

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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THE DIVINE CHILD.

Before Thy crib where love detains me captive,
I humbly kneel, my God, adoring Thee !
Eternal King, laid in this lowly manger,
Thy stable is a stately Fane to me.
O Child Divine.

Creator of the world and starry heavens,
The pain of cold and want Thou dost endure ;
Thy poverty but makes Thee more endearing,
For well I know 'tis love that makes Thee poor.
O lovely Child.

Alone supreme, Thou reignest over nations ;
The sea and winds obey Thy mighty voice ;
Yet here, obedient to Thy humble creatures,
In meek submission Thou dost now rejoice.
O docile Child.

I see Thee leave the bosom of Thy Father,
But whither has Thy love transported Thee ?
Upon a little straw Thou now art lying
Why suffer thus ? 'Tis all for love of me.
O holy Child.

In Mary's arms, or in the humble manger,
Thou sleepest, yet Thy heart is e'er awake.
O tell me, sweetest Babe, of what Thou drestest.
" I dream, " He says, " of dying for Thy sake."
Redeeming Child.

Before Thy vision, Calvary's drear horizon
 Now dark appears, as through a crimson cloud ;
 The cross of man's redemption looms before Thee
 So deeply stained with Thy Most Precious Blood.
 O Victim Child.

Too soon they come. But no, for Thou art yearning
 To suffer thus and die each day for me.
 Ah ! loving Babe, shall I not then in gladness
 Take up my cross, each day, for love of Thee ?
 O Suffering Child.

I understand Thy sweet and sacred mission.
 What, then, O Jesus, can I love but Thee ?
 Sweet Virgin Mother, if my love is feeble
 Repel me not, but love Him much for me,
 Thy Child Divine.

S. M. A.

 BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD !

(John I. 36.)

I.

THE sweetest of sheep, a sheep of immaculate whiteness, carries in her bosom the Lamb of God, the Victim announced to the world since four thousand years.

The inns of Bethlehem have no room for the sweet Sheep. The Divine Lamb must be born like the figurative lambs : in a stable !!!

O Mother of the Lamb without spot, where will you cradle the Son of the Eternal? . . . Mary has no other will than that of her God. The Son of the Eternal, the Lamb of God, Mary places Him in a poor crib, upon a little straw disdained by the animals, between an ox and an ass !!!

The angels sing: "Glory to God! . . . Peace on earth! . . ." A new star arises in the heavens to announce the arrival of the Divine Lamb. . . Brilliant angels and star invite nations to search the Newly-born. . . and they hasten : first the poor—these beloved of God—represented by the shep-

herds of Israel ; afterwards, the rich—those aids to Divine Providence in behalf of the poor—represented by the kings of the Orient . . . Enter, ye poor and wealthy ones ; enter, shepherds and kings ; enter the lowly stable :

Behold the Lamb of God !

II.

Behold the Lamb of God !

“ John (the Baptist) saw Jesus coming to him and he saith : Behold the Lamb of God ; behold, he who taketh away the sin of the world (John I, 29) ;—and looking upon Jesus as he was walking, he saith : Behold the Lamb of God ” (John I. 36).

The great Precursor insists on this name and title given to the Saviour “ the Lamb of God ” : it was then a part of his mission to do so and he was entrusted with the chief duty of showing Jesus Christ to all mankind, of revealing again and proclaiming that the same Jesus was the true Lamb of God, the only one predicted and as it were immolated in his figures from the very beginning of the world, that the divine Lamb was coming from above to take upon himself the terrible burden of the sins of nations, to bear them all his lifetime, at Nazareth and Jerusalem, in the garden of the agony, on the way to Calvary and upon the cross.

This preaching of the Precursor applies, explains and defines the old prediction of the most eloquent and sublime prophet of the Messiah, Isaias, who says in his rapture and vision :

“ Who hath believed our report ? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed ? and he shall grow up as a tender plant before him, and as a root out of a thirsty ground ; there is no beauty in him, nor comeliness ; and we have seen him, and there was no sightliness, that we should be desirous of him : despised and the most abject of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with infirmity : and his look was as it were hidden and despised, whereupon we esteemed him not.

“ Surely he hath borne our infirmities, and carried our sorrows ; and we have thought him as it were a leper, and one struck by God and afflicted.

“ But he was wounded for our iniquities, he was bruised for our sins ; the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and by his bruises we are healed.

“ All we like sheep have gone astray, every one hath turned aside into his own ways ; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

“ He was offered because it was his own will and he opened not his mouth : *he shall be led as a sheep to the slaughter, and shall be dumb as a lamb before his shear-er, and he shall not open his mouth !*” (Isaias, 53).

When this grand and fundamental prophecy has been fulfilled on Calvary, St Peter as the chief of the Apostles, the first sovereign Pontiff and supreme doctor of mankind, confirms the doctrines of the prophet, bears testimony to the same mystery, uses the same emblem and assures us that we are indebted for our redemption to the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ, as of a Lamb unspotted and undefiled, foreknown and announced from the beginning and now fully manifested to us in all his attracting and purifying love :

“ Converse in fear during the time of your sojourning here : Knowing that you were not redeemed with corruptible gold or silver from your vain conversation of the tradition of your fathers ; but with the precious blood of Christ, *as a lamb unspotted and undefiled : fore-known indeed before the foundation of the world, but manifested in the last times for you*, who through him are faithful in God, who raised him from the dead, and gave him glory, that your faith and hope might be in God, purifying your souls in the obedience of charity with a brotherly love.” (I Peter, I, 17-22).

The glory, power and eternal triumph of the divine Lamb in Heaven with all the elect are amongst the most magnificent visions of the Apocalypse : the richest of them have been already quoted, namely in the number of February last, page 100.

The hymn of the paschal time invites the faithful,

who have been restored by the easter communion, to take part in the joys of Heaven and in the perpetual wedding of the divine Lamb ; it refers to the paschal Lamb, to his protecting Blood and to the liberation of the Hebrews from the bondage of Egypt.

The hymn begins in this strain :

At the royal banquet of the Lamb, clothed with white robes, after crossing the Red Sea, let us sing to Christ our Prince.

His divine charity gives us his blood to drink, his love makes him our victim.

Be, Jesus, for ever our paschal joy, keep from the cruel death of sin those whom thou hast redeemed unto life.

Behold the Lamb of God !

III.

Behold the Lamb of God !

He is yet at Bethlehem the Lamb of the Immaculate Sheep, the Divine Lamb placed upon the straw in the stable, eighteen hundred years ago.

Catholic churches are, each one, a Bethlehem—*House of Bread*—where the Son of the Eternal hides himself under the most humble appearances. It is always Christmas wherever there is an Eucharistic Tabernacle, a consecrated Host. It is true that the Divine Lamb is more hidden from our eyes under the humble species of bread than He was in the crib under the vestments of humanity . . . But, as long ago in Judea, the angels and the star still manifest His august Presence to the rich and to the poor : “Glory to God ! . . . Peace to men of good will !” for : “Behold the Lamb of God !” sings the priest, each morning, at the holy altar, whilst the lamp—sweet star of the Eucharist—says in its own mystic language :

Venite adoremus !

O “Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on us.”

Written for "The Voice of the Precious Blood"

TWO CHRISTMAS SCENES.

"O give me a penny ! A penny for bread !
My mother is sick, and my father is dead.
Our garret is fireless. No supper nor light
Will gladden our hearts on this bitter cold night."

The millionaire paused not, but hurried along
And soon formed a part of the gay, moving throng.
He tried to shut out from his memory's sight
Those great pleading eyes, and that small face so white.
But Ah ! 'twas in vain. Like a voice from the dead
He heard the sad cry : " Oh a penny for bread ! "

Soon his mansion of comfort and plenty was reached,
Illumined so bright for the glad Christmas Feast.
Here wealth had exhausted the best of her store,
For riches and beauty could add nothing more.
Rich carpets and hanging of crimson and gold,
That wealth here abounded, all quite plainly told.
And now, on soft cushions, reclining with ease,
His mind from his business and politics freed,
The rich man awaits, with real fatherly joy,
The hour daily spent with his motherless boy.

" He comes," says the father, his face growing bright,
As he catches the sound of a shout of delight.
The door with great vigor is wide open thrown
And then, leaving nurse, Master Willie, alone
Now enters, and climbs on his loved Papa's knee
And prattles away in his sweet childish glee.
Yes, this is the night when good *Santa Claus* comes
With tops, balls and whistles and nice sugar-plums
He knows that for *him*, there is always a store
Of horses and waggons, and many things more.

But eight o'clock striking, the "good-nights," are said
And Nursie arrives to bring Willie to bed.
When softly behind them has swung the great door,

The father takes up the late journal once more.
 But, Ah ! he's unhappy, and cannot find rest,
 His mind is distracted, and troubled his breast.
 For once more he hears that most 'tiful cry :
 " A penny, dear Sir, or my mother will die ! "
 The two pleading eyes of the poor beggar-boy
 Look up at him sadly and mar all his joy.

" I wish," he now murmurs, " I helped the poor child,
 " His eyes were like Willie's, so bright, yet so mild.
 " But, Oh ! 'tis a bother to stop in the street
 " To pick out a coin for each beggar we meet.
 " And then, there are hundreds of children as poor
 " Who must get accustomed stern want to endure.
 " Besides, on each charity fund that I know
 " Each year, many hundreds in alms I bestow."
 So, throwing himself on a soft easy-chair,
 He tried to assume an indifferent air :
 " When I do *my* share, what is it to me
 " If all are not rich as I'd like them to be ! "

Next morning his countenance turned dreadly pale
 While, casting his usual glance at the " mail ",
 A paragraph struck him with horror, and dread :
 " A boy, found last night, crushed and mangled—is dead."
 He went on to read—" Willie Hart was his name,
 He begged upon Sixth Street."—

" My God ! 't is the same."
 " Brought home to his mother, who died with the fright,
 " Alone, cold and hungry, on Christmas-eve night."
 Thus briefly do papers such accidents state:
 Four lines are sufficient to tell a sad fate.

His burning hot temples the millionaire pressed;
 And groans then escaped from his strong, manly breast.
 " My God ! Oh, forgive me. I know 'tis the child
 " Who asked for a penny, in accents so mild.
 " To be certain, I'll go there." And then he withdrew,
 But on reaching the garret, he found all too true
 The pale, bleeding form still lay on the bed
 Beside his poor mother, who also was dead.
 Some people related, who witnessed the scene,
 That Willie was killed by a runaway team.

The gentleman thought of his own little son,
 His pride, his sole heir, his *idolised* one.
 And then of the child whose dark eyes were the same,
 This poor mangled corpse that had borne his son's name.
 A purse filled with gold to the landlord he gave :
 " Let all be done nicely---Mind ! no pauper's grave."
 Then thinking his duty now amply fulfilled
 He turned his steps homeward, though sickened and chilled.
 But once in the midst of the gay festive joy
 His thoughts soon abandoned the poor beggar boy.

* *
 *

A year has gone round with its pleasures and pain,
 And glad Christmas bells ring out once again.
 All hearts beat with pleasure as old friends appear
 To share in the greetings, and good Christmas cheer.

Yet one house is darkened, as if by a pall—
 The one, which was formerly brightest of all.
 For sickness brought sorrow, and deepest of gloom
 To that splendid mansion where, in a grand room
 Upon his small couch, decked with silk hangings, lay
 A boy, worn and weak, once so lively and gay.
 His large, sunken eyes would, at times, fondly seek
 His father who watched him scarce able to speak.
 " Dear Papa, come close it cannot be long
 " Before I will join in the Angels' sweet song
 " Give all that I have to poor children you see.
 " I'm going to Mamma, she's waiting for me."

" Oh ! Willie, my darling, don't say that, I pray.
 " You're, all that I have ! My loved one, Oh stay ! "
 Don't leave your poor Papa alone here to pine,
 My lands, and my riches, dear son, are all thine."

His words died away in a murmur of dread.
 He bent down in anguish. Yes, Willie was dead !
 The skill of physicians, the comforts of wealth
 Were powerless to give this loved child back his health.

The father became like a man turned to stone ;
 He sank on his knees without murmur or groan,
 And gazed on his child, in the glimmering light ;
 His thoughts going back to the last Christmas night,
 When another small Willie joined the ranks of the dead
 Whom he had denied a pittance for bread.

“ My God ! 'tis Thy justice, I now plainly see.

“ But Ah ! how severely it has fallen on me.

“ The child of my love Thou hast taken away !

“ *Thy children*, my God, I adopt from to-day.”

OLD-TIME DOMINICANS AND DEVOTION TO THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

IN that beautiful book by the late Mother Francis Raphael, O. S. D., (Augusta Theodosia Drane) of the English Congregation of Saint Catherine of Siena, “ The Spirit of the Dominican Order Illustrated from the Lives of its Saints,” we find beautiful examples of the devotion of early lights of this great Order to the Precious Blood.

It is written of the Blessed James of Nevaqua (A. D. 1220-1301) that as he was once praying before the crucifix in his cell, which he had procured with the money which his mother had given him for a new and much, needed habit, his soul became terribly troubled with doubts as to his eternal salvation. “ Suddenly, as he prayed, a copious stream of blood broke forth from the side of the sacred figure and bedewed his whole person, and from its lips there came the joyful words :

James, let this Blood be to thee a pledge of thy salvation.”

Elsewhere, we read of a very remarkable favor granted to Blessed Mary of the Purification.

Towards the close of her last sickness, she was tormented by a burning fever.

Turning to a crucifix, she cried : “ O my Lord, give me a drop of thy Blood to cool my tongue.” At these

words, the crucifix bowed itself to her lips, and she breathed her last, in peace and joy.

The book abounds in touching incidents of the exceeding great rewards vouchsafed to the blessed ones among the children of Saint Dominic who had extraordinary devotion to the sufferings of our Divine Redeemer.

K. E. C.

A LITTLE NEWSBOY'S CHRISTMAS.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

I.

ONE dreary autumn evening, four or five years ago, the cold rain fell steadily, and the winds whistled and shrieked through the almost deserted streets of one of the poorer quarters of the great city of Chicago. A frail little boy was struggling through the storm, protecting beneath a fold of his ragged jacket the stock of papers which it was his daily business to dispose of. His step was slow and uncertain ; and through the gathering shadows of night two great black eyes, full of anguish, shone from a face pinched and pale with hunger and premature sorrows.

His proceeds for that day had been even less than usual : only fifteen cents had he been able to take to his wretched and drunken mother, who received him with a shower of blows, and turned him out supperless to complete his sales. Bad and cruel as was the storm of the streets, it was yet more tender in its caresses than that of the miserable lodging he called his home.

Going at random, he hurried along as fast as he could, his little heart more despairing than ever before in his young life. He was only eight years old, and was very ignorant — knowing, in fact, little else than his own misery ; and he asked himself what had condemned him to this wandering and desolate life, while other children had warm roofs to protect them, loving hearts to care for them, and never wanted for bread.

Poor little fellow ! he could not even pray. He knew nothing of the common Father whose providence watches over all, and had never heard that in heaven above he had a Mother as sweet and gracious and tender as the one at home was harsh and cruel and unfeeling. Yet that night the Comforter of the Afflicted looked with compassion on the sufferings of little Richard, and was guiding his faltering steps through the storm. Thus it happened that he found himself all at once before a great door, which as often as it was opened let a flood of light and warmth escape into the cold night without. How could he resist so seductive an invitation ! Timidly following a party of four or five women and children who approached the building, the newsboy entered. It was a church. Many of those present were poor like himself, and there was especially a great number of children. Richard felt reassured.

Just as he had glided into a seat, a hundred voices rose in song, song that thrilled him through and through, for he had never heard anything so beautiful. Then when the hymn was finished, a priest appeared above the crowd; the glances of all turned to him, and he addressed the children.

Our desolate little friend knew, as we have said, nothing about the other world ; but the grace of baptism slept unknown in his young heart. And the Heavenly Mother who had directed his footsteps thither still bent a pitying glance upon him, so that when the priest spoke, little Richard understood the word of God. He learned then who had created him, who had loved him even to the point of dying for his sake, who in dying had given His Mother to him to be his very own, and who desired to have him near Him one day in the midst of beauty and splendor and joy that should never have an end. And he listened to all this with rapturous surprise and delight ; for he believed at once and fully the marvellous story of divine love.

When, after the sermon, the singing began again, when clouds of sweet perfume rose in the air, and all the people bowed their head low down, Richard understood that something very solemn was taking place in the great building, and bowed his head with the rest.

Outside, the chilly rain was still falling. He sought

once more the miserable garret he called home, found his parent in a drunken sleep, and pulling part of an old quilt over himself, he lay down upon the floor. But what mattered such hard-ship at present ! He was happy. Did he not know for the first time that there was somebody to love him ?

The next day, and the next, and then every day, Richard took the road to his blessed church. His papers were very soon disposed of at its door ; and his mother, satisfied with the result of the sales, scarcely asked him how he employed his time. From the church he followed his new companions to the Sisters' school ; and, after careful instruction, the day came when, all tearful and repentant, he made his first confession. After that he felt very happy.

But the mission ended ; it had been a children's mission, and Sister Bridget no longer saw among her class the sad-faced and zealous little figure she had learned to love so soon.

What had become of Richard ? The boy had early begun a rough apprenticeship of life, but a still heavier cross was now laid on his feeble shoulders. He no longer sold papers on the streets : his mother had secured an engagement for him at a low saloon to wash glasses and sweep the floor. The harsh treatment he received from his new master was added to that with which his mother still continued to abuse him. His strength could not resist this usage. Soon his limbs, fragile and bruised, caused him violent pains ; yet never once from the child's lips came complaint or murmur. Nothing could trouble the serenit; and calm which dwelt in those great eyes of his ; and when finally it was impossible for him to leave his poor couch, it was easy to believe from his fixed and ravished glance that he was listening to a beloved voice, whose accents, whispered low, were inaudible to other ears.

For the greater part of the day he remained all alone in the wretched garret, burning with fever, and without strength enough to drag himself about to secure even a drink of water. He knew that he was going to die : his mother had told him so with what seemed to be a sort of fierce and heartless joy. But ah ! Richard was not afraid to die ; for death meant heaven, and the Child Jesus and the Blessed Virgin, and the white wings of angels and

the halos of saints ; and doubtless, too, the end, the very end, of all these pains and torments that afflicted his poor little body.

II

Christmas drew near, with its cluster of feast and its abundant family joy. School-children returned home to be clasped in their mothers' arms ; and already great Christmas-trees were being trimmed and decked with bright-colored ribands and fruits and toys. But who thought of Richard ? Patience, little sufferer ; the Babe of Bethlehem was born for you as well as for the happy ones of earth, and He will provide you with Christmas gift.

It was the afternoon before the great festival. Sister Bridget, on a chance mission of charity, went to a tenement building ; and, her mission over, was preparing to descend the rickety stairway, when she heard a plaintive voice exclaiming : " O mother ! won't you shut the door ? I'm *so* cold ! " But the woman, to whom the appeal was made, staggered by the Sister, leaving the door still open. Turning back, the Sister glanced into the miserable apartment, and recognized her favorite of the mission prostrate on the wretched mattress. Almost dying now was poor little Richard. But unexpected happiness gave him new life ; and, with a cry of joy as Sister Bridget knelt by his side, he raised his shrunken arms toward his friend.

Then, for the first time, he told of his long-protracted sufferings, and also of his interior consolations. When the mother returned, the religious protested that she would no longer abandon to such cruelty this poor young victim, and readily obtained permission to take him at once to a hospital of her order. Richard was received there as one sent by the Infant Jesus. How happy he was in the warm and comfortable bed, at the foot of a statue of our Blessed Lady, who seemed to gaze at him with a loving smile, and surrounded by the garlands of holly that decorated the walls !

The priest who had first opened to his eyes the horizon of heaven came to receive his last confidence. He listened to his candid avowals. He bitterly reproached himself with some impatience during his greatest suffering,

- that was his one fault. No hard feelings toward those who had crushed his young life ; only a tender regret for their wickedness. " Poor mother ! " he exclaimed ; " poor mother ! Oh, how I wish she was good ! But you see, Father, she does not know anything of what you told us."

The holy oils were applied to the child's hands and feet ; but the Midnight Mass held in store for him a still greater happiness. At its beginning one of the windows opening on the chapel was raised, and Richard heard for the last time the canticles of earth ; then, when the Sisters and the patients who were not bedridden had approached the Holy Table, the priest brought to the eager lips of the dying child the Jesus of the Crib. He received Him with tears of love and joy, and lapsed into deep recollection. Soon, indeed, it was plain that he was passing away, but without any pain whatever. From time to time he cried out with his feeble voice : " Jesus ! Mary ! " And occasionally he murmured : " Poor mother ! "

The bells rang out for the second Mass. Suddenly, the dying boy sat up in bed ; his eyes opened, and an immense joy illumined his features. Then he fell back upon his little couch, and at that moment the Infant Jesus welcomed Richard into heaven.

THE ANGEL'S NEW YEAR MESSAGE.

To our Friends and Benefactors.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Our Divine Lord.

His Blessed Mother.

The Celestial Hierarchy

Angel Guardian of the Monastery

I. Angel Guardian of the Rich.

II. Angel Guardian of the Poor.

III. Angel Guardian of the Afflicted

Sisters of the Precious Blood.

CHOIRS OF ANGELS ETC.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Chapel of the Monastery P. B. at midnight.

SCENE I.

CHOIR OF SISTERS.

Blood of Jesus, Life immortal !
 May all hearts Thy beauty know,

That hiding in Thy crimson billows,
They'll find a balm for every woe.

Jesus, bless our benefactors,
Fill their homes with peace and love.
Hear, oh dearest Spouse, our pleading :
Send them blessings from above.

Holy Angels, who are thronging
'Round our Spouse imprisoned here,
Angels who are ever guarding
Those kind friends we love so dear,

Waft our pleadings up to Heaven,
To the throne of God on high;
Then descend, with blessings laden,
To our friends, from yon bright sky.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Virgin sisters, 't is with gladness,
We respond to this sweet call,
And to heaven, waft your pleading
For your friends, both one and all.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The Heavenly Court, brilliant with glory. Jesus seated on a dazzling white throne, surrounded by myriads of Angels and their glorious Queen.

ANGEL GUARDIAN OF THE MONASTERY

(Prostrating before the throne of God.)

Sanctus ! Sanctus ! Sanctus !
Gloria in excelsis Deo. Alleluia !
Hail ! oh great and sovereign King,
Hear the messages I bring,
From Thy virgin spouses, they
Who for our clients ever pray.

So GLORY BE TO THE MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD !

OUR BLESSED LORD.

I have heard their earnest pleading,
It hath touched my Sacred Heart.
Go, each prayer is heard and answered
To their friends this news impart.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Honor, praise and benediction
Be to Thee for evermore,
Christ the mighty King of ages
Whom, in raptures, we adore !

SCENE III.

Vast space between heaven and earth, through which, with the rapidity of lightning, speeds the Angel Guardian of the Monastery.

Gloria in excelsis ! Glory to the mighty King !
Earth rejoice, sad hearts awaken !
Joyful news to you I bring.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Earth. The last hour of the old year. Angel Guardians of the rich, poor and suffering, conversing together.

I ANGEL (*G. of the Rich.*)

Another year about to dawn,
With all its joys and pain.
The old year dies. It cannot give
Its moments back again.

II ANGEL (*G. of the Poor.*)

List ! how the north wind fiercely blows,
Oh ! Jesus, pity on the poor !
Thou, who didst oft and oft through life
The pain of cold and want endure.

Jesu, pity on the poor.

III ANGEL (*G. of the afflicted.*)

King of Martyrs ! Thou whose spirit
 With boundless grief didst overflow,
 Thou whose soul was drenched with anguish,
 Pity those whose lot is woe.

I ANGEL.

Hark ! what do I hear ?

II ANGEL.

Sweet silvery strains. Methinks it is a Seraph's voice.

III ANGEL.

" Gloria in excelsis " now resounds.
 My heart with exultation bounds !
 It seemeth like the blessed morn
 When Christ for love of man was born.

ANGEL OF THE MONASTERY.

Hail ! dear Friends, I bring you tidings of great joy.
 This morn, the prayer of virgin hearts I have upborne
 unto our King's immortal throne. And He, in love su-
 preme, hath sent me here. Their prayer is granted. It
 was their *Friends* and *Benefactors*, your dear charges, for
 whom they interceded.

THREE ANGELS (*together.*)

Glory love and adoration
 Praise to Thee, oh ! God most High
 Who to those, imploring humbly,
 Never dost Thy gifts deny.

I ANGEL.

For me, sweet Friend, what is the message,
 Thou bearest from the Sacred Heart
 Oh ! speak—I long to hear the tidings
 Which I am destined to impart.

ANGEL OF MONASTERY.

Go, tell those kind Benefactors that Christ will reward with signal favors every act of kindness and generosity they have shown His little virgin spouses. He bestows a special benediction on all their works of the coming year and during their whole lives.

In heaven alone, which He also promises them, if they persevere until the end, will they know the immense weight of glory with which their smallest act of charity shall be recompensed.

(Exit Angel of the rich.)

II ANGEL.

And I, blest spirit. What words hath Jesus given thee to console my children in their poverty and suffering ?

Their God who loves them with an everlasting love, chose for His portion on earth, the holy state of Poverty, wishing thereby to teach us how dear to His divine Heart is this heavenly virtue. "To the poor in spirit belongs the kingdom of Heaven." Therefore our Lord wishes you to console and reanimate the courage of His dear *little ones*.

"Heaven is theirs. Life is short, and when its fleeting hours have passed, they shall possess all the riches, pleasures and ineffable delights which they can possibly desire. God's benediction attend them now and for evermore. Hasten, dear Angel, and console them.

(Exit II Angel.)

III ANGEL.

Now 'tis my turn to hear thy words of hope and love. Nay, the words of God Himself to those poor souls to whom He hath given naught but the cross of suffering for their portion here below.

ANGEL OF MONASTERY.

Ah ! for those privileged souls, the King hath indeed spoken words of tenderness and love. They are the dear ones of His Heart. He hath chosen them to share His dolors, to carry His heavy cross. "Blessed are they that

mourn for they shall be comforted." Ah! if they only knew the value of sufferings borne patiently for the love of God, how greatly would they rejoice that they have been given this means of expiating their sins and purchasing a crown of immortal joy.

Say to them, sweet Angel: "Sad hearts, rejoice, pray, hope, suffer patiently. God is your consolation and strength. He loves you more than the kindest and best of parents, and will remove the cross under which you are sinking, if it be for your good. Trust in Him. Perhaps the hour of deliverance is even now at hand." "Go on your mission of love, sweet Friend, may you bring joy to many hearts."

III ANGEL.

Celestial Prince, I thank thee: those burning words thou bearest from the Savior's loving Heart, shall, indeed console my poor children. Farewell.

Behold the dawn is breaking!
Hail blessed light! sweet emblem of the Sun divine.
Upon a New, unsullied Year, thou now dost shine.

THE TWO ANGELS (*saluting.*)

Farewell! Farewell!

(*Retreating, they sing*)

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO!

A REMARKABLE GRACE GRANTED
BY THE HOLY SEE

TO THE INSTITUTE OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

A great event has come to us, to manifest evidently, as it seems, how much our Lord desires that His Redeeming Blood should be praised and exalted.

The Holy Church—which always proceeds slowly in the approbation of new Institutes—has been inspired to

grant to our urgent prayers the venerated Decree of the final approval of our Rules and Constitutions.

The Institute numbering no more than thirty five years of existence, we were preparing ourselves for a longer delay rather than for a near success, when the good news was communicated to us.

We yield to the desire of presenting to our readers the translation of this important document.

DECREE.

(Translated from the Latin.)

The Sisters Adorers of the Most Precious Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, under the protection of Mary Immaculate, of whom the principal House is at St-Hyacinthe, in Canada, have obtained, in 1889, that, for a period of five years and by way of trial, the Holy See should confer upon their Constitutions a first approbation. Those five years happily flown, they solicited most urgently, of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, the final approbation of these same Constitutions.

The special Commission instituted by that Holy Congregation, under the presidency of the *Emi ac Rmi* Father and Lord Cardinal Camille Mazella, for the approbation of the Constitutions of new Institutes, has then submitted to a new and grave examination the above mentioned Constitutions and -- having particularly in view the letters of recommendation of the Ordinaries of the dioceses where the said religious are established -- has judged them worthy of being definitely approved, after having inserted therein a few changes determined in the subjoined copy.

Afterwards, in audience of October 20, 1896, the undersigned Archbishop of Larisse, secretary of the Sacred Congregation, has submitted the judgment of the said Commission to our Most Holy Father Leo XIII, Pope by Divine Providence: and His Holiness, ratifying in all points that judgment, has deigned to approve in a definite manner, the Constitutions above-mentioned and commanded to be published this present Decree.

Given at Rome from the Palace of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda of the Faith, the 20th day of October 1896.

(L.-+ Z.) (Signed) M. Card. Ledochowski, Prefect.
(Countersigned.) A. Arch. de Larisse, Sec.

We invite the friends of our Institute, and all those who feel interested in the diffusion of the worship of the Precious Blood to aid us in thanking our Lord for the signal favor which has been granted to us, a grace for which we can never be sufficiently grateful.

In regard to this event, the Boston "Pilot" has published the following article.

The Rule of the Nuns of the Precious Blood, a religious community founded in 1861, at St-Hyacinthe, Province of Quebec, Canada, has just received the final approbation of the Holy See, so that its members are, in a very special way, daughters of the Church.

Seldom has a religious institute been so highly honored, while still so young in years and in the actual lifetime of its foundress.

But the Order of the Precious Blood is engaged in a work of prayer and reparation peculiarly adapted to the needs of our time when religion is opposed less by those who deny the Divinely founded Church than those who deny the Divinity of Christ Himself and the redemption of the world by His sacrifice on the Cross. Rationalism, rather than Protestantism, seeks to dominate the social and intellectual life of the New World ; and in the New World, by means of those apparently weak things with which He loves to confound the strong, God prepares the way for a great increase of devotion to Our Divine Redeemer.

The Order of the Precious Blood is contemplative, devoted to prayer and penance, like the Order of Mount Carmel, the Second Order of St. Dominic, and several other Orders in the Church. But the Apostolic spirit which it shares with all these, has a special manifestation in its zeal for the distribution of Christian literature, and the instruction of converts.

The first beginnings of the Institute were at St. Hyacinthe, Province of Quebec, about thirty five years ago. The foundress, Aurelie Caouette, was a young Catholic lady of good family, a pupil of an earlier Canadian Religious Institute, the Congregation of Notre Dame, of Villa Maria, Montreal. It would be painful to her, and contrary to the spirit of the Church, in such matters, to dwell, during her lifetime, on the personality and work of Rev. Mother Catherine--Aurelie, to give her the name by which she is known in religion.

Enough to say that her own qualities, and the special method by which she sought to glorify God and save souls, by increasing devotion to the Redeeming Blood of Christ, were subjected to the severest tests.

With the approbation of the Bishop of St. Hyacinthe, the first monastery was established in that city ; and, by degrees, monasteries were established in Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa ; and in the United States in Brooklyn, N. Y., and Portland, Ore., etc.

Many devout women, the young daughters of homes of wealth and ease, have been attracted to this institute, and the venerable found-

ress has the happiness of seeing it, in little less than three decades, well extended and deeply rooted, and now signed with the Church's solemn approval.

The monasteries and chapels of the Order, in St. Hyacinthe and Toronto, are especially well equipped and beautiful. At the former, the nuns publish a very interesting and well edited monthly magazine, "The Voice of the Precious Blood," for the spreading of this great devotion. This monastery, and all its affiliations, are, as far as possible, centres of activity in the production and distribution of pious books.

The monasteries are maintained, like those of all contemplative Orders, by the alms of the faithful, and the labor of the brains and hands of the religious.

In a future article we shall have more to say of the manner of life of the Nuns of the Precious Blood.

Written for "THE VOICE OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD."

A "HEART OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD."

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

Words of P. Pius IX.

PART II.

GRACE REDMOND'S HOME.

Not far from the city of Toronto lies a pretty little villa, shut in from the road-way by a beautiful grove of old forest trees. It was formerly the property of a French count who was driven from his country during the revolution of 1793. After his death, it was purchased from his son, who wished to return to France, by a Mr. Carmody, uncle of the present occupant.

Many interesting incidents connected with the history of Canada are said to have been here enacted. The old homestead, built after the style of French country houses, is situated on a charming height, overlooking the blue waters of Lake Ontario. Broad verandas surround it, and a beautiful terrace stretches forth to the water's edge.

On this veranda, towards the close of a lovely afternoon in September of 18—, sat a lady apparently of about

forty-five or six. She was of medium height, but very slight. Her features, though not beautiful, were pleasing; her large, soft, grey eyes, had a wistful, anxious look, as from time to time they wandered from the work in which she was engaged to the beautiful scenery before her.

The sun was sinking below the horizon, tinging the western sky with floods of gold and crimson light. The whole celestial vault was filled with the inflowing tides of a glorious Autumn sunset, reflecting their dazzling splendor on the vast extent of water which lay in calm repose, like a sheet of sparkling crystal.

She was suddenly awakened from her reverie by the sound of a gay, young voice.

“ Oh ! Mamma, we had such a nice time.”

And a young girl, of about fifteen, gaily tripping up the steps, threw herself into a low chair beside her mother who welcomed her with a faint smile, saying :

“ I began to feel a little anxious Grace, and was hoping you would soon return. But I am pleased you enjoyed your trip,” she continued, imprinting a kiss on the bright, flushed face upturned to hers.

“ How I wish you had come with us, Mamma ! We spent the morning in the woods, and after dinner, Serena’s Papa took us all out for a sail on the Lake.”

“ I would not have enjoyed it like you, dear ; a school-girl’s party has not as much attraction for me as it once had,” replied Mrs. Redmond, smiling. “ Supper will soon be ready and you look as though you would not mind having a few moments to attend to your toilet,” she continued, glancing at Grace’s crumpled, berry-stained dress. We will take our tea out here to-night if you like.”

“ O ! that will be lovely, Mamma,” cried Grace.

“ I will go immediately so as not to keep you waiting,” and, humming a fragment of a pretty French ballad, she ran upstairs.

Mrs. Redmond smiled. It took so little to please Grace who was of a gay, light-hearted disposition. Her mother loved to see her thus, and often prayed that her darling might never experience the sorrows that had fallen to her own lot.

Married very young to an English sea-captain, Mrs. Redmond had spent some years in travelling with her

husband, but after the birth of their first child, whom they called Harold, they returned to America. Her uncle, a widower without any children, invited her to share his home, which was the villa they now occupied. This she willingly consented to do, as Captain Redmond would soon return to his vessel and she would be very lonesome during his long voyages.

Except for the frequent absences of her husband, the first years of her married life were very happy. She spent her time in the education of little Harold and in taking care of the poor. She took a special delight in teaching children the Christian doctrine and preparing them for their First Communion.

When Harold was about ten, God increased the joy of this virtuous couple, by giving them another child, their little Grace. But this joy was followed by much sorrow. During one of her husband's periodical absences, Mrs. Redmond's uncle, who had been a father and companion to her for so many years, took sick very suddenly, and just had time to receive the last sacraments, when he breathed his last. He left his beautiful home and all his real and personal estate to his niece, but he also left her a crushed and lonely heart.

Her children were a great comfort to her, and Harold made a very good companion, but he was too young to be a protector. She longed and prayed for the return of her husband ; and began a novena with Harold for this intention. Before the ninth day, their prayer was heard and the little family once more reunited.

The Captain had, unexpectedly, got two week's leave of absence, and great was his sorrow on hearing the sad news. He sympathized deeply with his wife in the loss of her good uncle whom he also loved and regarded as a dear elder brother ; and he could not bear to think that he would have to go away so soon and leave her all alone with the children.

He said nothing that night of the length of his stay, but tried to make them forget their sorrow by relating little incidents of his voyage. He caressed and fondled baby Grace whom he now saw for the first time, and he succeeded in making them all very happy.

Next day, when he informed his wife of the brevity of

his vacation, she was so inconsolable that, after much planning and deliberation, it was decided that she and the children should accompany him on his voyage and leave the house to the care of Peter Malone and his wife who were the present gardener and housekeeper.

This was the prelude of another great sorrow, far more painful than the first. After a week's voyage, the vessel was wrecked in mid-ocean. Out of the hundred passengers on board, only a dozen were rescued, among them Mrs. Redmond and her two children. The brave captain and the entire crew were reported as lost.

Sad and desolate, the widow returned with her orphan children to their old homestead. For a while it was feared that she would never recover from the shock ; she could not eat or sleep and her health began to fail. . . . She was at last brought to a sense of her duty by the parish priest who exhorted her to keep up her courage for her children's sake. Being a true christian mother, this aroused her, and she tried to forget her own grief and devoted herself to the education of her children.

Thus fifteen years passed away. Harold, finished his studies at the Jesuit College, Montreal ; but having no vocation for the priesthood, at the age of twenty accepted a situation in a wholesale house in Toronto, where he soon became a favorite with his employer.

Once in a while he paid a visit to his mother and sister, whom he loved very much. They had remarked with some apprehension that he seemed to be growing rather careless in the practice of his religious duties ; to all their entreaties that he would lead a better life, he would only reply, with a good-natural smile, that he was all-right and not to worry about him.

Grace had, for some years, been a boarder in a convent, but after her First Communion, Mrs. Redmond, feeling the want of a companion, kept her at home to finish her education, and took upon herself the pleasant task of instructing her. The morning was spent in the school-room, and the afternoon, when fine, would be spent on the large grounds, where Grace, except during vacation, continued her studies, while her mother worked or read.

Sometimes Grace would go for an excursion with

some of her little friends. Mrs. Redmond delighted in planning these little trips, as she loved to see her daughter lighthearted and gay.

It was from one of these that Grace had just returned on the evening we first met her.

PART III.

THE HOUR OF DARKNESS.

A dainty little supper was spread out on the terrace when Grace came down looking fresh and sweet in her white gown. After the repast, mother and daughter remained for a long time gazing at the beautiful scene before them.

"How peaceful the lake is to-night," remarked Mrs. Redmond, "I hope the ocean is as calm, I feel so uneasy about Harold. I wish he had not undertaken that voyage. Since the terrible day we were shipwrecked, the very thought of a sea-voyage terrifies me."

"Oh! Mamma, do not let us think of these things. I feel confident that Harold will be all right. Do you not remember we placed him under the protection of the Precious Blood?"

"Yes, but it is over a month now since his departure and we have not received a word from him yet, although he promised to write as soon as he arrived in Paris."

"Perhaps something may have happened which prevented him from writing," replied Grace, "but I feel sure that our Lord will take care of him. Before he went away I gave him a *Heart of the Precious Blood*, and he promised to wear it. So many remarkable graces have been granted to those who piously carry that little scapular about with them. You know the very words imprinted on it inspire confidence: "*Place on thy heart one drop of the Precious Blood of Jesus and fear nothing!*"

"But I am afraid poor Harold does not carry it piously," replied Mrs. Redmond with a sigh. "I think it was only to please you that he consented to wear it."

"Well, Mamma, let us make a novena to the Precious Blood for him that he may arrive in France, and when his business is over, have a safe journey home, and become as fervent as he used to be."

Mrs. Redmond smiled faintly at Grace, then becoming very grave, replied :

“ Yes, dear, we will begin it to-night and implore our dear Lord through His Most Precious Blood, to send his Angel Guardian to conduct him on his voyage and bring him safely home as the Angel Raphael did the young Tobias.”

S. M. A.

(*To be continued.*)

BISHOP MARTY'S HEROISM.

Though on the Grave's Brink, He Administered Confirmation.

ON the Sunday preceeding Bishop Marty's departure from this world, a class of children had been summoned for confirmation. The ceremony had been arranged to take place in a church nine miles distant from St. Cloud and accessible only by the country roads. The Bishop was urged and begged not to subject himself to the inclemency of the weather and the rigorous ride over the road. But persisting that the faithful must not be disappointed, he firmly refused to postpone the ceremony.

He was a dying man at the time ; yet he gathered all his physical resources for one more work for God's glory, and he administered the sacrament. During the ceremony the strength of his arm deserted him and it became necessary for an attendant priest to support it, whilst the saintly minister signed the foreheads of the children with the holy chrism and with the sign of the cross. He had grown so enfeebled that he had to be carried from the church to the rectory. That was his last episcopal function, and a few days after he died the death of a martyr.

“ *The Church News.*”

A BISHOP'S CHARITY.

A certain French Bishop was once led, in spite of himself, to prove the truth of the proverb, "Charity begins at home." Mgr. d'Avian, one of the bravest defenders of the rights of the Church under the first Empire, was by no means so prudent a guardian of his own wardrobe. He was constantly meeting poor men, whom he fancied were in greater need than himself of good shirts and warm underclothing, until, finally, the one who had charge of his mending found nothing to mend—all had been given away. His housekeeper knew better than to ask his Lordship for money to buy anything for himself; so she went to him and told him of a poor man—a gentleman—who had a certain position to maintain, but who was in absolute want of proper clothing.

"What does he need?" said the Bishop.

"Indeed, it would be hard to tell what he does *not* need; for he has actually no underlinen. The case is really pitiful."

"But this must not be," exclaimed the kind-hearted prelate. And, slipping the necessary money into her hand, he continued: "Go at once and buy him what he needs. But do not tell him that it comes from me."

"Certainly not, my Lord."

Then, touched by the ill-concealed joy on the face of his housekeeper, and naturally attributing it to her happiness in being able to relieve the wants of the poor man, he called her back, and, adding something more to the sum he had already given her, said: "See that the shirts are made of good, fine linen. A man in his position needs something better than the ordinary quality."

"Very true," replied the other, quite seriously. And great was her rejoicing over the cutting out and making of the fine linen shirts ordered by the Bishop for—the poor gentleman."

The following Sunday Mgr. d'Avian began to wonder if anywhere in his possession he could find a fresh shirt wherein to do honor to the day. Upon opening his wardrobe, what was his astonishment to find quite a sup-

ply of those articles, which were not only new, but of superior quality !

“ What does this mean ? ” And sending for his housekeeper, he asked her if she could explain the mystery.

Trying to look very innocent, she answered : “ The person who had them put there, your Lordship, gave special directions that his name should not be mentioned. ”

“ They must be returned at once, ” began the good Bishop. But, happening just then to glance at his servant, the smile on her face, which she was trying in vain to conceal, made him at once suspect who “ the poor man ” was whose scanty wardrobe he had been so easily induced to replenish.

“ Well, I forgive you ; but never do such a thing again. ”

The good housekeeper could well afford to laugh, too happy over her present success to take much thought for the future. And the Bishop had to admit that this time, at least, his charity had literally begun at home.

A PRIEST LIFE-SAVER.

An Australian Pastor Lost His Own Life in Rescuing Others.

THE Melbourne *Advocate* of September 5 says : There is no reason why heroism should not display itself as well in the soutane as in any other garb. As a fact there is beyond all comparison much more heroism in the priesthood than is to be found among any other class of people. The self-denial demanded of them in their vocation proves in almost every case the existence of higher qualities than are at all common among men leading ordinarily wordly lives. Where circumstances call for a display of moral courage there we should expect the priest to distinguish himself, and his conduct in situations of the kind is never a disappointment. He lives and labors for the salvation of souls, and as willingly as he pursues that holy vocation he lays down in an emergency his own life to save the lives of others. Over and over again

has he made that great sacrifice. He has done it in the pest house, on the barricade and on the battlefield. He has cheerfully done it in every possible situation in which he might manifest his love of God and of His creatures. Into paying this tribute of respect and admiration we have been impulsively led by an incident thus reported in the *Argus* of Tuesday last :

Father Newport, of Port Chalmers, has been drowned. He was returning in a boat from Portobello, where he had been conducting divine service, and had three boys with him. When abreast of Quarantine Island the boat capsized. Other boats put off, and the boys were rescued and landed on the island. Father Newport was a good swimmer, but he exhausted his strength in getting a boy on to the bottom of the boat and in keeping him there. His body was recovered.

Father W. Newport, who thus thought so lightly of his own life that he did not hesitate to imperil it still more seriously in an effort to save the lives of the three boys in his charge, was pastor of St. Mary's Star of the Sea, Port Chalmers, in the Diocese of Dunedin. The reverend gentleman proved himself on this occasion a true pastor of the flock that had been committed to his care. To save the lives of three of the least of them he did not hesitate to risk his own, and that he lost it in the effort entitles his memory to the highest respect and veneration it is in the power of survivors to pay it.

PRAYERS SOLICITED.

That the year 1897 may witness the realization of the desires of His Holiness Leo XIII, for the re-union of the separated Churches, and for the happiness of peoples.

That the same year may be filled with special benedictions for all the friends and benefactors of the Institute, and for all the readers of "*The Voice of the Precious Blood.*"

For all those who suffer from any infirmity whatsoever, either physical or spiritual, that they may personally experience that the Blood of Jesus is a balm for all sorrows of the soul, a remedy for all pains of the body, an efficacious mediator in all cases when It is fervently invoked.

WE MUST PRAY FOR THE DEAD, particularly for : MM. LAMBERT SARAZIN, who died at St-Hyacinthe ; DENIS MAGUIRE, at St-Johns ; LADELL LEMAY, at Otter River ; for Mrs. ONESIME BOUCHER, who died at Maskinonge ; EUDOXIE ROBERGE GINGRAS at St-Nicolas ; Mrs. WIDOW DAVID TETRAULT-AMIOT, at St-Antoine de Richelieu ; MISS GEORGIANNA MERCIER, at Quebec ; Mrs. AIME BROUILLARD, at St-Marcel ; J. BTE PETIT, at BIDDEFORD ; MISS MARIE MORNEAU, at St-Philippe de NERI ; Mr. JOS. COUTURE, at Longue Pointe ; Mrs. A. JOHNSTON at Sorel ; MISS EMELIA LEFEBVRE, at Central Falls ; Mr. and Mrs. ANTOINE VALLEE, at Somerset ; Mrs. E. M. HAYWARD, at Montreal ; Mrs. ALPHONSE DUBUC, at Winooski ; Mr. ANTOINE FILION ; Mrs. LUDGER BEAUVAIS, at Laprairie ; Hon. J. B. GUEVREMONT, at Sorel ; Mr. OLIVIER DUGUAY, at St-Francois du Lac ; EMILE LANGLAIS, at St-Philippe de Neri ; Mr. TOUSSAINT SICOTTE, at Boucherville ; Mrs. OCTAVE COUIC, at Montreal, and all the subscribers deceased during this month.

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.

“ Having written to obtain the prayers of your monastery for the conversion of a young man a great friend of mine, I now thank you; for God has heard your prayers. Already a great change has taken place in him. Instead of the young man he was two months ago, led away from the path of virtue. now he has returned to his religion and family. And he does not care to meet any of those evil companions of former days who were destroying his soul and leading him to ruin and destruction. He has received the Sacraments twice during the period of five weeks. I promised, if God should hear my prayer, to have his con-

version published in the Annals of the Voice, also to make him a subscriber. The above promises I now fulfill."

* * *

"Although I have much to be thankful for, I am going to ask you to remember my sister in a special intention, I am anxious to have it to say it was through the Precious Blood she was cured of nervousness ; and I have so many ways I can make it known and will use not only through the book but by all my friends."

* * *

"I enclose you one dollar as my subscription to the Voice of the Precious Blood. I also promised to publish in its annals a successful operation performed on my little girl, if you will be kind enough to do so."

CATHOLIC ALMANAC FOR ONTARIO.

Our Sisters of the Precious Blood of Toronto have published, for the coming year of 1897, an excellent illustrated Almanac for the Province of Ontario, approved by the Archbishops and Bishops of that section. The Almanac contains much valuable and interesting matter, and must prove a special aid to all persons interested in Canadian affairs, in the fasts and feasts of that portion of God's Church &c.. The short stories, poems, &c., &c., are well-chosen, whilst the appearance of the Almanac is very tasty.

We bespeak for our good Sisters a wide circulation.

PRICE : 25c.

Address : 113 St. Joseph St. Toronto, P. O.