassion. Even temporal blessings come from them. They are bridling the earthquake and the storm, pestilence and famine and a thousand other temporal consequences of sin. We cannot exaggerate the utter destitution of a fallen world without redeeming grace. With the apostate angels this destitution is an eternal hell.

Sorrow needs Jesus.

When sorrow comes upon us, how should we bear it without him ?

Let the child of a few weeks lie like a gathered lily, white, cold, faded, dead, before the eyes of his fond mother ! But the waters of baptism have passed upon him ! What are those waters, but the Blood of Jesus ? Now she can sit and think, and be thankful even while

she is weeping, and there can be smiles through her tears, which, like rainbows, are signs of God's covenant with his people; she has volumes of sweet things to think, bright visions, the sounds of angelic music; and these things are not fancies, but infallible assurances.

Sorrow without Christ is not to be endured. The same is true of sickness and of pain. Who could endure it for years, if there were no future for it. The long, pining, languishing sick-bed, with its interminable nights and days, its keen susceptibilities, its burdensome epochs of monotony,—what would this be, if we knew not the Son of God, if Jesus never had been man, if his grace of endurance had not actually gone out of his Heart into ours.

In poverty and hardship, in the accesses of temptation, in the ardors of youth or the fatigue of age, in the successive failures of our plans, in the disappointments of our affections, in every crisis and revolution of life, Jesus is necessary to us and grows more necessary every year, and more wanted to-day than yesterday.

Thus indispensable in life, how much more indispensable in death! Who could dare to die without him? What would death be, if he had not so mercifully died himself?

ANTHONY.

THOUGHTS ON HEAVEN.

'Tis well we won't here always live,
 But take our flight to worlds above,
 Where God a home to us will give,
 And show to us eternal love.

Millions of souls there daily meet,
 All clad in raiment white as snow,
 Each with a look serene and sweet,
 All praising God, nor wearied grow.

'Tis well we have such friends above,
 Who there with Christ will intercede,

To grant us grace through His love,
That from our sins we shall be freed.

Our mothers there with God will plead,
When e'er they see us go astray,
That He from sin our souls will lead,
And make us walk in the right way.

Just at time we strove to fall,
God gave to us abundant grace,
And had from Him a sudden call,
That we our sinful paths retrace.

Our children won't forget us there,
Because they're now in heaven above,
They look unto our souls' welfare,
And show us more than parents' love.

They earnestly to Christ appeal,
To grant us His abundant grace,
And that our souls He'll deign to heal,
And leave at death no sinful trace.

God has a world beyond the stars,
Where His saints forever dwell,
Where not a ripple nature mars,
And fairer far than tongue can tell.

No pen can write or mind conceive,
Nor all mankind its joys half tell,
And worlds of gold can not retrieve,
Our loss, if there we never dwell.

E. P. FORD, M. D.

SOURIS (Prince Edward Island.)

AN ALLEGORY.

IT was night. Jerusalem slept quietly amid her hills as a child upon the breast of its mother. The noiseless sentinel stood like a statue at his post, and the philosopher's light burned dimly in the recess of his chamber. But a darker night was abroad upon the earth. A moral darkness involved the nations in its unenlightened shadows. Reason shed a faint glimmering over the minds of men, like the cold and inefficient shining of a distant star. The immortality of man's spiritual nature was unknown, his relation to Heaven undiscovered, and his future destiny obscured in a cloud of mystery.

It was at this period that two forms of ethereal mould hovered above the land of God's chosen people. They seemed sister angels sent to earth upon some embassy of love. The one was of majestic stature, and in the well-formed limbs which her snowy drapery scarcely concealed—in her erect bearing and steady eye, were exhibited the highest degree of strength and confidence. Her right arm extended in an impressive gesture upward, where night appeared to have placed her darkest pavilion, while on her left reclined her delicate companion, in form and countenance the contrast of the other, for she was drooping like the flower when unmoistened by refreshing dews, and her bright but troubled eye scanned the air with ardent but varying glances. Suddenly a light like the sun flashed out from the Heavens, and Faith and Hope hailed with exulting songs the ascending Star of Bethlehem.

Years rolled away, and a stranger was seen in Jerusalem. He was a meek and unassuming man, whose happiness seemed to consist in acts of benevolence to the human race. There were deep traces of sorrow in His countenance, though none knew why He grieved, for He lived in the practice of every virtue, and was loved by all the wise and good. By and by it was rumored that the stranger worked miracles, that the blind saw, the dumb spoke, and the dead leaped to life at His touch ; that when He commanded, the ocean moderated its chafing tide, and the very thunder articulated—He is the Son of God. Envy assailed Him with the charge of sorcery, and the voice of

impious judges condemned Him unto death. Slowly, and strongly guarded, He ascended the hill of Calvary. A heavenly cross bent Him to the earth. But Faith leaned upon His arm, and Hope, dipping her pinions in His Blood, mounted the skies.—*Exchange.*

DAY OF DOOM.

The inevitable day
When a voice to me shall say :
“ Thou must rise and come away,

“ All thine other journeys past,
“ Gird thee, and make ready fast
“ For thy longest and thy last.”

Day deep hidden from our sight,
In impenetrable night.
Who may guess of thee aright ?

Art thou distant ? Art thou near ?
Wilt thou seem more dark or clear,
Day with more of hope or fear ?

Wilt thou come not seen before,
When thou'rt standing at the door,
Saying, “ Light and life are o'er ? ”

Or with such a gradual pace
As shall leave me largest space
To regard thee face to face ?

Shall I lay my drooping head
On some loved lap ? 'round my bed
Prayer be made and tear be shed ?

Or at distance from mine own,
Name and kin alike unknown,
Make my solitary moan ?

Will there yet be then to leave
Hearts to which this heart must cleave
From which parting it must grieve ?

Or shall life's best ties be o'er,
And all loved ones gone before
To that other happier shore ?

Shall I gently fall asleep,
Death, like slumber, o'er me creep,
Like a slumber, sweet and deep ?

Or the soul long strive in vain
To get free, with toil and pain
From its half-divided chain ?

Little matter where or how,
If thou comest then or now—
With a smooth or angry brow :

Come thou must, and we must die
Jesus ! Saviour ! stand Thou by,
When that last sleep seals our eye.

R. C. FRENCH.

PURGATORY.

DURING this month, Holy Church invites us to accompany her to the sad region whence issues the cry of the exile. By her example, she urges us to relieve the sufferings and shorten the detention of the lonely souls who, though released from the bonds of the flesh, are still deprived of the vision of God. She calls on us to assist them by our prayers, penances, alms, and especially by offering, or having Holy Mass offered in their behalf. By means of the Divine Sacrifice, the Adorable Blood descends in refreshing streams on the souls to whom It is applied, imparting to them indescribable solace and consolation.

Because persons have been cut off while leading an

apparently evil life, and without giving any signs of repentance, we should not on that account give up hope and desist from praying for them. God's mercy is infinite, and a single second suffices for divine grace to touch a soul and fill it with contrition. Never despair therefore of the salvation of any souls no matter how gloomy appearances may have been. Always hope for the best and pray for them. Many facts might be related for the consolation of those who are tempted to despair of the salvation of any soul. One of the most interesting and remarkable relates to a revelation made to a holy soul regarding the eternaⁿ salvation of the mother of a priest known as "Father Hermann." As a devoted son he had prayed and supplicated God for the conversion of his mother who was a Jewess. All in vain apparently. The poor woman refused in the most positive way to embrace the christian faith, and died in these dispositions. On hearing of her death, Father Hermann was anguish-stricken. "My poor mother is dead". . he wrote, "and I remain in uncertainty. I have prayed so much that I hope something has passed between her soul and God in her last moments." The remembrance of his long persevering supplications was a source of hope to the holy religious. He went to Mr. Vianney, better known as the Curé of Ars, and laid open the wound made in his heart by the uneasiness he felt concerning the soul of his beloved mother who died without the grace of baptism.

"Hope on," said the saintly Curé ; "you will one day, on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, receive a letter which will fill your soul with joy."

The prophecy was fulfilled to the letter. On the 8th December, 1861, six years after the death of his mother, Father Hermann received the following letter (1) sent him by a Jesuit Father :

"On the 10th of October, after Holy Communion, I found myself in one of those moments of intimate union with Our Lord when He makes me feel so delightfully His presence in the Sacrament of His love, that faith

(1) The person who wrote this letter died in the odor of sanctity. She is well known in the religious world by several works on the Blessed Eucharist among others. "The Eucharist meditated."

“ does not appear to me necessary to believe in it. At
 “ the end of some moments He made me hear His voice,
 “ and gave me some explanation regarding a conversa-
 “ tion that I had the evening before. I recalled then that,
 “ in this conversation, one of my friends had manifested
 “ her astonishment that Our Lord, who had promised to
 “ grant everything to prayer, had remained deaf to those
 “ that Father Hermann had offered so often to Him to
 “ obtain the conversion of his mother. Her surprise
 “ nearly amounted to discontent and I had some difficulty
 “ in making her understand that we ought to adore God’s
 “ justice and not seek to penetrate into His designs. I
 “ dared to ask my Jesus how it was that He who was
 “ goodness itself had been able to refuse the prayers of
 “ Father Hermann, and not grant him the conversion of
 “ his mother. Behold his reply :

“ Why does seek always to find out the secrets
 “ of my justice, and why does she endeavor to penetrate
 “ into mysteries she cannot understand. Tell her that I
 “ do not owe my mercy to any person, that I give it when
 “ it pleases me, and that in acting thus I do not cease to
 “ be just and even Justice itself. But let her know also
 “ that sooner than fail in the promises I have made to
 “ prayer, I would overthrow heaven and earth, and that
 “ every prayer offered for my glory and the salvation of
 “ souls is always heard when said with the proper dispo-
 “ sitions.”

“ He added : and, to prove this truth, I wish to make
 “ known to you what happened at the moment of the
 “ death of Father Herman’s mother.” My Jesus enlight-
 “ ened me then with a ray of His divine brilliancy and
 “ made me understand, or rather let me see in Him that
 “ which I will try to tell you.

“ At the moment when the mother of Father Hermann
 “ was about to draw her last breath, when she appeared
 “ to be unconcious -nearly lifeless, Mary, our good
 “ Mother, presented herself before her divine Son, and,
 “ prostrating at His feet, said :

“ Have mercy, O my Son, on this soul which is
 “ going to perish. In another moment she will be lost,
 “ lost for eternity. Do, I implore Thee, for the mother of
 “ my servant Hermann all that Thou wouldst wish him

“ to do for thine, if she were in her place and Thou wert
 “ in his. His mother’s soul is his dearest treasure ; a
 “ thousand times he has consecrated it to me ; he has con-
 “ fided it to the tenderness, the solicitude of my heart.
 “ Can I permit it to be lost ? No, no, this soul belongs to
 “ me. I wish it ; I claim it as my right, as the price of
 “ Thy Precious Blood and of my grief at the foot of the
 “ cross !

“ Hardly had the merciful suppliant ceased speaking,
 “ when a strong, powerful grace flowed from the source
 “ of all grace, the Adorable Heart of our Saviour, il-
 “ luminated the soul of the poor Jewess and triumphed
 “ immediately over her obstinacy and resistance. Her
 “ soul turned at once with loving confidence towards Him
 “ whose divine mercy had followed her even to the arms
 “ of death. She said : ‘ O Jesus, God of the Christians,
 “ God whom my son adores, I believe in Thee, I hope in
 “ Thee, have mercy on me ! ’ In this cry, heard by God
 “ alone, and which came from the depths of the heart of
 “ the dying Jewess, were included sincere contrition for
 “ her sins, the desire of baptism and the wish to receive
 “ and to live according to the precepts of our holy religion
 “ if she recovered. This movement of faith and hope in
 “ Jesus Christ was the last sentiment of this soul, at that
 “ moment it mounted to the throne of divine mercy, the
 “ feeble ties binding her to the earth broke, and she fell
 “ at the feet of Him who had been her Saviour before
 “ becoming her Judge.”

“ Our Lord added : Make this known to Father
 “ Hermann ; it is a consolation I desire to grant him in his
 “ prolonged sorrow, that he may bless and make the
 “ goodness of my Mother’s heart and its power over mine
 “ be blessed everywhere.”

REFLECTIONS.

What matter where we live, since we must die.

DE RANCÉ.

Speak little and gently, little and well, little and frankly, little and amiably.

SAINT FRANCIS OF SALES.

Poor soul, you have never suffered on earth, therefore I pity you ; for when the exile is happy in his banishment he forgets his fatherland.

None have more cause to fear than those who are fearless in such a world and in such a warfare ; for no one is more in danger than those who think they are safe.

No sin can be small which is a great offense against a great God--against a great majesty, a great authority, a great purity, a great justice, a great truth. No ; not the least venial sin that was ever committed can be absolved but through the Precious Blood which was shed upon the Cross. Little sins ! God have mercy upon those who talk this language.

CARDINAL MANNING.

The most legitimate and profound need of every soul born into the world is the need of God. Its most delicate, sublime and God-like instinct is the natural religious impulse which is the breath of the soul aspiring to the infinite.

R. P. FELIX.

Our Lord's thoughtful love chose the most solemn moment of His whole life, when the great sacrifice of the Cross was being accomplished and the whole treasure of heaven was laid open to Him for the children of men, to make the most sacred alliance between His blessed Mother and the human race.

H. J. COLERIDGE, S. J.

Enter the valley of humility. Seat yourself at the table of the holy Cross and there nourish yourself with the food of souls by giving yourself up to holy vigils and to humble persevering prayer.

PURGATORY AND THE BLESSED
SACRAMENT.

November brings two pathetic remembrances—the pitiable state of the holy souls in Purgatory and the abandoned state of Our Divine Lord on the altars ; and these two are most closely intertwined. It is at His Sacrifice we assist for them ; it is He whom we receive when we want to be heard for the sake of those who groan amidst the expiatory flames of that sacred prison, and who await in bondage there the hour of their deliverance. It is this Adorable Lord that takes to the suffering souls our prayers, good works, and indulgences ; it is this sacramental Mediator who receives our aspirations and makes them fruitful for the poor captives. Let us, then, when we look to Purgatory, view it through the medium of the Blessed Sacrament ; that we may thereby obtain a fuller abundance of light, consolation, and graces for these holy souls. Oh, it can do a great deal a visit well made, or a Mass well heard, or a Holy Communion devoutly received.

When the holy souls were called to judgment, and at the close of that judgment, and because it was favourable, it is our belief that the Sovereign Judge turned upon them a look of such wondrous sweetness and beauty that one of their greatest longings is to behold and adore that countenance forever, and one of their greatest pains is to be kept such a length of time from enjoying it. We may, then, imagine them from the gloom of their prison crying to us :

“ Oh, friends ! that Adorable Lord whom we saw at the moment of judgment, and whose beauty ravished our souls, you have the unspeakable happiness of possessing near you and on your altars. Speak to Him ; you can appease Him and render Him propitious. Offer up His Precious Blood ; there is nothing that brings such resignation and peace as His Precious Blood when it falls on us like dew from heaven. If you dipped your finger in cold water and laid it on our burning tongue, we should be comforted by it ; but oh, how much more so by the

Precious Blood from the wounds of the Lord Jesus Christ !
 For we are tormented in these flames, Oh, do think of
 us !—pay a visit for us ; assist at Holy Mass ; offer your
 Communion for us ; have the Adorable Sacrifice offered
 for us—and Heaven will bless you abundantly.”

Let us listen to their plaintive language, and let us
 multiply our visits, our Masses and our Holy Commu-
 nions. The recording angel will take account of it all ;
 and, in the measure we give, in the same will be meted
 out to us.

SAINT PAUL'S PRAYER.

“ Read me the Sacred Passion of my Lord.”
 Saint Paul of the Cross.

“ Read me the Sacred Passion of my Lord.”
 Thy dying servant said,
 Oh greatest, sweetest, noblest theme ! my God,
 I plead as he once pled.

“ Read me the Sacred Passion of my Lord.”
 Let me behold Thy feet,
 Impaled upon the Rood, by men abhorred
 Stained with Thy Blood, so sweet.

“ Read me the Sacred Passion of my Lord.”
 Let me behold Thy hands,
 The crimson Stream from each torn palm outpoured
 Thy Love who understands ?

“ Read me the Sacred Passion of my Lord.”
 Let me behold Thy Head,
 And its sad crown of Thorns, O Christ my God,
 With Thy dear Blood dyed red.

“ Read me the Sacred Passion of my Lord ; ”
 Let me behold Thy Heart.
 Pierced by the spear ; the wound so deep and broad ;
 And let me ne'er depart.

“ Read me the Sacred Passion of my Lord,”
 Ever I love it most,
 I bow before Thy bleeding form adored,
 My Saviour, and my Host.

“ ANELEH.”

Alameda-California.

SAINT CATHERINE OF SIENA.

PATRONESS OF THE ADORERS OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

“ In the Blood you find the fire.”

ST. CATH. OF SIENA

(*Continuation.*)

Finally, all the Cardinals present at Rome addressed a collective letter to the cardinals residing at Avignon : “ Freely, and in common accord, said they, we have united our suffrages upon the person of the venerable Father in Christ, Bartholomew, Archbishop of Bari, a prelate of eminent merits, whose virtue shines like the lamp of the sanctuary.

In fact, Urban VI was a man of great science and of still greater austerity. He held in horror pride, ostentation and simony. Much zeal was expected on his part for the reform of the Church. But, unfortunately, he wrongfully undertook that work so holy, so necessary, with too great severity.

On the very day of his coronation, at the end of solemn vespers, he publicly rebuked the Bishops present and treated them as perjurers, because they had deserted their churches to dwell at court.

No one dared to respond, except the bishop of Pampluna, a learned canon and doctor emeritus.

This Catalan haughtily replied : “ I am in no way a perjurer. In placing myself at court, I have not had my personal interest in view, but the public interest, and I am ready to return to my diocese.”

The cardinal of Amiens had come to pay his respects

to the new Pontiff. Urban accused him, to his face, of having stirred up foment of discord between France and England and of having abused his position as Legate to amass a scandalous fortune.

“ Archbishop of Bari, *thou liest*,” responded the Cardinal, and, with rage in his heart, he departed.

Far from becoming more prudent, the Pope assembled all the cardinals in consistory, and, after having upbraided them for their vices in terrible language, he declared to them that it was his intention to return to the manner of life of the first apostles.

To sustain the validity of Urban's election, the cardinals had not feared to face the fury of the Roman people, they had nobly exposed themselves to death ; but, O human misery ! rather than submit themselves to the severe reforms which the Pope wished to impose upon them, they hesitated not to give the lie to all Christianity and to throw the Church into schism.

Retiring to Agnani, under the pretext of escaping from the heats of Rome, they commenced by assuring themselves of the support of an army, then they summoned Urban to make his appearance before them.

Upon his refusal, they drew up a manifesto, in which they accused him of having seized upon the Holy See by intrusion, to which dignity they would never have elected him, except under the pressure of the menaces of the people, persuaded that, when once the tumult was appeased, his conscience would inspire him to decline the Pontifical dignity. Without doubt, they had enthroned and crowned him, but it was always from the same motive of fear. Therefore, Urban was not a legitimate Pope, but an apostate and an ante-Christ.

This strange declaration, under form of an Encyclical, was addressed to all the sovereigns of Europe and spread among the faithful.

Finally, on the twentieth of September, the rebels elected an anti-pope, resting their choice upon the cardinal count of Genova, a prelate who was surnamed by all Europe as *the man of blood*, and who seemed to sum up in himself all the vices of which the clergy of his time were reproached and whose life, even to the day of his election, had been passed in the camp.

He took the name of Clement VII, and his election was made known to all the courts of the Christian world.

Such was the origin of the great schism which was, during forty years, to desolate the Church.

(To be continued.)

LAURE CONAN.

SORROW AS A MEDICINE.

God has given us the power of sorrowing : why, and to what end ? For no other end but that you may use it to wash away your sins. Let an example show how true this is. Medicines were made for those diseases only which they can cure, and are useful for those alone. For instance, if a medicine has been tried for many diseases, and has failed in curing them, but when applied in the case of one disease has removed it at once we concluded directly that that medicine was made for that disease and that alone. Now sorrow is a medicine apply it, then, in the case of all the miseries of this life; and see which it heals, and learn from that for what it was made, and why the power of sorrowing has been implanted in our hearts by God. You have lost all your property, and are reduced to beggary: add sorrow, does it give you back your riches? No, then it was not made for loss of riches. You are annoyed and insulted and injured by your neighbour: add sorrow, and what do you gain by the addition? Does it lessen the annoyance, remove the insult, or compensate for the injury? No; it was not then made for annoyances, or insults or injuries. You have lost a dear wife or child; you grieve, lament, sorrow. Does this recal your wife or child to life? No, such grief is natural, but it heals nothing here. It was not, then, made for loss of wife or children. You are on a sick bed, you lose patience, you sorrow—does this help you? No, it only increases your sickness. It was not then made for sickness. But you have sinned, and you sorrow for your sin, and at once the sin is forgiven. Sorrow was then made for sin and for sin alone. For it was used as a medicine for other miseries

and failed to cure them. Applied to sin it cures it at once. "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

TO DO EVERYTHING FOR GOD.

Some persons live their whole lives long without learning how to sanctify their daily actions by means of an intention formed every morning to perform their duties for God's sake. They go along almost like cattle, without supernatural motives, thinking of their work, their corporal needs, their physical gratifications. They may say some prayers is an absent minded way night and morning, they may go to Mass on Sundays and be so full of distractions as to take no part with the priest in the offering of the Sacrifice, they may receive the sacraments once a year at Easter, but they are poor Christians, and they lose much merit that they might acquire by living their monotonous and obscure lives to please God—to do His will in the place that He put them.

The Redemptorist Father, John Furniss, used to instruct people to express that good intention in these words : " My Jesus, I do all for love of Thee." He put it in rhyme this way :

" O my God, to Thee I offer
All that I shall do this day,
With what Jesus did, to please Thee,
Thus I will each morning pray."

A Redemptoristine nun relates this anecdote :

" A carpenter was fixing some presses in our sacristy and the Sister who overlooked the work asked him if he was attentive to his religious duties. He replied, ' I have not time to do much, but I have never forgotten one little practice taught us long ago by one of the holy priests who was a saint—Father Furniss was his name. During the mission of Anne's street he told us we need not go on our knees to pray, but we should from time to time raise our hearts to God during our work and say : " My Jesus, I do this for love of Thee." I can never forget the impression the sermon of that holy Father made upon me, and

very often during my work I say the little prayer he taught ut.' This simple avowal explained something which had often surprised us—we noticed that this carpenter often touched his cap without apparent reason, but we were far from suspecting that he was breathing the little aspiration he had learned so many years ago from the zealous Redemptorist."

That intention would turn into heavenly gold the labors, amusements and sufferings of every day. It would make them precious in the eyes of God. It would lay up treasures that would make a competence for eternity.—Catholic Columbian.

THE PRAYERS THAT SAVE.

(BY. C. H. GALLAGHER.)

IT was six o'clock on a cold raw evening in December. Business was over for the day in the offices of Weston, Davis & Co., and Mary Russell, the little typewriter employed by the firm, left the Equitable Building and started on a rapid walk up Calvert Street. Her right hand, which was hidden in the pocket of her coat, clasped a rosary, and, as she hurried along, her mind was filled with thoughts of the morrow and the happiness it would bring, for to-morrow would be the First Friday of the month, that holy, happy day, so full of joy and peace. How dearly she loved it all!—the Communion of Reparation, made in the solemn stillness of the early morning, when the Divine Guest came to her in love and mercy, filling her soul with such a heavenly sweetness that, at times, she felt her heart could not contain its joy; at noon also, when she had her hour off for luncheon, what happiness it was to slip into the church (for Saint Ignatius' was not far from her office) and spend a quarter of an hour before the Blessed Sacrament, pouring out the inmost thoughts of her heart to the loving Heart of Jesus, and gaining such comfort and peace as the world cannot give; then, at night, the devotions of the League of the Sacred Heart, the prayers and, best of all, Benediction of the Blessed

Sacrament. Ah, how beautiful all this was ! As she thought of it she quickened her steps, for she wanted to get to the church as soon as possible so that she might have time to go to confession before returning home to supper, and also think over the special intention for which she would offer her Communion the following morning.

Just at that moment she came to a brilliantly lighted saloon, and as she was passing the door, a man approached from the opposite direction with an unsteady gait and an unmistakable air of dissipation. As they met, he accidentally brushed clumsily against her, pushing her roughly out towards the curbstone, and then disappeared behind the swinging door of the saloon. Mary, much alarmed, grasped her beads tighter and hurried on, murmuring a prayer for the poor creature, who was evidently a slave of the demon of intemperance. She soon reached the church, and after examining her conscience, was fortunate enough to find her own confessor disengaged.

Her confession ended, she knelt again in the quiet church, and, after saying her penance, her thoughts returned to the encounter she had just experienced. Suddenly, like a flash of lightning, the inspiration came to her, " I will offer my Communion to-morrow for that poor soul ; " and then offering a short but fervent prayer for the conversion of the wretched wanderer, she left the church.

Friday was a cold, dreary day. A heavy snow had fallen during the night, and now, about four o'clock in the afternoon, a biting wind blowing fiercely over the frozen ground cut the faces of the pedestrians like whips of fine steel wires.

Arthur Everson, the man who had so frightened Mary Russell on the previous night, was battling against the fierce wind as he walked slowly up Calvert street. His shabby, dilapidated hat was pulled low on his forehead, and his threadbare coat was fastened together over his chest as closely as the few remaining buttons would allow. He was ragged, miserable, and disreputable and no one who met him would ever dream that this forlorn object was a college graduate, and had been in days gone by one of the most brilliant and popular fellows in his class.

His was a sad story, but one, alas, only too common.

Coming into possession of a considerable fortune at the death of his father a few years ago, he at once decided to "see the world" and enjoy himself to the utmost. A bright, genial temperament, combined with his ample means, soon attracted to him a circle of congenial spirits, many of them his recent college mates, and soon the cup of pleasure was quaffed to its dregs. Always generous and open handed, his purse was often called into requisition to assist his friends out of their many difficulties, "debts of honor," etc., and these demands, together with his own lavish expenditures, soon wasted his inheritance, and, at the end of three years, he was almost penniless.

With the loss of his money came naturally the loss of his so-called friends, and the practice of heavy drinking, which he had at first taken up in a merely convivial spirit, now became a fixed habit which, daily and hourly, fastened itself more firmly upon him. His downward career was sure and rapid; each month, nay, each week, each day, found him lower than the preceding one; and, at the time of our story, he had almost reached the lowest stage of degradation. For several days he had scarcely tasted food, but had spent his last dollar (won at the gambling table) in drink at the saloon into which Mary Russell had seen him going the night before.

And now, his money all gone, his friends faithless, and his once magnificent constitution almost wrecked, Arthur Everson was indeed a pitiable sight. A deep depression had settled upon him, and as he struggled along in the face of the wintry gale, his mind was filled with sad and bitter thoughts. His past seemed to rise before his mental vision with a painful clearness. He remembered as though it were yesterday his graduation day and the many honors it brought him—the congratulations of the professors, the bright predictions of his friends, his own high hopes and aims and resolutions. Next came his father's death, and the acquisition of (what was to him) an ample fortune, bringing with it so many possibilities of pleasure to be tasted before the real burden of life should be taken up. Then began a wild and reckless career; which, at first, gave him a false and fictitious enjoyment, but which, in time, palled upon him. Still, he endeavored to get what amusement he could out of it,

but almost before he was aware of it himself, his money was squandered and his friends gone. Disgusted with the world and with himself, he resorted more and more to strong drink, in which he vainly strove to drown the thoughts of his folly and wrong-doing.

At the present time Arthur Everson had reached a state of desperate nervous depression. As he walked along the street with his head bent and his eyes on the ground, his mind was filled with gloomy, reckless thoughts. What was left to make life even bearable to him. Disgraced and impoverished as he was, was not death to be welcomed, nay, courted, by such a miserable wretch as he? Well it could not, should not, last much longer. A doctor had warned him a year ago that his heart was seriously affected, and that, unless he changed his whole course of life, the end might come at any moment. The end! What did that mean? Was it really the end? Might it not be only the beginning of suffering even greater than he was enduring now? For years he had neglected every religious duty, putting from him as far as possible every thought of God, his own soul, and the necessary consequences of sin. The voice of conscience was stifled, and the man sank deeper and deeper into the mire of his evil habits. This afternoon, however, the doctor's words haunted him, and rang in his ears like a refrain—the end! the end! the end!

Just as he reached the corner of Calvert and Madison streets, the wind seemed to become almost a hurricane, and in his weakened condition he was unable to advance another step. Muttering to himself, "I can't stand this," he instinctively turned to the nearest refuge, the open door of St. Ignatius Church, and before he had time to realize what he was doing, he was standing in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament. He sank into a pew near the door, panting and breathless after his struggle with the wind. But in a few moments every thought of cold and storm had vanished. Where was he, and what was going on? An intense stillness reigned in the church, although many worshippers were present, but all were absorbed in their devotions. The altar was brightly lighted; in the air was a faint, lingering perfume; and in a niche high above the tabernacle he saw a golden mons-

trance around which clustered countless burning candles.

For several moments Arthur Everson gazed wonderingly ; but slowly there stole over his bewildered mind recollections of his earlier days, his happy past, of the college altar lighted and adorned as this one was, and to do honor to the same Guest ; of a long line of boys kneeling at the railing to receive the Bread of Angels ; and of one boy who knelt in the chapel long after the others had left, offering up his pure young heart to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. He fell on his knees and hid his face in his hands.

How long he knelt there he never remembered. Moments passed into hours, the twilight deepened, the lights burned more brightly in the gathering gloom, and still that bowed figure remained motionless. A mighty tempest raged within him ; thoughts crowded thick and fast upon him like the billows of a great sea, flooding his inmost soul ; but at last, just as the waves seemed closing over him, he lifted his head with a shoking gasp, as though struggling for breath, and his eyes rested on the monstrance.

In that glance the faith of his boyhood returned. Yes, there was the Good Shepherd from whom he had strayed so far, and yet who was calling him now to return to the safe shelter of the fold ; there was the Sacred Heart, wounded so deeply by his sins and yet " burning with love" for him. As he gazed, his eyes filled with tears, tears of deep and true contrition. Every earthly friend had deserted him ; those to whom he had shown the greatest kindness had treated him with basest ingratitude ; and yet here was one Friend whom he had neglected, scorned and grieved, still waiting and watching for him, drawing him back with love and tenderness. Arthur Everson bowed his head on his folded arms and sobbed like a child.

Kneeling in that far-way corner of the church he was suddenly aroused from his thoughts by a slight noise just behind him, and, on looking round, he saw a woman just leaving one of the confessionals. Not waiting for a moment, he rose, left the pew, and presently was kneeling beside a priest. There in that solemn hour the man's very soul was laid before God's minister, and when at last the words of absolution fell from the lips of the priest, the

burden of years rolled from the heart of Arthur Everson and fell into the mighty abyss of God's love and mercy.

When he lifted the little red curtain of the confessional and stepped out into the church again, he could scarcely realize that he was the same man who had entered that church only a few short hours ago. The grace of the Sacrament of Penance was upon him, the sins of his whole life had been washed away in the Precious Blood of his Divine Redeemer, and hope and courage filled his heart. After kneeling again before the Blessed Sacrament to offer his thanksgiving to that dear Saviour who had guided his footsteps that day in such a wonderful manner, he turned to leave the church.

Just at the threshold a young girl who was entering dropped her rosary, and Arthur Everson involuntarily stooped, picked it up, and handed it to her. As she took it her eyes rested upon him, and, with a start, she recognized the man who had so frightened her on the previous night, and for whose reformation she had offered her Communion that morning. But, ah, what a change had taken place in his expression ! Still shabby and forlorn in appearance, there was upon his face a look of one who had gone through a great mental struggle, but who had come out victorious. Astonished and amazed, Mary Russell could hardly believe the evidence of her eyes ; but when she saw him, just before leaving the church, turn one long, earnest, grateful look towards the Blessed Sacrament, she felt instinctively that God had answered her prayer, and had touched with His grace the soul of the man before her.

During the beautiful service that followed, Mary Russell's heart was filled with a holy joy, and as the bell rang out clearly, at the solemn moment of Benediction, she bowed her head low in the presence of God, and joined her thanksgiving with those of the angels over the "one sinner doing penance."—*Messenger of the Sacred Heart.*

HE KNOWS.

"I need oil," said an ancient monk. So he planted him an olive sapling.

"Lord," he prayed, "it needs rain that its roots may drink and swell. Send gentle showers." And the Lord sent a gentle shower.

"Lord," prayed the monk, "my tree needs sun. Send sun, I pray thee." And the sun shone gilding the dripping clouds.

"Now frost, my Lord, to brace its tissues," said the monk; and behold the little tree stood sparkling with fros. But at evensong it died. Then the monk sought the cell of a brother monk, and told his strange experience.

"I, too, have planted a little tree," he said, "and see, it thrives well. But I entrusted my little tree to its God. He who made it knows better what it needs than a man like me. I laid no conditions. I fixed not ways nor means. 'Lord send it what it needs, I prayed,—storm or sunshine, wind, rain, or frost. Thou hast made it and thou dost know.'"—*Morning Star*.

A TRUE STORY.

Taken from the Quarterly Series of the Jesuit Fathers.

A young man entered the Society of Jesus in France. About the same time his father and brother, both of whom had given up their religion sailed for some distant port. The vessel was wrecked and all on board were supposed to have been lost. When the news reached the Jesuit in question he naturally feared much for the souls of his father and brother. Many years later after he had become a priest, he was one day visiting a hospital, when he was called to the bedside of a soldier who was dangerously ill. He found the poor fellow to be as sick in soul, as in body. After doing his utmost to awaken him to contrition, and induce him to make his peace with God, he put a few questions to him, by means of which he discovered that the man

was his brother. Fearing to overtax the strength of the sick man, he did not make himself known to him, but went straight home, and told his Superior what had occurred. After a moment's reflection, the Superior bade him to return to the hospital, but leave his brother to the mercy of God, and trouble himself no more about him. The Jesuit Father was astonished at his answer; a strong temptation assailed him, which however after a severe struggle he generously repelled. Two or three days after, he was removed to another place.

Four years passed away, and the Jesuit Father happened to be giving a mission in the town, where he had met with his brother. One day a woman came into the sacresty, and said to him: "I have not come to ask you to hear my confession, Father, but to give you a message from the Cure. He has ordered me to tell you, from Our Blessed Lady, that your father, who was shipwrecked fifteen years, before he sank below the waters made a good act of contrition and saved his soul." The Jesuit, who had never seen the woman before, and whom she, too, now saw for the first time, was amazed at what she said. She seemed a poor simple woman, but was far advanced in the knowledge of God. After a moment's pause she continued: "Your brother, whom you recognized here four years ago had saved himself by clinging to a plank, but he narrowly escaped death. He enlisted in the army, and lived in neglect of God. His salvation was the reward of the act of obedience you performed on his account; two days after you saw him, he died in excellent dispositions. I am also charged to tell you that our Blessed Lady desires you should know that scarcely any souls who have relatives in religion are lost; for Almighty God is so pleased with the sacrifices made by a good religious that, in virtue of them, He gives great graces to their relations, to enable them to save their souls. "Thus very few of them are lost."

THE SALUTATIONS OF THE IRISH.

A pious race is the Gaelic race, writes Doctor Douglas Hyde in the *New Ireland Review*. The Irish Gael

is pious by nature. He sees the hand of God in every place, in every time and in everything. There is not an Irishman in a hundred in whom is the making of an unbeliever. The spirit and the things of the spirit affect him more powerfully than the body and the things of the body. In the things he does not see he does not believe the less for not seeing them ; and in the things he sees he will see more than a man of any other race ; what is invisible for other people is visible for him. God is for him a thing assured, true, intelligible. He feels invisible powers before him, and by his side, and at his back throughout the day and throughout the night. It is from this feeling that the ordinary expressions and salutations of the Irish language come. When he meets a neighbour, instead of saying *bon jour* or good morning, like other races, he says : " God salute you." If he sees a person at work he says : " Prosperity from God on you." If you are parting from him he says : " May God prosper you sevenfold." If he is blessing you he says : " May God life-lengthen you." If you sneeze he will cry : " God with us ;" and when you salute him saying " God greet you," his answer is : " God and Mary (*i. e.* the Virgin) greet you." When he takes snuff from you he will say : " The blessing of God be with the souls of your dead." If a sudden wonderment surprise him, he will cry : " A thousand laudations to God." If he be shown a young girl or anything else for the first time he will say : " Prosperity from God on it." If there come sudden trouble upon him he will say : " The Cross of Christ upon us." When the cock crows what he hears in its note is : " *moc na ho ya slaum,*" " the Son of the Virgin's saved." If he made complaints what he says is : " O *wirrastru*" (*i. e.* " O Mary, it is a pity.") There is no other race in the world, as my friend Father O'Growney once observed, which has two names for Mary-- " *Maurva,*" when the name is given in baptism to a woman : " *Mwirya,*" when they speak of the Mother of Our Saviour. God is, then, in his mouth and before his eyes day and night ; he is the true son of those old saints who spread the light of Christ throughout the world. He is now by nature a Christian from the day of his birth to the hour of his death. His mind on the subject may be summed up in those two say-

ings that of the early Church, "let ancient things prevail," and that of Saint Augustine, *credo quia impossibile*. Nature did not form him to be an unbeliever; unbelief is alien to his mind and contrary to his feelings.

A MARTYR TO DUTY.

How a Scotch Priest Surrendred His Life.

A noble instance of self-sacrifice is reported from the far north of Scotland in the details of the death of the Rev. Geo. Rigg, Catholic priest of the parish of Dalibrog, in South Ulst, one of the Outer Hebrides. The family of one of his parishioners, a Hebridean cotter, consisting of the man, his wife and child, were all attacked by typhus fever. The neighbours were loth to approach the cottage in which the stricken family lay ill, and, for weeks, with the exception of the doctor, who paid his daily visit, the priest, unassisted, nursed the sick household. As a result, he contracted the fever in its worst form, and died a few days ago in the presence of his sister and the priest in charge of the South Ulst parish, who had both nursed him devotedly. Father Rigg was the nephew of the late Right Rev. George Rigg, D D., Bishop of Dunkeld, and was a man of singular refinement and culture. To him his self-imposed duty must have proved extraordinarily repulsive, and he may freely be considered to have died a martyr to charity.—*Irish Exchange.*

A PROVIDENTIAL CONVERSION.

How Father Whitney, S. J., Became a Catholic and a Priest.

The annual retreat of the students of Saint Francis Xavier's College, New York city, was conducted this year by Rev. John G. Whitney, S. J., of New Orleans, the mention of whose name brings with it the memory of the

peculiar and undoubtedly providential manner in which he was converted to the Catholic faith twenty years ago. The story was widely circulated at the time and many will readily recall the incidents. Father Whitney in the early seventies was a teacher on board the schoolship St. Mary. On the day a party visited the ship and one of the number, a lady, while crossing the gang-plank, dropped a book into the water. When it was taken from the water it was in no condition to be carried away, so Mr. Whitney promised to take care of it and return it to its owner at a later period. The book proved to be a copy of "The Invitation Heeded," by James Kent Stone (Father Fidelis.) Something in the title and appearance of the work led the young teacher to read it, and when he laid the book aside it was with the resolve that he, too, should heed the invitation and become a Catholic.

Shortly after this he met the venerable Jesuit Father Duranquet, who was for many years chaplain of the Tombs Prison, New York city. From Father Duranquet Mr. Whitney received another book, dealing with the missionary work of the Society of Jesus in distant countries. Then was borne a second resolve—to become a Jesuit priest. A few months afterward Father Whitney was baptized by a Paulist father, and in August, 1872, he entered the Society of Jesus.

NOTES.

In 1631 a novice of the Company of Jesus died at Naples, six days after making his vows. In the world he had been the Duke of Montale.

During his illness, he used to say : " I have two weapons with which to defend myself against the enemies of my salvation, viz, the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ and the protection of Mary." He confessed frequently in order to purify his soul more and more in that Divine Blood, the merit and efficacy of which are contained in the Sacrement of Penance, striking his breast like the humble Publican and saying in answer to his thoughts recalling his sins.

" It is true I have sinned deeply but my trust lies in

the safeguard of my Redeemer's Blood and the pity of His Blessed Mother.

The news comes from Terre Haute, Ind., that a letter from Bishop Chatard was read in all the Catholic Churches of the Vincennes Diocese, Sunday, urging that all children of Catholic parents be sent to the parochial schools. The Bishop quotes from a letter of the Pope to the Archbishop of Switzerland, urging that the Catholics do not have mixed schools. The Bishop is also reported to have said that much can be done by encouraging parents and seconding the zeal of the pastors, which will sustain the cause of Catholic education in the midst of opposition or trial.

PRAYERS SOLICITED.

1. For the different associations established with the aim of obtaining the comfort or deliverance of the souls in purgatory. Those works are precious to all (who has no beloved ones among the Dead ?), but especially to those who feel that their own deeds or prayers need compensation. 2. To obtain that, during this month, families visited by death may be inspired to cool their dear departed ones, in procuring that the dwelling of the poor may never be without fire during the cold season. 3. For the great number of persons called to make their purgatory here below, through the fire of tribulations, and who solicit their deliverance with pitiful supplications.

LET US PRAY FOR THE DEAD particularly, for : The T. R. FATHER P. HENSEBERRY, provincial of the Fathers of the Precious Blood, deceased at Virginia City (Cal.) ; the Rev. P. TIELEX, Redemptoriste, at Ste-Anne de Beaupre ; REV. JOHN P. LYNCH, at Niagara ; REV DEU'S BOUCHER, at St-Guillaume ; REV. M. HUOT, at l'Assomption ; the Canon PAUL LEBLANC, at Montreal ; our beloved Sister SAINT-LOUIS DE GONZAGUE, deceased at our monastery of Toronto ; for MM. Toussaint Dupuis, at Maskinonge ; Geo. Mongeau, at St-Hyacinthe ; Leon Gravel, at St-Eustache ; Joseph Tremblay, at Willimantic ; Evangeliste Fournier, at St-Henri de Levis ; Geo. and Arthur Lagueux, at St-Isidore ; Adjudor Paris, at Quebec ; J. Bte Vallee, at Somerset ; Andre Dupre, at St-Guillaume d'Upton ; Lucien M. Victor Larocque, at Quebec ; Jos. Napoleon Bureau, at Trois-Rivieres ; F. X. Audet, at St-Hedwidge de Clifton ; Mrs Moise Durocher, at Minneapolis ; Mrs D. Brosseau, at Montreal ; Mrs Adolphe L'Heureux, at Derby City ; Mrs Charlotte Duhamel, at St-Roch, Richelieu ; Mrs J. Bte Chamberland, at St-Cesaire ; Mrs C. F. Dionne, at Ste-Anne de la Pocatiere ; Mrs David Ethier, at Ste Victoire ; Mrs J. Bourbeau, at St-

Germain de Grantham ; Mrs Frs Ferland, at Ste-Marie de la Beauce; Mrs Norbert Laforest, at Fall-River, Mass. ; Misses Maria Hamel, at Ste-Gertrude ; Febronie Yelle, at Holyoke ; Lanouette, at Ste-Anne de la Perade ; Aglae Labonte, at St-Simon ; Olivine Paquette, at St-Georges de Windsor ; Vitaline Fortier, at Pawtucket, R. I., etc.

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

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

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

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

200 days ind. once a day.

Leo XIII. 20, June, 1892.

THANKSGIVINGS

FOR FAVORS OBTAINED THROUGH PRAYER TO THE MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD.

“ Thanks to the Precious Blood of Jesus, for my brother’s cure. Your novena was not finished when he was getting better, after having promised to have that grace inserted in the “ Voice of the Precious Blood ” if it was answered. Thanks a thousand thanks to that Redeeming Blood.”

“ Thanks, many thanks for the favors obtained by me, through the Most Precious Blood of our Saviour. I asked a favor of the Precious Blood, and promised to have it published in the annals of the “ Voice of the Precious Blood ” if I received it on or before Jan. 1st. I received on the next day Jan. 2nd.”

“ I am happy in coming to thank the Precious Blood for a great grace obtained, after promising to have it inserted in your annals.”

“ Please thank the Precious Blood of Our Lord

and Saint Anthony of Padua for the grace I have received. My husband was out of work for a long time and after promising to have it published in the "Voice of the Precious Blood of Jesus" he got work, so I now fulfill my promise.

"Promising to publish in the "Voice," should I be cured of rheumatism with which I was afflicted I now come to do so. I have had no attack since your novena was made for me in February 1896. Thanks to the Precious Blood.

"Some time ago my eyesight became so poor that I suffered much inconvenience in continuing my work. In fact I was about to give it up when I besought the "Precious Blood" to obtain relief for me, promising to publish same in "The Voice."

Since then they have improved greatly and I cannot but be thankful. I wear glasses since about eight years ago, and had them refitted four months ago, but they became useless at times and I could not see with or without them, when I resorted to the Precious Blood, and not in vain. My eyes are not yet cured but so very much relieved."

"A young lady thanks Saint Anthony for a favor received."

"I was deaf, from cold or grippe; after invoking Saint Anthony and the "Blessed Virgin," and promising to insert in the Annals of the "Precious Blood." I was cured. I owe gratitude to the Precious Blood, Saint Anthony and the Blessed Virgin."

I desire to thank our Divine Lord for a very great temporal favor received through the intercession of Saint Anthony. I promised to have it published in "The Voice."