

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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MATINS AT THE MONASTERY OF THE
PRECIOUS BLOOD.

Surge, amica mea, et veni.

Arise, my dove, my well beloved !
The convent bell has just now rung,
Announcing by its mellow chime
The solemn hour of grace has come—

The hour of union strong and sweet
Which here my ever-yearning heart
Delights to spend with virgin souls
Sequestered from the world apart.

'Tis midnight hour, arise and come,
For sinners roam while nature sleeps ;
Repair their base ingratitude ;
Thy Spouse a lonely vigil keeps.

It is the hour when I incline
More lovingly to whispered vows,
The hour when I more gently call
The soul that watches : " My sweet spouse."

The hour of love ! The holy hour
Of which I am the jealous king ;

And more than ever do I prize
The gifts thou then to me dost bring.

S. M. A.

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

(Continuation.)

HOW consoling will it be at death to recall our Saviour's words : " He that drinketh my Blood hath everlasting life." (John VI. 55.) What an incentive to fervor in honoring this life giving and most adorable Blood !

We shall imbibe It in Heaven, for Jesus Christ has said : " I shall drink It with you new in the kingdom of my Father. (Matt XXVI. 29.) We shall there drink It from His Wounds and from His Sacred Heart : " Thou shalt make them drink of the torrent of thy pleasure." If, on earth, It is so full of delight, what shall It be above ? Our hearts will overflow with gratitude and love, but these sentiments shall be proportionate to those we have nourished on earth.

During the long ages of eternity, how indescribable will be the glory of the faithful soul ! It is the price of our God's Blood, but it will be so much the more brilliant, as she has been frequently covered on earth with this dazzling purple.

In Heaven the elect will sing a new canticle : " Thou art worthy, O Lord, to take the book and to open the seals thereof, because Thou wast slain and hath redeemed us to God in Thy Blood." (Apoc. v. 9.)

Is this enough to incite us to gratitude, respect and love ? Let us heed the Apostle :—" How much more he deserveth worse punishments who hath trodden under foot the Son of God and hath esteemed the Blood of the testament unclean, by which he was sanctified." (Heb. X. 29.) Let us dread the chastisement of the Jews : " His Blood be upon us" (Matt. XXVII), and let us tremble at the thought of ever having profaned this thrice Holy

Blood. Yes, let us bewail our negligence in profiting by such a source of grace. In order to experience Its sweetness and strength, we must renounce all the seductions of the world and the demon : " You cannot partake of the chalice of the Lord and the chalice of devils." (1 Cor. X).

Let us be animated with the most ardent desire of drinking the wine Jesus has prepared for us : " Come drink the wine which I have mingled for you." (Prov. IX).

The graces attached to it indicate Our Lord's desire that we should use it. He said to Saint Lutgarde, pointing to His body exhausted of Blood :—" Listen to the voice of this Blood which solicits you not to allow it to be shed in vain."

O let us correspond to His great love and make a holy use of the Precious Blood. Nothing is more calculated to increase charity in the soul than these considerations.

" He brought me into the cellar of wine ; He set in order charity in me." (Cant. II. 4). There, bathed in Christ's Blood, our lips to His opened side, we drink love itself, but a strong, generous love, a love which will make us desire suffering, and long to shed our blood for Him. " You have not yet resisted unto blood, striving against sin." (Heb. XII. 4). Let us, at least, in return for His Blood, shed our sweat in laboring for His interests, and our tears of repentance and love. May Jesus, the fruit of a virginal vine, be loved by you on account of His Blood.

O Priests of Jesus Christ, how often have we not received the Precious Blood ! How often raised to our lips the chalice of salvation ! We are moistened, saturated with the Adorable Blood, and, yet, have our stains been effaced ? Has the ardor of vicious inclinations been extinguished ? Do we experience the salutary effects of the fluid which nourished our God's corporal life ? Are we full of strength against temptation ? Have we a disgust for worldly joys and an ever growing thirst for this delicious draught ? After drinking from the fountain-head of sanctity, are we holy ? . . . Let us humble ourselves, lament . . . and implore pardon.

Lord, if I owe Thee gratitude for having given me

the blood of my body, what do I not owe Thee for giving me the Blood formed from Mary's substance, and which redeemed the world? I promise to live in a manner worthy of Thy sanctity, and never to bring shame on Thy Blood so often united to mine and which should make me a divine being. Henceforth, may the ardor of my love, my horror for everything opposed to sanctity, and my spirit of devotedness and sacrifice, show that It flows in my veins. In return for Thy Blood I give Thee my own ; if I do not deserve the favor of shedding it for love of Thee, at least may my life be a spotless one, filled with meritorious works, that I may enjoy throughout Eternity, the happiness won for me by the effusion of Thy Blood.

(To be concluded in our next.)

OUR LADY'S BIRTH.

When September's sun was shining
 On the corn-clad mountain-side ;
 When Engaddi's lonely vineyards
 Shone in green and purple pride ;
 When the broadening moon in autumn
 Saw the harvest gathered in ;
 Then, there came the Prince's Daughter
 Mary, without stain of sin.

From the crest of sun-lit mountains
 Standing in a desert wild,
 Came Our Lord's predestined Mother,
 Came the sin-destroying Child :
 Light unearthly burns around her,
 Sign of more than man can see ;
 Joachim and Anna wonder
 What this mystery can be.

For the world such welcome glory
 Till that hour was never seen ;
 When the heaven-sent angels watching
 Knelt around their Infant Queen :

Legions of victorious angels
 Guard her with their wings outspread ;
 Purer light than theirs is streaming
 From her little star-crowned head.

Gabriel there beside her kneeleth,
 Sent as herald of the Dove ;
 There the mighty heart of Michael
 Throbbeth with its new-found love :
 Seeing God they give their worship,
 To the Babe o'er whom they bend ;
 While with them in songs of morning
 Earth and heaven their praises blend.

Not as Jesus came, came Mary,
 In the wintry days of snow ;
 But amid the yellow harvest,
 In the autumn's golden glow :
 Thus September, heavy-fruited,
 Clad in russet brown and green,
 Gave the world its sinless Daughter,
 Gave the Church her sun clothed Queen.

H. A. RAWES, O. S. C.

THE LEGEND OF THE HOLY CROSS.

I.

THE legend of the Holy Cross has always been popular among Christians, but it is generally found only in fragments. Even James de Voragine, who in his "Legenda Aurea" put together these fragments, made of them two separate legends: The Finding of the Cross and the Exaltation. During the Middle Ages, and until far into the eighteenth century, this legend furnished subject-matter for artists. The poet sang it and the copyist reproduced it in his splendid miniatures; it formed the subject of frescoes on the walls of the churches; and even the chisel of the sculptor, as well as the delicate instrument

of the carver, was employed in copying it for future generations. In our day the legend makes its appearance once more in the works of the new school of Christian art. Johan Gabriel Seidl, the late Austrian poet, had sung the best part of it with a piety that reminds us of the works of better times. We follow him in our account of the legend, adding what can be gleaned from older traditions.

For nine hundred and thirty years had Adam borne the burden of life. Broken by age and labour, he had never passed a day in which he had not felt the weight of the sentence of the Almighty, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return to the earth, out of which thou wast taken." When at last Adam was stretched on his bed of suffering, he called Seth to him and said: "My son, I am soon to leave thee, I feel that death is near. Death will come upon me, for it is the fruit of sin. I saw thy brother Abel die, and now the hour is come for thee to witness my death."

Seth wept bitter tears. "My Father," he answered, "thou shalt not die. There must surely be in the world some herb that will cure thee. I will seek it; and, wherever it is, I will find it—even though I should have to go as far as that Garden of Eden whose wonders thou hast so often described to us, where the beautiful Tree of Life grows. Yes, I will search Paradise from beginning to end, until I discover whether there is not some plant that preserves from death."

"But, my son," said Adam. "How canst thou enter Paradise to search it, since the Lord drove me thence in His anger? Should thou even succeed in finding the way thither, thou knowest but too well that the gates are guarded by an angel with a fiery sword."

"Even though there is an angel with a fiery sword at the gates, replied Seth, "I will move him by my tears and prayers. Farewell, father! Let thy blessing go with me. I go and I will return with the herb that shall restore thee to thy former health and strength."

Adam blessed his son, but in his heart he felt that his days were numbered. Then Seth took his departure. He wandered over the whole earth in search of the Tree of Life, and at last, completely spent with fatigue, but still supported by hope, he reached the gates of Paradise.

There he was stopped by the angel with the flaming sword, who cried out to him :

“ Back ! What seekest thou here ? The foot of mortal man must not cross this threshold.”

“ Alas !” answered the wanderer, “ I am unhappy Seth, a son of Adam. My father is ill and possibly very near his death. I wish to see whether the Lord has not made some plant to grow in Paradise that will preserve from death.”

“ Return home, my friend,” said the angel, “ return home. It is too late to seek for a healing plant. Thy father is already dead. But still I can do something for thee, I will give thee a branch of the Tree of Life. Plant it on thy father’s grave. Even though Adam is laid in the bosom of the earth, he will feel the power of this branch and will draw comfort from it.”

Seth took the branch. In his heart he still nourished some hope, and thus he resumed his journey homewards. But when he reached his father’s little dwelling he found it deserted. Adam had long since ceased to live. Seth took the branch of the Tree of Life and looked around for his father’s grave. A little mound under a shady bower marked the spot where his father lay ; and there he planted the branch which was to bring consolation to Adam even beneath the surface of the earth.

And the branch took root in the earth that covered the mortal remains of the first man. It grew in the enlivening rays of the glorious sun ; the twig became a tree, whose top reached above the loftiest trees of the surrounding forest. It still continued to grow taller and taller, so that at last no tree in the whole country could be compared to it ; and it spread out its branches in all their strength and beauty, and threw its grateful shade over the grave of the father of mankind and over his descendants. The tree continued to grow. The dew of heaven nightly fell upon its verdant leaves ; in its thick foliage the birds sought shelter from the storms ; and its roots were covered far and wide by a carpet of green, in which thousands of flowers of the brightest and most delicate hues were interwoven. In the summer days bees and butterflies flew from flower to flower ; whilst in springtime the songs of myriads of birds resounded through its branches.

But according as the tree grew in size and beauty, the human race, generation following generation, sank deeper and deeper into evil and perversity. In their haughtiness they even turned the tree itself into ridicule, after having enjoyed its shade and delighted their eyes with its beauty. When mankind had filled up the measures of its iniquities, the Lord commanded the flood to come upon them. The waters covered the earth, and men and animals were drowned. But the tree was not destroyed; and when the water began to subside, the dove that Noah sent out of the ark brought him back a branch of it as a sign of reconciliation. At a future time, another branch served Moses for a staff; it was with it that he struck the rock from which the water flowed with which the Israelites quenched their thirst.

But this first chastisement did not make mankind better. Jealous of the beauty of the tree, still more jealous of its long life compared to the short period of their own, they put the axe to its roots; cut it down as if it were only an ordinary tree. When this had been done, they dragged the mighty trunk away, and offered it for sale to the highest bidder. But no one wanted to buy it. Then they applied the axe to it once more and made the trunk square, and they threw it across a torrent that flowed from the mountains, and it served for a bridge.

One person, however, found an exception to this. When the Queen of Saba, the beautiful Balkis, once came in that direction, with many presents by which to testify her regard for King Solomon, she started with a strange feeling when she came to the crossing. She felt a repugnance to set her foot on the bridge that spanned the roaring torrent, and remained for a long time in deep meditation, as painful scenes appeared to be enacted before her eyes. She knew the origin, the significance and destination of the mysterious tree; she saw in spirit that the salvation of the world would one day hang upon this wood. Therefore she threw herself upon her knees, and continued for a long time thus to honour the tree which had grown from the branch formerly given to Seth by an angel of Paradise. Then she crossed the stream at a ford, preferring to wade in the slime and to wet the golden

fringes of her garments rather than place her foot on the sacred tree.

Solomon gave credit to the words of the Queen of Saba ; and as he was at that time occupied in the building of the Temple, he ordered the tree to be removed in order that it might be used for pillars in the Temple. But it would not fit anywhere in the construction ; wherever the builders wished to employ it, they found it either too long or too short. They once decided to cut it, and presently they found it would be too short ; so that they had to renounce the idea of using it for pillars. After many attempts, King Solomon at last grew tired of it, and ordered it to be carried back where it was taken from.

Solomon at last fell into idolatry, and the people became so corrupt that they strove to surpass one another in sin and iniquity. One day the Lord declared in the voice of the storm and of thunder that the hour of His anger had arrived. The rivers overflowed their banks, the crops were swept away, and what were once smiling fields were in a moment turned into lake and morasses. The banks on which the tree rested fell in, and with them also the tree.

When, after some centuries, the water had returned again to its place, the trunk of the tree was found to have been carried about by the waters from place to place, remaining, at last, covered with slime in the place where the Pool of Bethsaida was afterwards dug. When the diggers found the trunk buried in the earth, they let it lie there. Hence it was not only the coming of the angel, and the motion of the water, that cured the sick ; the virtue of the tree had also a share in it. But people did not think of that ; they even forgot that the trunk of the old tree lay in the pond. Still, the story of the tree that had once served for a bridge was handed down from one generation to another ; it was transmitted from mouth to mouth ; but what had become of the tree nobody could tell.

II.

When the time marked out by the decrees of the Eternal had come, on that memorable night whose shadows hid the mortal agony of Christ. His enemies, having

laid hand on Him, called to mind the tree buried beneath the water, as a person sometimes remembers a dream. And it seemed to them that this wood, soaked as it were with the misdeeds of men, and hardened by the element in which it had remained so long, would be harder to carry than any other. With much trouble they drew it out, formed a cross out of it, and placed it on the sacred shoulders of Our Saviour. When He reached the hill of Golgotha with His executioners, they fastened the foot of the cross deep into the earth. The place where the instrument of suffering was set up was the very same spot where, so many centuries before, the earth had opened her bosom to receive the mortal remains of Adam. When they were digging the hole for the cross they came to his bones, which were scattered by his sons. But the skull rolled to the foot of the cross, where it remained lying ; and the first drops of that Precious Blood shed for the salvation of the world fell upon it.

For several centuries the glorious instrument of man's Redemption remained again in oblivion on Mount Cavery; and paganism, which imagined itself to be triumphant at the time, built over it a temple to the goddess Venus. But when Constantine, in a vision, beheld the sign of the cross, which was shown to him as an emblem of victory and of the empire of the world, he conceived the desire of offering his homage to the Cross by which the Redemption of the world was accomplished. He therefore determined to build a church on Golgotha. His pious mother Helena, who was at that time over eighty years of age, undertook a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. She wished to discover the wood on which was shed the Blood of the Divine Redeemer ; and, for this purpose, she earnestly besought the prayers and the assistance of the Holy Bishop Macarius.

The Temple of Venus was demolished to the very foundations ; and when the digging was extended, the grotto was discovered which had served as the burying place of Christ. In it were found three crosses, together with the nails, and the inscription in which Pilate mockingly expressed his opinion of Christ. Although this inscription seemed to fit one cross better than either of the others, the Empress and the holy Bishop did not consider this a sufficient proof by which to recognise the object of

their anxious and pious search. Macarius prayed long and earnestly for a sure sign by which the matter might be settled ; he begged heaven to grant some sure sign by which the authenticity of the sacred wood on which was shed the Redeeming Blood might be proved. His prayer did not remain long unheard.

At that time there dwelt in Jerusalem a noble lady who was dangerously ill ; there were no hopes of her recovery—she was on the very borders of the grave. The Bishop had the crosses brought to her, and, in presence of the Empress, the priests, and an immense crowd of people, he touched her successively with the three crosses which had been found in the sepulchre on Mount Calvary. The first two had no effect ; but when the third touched her the dying woman arose in perfect health.

From thenceforth the true Cross was exposed to the veneration of the people. Soon after the miraculous finding—or Invention of the Holy Cross, as it is called—the Empress sent a portion of it to her son, Constantine, together with the nails. She enclosed the larger portion of the sacred wood in a reliquary of chased silver, and delivered it to the guardianship of Macarius, that he might preserve it for future generations.

In later years Chosroes, King of Persia, having taken Jerusalem and slaughtered many thousands of Christians, carried away the Cross amongst other trophies of his victory. However, when Heraclius became Emperor of Constantinople he prepared himself by assiduous prayer and fasting, gathered an army together and made war upon the Persians, whom he defeated with great slaughter. The Cross was restored to the Christian Emperor fourteen years after it had fallen into the hands of the Persians, and Heraclius, returning to Jerusalem in great pomp, bore it upon his shoulders to the hill whereon the Saviour had carried it.

The event was rendered more illustrious by the occurrence of a great miracle. Heraclius, dressed in the imperial robes, which were resplendent with gold and precious stones, was arrested at the gate that leads to Mount Calvary. The more he tried to advance, the more he was held back by an invisible power. The emperor and all who were present being filled with wonder at

this circumstance, Zacharius, Bishop of Jerusalem, said to him: 'In thy triumphal robes, O Emperor, thou art far from imitating the poverty and humility of Christ !' So, throwing aside his rich garments and taking off his shoes, Heraclius dressed himself as a poor man, and went the rest of the way without any difficulty. He set the Cross up in the same place whence it had been taken by the Persians. The day on which this glorious event is commemorated, the 14th of September, is called the Festival of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross.

Princes and the great ones of the earth began to beg for a little portion of the sacred wood, and splinters of it were taken with which to enrich the most celebrated churches throughout Christendom. The most renowned workers in gold and silver adorned them, and no material that earth can furnish was deemed too precious to be made into cases for these sacred relics. Even imperial crowns were turned into reliquaries ; and it seemed as if the fragments of the Holy Cross made their power secure, and filled the wearers with the spirit of justice, fortitude and prudence ; whilst it reminded them that the mightiest emperor of the earth is only a vassal of the King of kings.

But the day will come when even the cases containing portions of the Cross will disappear ; the most precious metal, the most costly productions of human skill, will be consumed by the flames of Divine Justice. Then all the particles of the Holy Cross will be miraculously united, and then it will be borne in triumph by the hands of angels, shining as the glory of the sun. And beneath the shadow of this sign of Redemption all men will be summoned to appear in presence of Divine Justice, and hear the sentence that will decide their fate for eternity.

A PICTURE.

He stretches out his arms to show
The breadth and greatness of his love,
The little Christ, and far below
Is Nazareth, and far above

Blue Heaven, and a sweet wind sighs,
 And violets hide in the moss
 But lo ! Upon the grass there lies
 The shadow of a cross.

Ah, little men—the eyes so bright
 With things they cannot tell us of,
 The little boy-heads crowned with light,
 The arms outstretched for very love !
 There is no mother-heart but aches,
 As with the burden of a loss,
 To see that on the grass each makes
 The shadow of a cross.

ELEANOR ROYCE MERCEIN,

SAINT CATHERINE OF SIENA.

PATRONESS OF THE ADORERS OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

“ In the Blood you find the fire.”

ST. CATH. OF SIENA

(*Continuation.*)

THREE centuries before the B. Margaret Mary, she had written : “ In His open side, discover the secret of His heart, for, by the love of His heart, He has been inspired to do all that He has done for us. Let us go to the great refuge of His charity, to the wound of His open side, where He will reveal to us *the secret of His heart* and make us understand that the sufferings of His Passion, necessarily finished, did not permit Him to prove His love in the measure He desired to manifest it to us. Place your lips to the half-opened side of the Son of God; from this wound gushes forth the fire of charity and the Blood which effaces all our sins. The soul therein sheltered, and who contemplates this heart half-opened by love becomes like unto Jesus, for, seeing herself so much loved, she cannot prevent herself from loving in return.”

Catherine commenced all her letters *in the name of Jesus Crucified and of the sweet Mary*, and with a special mention of the *Precious Blood*. If she were writing now from heaven, said one of her historians, she would not write otherwise than as she did on earth.

Her letters seem dated from eternity.

“The soul in which God dwells by His grace, “says the Saint,” is a heaven ;” “united to God by charity, she is another Christ ;” “she cannot live without love for she has been created for love and by love.” “Therein lies her incomparable dignity that she is capable of loving God ;” “she lives in God, in proportion as she dies to herself.”

Of her knowledge of human nature, Saint Catherine owed nothing to study and, nevertheless, we can say that she was a profound psychologist. The philosophers versed in spiritual science render witness to her knowledge of the human soul and of all its operations. Her science had its source in a luminous intuition, a sort of second light, which revealed to her all the secrets of human nature, drawn from the contemplation of herself in the mirror of divine light. “The soul,” says she, “cannot contemplate herself in herself, she cannot see herself well except in God. In God, she finds the image of the creature and, in this image, she discovers the Creator. She desires to love herself in God and God in herself, as he who, seeing his image reflected in a clear stream, is rejoiced in beholding it, but who, if he is wise, loves better the source than the image which is reflected therein. We can never see either ourselves or the faults which disfigure our souls, unless we contemplate ourselves in the tranquil mirror of the divine essence. Separate us not then from our Jesus Crucified, He is the wall on which we should lean to behold our image reflected in the source.”

The Dialogue and the letters of Saint Catherine are, according to the judgment of the best critics, written in the purest Italian. The learned Academies have classed them among the *Testa di lingua* or classic works ; and the daughter of the humble dyer of Siena has her place among the literary glories of her country, by the side of Petrarch and Boccacio.

After the bull of canonisation, no person ever ap-

proached Catherine without becoming better and more wise.

Joy gushed from her heart as from a inexhaustible source. She never spoke a useless word.

She had learned from God Himself that no one can reach perfection and acquire true virtue, except by the means of humble, faithful and persevering prayer.

Who could say with what ardor she gave herself to this holy exercise ? “ Her heart seemed torn in pieces by the fervor of her supplications. An abundant sweat inundated all her members. Her prayer was so fervent that one hour of meditation enfeebled her body more than two entire days of continuous spiritual exercise would have exhausted other people.”

“ How many times, have I not seen her prostrate on the ground,” said one of her disciples, “ praying for sinners in their last agonies ! ”

But her most sorrowful, most intense prayer was always made for the Church of God.

(To be continued.)

LAURE CONAN.

HYMNUS RESPONSORIOUS.

From the Greek of Saint Stephen the Sabaite.

Art thou weary, art thou languid,

Art thou sore distrest ?

“ Come to me,” saith One, “and, coming,
Be at rest.”

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,

If He be my guide ?

“ In His feet and hands are Wound-prints,
And His side.”

Hath He diadem as monarch

That His brow adorns ?

“ Yea, a crown, of very surety
But of thorns.”

If I find Him, if I follow,
 What His guerdon here ?
 " Many a sorrow, many a labor,
 Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him
 What hath He at last ?
 " Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
 Jordan past."

If I ask Him to receive me,
 Will He say me nay ?
 " Not till earth and not till Heaven
 Pass away."

Finding, following, weeping, struggling
 Is He sure to bless ?
 " Angels, martyrs, prophets, virgins
 Answer : Yes."

RESPECT FOR THE POOR

We call ourselves christians.

There is no surer method of ascertaining our exact position with regard to the observance of evangelical teachings than to compare our sentiments with those of the Saints in regard to the poor.

Charity contains the whole law. This virtue is its soul, and from the dread Judge Himself, we may infer that, at the last day, there will be but one crime — harshness to the poor, while mercy and charity will be the only virtues. But can christian charity exist if not united with respect ? " Whatsoever you did to the least of mine you did to Me," says Jesus-Christ. These words have softened the natural hardness of the human heart making it melt into exhaustless rivers of compassion. They have created respect for poverty and its miseries.

Before the coming of Our Lord, how was the poor man regarded among nations ? As a beast of burden, an unclean animal. But Christ in assuming the wretchedness

of poverty has so elevated the once abandoned, despised mendicant, that the great ones of the earth feel themselves honored in serving him.

The most charming and idolatrously loved creature never inspired the devotedness, sacrifice and spirit of self annihilation which saints have manifested for the most repulsive destitution.

God, our tender Father, does not exact heroism ; but since whatever is done to the poor is done to Jesus-Christ, what are we to think of arrogance towards the poor, contempt or even relief bestowed with ill grace ?

Preaching on the dignity of poverty, Bossuet proves that the poor are the first, the privileged ones in the church of Christ ; that the rich are merely tolerated in it and solely on condition of serving the poor. Hence he concludes, the poor must be respected and their condition held in honor.

Respect for the poor deepens in proportion to the divine light bestowed on a soul. Bossuet quotes Saint Paul's example in support of this truth. The Apostle of the Gentiles, when about to send an alms to the poor of Jerusalem, wrote to the Romans entreating them to assist him by their prayers that the service he was on the point of rendering to the saints of Jerusalem might be acceptable to them. Commenting on each word of the Apostle, Bossuet says : " remember he does not say the *alms* I shall present, or the assistance I shall render, but the *service* I shall perform. I conjure you in the name of Our Lord Jesus-Christ and by the charity of the Holy Spirit to pray God that the service be agreeable to them. What does the Apostle mean ? Are such precautions required to make an alms acceptable ? Saint Paul speaks thus on account of the dignity of the poor, which dignity is so exalted that he places his felicity in the honor of serving them and the happiness of pleasing them, and to obtain this grace, he calls on the church for prayers—he, the Apostle who had been ravished to the heavens !

And now, what must we think of scorn, contempt or a want of regard ? When you stretch out your hand with a gift, think of Jesus Christ, counsels Saint Jerome, for it is He who suffers in the person of the poor.

This is no exaggerated mysticism. It is a truth of faith, but a truth on which the spirit of the world casts many shadows.

Written for The Voice of the Precious Blood.

SISTER CATHERINE'S CONVERT.

(*Continuation.*)

PART II

MOTHER AGATHA'S INTERCESSOR.

A silence falling on the multitude made him look up, and there she stood, once more, upon the balcony. But when the walls gave way and buried all in their ruins, the agonizing look upon the young face of her, who clung so helplessly to the ladder, seemed to burn into his very soul. He turned his head away, saddened by the thought that one had thrown away a life so uselessly, when suddenly he was startled by a cry; turning, he beheld her, as if arisen from the dead. Surrounded by the flames, but otherwise unhurt. That God has saved her, he can no longer doubt, for it is only the piece of wall on which the ladder rests, that remains of the whole front of the building.

He had seen her angelic face, lighted up with that heavenly smile, when she delivered her Precious Burden into the hands of the priest. And when, a half an hour later, he heard of her happy death, he could remain on the scene no longer, but went home to reflect upon it all.

With the aid of a friend, he began to study the Catholic Religion, but, although he was very soon convinced that it was the only true Faith, yet his stubborn Scotch heart would not obey all its commands.

For nearly two months, this struggle had been going on, when he fell dangerously ill; the doctors could give him no hope of recovery. Every moment, they thought, would be his last. But as week after week passed away,

and he still lingered on, they grew puzzled, and knew not what to think.

One day, the sick man was given the Lives of the Saints to read, and as he pondered over all they did and suffered for the love of God, that which before seemed so hard for him to believe and obey, now seemed quite easy in comparison with what these chosen ones of God, some even mere children, did every day of their lives.

Then, in the words of St. Augustine he exclaimed :

“ What these have done, why can I not also do ? ”

And he sent at once for a priest, who, finding him well disposed and instructed, administered to him the holy Sacrament of Baptism, and in a few days time the other Sacraments of our holy Religion.

Oh ! with what fervor and love did not the young neophyte prepare his heart for these great mysteries. With what gratitude, adoration and love did he not receive, for the first and last time, his God and Savior.

Tears of true repentance rolled down his cheeks, bitterly grieving for his sins and the lost opportunities of doing good. To repair this as well as he could he made his will in favor of Christ's poor. The estate was to be sold, his lawful debts paid and the remainder, with the exception of a few bequests to some friends and servants, and masses for the Souls in Purgatory, was to be given to the Sacred Heart Orphanage. He died without having sullied his Baptismal robe of innocence. Oh ! What a happy death !

To his memory, Mother Agatha, erected a tablet in the new chapel, and the hundreds of little orphans, who are indebted to him for so many blessings, pray each day for the repose of his soul.

Mother Agatha, returns thanks to God, that He has deigned to grant, through the intercession of her beloved Sr Catherine, not only the pecuniary means to help them out of their embarrassment, but also the conversion of the one who was the instrument which God employed to assist them in their hour of greatest need.

And for this reason she always calls their generous benefactor : *Sr Catherine's Convert.*

A. H.

FOR THE GLORY OF THE MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD.

More than two years ago, His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan, Archbishop of Westminster, England, laid the corner stone of London's new cathedral.

This metropolitan church is dedicated to the Most Precious Blood of our divine Redeemer.

Since then the work has progressed steadily, one hundred thousand dollars having already been expended. The labor of excavating and laying the foundations is now complete and it is intended to carry on the work at an equal level so that the whole structure will be finished at the same time. The only portion which will be left to a later date will be the upper part of the tall Italian tower.

Entering by Ashly Place the low stone work indicates the base of the main facade which is to be entirely built of Welsh granite. From this spot an impressive idea is gained of the ultimate size of the great nave by the long walk up to the future site of the high altar, bordered on each side by the rising outside walls and by the great solemn columns from which the roof will spring. These walls and columns are built of brick laid with cement, instead of mortar, to ensure greater strength and durability and it is intended to encase them interiorly in marble.

A LOST VOCATION.

In the year 1771, a young man appeared at the gate of a Capuchin monastery in France and begged to see the Guardian. His request was granted, and he forthwith broached the subject which he had most at heart. He believed himself called to the religious state and wished the guardian to test his vocation. The good Father did so with much care and patience, and soon arrived at the conclusion that the young man was called by God to embrace the perfection of the religious state. He bade him secure the great affair of his salvation by faithful corres-

pondence with the designs of God in his regard, and dismissed him with his blessing and a letter of recommendation to the master of novices. The youth withdrew, fully determined to tread the path marked out for him by the loving predilection of his Divine Benefactor. But previous to entering the cloister, he decided once more visiting his home and bidding adieu to his parents and friends.

The youthful aspirant for the religious state had no sooner made known his intentions to his family than he was assailed by a storm of entreaties, tears and expostulations. They would not give up the beloved son in whom they had centered hopes so high. He was told to pause, to reflect, to take into consideration the signs of the times, which seemed to sound the knell of all monastic institutions. The time in which his lot was cast was a transition period, with his talents, his energy and his tact he would be sure to make his mark. Why relinquish prospects so brilliant? Why bury gifts so rare in the obscurity of a Capuchin monastery? Gradually his high resolve began to waver. The voice of the syren murmured of halcyon days, all radiant with glory, musical with public applause, the meed of his great and noble deeds. The still small voice continued to plead, but the clang or trumpet of fame deadened the sound; the youth determined to devote his energies to an earthly career. He did so, studying jurisprudence.

It was the time of the fearful upheaval in France. Society was convulsed; the existing order overthrown; a chaos of crime and horror, reddened by the noblest and best blood of France, was the order of those days of blood. In the sanguinary tragedy overthrowing Church and throne, our candidate for the Order of St. Francis soon played a conspicuous part. On and on swept the deluge of blood and anarchy, until all Europe was shaken to its foundations. The boldest, most relentless, most blood-thirsty spirit of the all-engulfing movement was he, the once gentle, devout and God-fearing Maximilian Robespierre, anon the crime-dyed executioner of France, the man of blood, the heartless regicide, the monster of the blackest days of woe that ever dawned on doomed and bleeding France.—*St. Anthony's Messenger.*

REFLECTIONS.

Heaven is for those who think about it.

JOUVERT.

Study God's will and when you have learned it prefer it to everything on earth.

SAINT DUNSTAN.

How many souls, now in heaven, would have been lost if God had not sent them suffering.

The furrow we must make need not necessarily be broad, provided we water it with our sweat, with our tears at times, and, if duty require it, even with our blood.

Suffer patiently to-day ; to-morrow also you will do what God desires of you. Perhaps your life will then be over, and you will, through the virtue of the Precious Blood, receive the reward of your toil.

SAINT CATHARINE OF SIENNA.

Could we penetrate the secrets of God and of history, I hold for certain that we would be seized with admiration on viewing the effects of prayer even in human affairs. I think those who pray do more than those who fight.

DONOSO CORTÈS.

There will always be poverty on earth, to hinder mankind from growing hard-hearted, to rouse the opulent from their fatal repose, to awaken pity and mercy within us. The poor will always exist that virtue may exist.

LAMENNAIS.

Filled with monsters and treasures ; always bitter though limpid ; never so calm that a sudden breeze will not ruffle it terribly ; is this the ocean or the human heart ?

Rich and immense but ever claiming new riches and domination ; ever striving to pass its limits, always forced to return, imprisoned by grains of sand ; is this man's heart or the ocean ?

Ocean ! Human heart ! After mighty thundering, after terrific chafing of your banks, you carry away as booty some worthless fragments which are speedily swallowed up in your depths.

VEUILLOT.

ALONE.

“**W**HO to him that is alone ” says Holy Scripture. Alas ! How many, though surrounded by relatives and friends, are still alone ! He who is without God is alone ; he who is deprived of divine charity is alone !

This isolation, endurable perhaps while in health and in the enjoyment of an easy prosperous life, becomes a horrible solitude when pain and sorrow commence to be felt. At such a moment how acutely one regrets his folly in having forsaken Him in whom reside strength and consolation. Vainly do love, friendship and devotedness keep watch at his pillow ; he feels himself alone. O, you who suffer, profit by the first touch of adversity to escape from your terrifying solitude. Do not ignore God's hand weighing on you ; above all, do not murmur at it. Kiss it lovingly and from the hand you will reach the heart of Him who wounds only to heal. Imitate a certain father of a family stricken in the vigor of life by a long and painful malady. “ At my first visit,” said a holy priest, “ I was horrified by the complaints and blasphemies he uttered in his pain. A fortnight later I found him still suffering, but calm and resigned. My face probably betrayed a degree of wonder at this happy transformation, for the invalid, stretching a wasted arm in the direction of a crucifix he had placed opposite his couch, said : the other day I was alone, now I have God.”

THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

“ When we desire to write about the manner of succoring the souls of Purgatory we should not think of the flowers strewn over their tombs, or of the inscriptions engraven on stone and brass, or of the pomp displayed at the obsèques, or of the vain ephemeral tears, or of the sterile eulogies, magnificent testimony of our nothingness, as well as of our affection ; since the flowers fade, the lettering becomes unreadable, the show of the funeral passes with the noise of the bells which announces it, the tears dry up, the words of praise are forgotten, and there is not, in all those demonstrations, anything to lessen for an instant the sufferings of the soul departed. The sentiments of true Christians are much more noble, more solid, more delicate. Boileau has expressed them upon the tomb of Racine with that lively faith which characterizes the age of Louis XIV. He has not praised the immortal poet of Athalia ; he has thought of his soul. “ Oh ! you,” says he to the passerby whom piety attracts to this holy place, “ sympathize with so excellent a man, with the sad destiny of all mortals ; and, however great an idea of him his reputation may give you, remember that it is not praise, but prayers and sacrifices which he demands of you.”

Prayers and sacrifices ! Behold what the dead expect of us. Just as the sin of the first man was imputable to all his race, so the holocaust of the second will be imputed in its turn. This holocaust is of an infinite value, since it is the holocaust of God. Represent to yourselves the prayers which Jesus Christ has uttered, the tears which He has shed, the fatigues of His public life, and the penances of His hidden life, His preachings, His miracles, His benefits, His passion, His judgment, His death, and His awful death upon the arms of the cross ; behold the infinite merits with which He has formed the treasury of his Church to be poured out as an inexhaustible river upon all the children of Adam living and dead.

Among the sacrifices which console the dead there is one whose value is independent both of him who asks it and of him who offers it, and whose efficacy can neither be surmised nor diminished. It is the holy sacrifice of the

Mass. Thus the holy Council of Trent declares that it is of faith that the souls in purgatory are succored, chiefly by the oblation of the Divine Sacrifice. The blood of the Man-God finds no obstacle either in heaven or in purgatory. It is to assure for you this inexhaustible and perpetual help that the Church consecrates your alms and your donations by a service, where the sacerdotal ranks succeed one another during the centuries in diffusing the same blood, and in demanding for the suffering souls a palace of refreshment, of light and of peace."

GOD'S MATERIAL.

From the Ave Maria.

"My dear child," said a priest to a charming child of four years, "how did God make the world?"

"He said, make, and it maked," was the answer.

"But," asked the priest, "of what did He make it?"

"He made it of speak," was the ready reply; "just speak."

THE LITTLE BOY AND THE STARS.

One day, he said to his mother. "Mamma, what are the stars?"

"They are a flock of golden sheep that God drives forth at night to feed in his pasture in the sky."

"H'm!" said the little boy, turning to his father. "Papa, what are the stars?"

"They are red-hot nails that hold the sky fast to the bottom of God's throne and keep it from crashing down upon our heads."

"H'm!" said the little boy, turning to his mother's sister. "Auntie, what are the stars?"

"The sky is the Virgin's pincushion, and the stars are the heads of the pins which she"—

"H'm!" said the little boy, turning to his father's brother. "Uncle, what are the stars?"

"They are the eyes of truant boy angels, peeping through holes in the big blue tent that incloses what they call a circus and we call the planetary system."

"H'm!" said the little boy, turning to the old woman who told him so many wonderful stories of wonderful things during the blue midsummer nights. "Nurse, what are the stars?"

"Well," answered the old woman, "some say that the stars are the tears of the dead, which turn into gold and glow. But I say"—

"Yes?" said the little boy eagerly.

"I say that only God knows."

The little boy looked disappointed. Then he raised his head and gazed steadily upward.

"I suppose," he said, after a silence, "that I shall never know what the stars really are."

"Not until you go among them. And may the hour of your going be late, my darling," said the old woman.
--Chap. Book.

A STRANGER.

One day, a scholarly looking man, plainly dressed, went into a church in Holland, and took a seat near the pulpit. A few minutes later a haughty lady swept up to the pew, and, seeing a stranger in it, ordered him, by an imperious gesture to leave it. The stranger obeyed, and, going into one of the seats reserved for the poor, joined devoutly in the services. After they were over, the lady's friends gathered around her, and demanded whether she knew who it was that she had treated so rudely.

"No." "Some pushing stranger," she replied.

"It was King Oscar of Sweden," was the answer.
"He is here visiting the queen."

Her mortification may be imagined.

NON-CATHOLICS IN ROME.

From the Monitor, London.

I am reminded of an observation made the other day by a distinguished prelate here, who, I am told, pointed out at a great social reunion that one of the most extraordinary signs of the times, one of the many things which, humanly speaking, must lead to an incalculable advance of the Catholic Church among the cultured and the leisured, was the enormous increase of non-Catholic visitors to the Holy City. "It is mysterious," he said; "it is providential! All the world is looking to Rome, as if it felt vaguely that in Rome there was something which would satisfy the soul, something answering to a hidden and scarcely realized want, something which attracts irresistibly, megnatically. Other cities have more natural attractions, a busier and a pleasanter life—but they come to Rome. And," he added impressively, "they are never the same when they leave it as they were when they came. There is a change, and the change remains and is passed on; one would say that God calls men to Rome, though they do not know it, so that their children may become Catholics."

 IN MEMORY OF LA SALLE.

The Spiritual Sons of De La Salle are to perpetuate the name of their illustrious founder in Montreal by putting a memorial altar in St-Patrick's Cathedral, of pure Gothic design, built of white Carrara marble, with onyx pillars. In the rededos will be three niches topped with open spires and surmounted by crosses. These spires will be illuminated with electric lights. In the centre niche will be a statue of the blessed De La Salle in the habit of the Christian Brother. In the other niches will be angels, and around the altar on marble slabs will be the typical scenes representative of the life and work of De La Salle.

NOTES.

In connection with the Paris fire of last May, the Curé of a church in that city relates the following incident concerning one of his parishioners: A young man, the reverse of a practical Catholic, had accompanied his mother and sister to the Bazaar. He was there when the fire broke out. Having succeeded in rescuing his mother, he rushed back to save his sister, whose garments were already on fire. The flames were around him. He took his sister in his arms and was carrying her away when a burning rafter fell on his head. These tarred rafters in flames, falling on the victims, helped the tragedy to do its work with terrible speed. The one falling on the head of the young man in question left him uninjured, and he succeeded in bearing his burden away in safety. A day or two after, talking of what had happened with his sister, who was suffering from severe burns, he said: "Did I belong to the pious people I should say that my escape was simply miraculous." "Go and fetch the hat you wore, said the young lady. He brought it. "Look inside," she said. He looked inside and saw what appeared to be a small coin gleaming in the lining. It was the "miraculous medal." His sister had placed it there. The young man understood and approached the sacraments the next day.—*Liverpool Catholic Times.*

According to recently compiled statistics, the Bible is now printed in 381 languages, 52 versions having been added in the last five years. Forty-two of these versions are credited to English and Scotch societies, and 5 to American societies.

The anthem for Queen Victoria, "Domine, salvum fac Regnam nostram," has been sung daily by the nuns of the Benedictine Abbey of Princethorpe, England, throughout the whole of her reign. This has been done in gratitude for the cordial welcome and hospitality extended to the Benedictine community by the English govern-

ment when they fled to England from Montargia during the French Revolution.

The largest bell in France has been hung in the belfrey of the church of the Sacred Heart in Paris. It weighs twenty-eight tons, can be heard at a distance of twenty-five miles, and its vibration lasts six minutes.

In the Trappist monastery of Chambarand, France, there died recently a member of the Order, who, previous to his becoming a Trappist, was a captain of dragoons that went through the Franco-German War of 1870. At its close, in fulfilment of a vow, he and two of his brother officials retired from the world and, to make the sacrifice more complete, the three young men chose three different monasteries.

What are the intentions of the Pope for which Catholic are urged to pray? They are that the kingdom of God may come to all mankind; that the Church may convert all people still in the darkness of paganism or heresy; that Christendom may be re-united; that the churches of the East may all return to union with Peter; that Christ may be better known, better loved and better served, that the inspirations of the Holy Ghost may not be resisted; that the faithful may grow in faith and virtue; that scandals may cease among Christians, etc. In a general way, whatever concerns the good of religion is desired by the Holy Father and besides, from time to time, special interests are close to his heart and named in his prayers. For all that he seeks from God—provided it be according to the will of God, which is a proviso he makes himself when offering up his petitions—the faithful are asked to pray.—Catholic Columbian.

The following sentiment of Cardinal Wiseman, written four years before John Henry Newman was received into the Church, has borne its fruit in a host of converts. The same attitude in the Church to-day will not be with-

out its rich fruitage : " Ought we to sit down coldly, while sentiments manifesting so strong a desire for Christian unity are breathed in our hearing, and rise not up to bid the mourners have hope ? Are we, who sit in the full light, to see our friends feeling their way towards us through the gloom that surrounds them, faltering for want of an out-stretched hand, or turning astray for want of a directing voice, and sit on, and keep silent, amusing ourselves at their painful efforts, or perhaps allow them to hear, from time to time, only the suppressed laugh of one who triumphs over their distress ? God forbid ! If one *must* err, if in mere tribute to humanity one must needs make a false step, one's fall will be more easy when on the side of two theological virtues than when on the bare cold earth of human prudence. If I shall have been both too hopeful in my motives and too charitable in my dealings, I will take my chance of smiles at my simplicity both on earth and in heaven. Those of the latter, at least, are never scornful." (Letter to Lord Shrewsbury, p. 20.)--The missionary.

Mr. Gadstone has this to say of the Catholic Church : " She has marched for 1500 years at the head of civilization and has harnessed to her chariot, as the horses of a triumphal car, the chief intellectual and material forces of the world ; her art, the art of the world ; her genius, the genius of the world ; her greatness, glory, grandeur and majesty have been almost, though not absolutely, all that in these respects the world has had to boast of. Her children are more numerous than all the members of the sects combined ; she is every day enlarging the boundaries of her vast empire ; her altars are raised in every clime and her missionaries are to be found wherever there are men to be taught the evangel of immortality and souls are to be saved. And this wondrous Church, which is as old as Christianity and as universal as mankind, is to-day, after its twenty centuries of age, as fresh and as vigorous and as fruitful as on the day when the pentecostal fires were showered upon the earth. Surely such an institution challenges the attention and demands and deserves the most serious examination of those outside its pale."

PRAYERS SOLICITED.

1. For all suffering persons, in order to obtain for them, through Our Lady of Pity, the inspiration of uniting their moral or physical sufferings to those of Jesus Crucified. 2. To obtain perfect resignation for all those sick persons whom it is not in God's designs to cure. 3. For the poor, those beloved of Jesus, who begin to fear that unless the rich come efficaciously to their aid, the intense suffering of the bitter cold will soon be added to the want of food and to their other ordinary privations. 4. For many other particular intentions.

LET US PRAY FOR THE DEAD particularly, for : The Rev. M. PALIN, d'ABONVILLE, titular canon, deceased at Montreal ; Rev. GEO. BURQUE, at Peru, E. U. ; Rev. A. D. LIMOGES, at St-Damase ; Rev. P. DU'BOIS, O. M. L. Ottawa ; for RYDE SR. S. FRANCOIS DE BORGIA, St-Hyacinthe ; for MM. J. Albert Rousseau, at Ste Julie ; Francois Bourgouin, at Mascouche ; Theophile Brouillet, at Mont St-Hilaire ; Ged. Trudel, at Trois Rivieres ; Hubert Bay, at Ste Anne de la Perade ; Geo. Lorty, at Cornwall ; Octave Plante, at St-Nicholas ; Alph. Girard, at St-Aime ; Arsene Houde, at West Gardner ; Louis Guertin, at St-Hugues ; Paul Duguay, at Manchester ; Narcisse Archambault, at St-Esprit ; Theoph. Desmarais, at St-Francois du Lac ; J. A. Vinet, Fronclair, N. B. ; John McPhee, at Alexandria ; for Mrs. Celina Fortier-Wurtele, at Sorel ; Mrs Prime Gohier, at Fall River, (E. U.) ; Mrs Prisque Paul, at Webster ; Mrs E Boilard, Somersworth ; Mrs Louis Archambault, son, St-Aime ; Mrs Legault, at Cartier ; Mrs Ledoux, at Pittsburg ; Mrs A. Naud, at St-Pierre Joly ; Mrs Pierre Legault, at St-Ls. de Gonzague ; Mrs John Pratte, Montreal ; for Miss Georgiana Savoie, at Providence ; Miss Celina Bedard, at St-Johnsbury ; Miss Anna Couture, at Lawrence ; Miss Angeliqne Riel, at St-Vital ; Miss Addie Laliberte, at Lewiston ; M. Joseph Manseau, at Drummondville ; Hon. Theodore Robitaille, New Carlisle.

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.

“ I promised about two months ago, that if I should by the help of “ The Precious Blood ” be permitted to make a journey of over a thousand miles safe and alone, to have it published in “ The Voice. ” I have done so, helped by the “ Precious Blood. ” Thanks to the Blood of Jesus for my safe arrival. I trust you will not refuse to enter this in “ The Voice. ”

“ Please to publish the following facts in the “ Voice of the Precious Blood. ” I obtained so many favors through a novena in honor of the Precious Blood and Saint Joseph, Saint Anthony, and Saint Expedit that I wish to return Almighty God thanks.

I recommend to your prayers and the readers of the Voice of the Precious Blood four families for particular intentions and would you please make a novena in my intentions.”

OUR MONTREAL MONASTERY.

A bazaar, under the auspices of the Religious of the Precious Blood, is now going on at the Monastery, Notre Dame de Grace, the proceeds of which will be applied to improving the present buildings. The bazaar will remain open for the balance of the week. A grand banquet will be held, at which a number of clergy and laity will be present. The Park and Island cars pass within a few yards of the Monastery.