

THE VOICE  
OF THE  
PRECIOUS BLOOD

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

1 Pet. 1. 18, 19.

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THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

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*To all the faithful who say or sing this Hymn, Pius VII grants an indulgence of 100 days, applicable to the souls in Purgatory.*

Hail Jesus ! Hail ! who, for my sake,  
Sweet Blood from Mary's veins didst take,  
And shed it all for me ;  
Oh blessed be my Savior's Blood,  
My life, my light, my only good,  
To all eternity.

To endless ages, let us praise  
The Precious Blood, whose price could raise  
The world from wrath and sin ;  
Whose streams our inward thirst appease,  
And heal the sinners' worst disease,  
If he but bathe therein.

O, sweetest Blood ! that can implore  
Pardon of God, and Heaven restore,  
The Heaven which sin had lost ;  
While Abel's blood for vengeance pleads,  
What Jesus shed still intercedes  
For those who wrong Him most.

Oh, to be sprinkled from the wells  
Of Christ's own sacred Blood, excels  
Earth's best and highest bliss;

The ministers of wrath divine  
 Hurt not the happy hearts that shine  
 With those red drops of His !

Ah ! there is joy amid the saints,  
 And Hell's despairing courage faints  
 When this sweet song we raise ;  
 Oh louder then, and louder still,  
 Earth with one mighty chorus fill,  
 The Precious Blood to praise !

*Faber.*

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## THE PRECIOUS BLOOD IN THE LIGHT OF FAITH

(Continued)

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### III.

THE BLOOD OF JESUS REMITS OUR SINS AND PURIFIES  
 OUR SOULS.

**S**AINTE PAUL teaches that truth twice, in the very same words : to the Ephesians, I, 7, and to the Colossians : " We have redemption through his blood, *the remission of sins*, according to the riches of his *grace*. "—Writing to the Hebrews, he adds : " How much more (than the blood of goats and oxen) shall the blood of Christ, who by the Holy Ghost offered himself unspotted unto God, *cleanse* our conscience from dead works, to serve the living God " (Heb. 9, 14) !—" The *blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth* us from all sin," says *Saint John* (I, 1, 7).

In the opening of the Apocalypse, he depicts an imposing tableau of the magnificence with which the Saviour Jesus cleanses us from our sins in his Blood :

" Grace be unto you and peace from him that is, and that was, and that is to come, and from the seven spirits which are before his throne, and from Jesus Christ, who is the faithful witness, the first begotten of the dead, and the prince of the kings of the earth, who hath loved us *and washed us from our sins in his own blood*, and hath

“made us a kingdom and priests to God and his Father,  
“to him be glory and empire for ever and ever.

“Behold he cometh with the clouds and every eye  
“shall see him, and they also that pierced him. And all  
“the tribes of the earth shall bewail themselves because  
“of him” (Apoc. 1, 4-7).

Those last words announce the final distress of those who have pierced him, that is of all the tribes of the earth and of all men who have continually shed his Blood, through their obstinacy in not profiting by it.

#### IV. THE BLOOD OF JESUS JUSTIFIES MEN.

In the fifth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, the Apostle exposes, in sublime terms, the work of our complete justification, produced by the redeeming Blood :

“Being justified therefore by faith, says he, let us  
“have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.  
“By whom also we have access through faith into the  
“grace, wherein we stand, and glory in the hope of the  
“glory of the sons of God. And not only so : but we  
“glory also in tribulations knowing that tribulation work-  
“eth patience, and patience trial, and trial hope. And  
“hope con'oundeth not : because the charity of God is  
“poured forth in our hearts by the Holy Ghost who is  
“given to us. For why did Christ, when as yet we were  
“weak, according to the time, die for the ungodly ? For  
“scarce a just man will one die : yet perhaps for a good  
“man some one would dare to die. But God commend-  
“eth his charity towards us : because when as yet we  
“were sinners, according to the time, Christ died for us :  
“much more therefore *being now justified by his blood,*  
“shall we be saved from wrath through him. For if,  
“when we were enemies, *we were reconciled to God by*  
“*the death of his son :* much more, being reconciled, shall  
“we be saved by his life. And not only so : but also we  
“glorify in God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom  
“we have now received reconciliation.” (Rom. V, 1-11.)

#### V. THE PRECIOUS BLOOD SANCTIFIES THE CHURCH.

The Blood of Jesus, which justifies in particular every submissive soul, has the full virtue of sanctifying the whole of mankind, all the nations as well as one single

nation : " Jesus," says Saint Paul, " that he might sanctify " the people by his own blood, suffered without the gate " (Heb. 13-2.). By shedding his Blood Jesus purchases his own Church, and he makes pure and holy that Church to which all men are called, which extends everywhere, and which will last until the end of the world : " which he hath purchased with his own blood." Acts 20:28.)

That acquisition of the Church by the Saviour, Saint Paul is pleased to describe when writing to the Ephesians: " Christ loved the Church and delivered himself up for it : " that he might sanctify it, cleansing it by the laver of the " water in the word of life. That he might present it to " himself a glorious Church not having spot or wrinkle or " any such thing, but that it should be holy and without " blemish." (Eph. V : 25-27.)

All that sanctifying work is the fruit and blossom of his Blood ; his Blood is the germ and seed ; It is endowed for ever with an inexhaustible fruitfulness, It unceasingly preserves life in the whole body of the Church, that intimate, supernatural life which comes from heaven and conducts to it.

#### VI. THE BLOOD OF JESUS IS OUR STRENGTH IN COMBATTING.

Our life upon earth, says the Holy Ghost, is a warfare ; a terrible warfare against powerful enemies ; a warfare sovereignly important since our eternal interests depend upon the result thereof ; a decisive warfare. for the end of it will determine whether we shall be happy or miserable for all eternity. In that struggle the Blood of Jesus is our strength, our most solid and most constant stay, our invincible support. The following passage is the most glorious proof of that truth ; it is also taken from Saint John : " And I heard a loud voice in heaven, saying : " Now is come salvation, and strength, and the kingdom " of our God, and the power of his Christ : because the " accuser of our brethren is cast forth, who accused them " before the throne of God day and night. And they " overcame him by the blood of the lamb, and by the " word of the testimony, and they loved not their lives " unto death. Therefore rejoice, o heavens, and you that " dwell therein."

(Apoc. XII, 10-12).

VII. BY HIS BLOOD JESUS ENTERS INTO HEAVEN, AND  
OPENS IT FOR US ; HIS RESURRECTION SANCTIONS  
THAT ALLIANCE FOR ALL ETERNITY.

“By his own blood he entered once into the Holies”, says St. Paul (Hebr. 9 : 12). He opens it for us, and it is by his Blood that we hope to enter it. “ Having a confidence,” adds the Apostle, “in the entering into the Holies by the blood of Christ ; a new and living way which he hath dedicated for us” (Hebr. 10 : 19).

The eternal alliance in the Blood of Jesus is sanctioned by his resurrection. “ The God of peace,” continues “ the Apostle, “brought again from the dead the great pastor of the sheep, our Lord Jesus-Christ, in the blood of “ the everlasting testament” (Hebr. 13 : 20).

ANTHONY.

*(To be continued.)*

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MARY'S GIFT TO THE REDEEMER OF THE  
WORLD.

(For the 25th of March.)

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Ah, the Blood of Jesus !—  
What things that Blood hath done !  
It sprang from the Heart of Mary  
To the Heart of Mary's Son.  
No shadow e'er passed o'er It,  
God's sunshine called It forth ;  
The angels knelt before It,  
And magnified Its worth.

She stood, that Hebrew Maiden,  
Listening to Gabriel's song ;  
And Satan's strength grew weaker  
As Mary's faith grew strong.  
The Spirit gently brooded,  
Wooing those accents few,  
The dawn of His new Creation  
Which fashioned all anew.

The heavens were hushed in silence,  
 The earth lay very still,  
 As mighty Gabriel waited  
 The *fiat* of her will.  
 Then, purer than the water  
 Of Jordan's cleansing flood,  
 The blood of Anna's daughter  
 Became the Blood of God.

The moment just preceding  
 It coursed through Mary's veins,  
 And now the Saviour takes it  
 To wash away our stains.  
 The Heart of God lies beating  
 His Mother's Heart so near,  
 With well-nigh one pulsation  
 Of the love which casts out fear.

Oh, who can tell the wonders  
 That pass those Hearts between—  
 The Mother and her Maker,  
 The Almighty and His Queen !  
 Yet there are men who tell us  
 We may not honor thee,  
 Great David's royal Daughter,  
 Sweet bud of Jesse's tree !

Dear God, with exultation  
 I thank that Blood of Thine,  
 Which ransomed every nation,  
 And made Thy Mother mine !

A. P. J. C.

*Dole not thy duties out to God,  
 But let thy hand be free,  
 Look long at Jesus ; His sweet Blood  
 How was it dealt to thee ?*

## SAINT JOSEPH AND THE INSTITUTE OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

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THE foundation of the Institute of the Precious Blood had been decided before the death of Bishop Prince who, by his will, had, in a manner, bequeathed to his successor the execution of his design. But it was contrary to Bishop LaRocque's principles to act hastily, and before carrying out this determination he wished to acquire personal knowledge of the reasons leading to this grave, almost perilous, resolution.

Consequently, as if nothing had been done, Bishop LaRocque began to try the foundress' vocation. Nothing that could assure him of her dispositions and real merit was neglected.

Profound and repeated examinations, prayers solicited from all parts, the holy sacrifice offered for this intention : everything was put in action.

At times, the Bishop even questioned public opinion, especially among the clergy.

Malevolent rumors were circulating in St-Hyacinthe and else-where. The scheme of foundation was generally censured.

We are far from wishing to blame those who did not regard the enterprise as timely or authorized. Among them were distinguished theologians, men of God, who only desired to be prudent in opposing the construction of an edifice, the fundamental stones of which seemed to them wanting in solidity and not yet sufficiently cut and prepared.

Perhaps, however, they lost sight of the truth that it is not by human wisdom alone that the designs and works of divine wisdom should be judged. In these matters, there is, after all, but one thing to be considered : the will of God.

It was the assurance of the divine will that Bishop LaRocque desired above all things, and not being yet certain on that all-important point, he resolved to wait.

Evident signs of God's will were nevertheless augmenting in number ; and with profound conviction Mgr

Raymond repeated to Bishop LaRocque : " The time for action has come."

But, far from resolving, the Bishop of St-Hyacinthe felt his mental pain redoubling.

In the meantime, on the 31st of January 1861, Miss Caouette's mother died and her last moments were marked by a striking incident.

A few moments before expiring, the mother of the future foundress, casting her eyes around her and seeming deeply impressed, all at once cried out : "Blood . . blood . . . . . I see blood everywhere on the walls."

The emotion with which she pronounced these words made a profound impression on all present. Let us remark in passing that the house in which Mrs. Caouette had this symbolic vision before giving up her soul to God, was the one which served as first shelter to the cradle of the community of the Precious Blood.

Nevertheless, the Bishop continued waiting for the definitive *fiat lux*. He wrote to Miss Caouette as follows : " Now, may our Saviour disclose to me whether or not He chooses me to be instrumental in spreading the devotion to His divine Blood. This, as you know, will henceforth be the object of my most ardent desires.

The month of Saint Joseph had arrived. His Lordship redoubled his prayers and, this time, he felt most hopeful of being answered through the intercession of his glorious patron.

As a sign of God's will, he asked for peace, confidence and an interior joy accompanied by strength to resolve and act.

The month passed away, but the favor was not received in its plenitude.

The 14th of April, feast of the Patronage of Saint Joseph, arrived.

On the morning of that day, Bishop LaRocque wrote to Miss Caouette and Miss Raymond, one of her companions in the foundation. " My dear daughters, the flowers which you presented to me I offered to God, not forgetting to ask that you yourselves may be like two perfumed bouquets so that Saint Joseph may see in you faithful imitators of the Queen of all virgins, the care of whom was confided to him."



“ In writing you these lines it is not precisely to answer your kind letter, my dear daughters, but it is to tell you to urge, urge Saint Joseph to inspire me as to what I have to do. You know that the angels were sent to him several times to reveal to him the line of conduct he was to follow. I do not expect that the angels will come to instruct me in heaven's designs. But if, through Saint Joseph's intervention, I feel my heart strengthened and spiritually gladdened ; if I experience trustful and joyous abandonment, those dispositions will be sufficient indication of what God desires of me and will determine me to accomplish His will.”

“ Already, prayer has enlightened and fortified me. Insist, insist, my dear daughters ; purify your hearts and your intentions; offer yourselves solely to God, determined to ascend to the summit of Calvary a , if necessary, to be nailed to the cross with Jesus Christ. Then the spirit of darkness will be conquered and light will soon appear.

Light did soon appear, for, before the end of this same day, Bishop Larocque, like the magi, could say : “ We have seen the star.”

In a moment, rapid as lightning, he had understood that the work accorded with God's designs and, at the same moment, he resolved to undertake it. In his soul no more wavering, but, instead, the calmness of certainty reigned. This favor was so evidently supernatural, so decidedly victorious, that every year he recalled it to the memory of his dear daughters of the Precious Blood in touching terms, and asked them to help him to thank his beloved Saint Joseph.

Here is what he wrote five years after in his mandate confirming the existence of the community of the Precious Blood.

“ It was on this day, five years ago, that after having earnestly solicited heavenly light through the intercession of Saint Joseph, We thought We should at last recognize as a manifestation of the divine will the joy and confidence which our heart experienced at the thought of deciding to give birth to your little Institute.”

“ And since that day”, he continues, “ We have

never ceased being animated with a hope full of abandonment that the great protector of virgins consecrated to God will be, not only the friend of your Institute, but also your master and devoted guide in the frequently obscure and difficult paths of contemplative life."

It is our duty to say that the venerated Founder of the Institute of the Precious Blood has not hoped in vain. Saint Joseph has never ceased to be the stay of that religious family which honors him as a father and with a confidence all the more lively that it is always on Wednesday that the most remarkable aid has been received.

B. S—H.

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### THE STORY OF AN UNSOUGHT VOCATION.

BY HELEN WILBERFORCE.

(Continuation.)

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**M**EANWHILE an extraordinary thing happened to Rosalie. One night, she was suddenly awakened out of sleep, and beside her she recognised a young man who had some years previously sought her in marriage. He had been killed some time before. He knelt down with hands clasped, his countenance very sad, and he seemed as though in great pain. In agonised tones, he exclaimed :

"God is just, and great, and holy ! Nothing is trivial in His sight. Every action must be accounted for ; punished or rewarded !"

She asked him if God had shown him mercy. He replied in the affirmative, and added that it was on account of his almsgiving, for "Charity covereth a multitude of sins."

More passed between them, but this much Rosalie told her sister, who wrote it down then. In consequence of this, a great physical change took place in Rosalie. Her own mother scarcely recognised her bright and blooming daughter, so much had she aged since the previous day. Indeed, from that time her natural youthfulness left her for ever.

Père de la Colombière returned to Paray-le-Monial in 1679, on his way to Lyons, where the S. J. Provincial

then was. He went to see the Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque, and he also visited Rosalie. With both he had corresponded in his absence, and he was director to both.

He had been chosen by Our Lord Himself to co-operate with Blessed Margaret Mary in founding and spreading the now well-known devotion to His Sacred Heart. Blessed Margaret had often received communications from Our Blessed Lord Himself relative to the affairs of her director.

It was in one of the irresistible inspirations granted to her in her close union with His Sacred Heart that she knew that Rosalie de Lyonne would become a nun of the Visitation Order in that convent. This she communicated to Père Claude, who consequently wrote to Rosalie requesting her to call upon and make acquaintance with this holy nun, saying she was a person he greatly esteemed.

Although living in the same town, these two chosen souls had never met, because of the horror Rosalie had shown as a child towards the grating - a horror which, increasing with her years, had extended to any convent, and proportionately to the inmates also. Therefore this wish of her director was a serious cross to her.

However, with some difficulty she overcame her repugnance, and resolved to make this call. The appearance and manners of Blessed Margaret Mary were not calculated to lessen her prejudices; many found her very unprepossessing on first acquaintance.

Unaccountably, the words of the saint sank deeply into Rosalie's heart, and she felt impressed in spite of herself.

In a letter, received later on, from Père Claude, Rosalie read the words: "It is necessary to die to oneself." Immediately, the notion seized her that he meant thus to indicate that she ought to become a nun, and this threw her into such a state of consternation and grief that her family became seriously alarmed. Nor could she be pacified until it was suggested that there might be another explanation of these words.

On another occasion, the same holy nun sent for Rosalie to the convent parlour. Distasteful as it was, yet she could not refuse to go. But she merely opened the

door of the room, and without going in asked what service she could do for the nuns.

"Only," replied Blessed Margaret Mary, who was awaiting her behind the grating, "only that you will join with me in making the Thirty Days' Prayer for my intentions."

Rosalie promised to do so, and immediately withdrew. Her great dread was lest anyone should try and persuade her to enter a convent, which possibility she positively refused to think of. On her way homewards she resolved that should one of the holy Sisters' intentions be for her vocation, she would frustrate it, and that in making the devotion asked her particular intention would be that the grace of a vocation might never be offered her.

But her resistance to the will of God was vain: "It is hard for thee to kick against the goad." At the end of the 30 days Blessed Margaret Mary received a more decided intimation from Our Lord that he wished Rosalie to be His spouse. Immediately she corresponded to this effect with Père de la Colombière. Consequently, he wrote to Rosalie, and without specifying what he meant, he told her to prepare herself for a great sacrifice. Rosalie, fearing it might be the sacrifice she most dreaded, set out for Lyons with her brother. When alone with her director, she begged him not to keep her longer in suspense. In reply he said, "If Jesus Christ asked you to be His spouse, would you refuse?" In the silence of that awful moment Rosalie's heart beat fast. "My Grace is sufficient for thee." After a pause he continued: "Can you refuse so great an honour? Can you refuse Jesus? God wills it thus." No sooner had Rosalie placed her will unreservedly in the hands of God than all fear left her.

Our Blessed Lord, Who has said: "You have not chosen me; but I have chosen you," yet Who, by virtue of His justice, cannot force His creatures' free will, again inspired Blessed Margaret Mary to indicate His Will to Rosalie. She communicated this to the Superior of the Convent (La Mère Péronne Rosalie Greyffié) who, understanding that it was a special grace vouchsafed to Mdlle de Lyonne, sent for her to the convent parlour.

Upon receiving the summons, Rosalie felt that the time of sacrifice was at hand. That morning she heard Mass

in the convent chapel, and thence passed into the parlour. The Superior and Sister Margaret Mary were there to receive her. They welcomed her with great love and tenderness, and again gave her Our Lord's message.

Rosalie dare not oppose the undoubted Will of God any longer, and, courageously overcoming nature, she resolved to pass from the parlour to the noviciate. In this she acted wisely, for she knew her own weakness and feared her mother's influence.

At this time Rosalie was thirty-five years of age. What lame excuse have those who think and say they are too old to become religious ! May not the grace of God be given at any time, place, and age ? " My age is as nothing before Thee." What is time to Him " Who inhabiteth eternity ?"

Mme de Lyonne declared she would never again see her daughter ; she kept her word till the profession. Although Rosalie had entered with a prejudiced mind, she found she could live very happily within the convent. During the two years of noviceship, she made much progress in virtue, and endeared herself to all the Sisters by her simplicity and gentleness. Her fellow-novices made a pun upon her name, saying that from a lioness she had indeed changed into a lamb. On the day of her profession her gratitude to God was extreme, and she declared His goodness to all. For forty-four years she continued to live in God's House with increasing happiness and joy. On August 16th, 1875, in the 81st year of her age, she gave up her privileged soul to God Who had chosen her from many others. She died in the same joyful sentiments as had animated her at her profession.

" Blessed are they who dwell in Thy house, O Lord ; they shall praise Thee for ever and ever."

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### A VOICE FROM PURGATORY

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In the year 1865, a young girl aged 13 was at school at Mt. St. —'s in Pennsylvania. Her family were not practical Catholics, the mother being dead, and the father,

through negligence, had fallen away from the observance of his religion.

But in obedience to the wish of his deceased wife, a pious Catholic, he had placed his two daughters at a convent boarding school when they were old enough to prepare for their First Communion. The children eagerly embraced all the truths and practices of religion and were much concerned at the indifference of their father, whom they tenderly loved.

Alice, the elder, was a frail, delicate child, and when, in November, diphtheria broke out in the village, she was one of the first to succumb. After a tedious illness of two weeks, she was pronounced convalescent, and her sister was once more allowed to visit her, as all fear of infection seemed passed. But that treacherous and terrible disease which has slain so many thousands, had left its seeds in her system, and Agnes, the younger, was soon seized with the terrible malady. From the first her condition was pronounced hopeless. Five days passed, and though all danger from suffocation was over, blood poisoning had set in, and the physicians announced death near at hand. With astonishing resignation she made her preparations for the end, receiving the sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist with great devotion. Before Extreme Unction was to be administered, she called her sister to her bedside and whispered: "Only a year ago, dear Alice, if I had died I would not even have known about the beautiful things, the helps that we have to make us die well. O! it is lovely to be a Catholic when one is dying."

Alice, amid her sobs, responded entirely to her sister's sentiments, and said:

"Darling Agnes, when you go to heaven do not forget papa."

"I have arranged with the souls in Purgatory for that," she replied; "when I was first taken sick, I offered my life as a sacrifice for him if he would only go to confession."

"And you believe he will go?"

"I know it. Can you doubt it?"

"My dearest, I do not wish to doubt it," said her

weeping sister, "but it seems so hard to think such a sacrifice is needed."

"God knows," said the dying girl; "perhaps I might have become a worldly woman like Aunt Maud. She was once a pious girl in this very house."

The sister and attending priest were amazed at hearing such sentiments from one so young, she was not quite thirteen. After she had been anointed, she fell into an unconscious state, from which she but once aroused herself to exclaim, "Papa," after which she died. It was the night of the 24th of November, 1875. Far away in a southern town, his whereabouts unknown to the Sisters, who had thus been unable to inform him of the illness of his children, the father had just retired to rest. He may not have been asleep, and it may have been a dream, a coincidence: let sceptics think so if they will; but he always maintained that he was lying wide awake, kept so by some perplexity of business, when he saw, standing by his bedside, his daughter Agnes, clad only in a white night dress, her face pale as though from illness, her hair disheveled and a look of sadness in her affectionate eyes.

"Papa," she cried, "papa, go to confession." She spoke but once and disappeared as suddenly as she had come, but in her walk followed shadowy forms, intangible as to substance, but with one accord they whispered as they passed: "Go to confession, go to confession."

"My daughter is dead!" he exclaimed, arising from his bed and hastening to the telegraph office. The next morning his fears were confirmed. That night he went to confession for the first time in twenty years, and at the Requiem Mass which was celebrated the next week in C—for the repose of the soul of little Agnes, father and daughter together received the Body and Blood of Christ. He remained a fervent Catholic until death, which occurred three years ago.

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MEDITATE frequently on the sorrows of the Mother of God,—sorrows inseparable from those of her beloved Son. If you go to the crucifix, you will there find the Mother; and, on the other hand, wherever the Mother is, there also is the Son.—*St. Paul of the Cross.*

## A FIVE ACT TRAGEDY.

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Act the First : A young man starting off from home ; parents and sisters weeping to have him go. Wagon rising over the hill. Farewell kiss flung back.

Act the Second : The marriage altar. Music on the organ. Bright lights. Long white veil trailing through the aisle. Prayer and congratulation, and exclamations of "How well she looks !"

Act the Third : A woman waiting for staggering steps. Old garments stuck in the broken window panes. Marks of hardship on her face. The biting of nails of bloodless fingers. Neglect, cruelty and despair.

Act the Fourth : Three graves in a dark place -- grave of the child that died for lack of medicine, grave of a wife who died of a broken heart, grave of the man that died of dissipation.

Act the Fifth : A destroyed soul's eternity. No light, No hope. I close my eyes to this last act of the tragedy.

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## AS IT IS IN HEAVEN.

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Some one, who believed it to be an imperative duty, recently undertook to tell a widow that her only son, who was absent from home, had become wild and dissipated, that he was in fact going down hill very fast and would soon be at the bottom.

The widow, who was also an invalid, sent for her son to come home and make her a visit.

He braced up and came. The mother looked anxiously into her boy's face and saw there the furrows that neither time nor care had made.

"Jack," she said, tenderly holding his hand in both of hers, "we used to be chums?"

"Yes, mother."

"Are we chums yet?"

"I-I guess so, mother--only when a fellow gets big--"



"Don't ever get too big to chum with your mother, Jack. We used to tell each other everything. Have you any secrets from your mother now, Jack?"

"Now, you see, when—a—fellow—"

"Yes, yes, Jack, but you are not a fellow, you are just my Jack—my boy who used to tell me all his troubles and naughtiness, and whose father when he died said to him, 'Take care of your mother, Jack.' How will it be when I see him—shall I tell him you are a good boy, as he wanted you to be?"

"I—I hope so, mother," with a sob.

"And Jack, there's something I've heard—it's too ridiculous. I know you'll laugh, because there isn't a word of truth in it. Why, nobody could make me believe it. They tried to tell me that my boy Jack had fallen into bad company."

"Oh, mother—"

"I know it isn't true. You, a boy brought up to despise evil doing, going about with wine-bibbers? No! no! They couldn't make me believe that."

"No, indeed, mother," whispered Jack, recording a vow under his breath.

"And Jack," continued the mother, in her sweet, consoling tones, "do you remember how we used to say our prayers together—you and I? To-night, Jack, I have a fancy to hear our voices blend in the dear old prayer. Kneel down by my bed, Jack, as you used to when you were an innocent boy."

Jack knelt, and his bowed head came very close to that gentle heart that was throbbing with love for him.

"Our Father—who art in Heaven—hallowed be Thy name—Thy kingdom come—Thy will be done on earth—as it is in Heaven—"

Jack stopped, for the voice that had accompanied his was silent.

"Mother," he called in a frightened tone, and he bent over the pale lips that opened to repeat softly :

"As it is in Heaven. Amen."

Then Jack was alone to begin the life he would henceforth live.

## REFLECTIONS.

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He who made your heart can pacify it, fill it, suffice to it, therefore give Him entry into it.

This world's goods are like briars and thorns, they are apt to wound the heart and conscience of their possessors.

The more distasteful to us are our necessary employments, the more is the solidity of our devotion enhanced.

The kingdom of Heaven is the kingdom of the blind, the lame, the tempted, the abject.

He who, at the moment of death, makes an act of perfect conformity to the divine will, shall be delivered, not only from Hell, but also from Purgatory, though he had been guilty of all the sins of the whole world. BLOSIUS.

Idle solitude is the solitude of beasts.

They are rich who possess God, but they are richer who possess nothing but God.

Forgetfulness was made for people who cannot forgive.

When death, the great reconciler, has come, it is not our tenderness for others we repent of, but our severity.

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 IN THE PRAIRIES OF THE NORTH WEST.
 

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“ The poor man's prayer  
pierces the heavens.”

**O**N a boundless stretch of land, the tall grasses, the wheat and masses of bright coloured flowers were waving to and fro in the pure and balmy breezes. The morning was radiantly beautiful.

Many years have gone by since that day, but Father Lacombe loves to recall it to his memory, and it is never without emotion that he relates the following account of what then happened.

In the company of two Black-Foot Indians he was on his way to join the savages of that tribe who were awaiting him at a distance of a few days journey.

Taciturn, like all the savages, the guides had not exchanged a word since their departure and Father Lacombe, sure of his horse's footing was quietly reciting his breviary, when one of the "Black-Foot," attracted his attention by pointing to the right where great white masses were floating in the pure air like celestial apparitions.

The three men were familiar with the marvellous appearances produced by optical illusion and they at once understood that what they saw, was the smoke of an encampment consisting of many tents, which was probably but a few miles away.

But who had pitched their tents there ?

The religious proposed to his companions that they should all go and see.

"No" said the guides. "They are probably the *Cries*. We are in war with them, and they will kill us."

Father Lacombe did not persist but taking up his breviary again, his eyes fell on the following verse : What is man that Thou shouldst remember him ? What is the child of man that Thou shouldst deign to visit him ? A strange emotion stirred his heart, at the same time an interior voice seemed to say to him : Change your route and go to the right : There is someone there who needs you.

Father Lacombe did not hesitate any longer but said to his companions :

"We must go to the camp."

"Go if you wish", answered the Black-Foot. "They will not do you any harm but they would kill us."

"Come with me" resolutely insisted the missionary. "I will answer for your lives. . . I will die rather than let the least harm be done to you."

"Then we will follow you," said the savages, and turning to the right the three travellers galloped towards the camp.

Ere long they distinguished the tents and were soon in presence of the strangers who proved to be Black-Foot. They had come from far-away regions, and, through they had frequently heard priests spoken of, they had never

yet seen one of the Black robes : therefore their joy was great.

All present—men, women and children—pointed to heaven while surrounding the missionary, whom they called in their own tongue “ the divine man.”

Every one approached and desired to touch him as if to carry away, as it were, a celestial virtue from the contact.

The missionary spoke to them of God and of life to come. He eat and smoked with them and was about to remount his horse to continue his journey when a young man, pointing to a tent, said :

“ My father is there, very sick. Will you go and see him ?”

The religious went immediately to the tent. He found an old man but half-clad lying on the ground, an ox-hide serving him for a pillow. He was the chief of the Black-Feet.

“ I am very glad to see you,” said the sick man on perceiving the priest. I have so often asked the Master of life to allow me to see the divine man, the man of prayer . . . Yes, I am very glad.”

And his beautiful black eyes, where all that remained of life was concentrated, sparkled in the dark.

“ I also am very glad,” said the missionary sitting down on the ground near the dying man. “ It is the Master of life who has sent me to you, because you have asked Him. But it is not enough to see the man of prayer, you must also learn from him how you should go to meet the great Master of life.”

“ Ah !” the old man sadly answered, “ I am so sick ! I will not have time to learn.”

The Father reassured him, questioned him on his past life, on his belief and began immediately to instruct him.

Overcoming his extreme weakness and sufferings, the sick man listened with an intense and unremitting attention. When the missionary had finished the recital of the Life and Death of Jesus Christ, the old savage said : “ If I had known Him sooner, how I would have loved Him !”

The missionary drawing his crucifix from his girdle, presented it to the sick man saying : “ Behold the image of

Him who has redeemed us at so high a price. See how He he has loved us."

With visible emotion the savage took the crucifix in his dying hands and considered it for a long time.

"What is His name?"... He asked. "Tell me His name once again."

"Jesus."

"Jesus.. Jesus,.." tenderly murmured the old chief.

And keeping his large black eyes fixed on the sacred image: "Jesus.. Jesus," he repeated with an accent of profound regret, "I have known you very late, and I have so little time left me to love you."

The missionary spent the entire night with the sick man, frequently persuading him to rest a little and offering to arrange the ox-hide under his head.

"It is not worth while," answered the old chief, and seizing the crucifix at the Father's girdle, he kissed it saying:

"Speak to me again of Him."

When day-light appeared, the neophyte knew the principal truths of our holy Religion and he ardently implored Baptism.

The Sacrament was conferred upon him at the rising of the sun, in the presence of the whole camp. It is impossible to imagine the new Christian's joy.

"Now," said the missionary, "Heaven is open to you, and I envy your lot... In a few hours, perhaps, you will see, face to face, that Jesus who has sent me to you. I must go now, for, over there, a great number of your brothers are waiting for me.... Farewell until we meet in Heaven!" Father Lacombe embraced the happy old man and departed bearing in his heart a happiness which time can never efface.

The chief of the Black-Foot died the same day.

LAURE CONAN.

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## THE CHANTER OF THE PAPAL CHAPEL.

Adapted from L'Univers by VIRGINIA McSHERRY.

THERE was once a little chanter belonging to the papal chapel, whose voice the Holy Father dearly loved to hear. And the Sovereign Pontiff was not the only one who loved to listen when he sang. This lovely voice was all the rage. When it was known that the young singer was to appear at a concert or other entertainment, the whole city went to hear him, and the Roman noblemen and the ladies said that so marvellous a voice had never before been heard. But one of the old Swiss guards at the Basilica, hearing all these praises, gravely shook his head, dropping his heavy halberd—with a frightful crash—on the sounding marble pavement of the portico of the Lateran.

“He sings like a nightingale, the poor little fellow - that is true—he certainly does,” repeated the brave old soldier. “But in his heart he carries some hidden grief. I can see in his eyes that something troubles him, and I shall be very much surprised if our nightingale does not fly away before long.”

The old swiss guard was right. Just see the contrariety of human nature. In spite of his promising future, notwithstanding the favor of the Roman people and the Holy Father's affection, the young chanter was dissatisfied.

He wanted to go away, to see the world, to sing under other skies, to charm other crowds, and to fly from one feast to another, as a bird flies from branch to branch. So one Good Friday when he was to sing one of the three lamentations of Jeremiah at Tenebræ, he packed up his few belongings, put around his neck the ribbon attached to a beautiful medallion of the Pope and went to the Basilica, carefully hiding his little bundle. When his turn came to sing he took his place before the throne, but his eyes meeting the glance of the Pope, he was seized with a secret anguish—the anguish of leaving home, the uncertainty of the future and the first feelings of remorse. He braced himself up and began to sing. But the sadness transfigured his voice and everybody in the vast nave shed tears. The Pope wiped away a tear that dropped

down on his white beard, and way beyond, near the door of the church, the old Swiss guard nodding his head and shaking his halberd, repeated to himself, in a low voice, his presentiments of the other day.

"Tell some one to bring Alessandro to me after the office," said the Holy Father, leaning over to whisper in the ear of the grand chamberlain. "I wish to reward him for his heavenly voice, and to keep him with me always." And, in a majestic manner, this prelate communicated the order to his neighbor, who passed it on to another, and at last it reached the chapel master, who repeated it to Alessandro, Alessandro reflected for a few moments--then, with a resolute air: "If I go there, that ends it," he thought. "I will never have the courage to leave." And, threading his way through the corridors, he hastily disappeared.

Two months later, he was singing in Paris before the splendid court of the King of France, and his wonderful voice made a shiver run through the magnificent halls adorned with the *fleur-de-lis*. The queen smiled upon him and even the courtiers who did not care for music were unwearied in their applause. Alessandro's fortune was made, and the King's favorite singer was almost dying with rage to see himself supplanted. Alas! it was quite the contrary. With a grave air, the King dismissed the Roman singer with these short words: "Fair son, we are charmed to have heard you, but good musicians are not wanting in the land of France and we cannot keep you here."

"Pleasant excuse," thought the artist. "My good patron, the Pope, was not as hard to please as the King of France, and perhaps I did wrong to leave him. However, let us try something else." So he kissed the Pope's medallion and resumed journeying.

But it was no better at the other courts. One after another, the King of England and the Emperor, the Princes of the empire and the King of Spain, gave him the same reception. What in the world was the matter? How could these unfortunate coincidences be explained? Were these kings and princes all insensible to the charms of this melodious voice that had seemed, however, to carry them away?

The good Pope had the key to the mystery. It was he who, not being able to resign himself to Alessandro's absence, had asked the Princes of Europe not to keep his musician, and the princes in these days, accustomed to disobey the Holy Father in great matters and to obey him in little things, had all refused to welcome Alessandro. He then returned to Rome. The Pope forgave his illusions, smiled at the story of his misadventures, and imposed upon him as a penance—the title and insignia of the First Chanter of His Holiness. “*O. L. of the S. H.*”

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### HAVE PITY ON THE POOR.

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IT was in a village church and the stove gave but little heat on that excessively cold Sunday morning, so that Mme X... had suffered from the cold during the Mass. Even after entering her sleigh and wrapping herself well up in its fur rugs, she could not help shivering with cold. She was therefore the more inclined to feel for a poor half-clad woman whom she saw at the door of her hut trying to split a log of green wood.

Why that must be Widow D... exclaimed Mme X... addressing her coachman. Has she then nothing to burn? It is terrible having no fire such weather as this! As soon as you have finished breakfast, Peter, you must take a few loads of wood to that poor woman. Dear Lord, what terrible sufferings have to be borne by many of the poor!

Shivering and with her heart softened, the charitable lady arrived at her house.

Her lady's maid hastened to relieve her of her bonnet and wraps and, after replacing her boots by warm furred slippers, pushed an arm chair up to the fire and hastened to bring her mistress a cup of hot coffee.

The coffee, and its accompanying hot rolls, proved unusually good and, leaning back in her comfortably cushioned chair, Mme X... felt a pleasant heat gradually pervading her whole system.

Some one knocked at the door.

Madame, said the lady's maid, Peter is here asking



how many loads of wood he is to take to widow D. .

—Ah. . . ! There is no hurry about it, . . . the cold has considerably abated.



In certain hearts generous impulses are of short duration ! When there is nothing wanting to one's own comfort, the sufferings of the poor are easily forgotten. For them, however, the winter remains as cold as ever.

At the approach of winter Saint Vincent de Paul would lament and weep, saying : "What a terribly hard season for the poor."

Their sufferings were constantly present to his mind and, when the cold became excessively rigorous, he might be heard crying out with anguish : "How the poor are suffering and will have to suffer." As is indeed the case.

In the world there are many misfortunes that happen to everyone, there is much distress, there is much frightful suffering. Were we only to reflect how much suffering we might alleviate, should we not be ashamed of indulging in so much useless and foolish expenditure. *It is more blessed to give than to receive* said He who knoweth the depths of our hearts.

If the rich would only with their own eyes behold the sufferings of the poor !

"As for the rich", an illustrious Religious would say, "I cannot understand how they can serve God unless they also serve the poor." He always said that doing good to the poor was a preservative to them, a sort of heavenly armour against which the most dangerous arrows of temptation were blunted.



Some people seem to think that the happiness experienced when administering to the necessities of the poor diminishes the merit of so doing. The Saints are of opinion that the joy of giving doubles the merit of almsgiving. Let us not then fear experiencing this joy, the sweetest to be found on earth. Where would the Saints be if it were necessary to make extraordinary efforts before giving to the poor ?

Saint Vincent de Paul was by the deathbed of one of the earliest Sisters of Charity, and said to her ; "My

daughter is there anything which, at this last hour is burdening your conscience or troubling you ?

“ Nothing, Father,” said the dying nun, “except perhaps having taken too much pleasure in aiding the poor.”

—Is there nothing else, my child ?

—That is the only thing, Father. But indeed my satisfaction was too great, for when I passed through the villages on my visits to these good people, I felt as if I were flying rather than walking, so great was my pleasure in serving them.”

“ Die in peace,” my daughter, said Saint Vincent de Paul.

LAURE CONAN.

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### CURIOUS HISTORY OF A VOCATION.

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In 1892 there died, in England, a Redemptorist Brother named Etienne Imegers, born at Tournai in 1806. In the world he had been a hair-dresser and barber. There entered his shop, one day, a lady accompanied by her daughter whose hair the mother wished to have dressed. The hair-dresser prepared to do his best. The young lady would appear to have been very nervous, for each time that the artist pulled her hair she could not prevent screaming and crying.

“ Have patience, my child, said the mother,” “ One must be ready to suffer, if one desires to look pretty.”

These words were like a revelation to the barber: “ Ah!” said he to himself, “ if we must be ready to suffer for the sake of looking pretty, how much more should I not wish to suffer for the sake of winning Heaven !” Shortly afterwards, he entered the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer where, after leading a holy life, he ended it by a holy death.

PRAYERS SOLICITED.

1.—More and more pressing prayers for the Catholic Schools of Manitoba.

2.—So that the Blood of Jesus may console the many afflicted who come, every day, to confide to us their intimate pains.

3.—For several sick persons who implore the grace of being cured and hope for it through the merits of the divine Blood.

4.—For many young girls who are seeking the light of God in the choice of a vocation.

5.—For a number of special intentions, more or less important, particularly for the conversion of many sinners most especially recommended.

6.—We earnestly solicit the prayers of our subscribers, and in particular those of their little children, for one of our young Sisters whom consumption is rapidly drawing to the grave. Pray that the moment of her departure from exile may be the moment of her entrance into eternal home. When there, she will not fail to prove her gratitude for this service.

LET US ALSO PRAY FOR THE DEAD, particularly for : The Revd. Sr Ste LUDIVINE, deceased at the convent of "Jesus-Mary," Sillery ; Mrs. JOS. PARENTEAU, at St-Michel d'Yamaska ; Miss MARY ANN WILLIAMS, at Beecher Falls, Vt ; Mrs. ESTHER LAVIGNE, at St-Roch de l'Achigan ; Miss MARY BUCKLEY, at Beecher Falls, Vt ; Mr. URBAIN NOEL, at Lothiniere ; Mr. JOEL LEDUC, at Montreal ; Mrs. JOSEPH JTRAS, at Becancour ; Miss PRUDENCE THIBOUTOTT at the convent of Saint Barnabe ; Mrs. MARY BAROLETTE, at West Gardner ; Mrs. TREFFLE ARCHAMBAULT, at St-Paul l'Ermite ; Mr. P. E. BOUCHER, at Sorel ; Rev. Mother PHILOMENE, deceased at the Urselines, Three Rivers ; Mr. P. S. BELAND, at Ste-Julie ; Rev. GEORGES-AIME DEMERS, at Henryville.

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

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

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

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

200 days ind. once a day.

*Leon XIII. 20 June 1892.*

## THANKSGIVINGS.

OR FAVORS OBTAINED THROUGH PRAYER TO THE  
MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD.

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### GLORY TO THE BLOOD OF JESUS !

A Religious of one of the Communities of this city, was troubled, for several years, with a malady that kept her in complete inaction, and caused her to suffer much pain. She was advised to cultivate a lively faith in, and devotion to, the Most Precious Blood. Not long after, she was cured. To-day she is at work and able to labor the same as the other members of the Community. Penetrated with deep and fervent gratitude towards the Divine Blood, she asks us to publish the signal favor of which she was the object, that the Precious Blood may be loved more and more, and that a worship so salutary and consoling may revive in many souls.

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A Religious writes us the following :

“ In St-Joseph McKinac, a poor man had been ill for a long time, and found himself powerless to provide for his family. He asked us to make a Novena to the Precious Blood, hoping to obtain a cure. The third day of the Novena, he felt much better ; and on the last day he was perfectly cured and can now attend to his work. His Sister came herself to recount us the fact, and to pay a tribute of thanksgiving to the Most Precious Blood.”

*Certificates of the above cure :*

ST. JOSEPH MCKINAC.

December 1895.

I hereby certify that the malady, from which Mr. Alphonse Hamel suffered, was incurable. The cure is

due to the prayers that were offered for him at the Monastery of the "Precious Blood," Three-Rivers, Que.

EDOUARD PINTAL, priest.

St-Tite, December 1895,

I, the undersigned, hereby certify that Mr. Alphonse Hamel, of St-Joseph McKinac, placed himself under my care at the end of last August, for a malady that I knew at once to be incurable. He had Bright's disease, which would bring him to his end rapidly. When I had announced to him that his disease was incurable, he would not follow any other treatment, and, to-day, he came to me, saying that he was perfectly cured. It is a fact. For, after making a minute examen, I found not a single trace of his former malady. He is now perfectly well. Therefore, I attribute his cure entirely to a miracle.

N. L. AUGER, M. D.

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"I am happy to inform you of the cure of my little girl who suffered for several years from scrofula. I have obtained this favor from the Divine Blood, after having promised to renew our subscription to *The Voice of the Precious Blood*."

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After many prayers made to the Redeeming Blood of Jesus, a person has fortunately obtained a position that amply supplies all her needs. She would, therefore, render worthy thanksgiving to the sacred Price of our Redemption.

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"For several years, I have suffered from sick-headaches, without finding anything to give me the least relief. But, to-day, I would beg of you to publish my cure in your Review, and specify that I owe my recovery to the invocation of the Blood of Jesus. Gratitude and thanksgiving be rendered to the Divine Blood !"

“ My husband has been cured by the power of the Divine Blood. I am so happy, that there is nothing I would not do to prove my gratitude ; I propose to work for the glorification of this same Adorable Blood, by seeking subscriptions for the “ *Voice of the Precious Blood.*”

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“ I had promised to make my father a subscriber to *The Voice of the Precious Blood* if he should recover his health. To-day, I come to fulfill my obligation ; for my father is cured. I would say to all the subscribers : Have hope and confidence, in this merciful Blood !

Gratitude to this efficacious Remedy !”

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Several months ago, a worthy lady visited our Sanctuary to pray before the Altar consecrated to the Precious Blood. She was accompanied by a young girl who was almost blind. Both of them prayed fervently for a cure, and after a little while, they went to the grating to meet one of the Religious, and told her that each one had been suddenly and completely cured before leaving the Sanctuary. In union of hearts, let us devoutly thank the Eucharistic Blood.

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“ Other particular graces have been obtained, by invoking the Precious Blood of our Saviour. May these thanksgivings serve to augment devotion towards the Divine Blood, in the hearts of all those who patronize *The Voice of the Precious Blood.*”

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“ I promised to publicly thank the Blood of Jesus, through *The Voice of the Precious Blood*, for the grace of a cure granted to my husband, at the same time that prayers were offered for him in the Monastery of St-Hyacinthe.”

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“ I send you the enclosed alms, for the good works of your Monastery, in gratitude for a grace obtained. Please aid me in thanking the Blood of Jesus : Gratitude and love to the Divine Blood ! ”

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“ I pray you to thank the Precious Blood for the conversion of a sinner ; grace obtained almost immediately after the prayers of a novena and the promise to publish the favor in *The Voice of the Precious Blood.* ”

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“ Will you please publish, in your Annals, the cure of my dear mother ? She was totally deaf, and now she can hear very well. ”

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“ Will you, please, insert a notice of my cure in *The Voice of the Precious Blood?* The grace was obtained after I had promised to publish it in your Magazine. A thousand thanks to the Adorable Blood ! ”

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#### GRATITUDE TO SAINT MICHAEL.

In a Religious Community of this city a Novice was reduced to great feebleness, by a disease slowly drawing her into the grave. A Novena was made in honor of the Archangel Michael and the Nine Angelic Choirs. Almost immediately, she recovered her strength. Now she is very joyous and grateful for this divine favor, which permits her to continue the exercises of the Novitiate, with hopes of arriving at the happiness of the Religious Profession. As a testimony of her lively gratitude towards the celestial protectors, she desires us to publish the precious favor of which she has been the object.

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SAINT ANN, SAINT ANTHONY, and SAINT EXPEDIT.—  
Several persons ask us to notice a number of particular

favors, obtained through the intercession of the above-named Saints.

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#### THANKSGIVING TO SAINT BENEDICT.

“ I acknowledge having been assisted by Saint Benedict on December 26, 1895. I had been taken with hemorrhage, caused by the rupture of one of the blood-vessels of the lungs. After having swallowed about one teaspoonful of water into which a medal of Saint Benedict had been dipped whilst making the sign of the Cross, when immediately the hemorrhage ceased, and, with gratitude, I hereby sign my name,”

M. J. DEMERS,

32 Sibley,

Chicago.

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#### FEAST OF SAINT JOSEPH.

19th of March.

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A solemn High Mass will be celebrated on that day for every suscriber to “ The Voice of the Precious Blood ” who will have paid the amount of his subscription before that date ; and for all those who will help spreading this review in sending the name and subscription of at least one new subscriber.

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