

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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HYMN TO THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

Mercy, my God ! through that most Precious Blood,
Which, on each altar, flows a saving flood.
Mercy! and may the world, though steeped in sin,
A glance of fatherly compassion win.

Mercy, my God ! for souls too blind to see
That all their happiness must come from Thee !
Oh ! by the blessed Blood our Saviour shed,
May darkened eyes be touched, illumined !

Mercy, my God ! see, as each moment flies,
The Victim, slain anew beneath Thine eyes ;
Dost Thou not hear the "*Silio*" divine,
Which rises from His anguished Heart to Thine ?

Mercy, my God ! It is Thy Son who pleads ;
His Precious Blood for sinners intercedes ;
Forgive them, draw them, by Thy heavenly grace ;
He thirsts to see them safe in Thy embrace.

Mercy, my God ! though outraged by our guilt,
To stay Thy wrath the Blood divine was spilt :
Ah ! 'tis the homage that Thy creatures choose,
The worthy homage, Thou canst not refuse.

THE ADORABLE BLOOD.

(Selections from Faber.)

IV.

WHAT strikes us at the first thought of the Precious Blood? It is that we have to worship it with the highest worship, to adore it with the highest adoration. In heaven, God, at this hour, is unveiling his blissful majesty before the angels and the saints. Around him is a court of inconceivable magnificence. The Human Body and Soul of Jesus are there, and are its light and glory, the surpassing sun of that heavenly Jerusalem. Mary, his Mother, is throned there, as it were clothed with the sun, beautified by the effulgence round her. Millions of angels and saints adore in the ecstatic vision of the Eternal. One drop of the Precious Blood, in the gateway of Jerusalem, or on the Calvary, or in the chalice upon the altar, is to be adored with the selfsame adoration as the uncovered splendors of the Eternal. Let us impress this truth into our souls: we must worship the Precious Blood with the same worship as that wherewith we worship God, because it is the Blood of the Son of God, the human Blood of the Uncreated.

Let us kneel down and let this faith sink down into our souls.

We need not to go to Jerusalem, we need not have lived eighteen hundred years ago, to find the Precious Blood and worship it. Here is a part of our holy faith. We actually worship it every day in the chalice at Mass. In the chalice upon the altar, after consecration, is the Blood of Jesus, whole and entire, glorified and full of the pulses of his true human life. The Blood that once lay in the cave at Olivet. The Blood shed in the scourging, in the crowing of thorns, and upon the cross,—that same Blood is living in the chalice, united to the Person of the Eternal Word, to be worshiped with the uttermost prostration of our bodies and our souls. In the chalice is the Blood of God, the very living Blood whose first fountains were in the Immaculate heart of Mary. When the Blessed Sacrament is laid upon our tongue, the Blood of Jesus is throbbing there in all its abounding life of glory. It

sheathes in the sacramental mystery that exceeding radiance which is lighting all heaven at that moment with a magnificence of divine splendor. We do not feel the strong pulses of his immortal life. If we did, we could hardly live ourselves. But in that adorable Host is the whole of the Precious Blood, the Blood of Gethsemane, Jerusalem and Calvary, the Blood of the Passion, of the Resurrection, and of the Ascension, the Blood shed and reassumed.

We believe all this ; nay, we so believe it that we know it rather than believe it ; and yet our love is so faint and fitful. Our very fires are frost in comparison with such a faith as this.

The whole of the Precious Blood is in the chalice and in the the Host. It is not part : it is the whole. We may well tremble to think what sanctuaries we are when the Blessed Sacrament is within us. . The worth of one drop of the Precious Blood is simply infinite ; nothing will convey an adequate idea of its overwhelming magnificence. The very copiousness of our redemption makes our view of it less clear. Who does not see that it will take us an eternity to learn Jesus, or rather that we shall never learn him, but that the endless work of learning him will be the gladness of our eternity.

But this is not all the mystery. It was no necessity which drove God to the redemption of the world by the Precious Blood. He might have redeemed it in unnumbered other ways. There is no limit to his power, no exhaustion to his wisdom. Yet who can dream of a salvation so worthy of God and so endearing to man as our present salvation through Jesus Christ ? Even then our dearest Lord need not have shed his Blood. There was no compulsion in the Blood—shedding. One tear of his, one momentary sigh, one uplifted look to his Father's throne, would have been sufficient, if the Three Divine Persons had so pleased. The shedding of his Blood was part of the freedom of his love. It was, in some mysterious reality, the way of redemption most worthy of his blessed majesty, and also the way most likely to provoke the love of men. How often has God taken the ways of our hearts as the measure of his own ways ! How often does he let his glory and our love seem to be different things, and then leave himself and go after us !

The Precious Blood is practically everywhere. Invisible in its reality, it is visible in the sacramental appearances, in the fruits of grace. It will become more visible in the splendors of glory ; it will itself be visible, in heaven, in our Lord's glorified Body. It belongs to him, the Second Person of the most Holy Trinity, although its work is the work of the whole Trinity ! In its efficacy and operation, it is the most complete and most wonderful of all manifestations of the divine Perfections. The power, the wisdom, the goodness, the justice, the sanctity of God, are most pre-eminently illustrated by the working of the Precious Blood.

ANTHONY.

JESUS AS GOD

JESUS AS MAN.

THE ANGEL AND THE VIRGIN.

THE VIRGIN.—I have sought Thee, O my Spouse, and have not found Thee. I will arise and seek my Beloved. . . . Behold the watchmen of the city. O ye who pass by the way, have ye not seen my Spouse ?

THE ANGEL.—And who is thy Spouse, O fair Sulamite ? What is His name ?

THE VIRGIN.—My Beloved is the fairest of the fair children of men ; He is whiter than the lily, more ruddy than the rose. His name is JESUS.

THE ANGEL.—What ! darest thou call our King, the immortal King of ages, thy Spouse ? His name is holy, terrible ; at His name every knee bows, in heaven, on earth, and under the earth.

THE VIRGIN.—His name is sweeter to the ear than the music of the harp, more delicious to the taste than the honey-comb ; and rejoiceth the heart beyond all pleasure. His name sufficeth to awaken me when I sleep, to penetrate me with sweetness when I awake.

THE ANGEL.—Before the day-star was He begotten of the Father amidst the glories of eternity.

THE VIRGIN.—He was born of a lowly virgin in a stable at Bethlehem.

THE ANGEL.—His habitation is light inaccessible. He is called Admirable, The Strong God.

THE VIRGIN.—He dwelleth amongst us, He is called Emmanuel.

THE ANGEL.—His eyes shoot forth lightning : He looketh upon the earth and it trembleth.

THE VIRGIN.—One look alone of His hath delighted my heart.

THE ANGEL.—His voice is all powerful ; His voice worketh marvels, it overthroweth the cedars of Lebanon ; His voice is like unto the roaring of the waves as they dash upon the shore. He speaketh : and the mountain's melt like wax ; the heavens are folded back like a book ; His enemies are laid level with the dust.

THE VIRGIN.—The voice of my Beloved is soft as the breath of the zephyr, which scarce stirreth the grass of the field.

THE ANGEL.—From His mouth proceedeth a two edged sword.

THE VIRGIN.—His lips distil honey.

THE ANGEL.—He is crowned with glory.

THE VIRGIN.—He is crowned with thorns.

THE ANGEL.—His vestments are whiter than snow and purer than light.

THE VIRGIN.—His vestments are red like those of the vintager who hath trodden the grapes in the wine-press, and His robe is stained with Blood.

THE ANGEL.—In His hand is a rod of iron.

THE VIRGIN.—In His hand is a reed.

THE ANGEL.—He crusheth His enemies as one crusheth a potter's vessel. A devouring fire goes before Him to consume them.

THE VIRGIN.—My Beloved extinguisheth not the smoking flax. He hath but one desire, to inflame souls with the fire of His love.

THE ANGEL.—His arrows are sharp and the people

fall beneath their stroke ; He pierceth His rivals through the heart.

THE VIRGIN.—Alas ! my Spouse was himself pierced through the heart, by a soldier's lance.

THE ANGEL.—What present dost thou pretend to make Him ? The flowers of the valley, the harvests of the plain, the fruit of the orchards all are His ; the ocean is His ; heaven is His palace, and the earth His footstool.

THE VIRGIN.—My Beloved hath not a stone whereon to lay His head.

THE ANGEL.—Wilt thou offer Him a sacrifice ? All the beasts of the forests would not suffice for a holocaust to Him, nor the cedar of Lebanon to consume the victims.

THE VIRGIN.—My heart sufficeth Him : He says to me every day : “ Child, give me thy heart.”

THE ANGEL.—What terror shall possess mortals on the day of His enthronement !

THE VIRGIN.—What joy shall possess my heart on the day of His triumph ! With what ecstasy shall I salute the cross !

THE ANGEL.—They shall wither as grass beneath the rays of the burning sun.

THE VIRGIN.—My flesh shall revive and bloom as the lily.

THE ANGEL.—They shall say : “ Ye hills, fall on us ; mountains, cover us.”

THE VIRGIN.—I shall say : “ Come my Beloved ; Jesus, come.”

THE ANGEL.—They shall hide like the wild beasts in the caves and the pits of the earth.

THE VIRGIN.—As the white dove takes refuge in the clefts of the rock, so will I hide in His bleeding wounds.

THE ANGEL.—O fair Sulamitess, so great is thy love ; it blinds thee, and thou forgettest thy low estate, and the majesty of the King of kings.

THE VIRGIN.—Ah ! I think on both, and this very thought awakens, animates, and inflames my love.

THE ANGEL.—Continue then to love, to seek Him thus, and at last thou shalt find Him.

THE VIRGIN.—And do thou, if thou meet my Beloved, tell Him that I languish with love.

From the French : REV. F. SAINTRAIN.

HEAVEN ON EARTH.

O Earth be still ! attend ye hosts of heaven,
Our Jesus comes from brightest realms above
He makes His home upon this humble Altar !
O Cherubim ! adore in fear and love.

No mystic light, nor legions of bright spirits
Announce to us that here a God doth reign,
By faith alone the heart conceives His presence ;
Sweet Eucharist ! near thee we feel no pain.

O hidden God ! concealed in this great mystery,
May every heart Thy work and beauty know,
That leaving all earth's vain and fleeting pleasures
They here may find a paradise below.

Beloved Lord ! for Thee my soul is yearning,
My heart hath watched for Thee at break of day :
O come and quench this thirst of love so ardent,
My Sovereign Good ! oh come, and with me stay.

O spotless Lamb ! I long to be a victim
Consumed with love and sacrificed for Thee,
Beside Thy throne on earth, O let me linger ;
And chant Thy praise with Saints eternally.

S. M. A.

Keep a child's heart so white that Our Lady might
walk across its snow without staining her sandal.

TO THE POOR.

WORDS IN A WESTMORELAND CHURCH.

YOU tell *me* I must have the prayer of gratitude, the prayer of thanksgiving to God always in my heart, if not upon my lips: me a poor, poverty-stricken tramp, owing only what I have on my back, and often without the regulation fourpence in my pocket to pay for my night's lodging withal. What, I pray you, has God done for me? Alas! poor, ignorant, thoughtless man! what has God *not* done for thee? He has redeemed you, and is not *that* sufficient? Surely you do not think that riches are the sole and only of God's blessings. God has redeemed you. Is that nothing? At the price of His own Blood He has redeemed you. He did not pay one price for you and another for the King. In the matter of redemption, then, you are on the same footing as the richest of the land. In the matter of your redemption you are the King's equal—perfectly his equal. The selfsame Blood on the selfsame Cross bought King and beggar. What, then, have you to complain of in your poverty? It was an immense, because infinite, price—the Blood of a Man God—that was given; it bought for King and beggar an infinite kingdom of eternal peace; and that selfsame price, *neither more nor less*, would have been paid for one beggar had there been but one to save. But “I own not the coat on my back,” you tell me. Neither does the King; what worse, then, are you than the King? Nay, you are far better than he: for the great Christ, Who redeemed you and Who can neither deceive nor be deceived, has said of *you* what He has never said of the King. Of you, with your ragged coat, He has said, “Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven.” Of Dives in that purple and fine linen, which is not his any more than the torn coat on your back, He has declared, “It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.” Are you not, then, infinitely superior, are you not infinitely happier, are you not beyond all bounds more blessed than the richest of the land, than the greatest of earthly kings, because much nearer to God? And in phy-

sical things are you not the rich man's elder? Are you not stronger than he, more rugged, more enduring than he? Your wants, your necessities, are they not fewer? Your tastes, are they not less exacting? For what *are* these wants, these necessities, these tastes which the rich man has and you cannot have? Are they not, after all, so many task-matters, so many tyrannies, so many exactions? It is true these tastes, these wants, these necessities give pleasure in their gratification. And yet they are no less tyrannies. The very gratification of them embodies an exaction, the very gratification of a taste or even of a want is a tyranny. If the rich man sought his God at half the cost and trouble he seeks his pleasures he would be a great and glorious Saint. Are not you, then, with your fewer wants and less expensive tastes, by far the rich man's elder? But Our Saviour redeemed the rich man as well as me; the rich man with his riches, and me with my poverty. Is not the rich man better off than I! No, Christian poor man, he is not. And for this reason he is not. Your poverty is more honourable because more powerful to buy Heaven than all the riches of the world. If this life were the only one; if there was *nothing* beyond the grave, then, indeed, might you, a poor man, envy the rich man his wealth. But there *is* a life beyond the grave. It was Father Abraham who spoke these words to the rich man buried in hell: "Son, remember that thou didst receive good things in thy lifetime, and likewise Lazarus (thy brother, O poor man) evil things; but *now* he (Lazarus, thy brother, O poor man) is comforted, and thou art tormented." Ah! Christian poor man, what is the "now" of this terrible decree? Is it the few short transitory moments passed by this Dives, whom thou enviest, in purple and fine linen, at his table of many crumbs? Is it the the few short moments passed by thy brother Lazarus, whose sores the dogs did lick? No! this "now" is an eternal never ending, boundless eternity, into which two men have entered. So then all is now changed; time has become eternal; the rich man's riches have become Lazarus's poverty; Lazarus's poverty has become the rich man's riches. You, O poor man, in Lazarus have become eternally happy, the rich man eternally miserable; you now have everything, he has nothing; temporal suf-

fering has become eternal happiness, temporal ease eternal pain. Which is the happier lot, which to be envied? Are not you, beyond all bounds, the rich man's elder? And look at the dignity before the whole court of Heaven and all good men with which God has invested you, O Christian poor, how great it is. You are "God's little ones." By virtue of that decree, "Amen, I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these My least brethren, you did it to me," you are God's little ones. You represent, then, God Himself, ye poor! As His "least brethren" you represent Him—you stand in His place; for what is done to you, He accepts it as done to Him. Where can there be dignity equal to this? "And the just shall ask, 'Lord, when did we see Thee hungry, and fed thee; thirsty, and gave Thee to drink?'" And the King answering shall say to them "Amen, I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these My least brethren you did it to Me." O incomparable dignity! by being God's least ones you become great beyond compare; God's poor are exalted beyond the sons of men. Nay; you are exalted even above the Angels of God, for not even to them has been given to stand in place of God. "When you did it to these ye did to Me." Ye are God's aristocracy, O ye poor.

Weekly Register.

ALL SOULS' DAY.

Dear Christian, in mercy, to-day
 For the souls of your brethren pray;
 That angels may go
 To their prison below,
 And bear them to Heaven away.

Oh! call on the one saving Name!
 A share of God's clemency claim
 For those that now cry
 As in anguish they lie,
 Enveloped in pitiless flame.

Those souls, though in sorrow, are blest ;
 But they pine for the One they love best ;
 How long seems each day
 That they tarry away
 From Him in whom only is rest !

Oh ! then on His Holy Name call
 And pray that His graces may fall
 On that dear abode ;
 That the mercy of God
 May comfort those blessed ones all.

Pray, pray, for the souls that are gone !
 Cease not till your prayers have won
 Their longed-for release ;
 Till the Angel of Peace
 Shall give unto Heaven its own !

W. V. BULGER.

THE MIRACULOUS MIRROR.

OUR Lord's face is often painted such as it was in His Passion. The head is crowned with thorns, the forehead and cheeks are covered with dust and drops of blood, the eyes dim with tears. This is the figure which is called the "Eecce Homo." That word by the way recalls to my mind a very curious story. A priest of Florence, in Italy, named Hippolite Galleatani, had a fine Eecce Homo painted and magnificently framed, to place in his chamber. Every day he went to contemplate it during his meditations, and always found in it numerous subjects for reflection. Opposite his window, on the other side of the street, dwelt a lady who, unhappily, lived but for the world, and spent whole hours decorating herself before a mirror. Having several times remarked the pious ecclesiastic before his Eecce Homo, she took it into her head that the picture was a very large glass, in which he used to admire himself. She went to pay him a visit, and spoke of his handsome mirror. The good priest left her to believe that it really was a glass; he much extolled its beauty, and told her it even enjoyed a property which all

mirrors have not : “ You know, Madam, ordinary mirrors reflect our faces just as they are, but mine has the curious property of effacing by degrees the spots, defects and imperfections which one may have, provided they contemplate it every day.” The lady, more and more bewildered, asked to see this extraordinary mirror.

Galleatani continued the conversation a little longer, then conducted her to the famous mirror. Imagine the astonishment of that worldly lady. The good priest then made her so sensible that all he had said was true, not for the face, which the slightest accident may disfigure, but for the soul, that she changed her sentiments, led a more christian life, and died a most holy and happy death.

PRAYER.

When my hands in prayer are clasped
 And I bow to Thee, my God ;
 When my heart's throb yields but pain,
 Where find I rest but in a prayer !

When my friends do cruelly part
 And fade into the far away ;
 When every joy on earth recedes,
 Where find I peace but in a prayer !

When in my final hour I lie
 And do not shrink from death's embrace ;
 Then you will know whence courage comes,
 For I have learnt it but in a prayer !

St. Joseph's Seminary.

INVOKE MARY !

As a roaring lion, the enemy of our salvation watches around our souls to seize and devour them. . . . He covets those that are dear to us. . . . He attacks the loved ones of Jesus and Mary, the most beautiful, the most pure.

Many of these choice souls are fatigued with the struggle.... another attack... another ruse.... a seduction.... and their precious innocence is ruined.... They are lost to God, perhaps forever.... if Mary, Help of Christians, comes not to their aid.

INVOKE MARY !

There are millions of souls, redeemed by the Blood of a God, who outrage their Creator and Father. Wandering out of the path of Redemption, they refuse to reenter it by the way of penance. Each day, they renew the horrors of Christ's dread Passion ; each day, they vociferate the *Tolle ! Tolle !* of the deicidal people and, at this very moment, are crucifying their God, anew piercing his heart ; and to-morrow they will recommence their sanguinary work, unless Mary, Mother of the Divine Crucified, solicits their conversion.

INVOKE MARY !

Among this multitude of souls that the waves of the Precious Blood vivify no more, there are perhaps, thousands, who in a few moments will appear before the tribunal of their Sovereign Judge. This very night, many of these poor souls who are not watching, will waken in the heat of hell fires.

Among those unfortunates, there may be some dearer to us than our own selves. Let us hasten to call on Mary lest the terrible sentence " Depart ye cursed ! " may resound in their ears. Mary is the Advocate of Desperate Cases ; and for those dear souls to-morrow may be too late.

INVOKE MARY !

Listen. Do you not hear in your compassionate soul, those plaintive cries of distress ? *Miseremini mei, miseremini mei, saltem vos amici mei !* They are the accents of souls elected for glory, who, before they can receive their crowns, must expiate in burning flames of Purgatorial

suffering, the faults committed during the days of their terrestrial career. . . . *Miseremini!*

Those weird and mysterious cries from the poor souls in Purgatory. . . it may be your Father, or your Mother tenderly loved. Who has not relatives and dear friends in that place of keenest suffering and expiation? Let us continually invoke Mary in their behalf. She is the "Door of Heaven," she will take them by the hand and tenderly lead them into their glory.

SAINT CATHERINE OF SIENA.

PATRONESS OF THE ADORERS OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

"In the Blood you find the fire."

ST. CATH. OF SIENA.

(Continuation.)

BUT the time approached when the citizens would see other things in Catherine than hallucination and hypocrisy.

The plague which had raged so cruelly in 1347 broke forth anew in Siena.

The terror was general, and, as usual, the rich fled to a distance, abandoning the poor to all the horrors of the scourge. Young and old were equally struck down and often succumbed in a few hours. In certain streets, according to the chronicles of the time, there were no living persons left to respond when the funeral-car passed to carry off the dead. Sometimes, when rendering the last services to the dead, the priest and his assistants succumbed, and the bearers hastened to inter them in the same grave. Parents and friends feared to meet, and saluted each other from afar.

But Catherine felt neither the terrors nor the weaknesses of nature, and the heroism she displayed upon this theatre of desolation conquered her the respect of all.

Always in the most infected parts of the city, she was the indefatigable servant of the most abandoned sick persons. "Never," said Cassarini, "did she appear more admirable than then. Never did she leave the plague-stricken creatures. She prepared them for death, she hu-

ried them with her own hands. I have been myself witness to the happiness she felt in caring for them, and to the extraordinary power of her words which operated numerous conversions among them."

When they expressed the admiration that her courage inspired, she responded with a smile: "Ah! if you but knew how sweet it is to suffer for God, you would seek, as for a great fortune, occasions to suffer something for His love."

The plague ceased, but the heroic charity of Catherine had triumphed over all prejudices, over all calumnies. They called her nothing more than *the Saint*, and the renown of her virtues, said Cassarini, as a delicate perfume, penetrated even to the most remote towns of Italy,

And then, for the daughter of the dyer of Siena, commenced that extraordinary life, without precedent, of which I have spoken.

How could a young girl without letters exercise upon society and upon the Church an action so powerful? How could she become the arbitress of peoples, counsellor of the great, inspired guide of Popes?

Insoluble problem for those who do not admit the power of the supernatural.

Never did Catherine pose as a woman of politics, although she had the gift of eloquence which subjugates and draws, never did she harangue the multitudes. But she could not refuse her unfortunate fellow-citizens who went to seek her advice in her humble cell; for she had the perfect, the sublime charity, she had the divine hunger for *Peace*.

It was the most dolorous, the most tormented epoch of the Italian Middle Ages.

In this brilliant Italy, land of the arts and of poetry, people seemed to live only to hate and to kill each other. The cruel wars between Guelphs and Ghibellines kept always wet with blood this unfortunate land, and, between the nobles, the bourgeois, and the small people, the struggle recommenced even more fierce and ferocious. The tyranny of the great and the envy of the little had now rendered all government impossible.

From the top to the bottom of the Peninsula, anarchy triumphed.

“Thy foresight is very subtle,” said Dante to Florence, “but what thou hast spun in October does not last even to the middle of October.”

In these glorious cities, valued in history as those of great empires, from the parish council to the public place, the citizens were rapacious. In all the governments, it was the same discords, and the outcries of these intestine divisions always awakened the bloody riot in the streets.

In our days, we can scarcely form an idea of the strength and tenacity of the family-hatreds of that epoch. It was no rare circumstance to behold a dying man solemnly bequeath his hatred to his son, exacting of him the most criminal oaths. These oaths of homicidal vengeance were often transmitted from generation to generation. The man who spared his enemy was disgraced by this false idea of honor. In pardoning, a nobleman was believed to have soiled forever his coat of arms. This venom of mortal hatred corrupted even the souls of priests.

The Church has seen days more gloomy, more evil, than these days of ours through which she is now journeying ; she has been more cruelly proven. To-day, the most of her misfortunes come from her enemies. On the XIV century, the most of her trials came from her own members. The salt of the earth had lost its savour. Justice, purity and charity seemed to have deserted the sanctuary, and, in her bitter sorrow, the Saint cried out : “I see the Christian Religion falling into decay . . . I see the light obscured by darkness Never had the Church of God more need of help ; never was the world more full of vice. All is corrupt and one cannot find a place of repose except in Jesus Crucified . . . We see, with our miserable eyes, the Holy Church, sweet Spouse, all pale and dismembered.”

The cries of the monk Savonarola, twenty five years later, were no more energetic or eloquent.

Catherine had a supernatural view of the evils of the Church, and the terrible vision made her wither away with sorrow.

“I die whilst living, she wrote, and I ask for death from my Creator, that I may no longer witness this great ruin. Help us by prayer. Beg mercy of God by the merits of the Blood of His Son.”

“ I have an ardent thirst,” said she, “ for the reform of the Church, and for the happiness of the entire world. To obtain this, I give with joy, not only my blood, but even the marrow of my bones.”

“ But it is the ministers of the Church,” said she, “ who have need of being reformed, not the Church. The Church gives light and strength, she cannot grow feeble or dark in herself. She gives light and the light in her no person can extinguish. The Church can never perish, for she is founded on the living stone, the sweet Christ Jesus. The Church is founded upon love ; she is love itself.”

Passionate for the Church, Catherine was also devoted to her country.

To this beautiful Italy, devoured by civil war, Plutarch, in his divine language, had long time cried in vain. Peace ! Peace ! Peace !

LAURE CONAN.

(To be continued.)

THE LILY OF THE MOUNTAIN.

IN the post road which leads from Remiremont to Bus-sang, in the smiling valley irrigated by the rising waters of the bright Moselle, lies the village de R . . .

The town of the assizes before the Revolution, this village has since lost much of its importance. A tradition based upon the discovery of certain ruins, informs us that this same site was formerly occupied by a Roman *oppidum*.

The Moselle, which is no more than a stream at its source, gradually enlarges its borders, as the valley widens between its double file of dark, fir tree crowned hills. The river's banks, bed of the golden rod, are intersected with white houses at whose every hearth, during the season of long evenings, a lamp is burning on dark nights; these lamps have the appearance of so many stars, fallen from some jewel case in the skies.

It is now many years ago, since I went, one summer, to visit the beloved sites of the mountains of the Vosges : St-Amé, Gérardner and its lake, the Schlucht ; and after that to skirt along the other valley, from round topped St-Maurice and Servance as far as fair Remiremont, and its St-Mont, the Val d'Ajol, and the smiling Plombières, where the warbling of the birds is to be heard in the woods.

It was my delight to go wandering about in the thickest of the forest, inhaling the balmy resinous breath of the fir trees. One day, having left R., I was returning from one of these excursions a little before dark, when, just as I passed from the out skirts of the woods to the pathway on the side of a somewhat deep ravine, I heard the tones of a young girl's or of a child's fresh voice, singing a canticle. I stopped in order to listen.

In the stillness of the evening, so deep a silence that the light breathings of the neighbouring forest made a sound like the mysterious rustling of wings, the pure childish voice had a peculiar charm, which fascinated me.

A rock upon the wayside sloped toward the ravine. I advanced cautiously and saw at its base, first, a red cow pasturing upon the tender grass which a streamlet of limpid water bedewed ; and, then, the shepherdess seated in a niche formed by the inequalities of the rock. As my shadow fell upon the emerald green sward, the child raised her head. On seeing me, she became mute.

—Good morning, "Mademoiselle," I cried ; will you allow me to take a drink from the spring at your side ?

Take the other way to come down, "Monsieur," said she, pointing with her fore finger to a path which I had not remarked "you will find it the easier of the two."

When I had drawn near, the child continued, "You are heated, a glass of warm milk would perhaps do better for you than the water."

Without waiting for my reply, but suiting the action to the word, she took a glass from the flat stone at her side and set herself to the work of milking the cow. I profited by the opportunity of considering her appearance. The little shepherdess was slight for a peasant. A small white coif surrounded her charming countenance, and imprisoned her hair, whose bands formed a setting of pale

gold for the fair brow which was illumined by a pair of soft eyes, drawn from the purest azure.

—What a delightful model," thought I, "for a Joan of Arc or for the child virgin of Nanterre." Suspended upon the wall of the natural niche where she had been sitting, was a picture of the Immaculate Conception, crowned with wild flowers.

The young girl presented me with the glass of frothy milk. Attached to her neck by a velvet riband, hung a silver medallion of the Sacred Heart of Mary with the motto "Spes Unica"

—You love the Blessed Virgin, do you not? I asked after having taken my drink.

—O yes! she is my faithful Protector, and as she spoke the child pressed the medallion to her lips.

This was said with such emphatic conviction, and with such a radiance of love and tenderness in her eyes, that I was deeply touched.

—What is your name, Mademoiselle?

—Mélanie.

—And you live close by?

—That is our house beneath those two great beech trees, Mama and I live there together.

—You have lost your father?

—Yes Monsieur, three years ago.

Must I confess to a sensation of regret at the moment of parting from the shepherdess? That pure flower, that lily of the mountain seemed to purify the surrounding atmosphere, and to shed abroad a heavenly fragrance.

In wishing Mélanie farewell, I endeavoured to slip a little piece of silver into her hand, but she put it decidedly away.

—Excuse me, Monsieur, we are poor it is true, but with us hospitality is not paid for. Do not spoil the pleasure which you have given me by accepting my glass of milk.

—May the Blessed Virgin, whom you so love, ever have you in her holy keeping, my good child. Should you give a thought to the stranger to-morrow, would you say one 'Ave Maria' for him?

—With all my heart.

—Farewell.

I mounted the slope and departed, carrying with me a delightful impression in the depths of my soul. The next day I turned my steps again toward the great city.

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My circumstances in life prevented my revisiting the Vosges the following year, as I had proposed to do. Three more years had also passed away before I found myself forcibly recalled to the valley of the Moselle by an unexpected event just at the opening of winter.

The aspect of this scene of alpine character, when the clothing of moss and verdure has been replaced by the ermine mantle is not devoid of charm nor above all of grandeur. The hills, the roads, the houses, all were white, upon all things the swans of the heaven's had cast a thick coat of down. The dense, dark forest overshadowed the deep valley with a dome glistening with hoar frost, and thither went the Druid virgins to bewail the tutelary gods of their ancestors ; a strange moaning issued from the fir trees.

In the evenings we made a circle around the china-stove, wherein burned a fire of dry turf, or more frequently, of beech wood. The old related to the young their stories of the past, whilst outside the frost was whistling and roaring, and the snow crackling beneath the tread of the foot passenger, or of the roll of the carriage wheel.

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It was on one of these cold evenings, brilliant with starlight, that I was chatting with the curate of R. in his genial apartment, sipping meanwhile a cup of tea mingled with linden flowers. Naturally, I did not forget to speak of my meeting with Mélanie, and I told him how much I had been impressed by the simplicity and piety of the child.

“ She must be about fifteen years old, at present ; You know her surely, Monsieur l'Abbe, I added.

It is but two years since I began to exercise my ministry in this community, and some months before my coming to R., the child of whom you speak had taken her way to Heaven. However, continued the priest, with a sudden change of countenance, I recognize your little shepherdess in the “ faithful portrait which you have drawn of her.”

The old man smiled at my air of astonishment, then continued with gravity in his voice.

—Yes, I have seen Mélanie just as you have described her, with her blue kerchief, and the medallion hanging on her neck. I have seen her pure countenance and her angelic eyes, and I can quite comprehend the impression that she made upon you. Since the remembrance of her interests you so much, I am going to relate an incident to you, but only on condition that, if you publish it some day, it shall not be until after my death.”

I made the required promise and the priest began his recital. The lapse of years has in no wise effaced it from my memory.

* * *

“It was in January last, consequently nearly a year ago, that I was awakened at night by a ring at the door bell. Here is someone, said I to myself, in search of the succours of religion for a departing soul.

Without loss of time I sprang from the bed, and began to dress, whilst Frances was unbolting the door. Two minutes later my house keeper knocked at my door.

—Monsieur le Cure, it is a young girl, a child almost, who is come to beg you to carry the Sacraments to her dying mother.

Another moment, and I was in the office where the young girl was waiting me. I found, in fact, a little maiden, who said immediately.

—Monsieur le Curé, my mother is dying. If you would not be too late, let us be off without delay.

—Where do you live, my child?

—On the summit of the hill of M. . . .

I was speechless with surprise. You know that, even in fine weather, it takes more than an hour to ascend that mountain, and reach the point spoken of, and as at that time it had been snowing for two days the roads should have been impassable.

—How have you been able to reach here in this fearful weather and at night too? who guided you?

—Nobody, Monsieur, but I have not been afraid, the Blessed Virgin protects me.

I saw that she held fast in her hand a medallion which hung upon her neck.

—Bun, awaken Baptiste, I said to my house keeper.

—It would be no use, Monsieur le Curé, and a loss of time, said the little girl. “I will be your guide ; let us go at once I implore you.”

There was an accent at once so beseeching and so convincing in the tones of the child's voice that I did according to her desire. Having secured the holy Species and the holy Oils, I set out with her.

The snow was falling in large flakes and the wind struck full on our faces. The higher we ascended the more obscured was the view and the steeper the ascent. Once I stopped quite blinded and out of breath. I am no longer at the age of twenty.

—Give me your hand, Monsieur le Curé, said the little girl. “I know every turn of the road, every obstacle on our path, and I will guide you.”

So saying she took my hand ; at the contact it seemed to me that my blood began immediately to circulate more rapidly in my veins, and I had a most delicious, indefinable sensation, such as I had never before experienced.

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At this point of his recital, the narrator, in visible emotion, made a pause. I saw his lips move in a murmured prayer. Myself touched, I waited in silence until he again spoke. He continued as follows.

At times we were obliged to cross veritable avalanches, yet I no longer felt fatigued. At each pressure of the hand of the child, whose little feet passing over the snow left no foot print on it, my strength was renewed, and, at the same time, I was visited by that sense of good to which I have just alluded. With her free hand, my little guide ceased not to press the medallion, frequently carrying it to her lips—in an unaffected transport.

—What medallion is it ? I asked.

—See, she said, “Spes Unica,” and I saw a heavenly light shining in her blue eyes. “Have no fears, Monsieur le Curé, the Blessed Virgin goes with us and very soon we shall have arrived.”

I could not doubt that we were indeed succoured by the Blessed Virgin, for, although the darkness was illumined by a soft starlight, the snow was falling so heavily that one could see no farther than three steps in advance.

No trace of the right direction was to be seen on the uniform whiteness, and I was not yet familiar with the mountain paths. But for the hand that led me, I should have gone astray twenty times before reaching my destination.

At last we found ourselves before the widow's cottage. Mélanie pushed open the front door, it seemed to open by itself. We crossed the vestibule, following the light of my lantern ; and then she said, pointing to a door. " Go in, Monsieur, le Curé, my mother is there."

I entered the room, which was faintly lighted by a lamp. " A priest ! " exclaimed the sick woman, on seeing me, " thanks be to God."

As I drew near to the bed, I looked to see if my little guide had followed me, and was no more than half surprised not to find her. Without a moment's loss of time I entered upon the exercises of my ministry.

During the day, the sick woman had been seized with a sudden and inexplicable malady. Having lain down she had not the strength to rise nor, consequently, to call for the assistance of a neighbour.

After having received the Sacraments, the woman, who, notwithstanding her excessive weakness, had retained full consciousness, asked me who had informed me of her condition, who had gone to fetch me.

—Your daughter, I replied.

My daughter ? Impossible, Monsieur le Curé, she has been dead for very nearly two years.

At this moment, my eye fell upon an object hanging upon the wall, at the head of the bed.

—What medallion is that ? I asked.

—It is a relic of my child.

—Precisely, she wore this relic on her neck, and was in the habit, was she not, of taking it in her hand, and pressing it to her heart ?

—Yes, my daughter had truly a great love for the Blessed Virgin.

—Well, then it was, no doubt, Our Lady who allowed your child to come for me, and to bring me here, even to the very door of your room.

I then described to the dying mother the features, the actions, the dress of the little messenger.

--Yes it is she, she indeed, murmured that poor mother. Mélanie, my dearest, we shall meet again.

At the first glimpse of dawn, with a smiling countenance, as if some fair vision were before her, the good peasant woman passed away. Her soul took its flight to heaven in the company of the angelic guide who had charged herself beforehand with providing her mother with the holy viaticum.

'Therefore,' said the good old man in conclusion, unable then to retain two large tears, if you have known Melanie an angel upon earth, I have known her, with the same exterior, after she had become an angel in Heaven. At the stroke of the hour which shall summon me to depart hence forever, may her little hand seek mine again, and be once more my guide !

A year ago the pure soul of the Curé of R. passed away in its turn. I have cherished his story in my memory.

Translated from the French of

EUG. AUBER.

THE DAILY MASS.

Judging from the small number present at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass during the week, it would seem that Catholics do not fully understand what the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is. No doubt the most indifferent Christian would esteem it the greatest of blessings to have been present on Calvary's Mount when Jesus was both Victim and Priest. But does he not realize that the same Sacrifice is offered up on every altar, in every Christian land, every hour of the day ? " From the rising to the setting sun ", the clean Oblation is made.

" The Little Crusader."

DREAMY WILLIE.

(FOR CHILDREN.)

SO a detective was called in and the case given into his hands. He succeeded in tracing Willie to the farm and, having arrived shortly before Willie, had questioned his mother and uncle, as to whether they had noticed any money with him.

They of course said not and assured him that Willie would be able to explain the matter when he came in.

As we have seen, he failed to do this, and, in consequence, was arrested.

Willie was accompanied to the city by his mother and uncle, who looked very coldly upon him.

On his way to the city, Willie tried to pray and think.

It was not until they were passing a bill board, and Willie, in a mechanical sort of way, had read the month old programme of sports, that the affair came back to his mind.

On arriving at the magistrates, Willie was questioned and told his story.

He acknowledged getting the money, and dallying on the way, till the gas office was closed, and his resolve to say nothing, but pay the money on Wednesday morning ; then, came his uncle's invitation, which led to his change of life, and put the whole affair completely out of his mind.

He was asked where the money was now ; and was obliged to say he did not know, as he had left it in his jacket pocket. His mother, who was present, said she had given away the clothes without Willie's knowledge, and did not know to whom.

The magistrate having no proof of the story, Willie was committed to jail.

How bitter were poor Willie's feelings ! for one half hour's indulgence he had forfeited his good name, his uncle's regard, and nearly broken his mother's heart.

Truly " our pleasant vices make of themselves whips to scourge us."

Mrs Reardon and her brother left the court and, overwhelmed with grief, she begged him to take her in to the nearest church to recover herself.

She cast herself on her knees before the statue of the Sacred Heart, and in her vehemence prayed aloud, "oh ! my God send me means to prove my boy's innocence ; send me the woman to whom I gave the clothes in Thy name, and grant that the envelope when found may be unopened. And, oh ! the infinite goodness and mercy of the Sacred Heart ! Not even a cup of cold water given in this name will go unrewarded !

The church door opened, a poorly clad woman entered, and knelt by the door. Mrs Reardon's sobs and tears attracted her attention, and, listening to her prayer, a light came into her face. She stepped up to her and said, " God has indeed heard your prayer, I am the woman to whom you gave the clothes.

I found the envelope in the pocket some time after, and went back to your house, but you had gone away, and as there was no address on the envelope, I did not know where to take it, so I gave it to Father Walsh, and asked him to keep it for me, and if you will come with me we can get it at once."

Only waiting to make a fervent thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart, Mrs Reardon hurried after the woman into the " Glebe ". Father Walsh on hearing the story gave Mrs Reardon the envelope, and also a letter to the magistrate stating how it came into his possession.

Armed with these proofs, it did not take long for Willie's mother to free him from his perilous position, and restore to him his uncle's good opinion.

Mr Brown shook hands with him, and was generous enough not to say " he hoped it would be a lesson to him."

All this happened to Willie many years ago, but the scent of roses always brings a picture to Willie's memory of the low-ceiled room with its simple furniture, his mother's tearful face, his uncle's stern one, the old mastiff who seemed to know he was in trouble and came to lick his hands to show his sympathy, the open window, through which came the hum of insects, the bird's sweet

notes from the orchard trees, and above all his own despair at the shipwreck of his life.

"Some go down in life's stormy sea, while some are wrecked in port."

Willie, now Father Reardon S. J., often tells the story to the boys of his class, as a warning against indulging in the seemingly harmless pastime of dreaming, and also to promote devotion to that Sacred Heart but for Whose merciful intervention Willie's life had been ruined.

PRAYERS SOLICITED.

(1) Several members of the clergy, for particular graces for themselves, and for their parishioners.

(2) Many sinners, many sick persons, persons in danger of losing their positions, without opportunities to earn their livelihoods, affairs of high importance, and other various intentions.

(3) Pray, very specially, for the *Souls in Purgatory*, during this month. Recommend specially to our Lord : The Revd. JOSEPH LANCETTE, deceased at St-Guillaume ; Rev. J. B. A. COUSINEAU, at Ste-Agnes ; Rev. P. PAMPALON, redemptoriste, at Ste-Anne de Beauport ; Rev. J. B. LEMONDE, at St-Janvier ; Rev. A. R. W. SEERS, at St-Jean Chrysostome ; Rev. AZARIAS MASSE, of the PP. Ste-Croix ; Rev. Father POINT, S. J., Montreal ; Rev. M. CHAPERON, at Ste-Marie de la Beauce ; Rev. JOSEPH TOUPIN, P. S. S., at Montreal ; Rev. E. BOURGOIN, at Montreal ; Rev. Sr St-ELPHIGE, at the Bon Pasteur convent, Biddeford (Me.) ; for Mrs. Widow F. X. VADERONCEUR, at Louiseville ; Mrs. REMI CARON, at Nancy ; Mrs. JANVIER GIROUX, at St-Lambert ; Mrs. DAVID GILL, at St-Francois du Lac ; Mrs. ELVIRE GERVAIS-BACON, at St-Felix de Valois ; Mrs. HENRY SMALLWOOD, at Montreal ; Mrs. ALEXINA DEROUIN, at Biddeford ; Mrs. MONTREUIL, at Quebec ; for Miss FLORA LASALLE and PHILOMENE JODOIX, at St-Paul ; Miss CAROLINE DE TONNANCOURT, at St-Michel d'Yamaska ; for MM. FERRIS, at Boston ; CLOVIS FREDETTE, at Thetford Mines ; X. C. LAPLANTE, at Central-Falls ; JEREMIE MONGEON, at Soney Point (Ont.) ; GEDEON ROGEE, at Northampton (Mass.) ; ZEPHYRIN JACQUES, at Contre-cœur ; COLLINS, at Duluth (Minn.) ; JOSEPH SEGUIS, at St-Simon ; DAMASE VANASSE, at Northampton ; EDMOND LAPORTE, SYLVAIN CARPENTIER and HARRY KING, firemen victims of the fire at Montreal.

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

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

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

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

200 days' ind. once a day.

Leo XIII. 20 June 1892.

THANKSGIVINGS

FOR FAVORS OBTAINED THROUGH PRAYER TO THE
MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD.

“ I desire to acknowledge a very special temporal favor obtained through the powerful mediation of the Most Precious Blood.

ANNA MARY DEVINE.”

A young man had almost become a common drunkard, and his sister promised that, if he should be cured, she would have it published in the “ Voice of the Precious Blood.” Within a fortnight from making her promise she got word that he had taken the pledge for a year and wished to take it for five years.

Thanks to the Precious Blood and Our Lady !

“ We have had quite a number of troubles for the past 6 months.

I promised to write to you without any one in this house knowing it and, if it ceased, to have it printed in your book which *Ma* receives monthly ; and it ceased. So I take my first minute which I have to spare to tell you our trouble ceased and I am very happy to thank you for it. Please print in English. *A little girl.*”

“ I come to thank you for a favor obtained by the intercession of the Precious Blood. I had asked you to pray for the conversion of a person who was very dear to me. That person was my adopted brother, who had traveled much, and for a number of years had neglected his religion. About four months ago, he returned from California. I wrote to you, subscribing for your work of the Precious Blood. At once, there was a change in him. He assisted at the Forty--Hours Devotion during the month of August, and died on the last week of that month,

fortified by the Last Sacraments. His death was edifying. He had asked me to inscribe his conversion in your Annals."

* * *

"I come to acquit myself of a promise I had made to publish in the Annals of the Precious Blood a favor which I had asked for a long time, namely, the conversion of my husband from drink. I have obtained from Saint Anthony of Padua that he would go to a place of cure for drunkards. He has left off drinking. For twenty five years I had prayed and asked for prayers; I obtained some little alleviations, but he would always recommence the habit, and would not go to be cured.

All at once the Precious Blood and Saint Anthony decided the affair. My husband went out of the house much intoxicated, without sense or judgment, he went straight to the house of cure for drunkenness. He had no remembrance of his journey; and his sense did not return to him until two days after he had gone there.

"My Reverend Sister, please help me to thank the Precious Blood and Saint Anthony of Padua. My husband is entirely changed. There is the same difference as between day and night. I thank you for all your good prayers to the Precious Blood. V. B. B."

* * *

"I am happy to come as many others do, bringing my tribute of thanksgiving and gratitude to the Precious Blood for several graces with which I have been favored after the Novena recommended in the April No. One of my sons, recommended several times to the prayers of the members of the confraternity of the Precious Blood, and who has been an incorrigible drunkard, is now almost cured of that fatal passion, and, on account of his better conduct, has obtained a most advantageous position. Another of my children, after the Novena was made, went to the United States and found there an excellent situation, and, since that time, has never been out of employ-

ment. A thousand grateful thanks to the Most Precious Blood. Gratitude and thanksgivings for other favors received in my family."

" I am cured of palpitation of the heart which made me apprehensive of sudden death. I was cured by wearing on my heart the little heart on which are imprinted the words of Pius IX : " Place on thy heart one drop of the Precious Blood of Jesus and fear nothing."

" After having asked for a Novena to be made to the Precious Blood in favor of my young child, he ceased, all at once, his habit of stammering."

" A person from St. Louis de Gonzague desires to fulfill his promise of publishing in " The Voice of the Precious Blood " the favor he had urgently asked for. He had suffered from dyspepsia for several years ; at present he is completely cured."

" I can certify to you that my husband commenced to improve immediately after you had began to pray for him. Just at the time when the Doctor thought he would become totally blind, he was cured by those fervent prayers offered to the Precious Blood in his behalf."

Several other persons thank the Precious Blood for favors obtained.

OUR LADY OF GOOD COUNSEL. —Will you please insert in the " Voice of the Precious Blood," that I have

obtained a spiritual, and also a temporal favor by the intercession of Our Lady Of Good Council ?”

AN URSULINE RELIGIOUS.

Several persons, who wear with piety and confidence the medal of OUR LADY OF OLIVES, thank the Blessed Virgin, for remarkable graces, even “miraculous favors” which she has obtained for them.

Many grateful thanksgivings are rendered to blessed Saint Anthony of Padua for favors obtained.

SAINT EXPEDIT.—“It is with a lively sentiment of gratitude that I ask you to publish a favor which I have received from the intercession of Saint Expedit.

The following are the facts : I went to St-Hyacinthe to find a situation as a painter. In the uncertainty of my success in finding a place, I had recourse to Saint Expedit. After having applied to several workshops uselessly, I was about to leave the city to seek my fortune elsewhere. Disappointed at my non-success, I went to the railway station, and met there a person who was a stranger to me. He offered me a place which I accepted at once, without hesitation.

I now fulfill the promise I had made to my holy Protector by publishing what had happened to me.”

* * *

I come, in fulfilment of a promise, to offer my grateful thanks to saint Expeditus for the cure of a severe headache, and for many trifling favors begged through his intercession, among them for protection in an ugly and dangerous upset from a carriage.

* * *

A subscriber to *The Voice of the Precious Blood* begs me to make known also a favor received from the intercession of the same Saint.

Suffering from two terrible diseases, she had not the courage to employ the remedies necessary for conquering the maladies. Finally, she invoked Saint Expedit, promising, that if she were heard, to publish her cure. Her prayers were heard, and answered immediately. With lively gratitude she renders thanks to Saint Expedit.

* * *

Some weeks since, I had pressing need of help in a material affair of which the success would turn to the spiritual good of souls. I invoked many holy Saints of Heaven and earth, hoping that they would influence the person from whom I expected help. In vain. Each day, my confident hopes vanished with the shades of evening. One day it was the last . . . The clock struck ten—critical moment when I knew absolutely that my hopes were nearly over . . . I made this exclamation : Saint Expedit, bring me that which I need !

At that very instant—it is almost beyond belief—the same person, who had so strongly refused me, entered, bringing me the desired assistance.

A friend of the *Voice*.

* * *

“ I desired much to undertake a journey but had not the means necessary. I made a Novena in honor of Saint Expedit, and promised publication of the favor if it were obtained.

My desires were granted beyond all my expectation. I received more money than I had hoped for, and at the opportune moment. By making known this favor, you will greatly oblige me.”

THE VOICE OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

With this number, *THE VOICE OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD* enters in its second year of existence. We heartily thank our kind Friends for the encouragement given to our humble publication, and hope that the Precious Blood will favor them and their household with a particular blessing, in return. It is our prayer of every day.