

THE VOICE
OF THE
PRECIOUS BLOOD

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

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THE MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD.

Over the desert of life,
Over its hot burning sand,
Out from the heart of the Saviour
Floweth a stream through the land.

Freighted with manifold blessings,
Ceaselessly onward it flows,
Gladdening all hearts till they quicken
And bloom with the light of the rose.

Ah ! how the world-weary spirits,
Ready 'neath sorrows to sink,
Shrinking from thorns and crosses,
Pause in sweet joy at its brink.

Bathed in its life-giving waters,
Strengthened and happy they rise,
Ready where God calls to follow
In the pathway which leads to the skies.

Most Precious Blood of our Saviour,
Ransom whose worth is untold,
Given for the lost sons of Adam,
Given us a treasure to hold.

Most Precious Blood of our Saviour,
Wash from our spirits each stain,
Grant that Thy blessings may never
Fall on our hard hearts in vain.

Most Precious Blood of our Saviour,
 To which our best homage we bring
 In gratitude meet for the treasures
 Drawn from thy life-giving spring.

Health for the weak and the weary,
 Wisdom for scholar and sage,
 Guidance for youth's joyous morning,
 Hope for the dark years of age.

Life-giving wine of the martyrs
 Who fearlessly went to their doom,
 For the light in Thy ruby drops glowing
 Had robbed every torture of gloom.

Strengthen our hearts for the combat,
 Till after earth's sorrow and strife
 We pass by Thy power through the portals
 Which lead to the kingdom of Life.

MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD IN THE LIGHT OF FAITH

(Continued)

IV.

THE WITNESSES OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

The beloved disciple who witnessed those supreme scenes attests them as follows : " He that saw it, says he, hath given testimony, and his testimony is true. And he knoweth that he says true, that you also may believe. For these things were done that the scripture might be fulfilled : They shall look on him whom they pierced." John XIX, 35-37. St. Paul teaches us more expressly what we ought to believe and contemplate regarding the Precious Blood ; he recalls the most solemn entrance which the highpriest alone made only once a year in the holy of holies, bearing in his hands a large cup filled with the blood of the victims, and trembling while he came to offer it to the Most High before the Ark of the Covenant, then the Apostle adds : " But Christ being come an high

“ priest of the good things to come, by a greater and more perfect tabernacle not made with hand, that is not of this creation, neither by the blood of goats or calves but by his own blood, entered once into the Holies, having obtained eternal redemption.” Heb. IX, 11.

From the height of the cross Jesus signalized by a prodigy his entry into heaven through his Blood. At the moment that he expired, the veil of the temple was torn from the top even to the bottom ; that veil concealed terrible mysteries, and under pain of death, it prohibited rigorously the entrance of any mortal into the sanctuary, which it separated entirely from the rest of the temple. Such a miracle signified that the gate of heaven which until then had been closed for every human creature was all on a sudden wide opened when the redeeming Blood ceased to flow ; heaven is henceforth fully conquered, the children of Adam have now a place therein, if, according to the words of Saint John, they desire to wash their sins in the Blood of the Lamb.

THE TEACHING OF THE APOSTLES.

Besides what has already been quoted, the writings of the Apostles contain upon the Precious Blood other passages most important and very remarkable ; we will produce them by referring them to the different points of doctrine which are exposed therein.

I.

THE BLOOD OF JESUS REDEEMS US.

“ We have redemption through his blood,” writes expressly Saint Paul and in the same terms both to the Ephesians I, 7, and to the Colossians I, 14 ; “ By his own blood having obtained eternal redemption” (Heb. IX, 12). “Knowing,” says Saint Peter to the first Christians, “that you were not redeemed with corruptible things as gold and silver, from your vain conversation of the tradition of your fathers, but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb unspotted and undefiled, foreknown indeed before the foundation of the world, but manifested in the last times for you.” I Peter I, 18-20.

Saint John describes how that blessed redemption is perpetuated and celebrated in the splendor of heaven.

“ And I saw : and behold in the midst of the throne
 “ and in the midst of the ancients, a *Lamb standing as it*
 “ *were slain*. And he came and took the book (of revela-
 “ tions) out of the right hand of him that sat on the throne.
 “ And when he had opened the book, the four-and-twenty
 “ ancients fell down before the Lamb, having every one of
 “ them harps and golden vials full of odours, which are
 “ the prayers of saints : and they sung a new canticle,
 “ saying : Thou art worthy, O Lord, to take the book and
 “ to open the seals thereof : *because thou wast slain, and*
 “ *hast redeemed us to God in thy blood*, out of every tribe,
 “ and tongue, and people, and nation, and hast made us
 “ to our God a Kingdom and priests, and we shall reign
 “ on the earth. And I beheld and I heard the voice of
 “ many angels round about the throne, and the number
 “ of them was thousands of thousands, saying with a loud
 “ voice : *The Lamb that was slain*, is worthy to receive
 “ power, and divinity, and wisdom, and strength, and
 “ honor, and glory and benediction. And every creature,
 “ which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the
 “ earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in
 “ them : I heard all saying : To him that sitteth on the
 “ throne, *and to the Lamb*, benediction and honour and
 “ glory and power for ever and ever.” (Apoc. V. 6-14).

II.

THE BLOOD OF JESUS IS OUR PROPITIATION, OUR PEACE
 AND RECONCILIATION WITH GOD :

“ Being justified freely by his grace, says St. Paul,
 “ through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, whom
 “ God has proposed to be a propitiation, *through faith in*
 “ *his blood*, to the showing of his justice, for the remission
 “ of former sins, through the forbearance of God in this
 “ time.” (Rom. III, 24-26).

“ For which cause be mindful, (O nations)”, he writes
 to the Ephesians, “ that you were at that time without
 “ Christ, being aliens from the conversation of Israel and
 “ strangers to the testament, having no hope of the pro-
 “ mise, and without God in this world. But now in Christ
 “ Jesus, you, who some time were afar off, *are made nigh*
 “ *by the blood of Christ*. For he is our peace.” (Eph. II,
 “ 12-14).

"That you may walk worthy of God, giving thanks
 "to God the Father, who hath made us worthy to be par-
 "takers of the lot of the saints in light, who hath deli-
 "vered us from the power of darkness, and hath trans-
 "lated us into the kingdom of the Son of his love, *in whom*
 "*we have redemption through his blood*, the remission of
 "sins : who is the image of the invisible God, the first-
 "born of every creature : for in him all things were crea-
 "ted in heaven and on earth, visible and invisible, whe-
 "ther thrones or dominations, or principalities or powers,
 "all things were created by him and in him, and he is
 "before all, and by him all things consist, and he is the
 "head of the body, the Church, who is the beginning, the
 "first-born from the dead, that in all things he may hold
 "the primacy ; because in him, it hath well pleased the
 "Father, that all fulness should dwell : and through him
 "to reconcile all things unto himself, *making peace through*
 "*the blood of his cross*, both as to the things on earth and
 "the things that are in heaven." (Col. I, 10-20).

Thus the Blood of the Saviour makes God propitious,
 compassionate for our miseries, and renders us agreeable to
 God ; that Blood is the universal reconciliation by causing
 peace to reign everywhere, reestablishing it upon earth
 and consolidating it even unto heaven.

ANTHONY.

(*To be continued.*)

BABY ANNE AND THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

(*A true incident.*)

"Darling !" she said, when Baby Anne
 Babbled in church, "kneel down, my dear ;
 And keep as quiet as you can,
 For Christ, the Blessed Lord, is here."

"Where is He?" Baby whispered low.
 "—Behind that little golden gate."
 "—And is He very small?" "—Oh, no,
 But very, very, *very* great.

The lids above the bright eyes drooped
 When awestruck Baby spoke once more:
 "How very low he must have stooped
 To get in at that little door."

O wisdom of the guileless tongue,
 Revealing Christ's great Mystery !
 Through mouths of babes and sucklings young
 He speaks his truths to you and me.

A God in yon small casket cooped !
 O Infinite ! (surprise finds vent) :
 How very low thou must have stooped
 To dwell within this Sacrament !

Eleanor C. Donnelly in *Ave Maria*.

THE BANDIT'S HOSPITALITY.

(*A Biblical Legend.*)

THE simoon, that terrible wind of the desert, had arisen, sweeping everything before it, whirling high in the air impalpable clouds of yellow sand, bending low the tall tops of the palm trees, uprooting the thorny fig trees, the purple flowered cactus and strewing the plains with the branches or the pale leafed lentisks.

Night was falling on the earth ; not one of those clear eastern nights, whose blue mantle gemmed with brilliant stars spreads itself in the silvery moon rays ; but wild, dark and stormy.

Above the riot of the tempest a mournful outcry traversed space. It came from Bethlehem and Rama and was the hopeless lamentation of the mothers whose little ones were being slain by Herod's soldiers.

This dismal surge of human sobs sent a shudder into the hearts of two fugitives who, heedless of the storm and darkness, were hurrying towards the desert : a white haired man, leading an ass by the bridle, and, on this miserable animal, a woman, young and most beautiful, clasping to her bosom a sleeping child, wrapped in the folds of her veil.

They were journeying with speed for they were fleeing from Judea where the martyred children's blood was flowing in crimson torrents. The profound gloom of the forest, the bleak solitude and the peals of thunder were less terrible to them than the neighborhood of cities in which the murderous steel of Herod's emissaries threatened the Babe now peacefully asleep.

They hurried on, anxious that when the morrow's sun arose, it might see them far from that inhospitable land.

Still they hurried on . . . when behold, two men springing from the border of the wood, stood threateningly before them, blocking the way.

They were highway robbers who, during the night, lie in wait for defenceless travellers, stripping them of the gold or merchandise they carry and releasing them only on receiving a heavy ransom.

Alas! Joseph the patriarch and Mary were poor. They owned neither gold nor jewels. Their sole treasure was the Infant God whom they were carrying over mountains and deserts towards the Egyptian land to hide Him from the Tetrack's jealous fury.

With suppliant gestures they besought the brigands to let them go their way. All in vain. The infant in Mary's arms had been recognised as the new-born Child of Bethlehem, the mysterious Babe who, lying on straw in the manger of a wretched stable, received the adoration of the Chaldean Shepherds and the Eastern Kings. They knew that His parents received rich gifts, a casket of gold and precious perfumes, from the Maji. Their greed was enkindled by this knowledge and they dragged the travellers through narrow forest by-ways to a deep cavern, their lurking place by day, and in which, far out of reach, they hoarded the accumulated fruit of their rapine.

Nothing moved these pitiless men, not even Joseph's petitions nor the mother's tears. Crime had long since hardened Gesmas and Dismas, steeling their hearts to all feelings of mercy.

Or, reaching their haunt, they lit torches and, roughly thrusting aside the aged Joseph who vainly tried to interpose, they tore the Child from His Mother's arms.

"We will keep Him," they cried "till you hand over your treasures."

"Alas! we have nothing. . . . see, our hands are empty, we are destitute."

Gemas shook his head incredulously.

"What about the kings who came to Bethlehem with camels laden with presents? Did they not lavish on you royal gifts: gold, incense and myrrh?"

"Everything was given immediately to the poor of Judea."

"Or rather jealously buried in some underground hiding place. . . . Show it to us. . . ."

"I assure you we have nothing. . . . We are fleeing from persecution. Liberate us and God will bless you."

Gemas answered Mary's appeal by sneers and coarse laughter. During this scene, the Child in Dismas' hands awoke with a start. He did not however show any fear. His fair head leaned confidently against the rough, hairy chest, and His eyes rose calmly to the brigand's ferocious countenance. He smiled. The divinely tender smile of those innocent lips, so much confidence united to so much weakness overcame the soul of Dismas. An incomprehensible emotion seized him, softening his hitherto stony heart and sending tears to those eyes which never wept over misfortune.

"Gemas," said he in a stifled voice, while the Infant's uncertain hands passed gently over his bristly beard and bronzed face, "what do you want for his ransom?"

The other laughed.

"Will you pay it, you who avariciously conceal your gains so as not to be compelled to divide with me?"

"Yes, I will. I want to restore the gentle Babe to whom the miserable Dismas owes his first caress. . . . Speak. How much do you exact?"

"A good penny! . . . Thirty pieces of gold."

Dismas fumbled at his belt and soon thirty pieces of gold fell, glittering, on the earthen floor.

"Take it. . . . let them go."

Gemas sprang greedily for the gold which had rolled on all sides and, shrugging his shoulders, went and threw himself on a pile of skins which served as his bed.

Dismas accompanied Joseph and Mary to the opening of the cavern.

The hurricane was at its height raging so furiously that Mary shuddered.

"It will be a terrible night," whispered the bandit timidly. "The child will be cold and perhaps harm will befall Him . . . if you would like . . ."

Mary glanced uneasily at the sky, now of inky blackness, pierced at times by flashes of vivid lightning and threatening soon to send down torrents of rain.

"Here," pursued Dismas "you will be safe. Gesmas sleeps heavily. No one can follow you into this retreat, and to-morrow, at day break, I will guide you through the forest by paths known to me alone."

Joseph and Mary were still hesitating when they noticed that the Child, still in Dismas' arms, had again fallen asleep. His blond head pressed against the tawny cheek and His little arm around the robber's neck.

They remained.

Before Gesmas awoke next morning, they took leave of the outlaw who had given them hospitality in his cavern, Mary saying to him in her sweet tones: "Mayest thou who compassionated my Child, be blessed and consoled in thy last hour."

* * *

After having, for thirty years, spread terror through Judea by their robberies, extortions and cruelty, Dismas and Gesmas were at last captured by the soldiers of Pontius Pilate, then officiating at Jerusalem as Roman Governor. They were sentenced to the most infamous of all deaths, crucifixion.

A man of sinless life was also to die with them; His only crime was that of declaring Himself to be the Son of God, loving the poor and lowly and preaching a law of charity and mercy to the pitiless arrogant jews.

The cowardly Governor, who found "no cause in this just man," was not brave enough to shield Him from the hatred of the pharisees and boldly proclaim His innocence. He tried however, to excite the compassion of the deicidal jews by bringing Jesus before them when He had been reduced by scourging to the most lamentable state. From the balcony of the prætorium he showed the now

disfigured exhausted Redeemer, with lacerated body and thorn-crowned brow. The soldiers, with bitter irony, had thrown a worn-out purple mantle over His shoulders and thrust a reed, as a sceptre, into His hand.

"Behold the man!" said Pilate, adding: "Will you crucify your king?"

At sight of the blood-stained figure, the Jews recoiled in mingled horror and disgust. Their King!...that pain-crushed man, reduced to the lowest degree of human suffering, misery and abjection!.....

Veiling their eyes to shut out the sight, and turning their backs, they shouted:

"Tolle! Tolle! Away with Him; crucify Him!"

Blinded by hatred they forgot all patriotism:

"We have no king but Cæsar."

* * *

And now on the summit of Golgotha are seen three crosses.

The just One hangs crucified between two robbers. Gesmas blasphemes and scoffs at the Divine Sufferer whose resignation displeases and exasperates him.

Dismas is silent... He turns his eyes. He listens to the words of pardon and love pronounced by the dying Saviour.

He tries to remember... Long ago, far, far back in the depths of the guilty past, he once encountered,.... Yes, he has already met those gentle, pure eyes, so full of mercy.

Yes, he remembers now!

One stormy night he and Gesmas had arrested two travellers who were hurrying away with a proscribed child. As they had no ransom to offer, Dismas with brutal hand had snatched the child. And behold, the innocent Babe awaking in his arms had looked at him tenderly and mercifully, as the dying Redeemer was looking on him at this moment.

All was clear to him.

The mysterious child, adored by shepherds and kings in a stable, whose divine smile had aroused emotions of pity in the bandit's callous heart, was the Son of God now dying for the redemption of the world.

The pallid faced woman, the grief-pierced mother standing beneath the cross. . . . Yes, Dismas recognised her too. . . . it was she who, in grateful accents, had said to him : "Layest thou be blessed and consoled in thy last hour !"

"O hush !" he cried to Gesmas who was still blaspheming, "We are bearing the just penalty of our crimes but He. . . . He is innocent. . . . and is dying for our sins."

His eyes, filled with earnest supplication, turned towards the expiring Redeemer.

"Lord " he murmured humbly, "remember me when Thou shalt have come into Thy kingdom."

Once more the loving eyes of Jesus rested on those of the aged bandit whose heart was breaking with repentance.

"This day," said He with ineffable sweetness, "thou shalt be with me in Paradise."

Thus did the Son of God bestow the hundred-fold reward on the good thief for a night's hospitality in his cave.

THE HIDDEN LIFE AT NAZARETH.

"And He went down with them. . . . and was subject to them. And His mother kept all these words in her heart." Luke. II. 51.

What holy silence reigns around,—
 How peaceful is this poor abode !
 No earthly cares intruding where,
 Secluded, dwells the Son of God.
 The household duties have been done,
 The Virgin Mother sits apart,
 And, as she works, look's sweetly on
 The Precious Treasure of her heart.

She gazes on, as to and fro
 The Holy Child, at Joseph's will,
 In silent recollection moves,
 His lowly duties to fulfil.
 Ah ! what a sight she now beholds—
 As if He had another care
 Her Son hath left His work, and kneels
 With head bent low, in silent prayer.

A cloud of anguish rests upon
 His noble and majestic Face,
 As though a world of thought and grief
 Held in His youthful mind a place.
 The mother, watching, shudders now,
 The sword sinks deeper in her heart :
 A vision of the future drear
 Hath pierced her like a flaming dart.

She hears a secret voice repeat :
 " Thy Son, a thorny crown shall wear,
 His Precious Blood for man will flow,
 And nails shall pierce those hands so fair.
 In haste the distaff Mary leaves,
 And to her heart she clasps her Child ;
 From Jesus' brow all anguish flees
 As o'er Him bends that face so mild.

S. M. A.

 REFLECTIONS.

God bestows His grace both on the good and the bad, but He reserves His trials for the predestined.

Blessed HENRY SUSO.

To seek for happiness on earth is to forget that we are in exile and to renounce all hope of our fatherland.

FÉNELON.

God is good enough and great enough to supply for everything. When all abandons us, let us abandon all to Him.

Venerable MOTHER BARAT.

There is no discouragement to the soul that seeks Mary. There is the picture of created sanctity. There is the bosom on which rested the Word made Flesh, the soul that ever thirsted as it thirsts now for greater likeness to its Beloved. Let us ask her to lead us up the path of holiness.

MGR. PRESTON.

TO OUR QUEEN.

For "*The Voice of the Precious Blood.*"

Mother, whose bright eyes ever softly beam
 On me, thy erring child, when, glad I steal
 From thought and touch of earth, absorbed to kneel
 At thy May-shrine ; me conduct down life's stream,
 And, star-like, o'er my perilous pathway gleam
 When worldly lights wax dim ; oh, let me feel
 Thy luminous love till angels shall reveal
 Thy skyeey home whose glories crown my dream.

Loved Queen, while yet I wander, crave for me
 The golden treasure of a guileless heart ;
 Sweet mother, in thy peerless purity
 A share I pray ; make ire and pride depart
 From out my breast, the founts of virtue start,
 That tranquil I may live and chaste like thee.

MAURICE W. CASEY.

THE FEAST OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION
 IN THE MONASTERY OF THE
 PRECIOUS BLOOD.(1)

Many of the subscribers to the "Voice of the Precious Blood," will doubtless be pleased if, just for a moment, we raise the almost impenetrable veil which hides the religious of the community of that name from the eyes of the world, so that they may see how solemnly and beautifully the Feast of their Immaculate Queen is celebrated within their hallowed cloister.

The religious of the Precious Blood honour particularly the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God, on account of the intimate union which exists between the mystery of the Precious Blood and that of the Immaculate Conception : for, was it not through the anticipated merits of the Blood of Jesus that Mary was made Immacu-

(1) This article was received too late to be published in our last number.

late, and was it not Mary who furnished the first drops of the life giving stream which flowed so abundantly from the Wounds of Jesus for our sakes and for our redemption ?

The venerable Founders of the Institute have established Mary Immaculate, the first and principal Superior of the Order, and every year the election is renewed with a sweet and touching solemnity.

The White Feast first rings out during the silent midnight hour when the Sisters' voices ascend in loving supplication to Mary's throne, begging her benediction for themselves and their never forgotten friends and benefactors. Again, during the Community Mass, which takes place at half-past six, the beautifully decorated chapel resounds with the praises of Mary and the echo as it reaches us from the far away choir may well be taken for the songs of the angels hymning the praises of their Queen.

But it is especially in the evening that the Feast becomes more heaven-like. In the brilliantly lighted chapel everything breathes purity and prayer. During the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, our Eucharistic Jesus holds His children in mute adoration and when He has blessed all the worshippers and returned to His prison of love, the Religious once more take up their songs of joyous tribute to their Queen. Accompanied by the Rev. Chaplain of the Community, they leave the choir processionally, carrying the statue and banner of Mary and singing in sweetest tones the litany of Loretto. Their voices resound through the passages, the halls and corridors of the Monastery, through which they wend their way till they reach the Community room where Mary's statue is enthroned and surrounded by clusters of dazzling lights. Although we cannot see them, we know that here the Religious all kneel and the Chaplain, in the name of the Rev. Mother Superior and of each member of the community, reads a beautiful act of consecration to the Mother of God, begging her to become once again their Superior and Mother. The Religious then incline profoundly while singing the " *Nos cum prole pia* " and the Rev. Chaplain blesses them in Mary's name, as if by the hands of their venerable Founders. -- Our Immaculate Queen's hymn of thanksgiving—*Magnificat*—is now intoned and the procession moves on afresh.

It passes through the exterior passage and down the long aisle of the chapel. The Sisters, with their red scapulars and long white mantle, pass on as if figuring the procession of Virgins who follow the Lamb of God in His celestial and eternal abode; all present experience an indefinable emotion, whilst Mary seems to smile sweetly and encouragingly on her daughters as they pass before her brilliant throne and re-enter their home of austere penance and loving reparation.

The door of the cloister is then closed and the veil over it is once more lowered.

The worshippers depart carrying with them a sweet souvenir of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception as celebrated in the Monastery of the Precious Blood, which souvenir is accompanied by a longing desire to participate in endless feasts of eternity of which our earthly ones are but a dim reflexion.

A WORSHIPPER.

A LEGEND OF ST. BRIGID.

1st February.

Saint Brigid stood amid the Kire,
 A fair child-saint, and round her grew
 The cowslip and the celandine,
 The daisy white, and harebell blue ;
 And while in milking pail and pan
 The white milk frothed, a beggar train
 With hungry eyes and features wan
 Passed slowly o'er the sunlit plain.

Soft pity in her heart awoke,
 To one and all a draught she gave,
 To one and all kind words she spoke,
 Tears filled her eyes, so clear yet grave,
 But soon on emptied pail and pan
 Her mother gazed in sudden wrath,
 And then upon the beggar clan
 That stood upon the sunlit path.

When lo ! anew the white milk foamed
 In every milking pail and pan,
 And wheresoe'er the beggars roamed
 In awe they told the wondrous tale.
 And still from Foyle to Bantry's shores
 By Liffey's banks or Shannon's tide
 Do wearied hearts the aid implore
 Of "Ireland's Mary," good St. Bride.

THE DURATION OF PURGATORY.

CARDINAL BELLARMINE in one of his dissertations assures us that the pains of Purgatory are not limited to ten or twenty years, but sometimes endure for ages. A recent example confirms the opinion of the learned writer.

The Rev. Father Schoofs, S. J., who died in 1878, relates the following fact, which took place in the city of Antwerp during the early years of his ministry. He was giving a mission, and had just entered Notre Dame College, when he was informed that he was wanted in the parlour. He found there two young men in the prime of life, with a boy of nine or ten, pale and sickly.

"Father," said one of the young men, "this is a poor boy whom we have taken up and who deserves protection, since he is pious and prudent. We give him food and education, and for more than a year that he has been a member of our family he has been healthy and happy. For the past few weeks he has grown thin and pines away as you see him."

"What is the cause of this change?" inquired the Father.

"Fright is the cause," they replied. "The boy is awakened every night by apparitions. A man, he asserts, appears to him as plainly as he sees us now, and hence his fears and continual excitement. We have come, Father, to ask for a remedy."

"My friends," said Father Schoofs, "there is a remedy for everything with God. Begin, both of you, by making a good Confession and Holy Communion ; pray

Our Saviour to deliver you from all evil and be not afraid. As to you, my child," said he to the boy, "say your prayers well and sleep soundly that nobody coming in may awake you." After this, he bade them good day, requesting them to return if anything should happen.

After a fortnight they returned.

"Father," said they, "we have done as you advised, and still the apparition continues as before."

"To-night," said the Jesuit Father, "watch at the boy's room, providing paper and ink to write down the replies. When he warns you of this man's presence, draw near and ask in the Name of God who he is, the date of his death, the place where he lived, the object of his visit?"

On the morrow they returned with the paper which contained the responses received.

"We have seen," they said, "the man whom the boy sees."

Then they went on :

"He is an old man, whose bust only is visible, clothed in ancient costume. He gave us his name and the house where he lived in Antwerp. He died in the year 1636, having been a banker in that same house which, in his time, comprised also two neighbouring houses."

Let us here remark that in the city archives confirmatory documents have since been discovered which exactly correspond with the indications given.

"He added," continued the young man, "that he was in Purgatory, and that only few prayers had been said for him, and he begged the inhabitants of the house to offer a Holy Communion for his soul. He requested, too, that they make a pilgrimage to Our Lady of Fevres at Louvain, and another to Our Lady of the Chapel at Brussels."

"You will do well," said Father Schoofs, "to perform those works, and if the spirit comes once more, demand that he recite the 'Our Father,' 'Hail Mary,' and 'Creed,' before talking with him."

They performed the works enjoined with all possible piety, and returned to relate the result. "Father," said they, "the spirit prayed as desired, but with such a manifest air of faith and piety! What reverence in his 'Our Father,' what love in his 'Hail Mary,' and what convic-

tion in his 'Creed' ! Now we know what prayer means ! He then thanked us for our assistance, he was greatly consoled thereby, and he would have been entirely freed were it not for the daughter of the house who had made a sacrilegious Confession. We told this story," said they, "to our sister ; she grew pale, avowed the fault, and running to her confessor, made haste to repair the evil."

"From that day," writes Father Schoofs, "the house was no more haunted. The family who dwelt there soon grew prosperous and is now wealthy. The two brothers continued to lead an exemplary life, and their sister became a religious in a convent where she is at present Superioress."

This prosperity arose, doubtless, from their charity in assisting this poor soul. After two centuries in Purgatory he needed yet a little expiation and the works requested. These accomplished, he was delivered, and showed his gratitude by obtaining for his benefactors the signal blessing of temporal well-being, accompanied by every mark of spiritual progress.

"If it be true," continues Cardinal Bellarmine, "that Purgatory may last but ten or twenty years, is such a term of pain and torment to be lightly estimated ? If a man were sure of having to endure a toothache or other bodily ailment for such a length of time without any ease or relief, would he not rather die a hundred deaths than live on in misery ? And if he were allowed to choose between the loss of all his fortune and the relief of deliverance from such torture, would he hesitate for a moment to accept the latter and lose the former ? And to save us from the pains of Purgatory we find it hard to do a little penance ! We fear vigils, fastings, long prayers, and above all, contrition accompanied by sighs and tears."

This thought of our having to pass years and years in Purgatory ought to stimulate our zeal in the service of God, and incite us to pray for the poor souls subject to such awful suffering. Perhaps it may be a parent, brother, sister, or friend, who has for long years been enduring the burning flame. If we cannot free them from those flames, we can at least solace and shorten them. See, then, how we may relieve those poor souls, and finally deliver them from pains which else would last for ages.

In the year 1859 a series of apparitions took place in the Benedictine Abbey of the little village of Latrobe, in Mexico. To silence the Protestant papers which ridiculed the report of such happenings, the Rev. Father Wimmer, Abbot of the House wrote the following letter :

“ Here are the facts : In our monastery of St. Vincent, near Latrobe, on the 10th of September, 1859, a novice saw a Benedictine religious appear in full choir costume. This apparition was daily repeated from September 18th to November 19th, between the hours of 11 p. m. and 2 a. m. It was only on the 19th of November that the novice interrogated the spirit, in presence of another Community member, and asked him what was the object of these apparitions. He answered that he had been suffering for the past seventy-seven years for having neglected to celebrate seven Masses of obligation; that he had often appeared at different times to seven other Benedictines, who failed to heed him; and that, were the novice to refuse him aid, he should be obliged to come again after eleven years. Finally, the spirit requested that those seven Masses be offered at once, and begged that the novice would make a retreat of seven days, observing strict silence, and for thirty-three days recite three times daily the Psalm “ Miserere,” in bare feet, and with arms extended in cross form.

“ All these conditions were fulfilled between November 20 and December 25. On Christmas Day, after the celebration of the last Mass, the apparition vanished. During that time the spirit appeared several times, earnestly exhorting the novice to pray for the souls in Purgatory; ‘ For,’ said he, ‘ their sufferings are frightful, and they are most grateful to those who help their deliverance.’ He likewise informed the novice that of five priests who had already died at our convent not one had yet entered Heaven : that all were suffering in Purgatory. I draw no conclusion, but this is the exact truth.”

This statement, signed by the Abbot’s hand, is a genuine historical document. It teaches us to stand in awe of that awful moment at the parting of the ways, wherein our lot may be that of immediate bliss of æons of purgatorial sufferings ; to fear Divine Justice which renders to

every one according to his works, while it emphasises the Saviour's words, "To whom much is given from him much shall be expected."

THE CATHOLIC FIRESIDE.

SAINT CATHERINE OF SIENA.

PATRONESS OF THE ADORERS OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

"In the Blood you find the fire."

ST. CATH. OF SIENA.

Having thus obtained permission to serve God according to her inspirations, Catherine asked to have a room separate from the others, where she could have solitude.

They gave her a little cellar in the basement of the house, where no light could enter except through one narrow window. Catherine installed herself there with happiness, and placed therein a Crucifix before which she lighted a lamp.

With Jacopone of Todi, she could sing : "I am undertaking the practice of a powerful but difficult religion. I am undertaking a tremendous battle, I must make an immense effort and endure great labor. O Christ, assist me by Thy strength. I must passionately love that Cross whose flames are already communicating themselves to me and, in all humility, must I implore that the Cross may penetrate me with its sublime folly.

The world and its votaries may be scandalized, and protest, in the name of common sense, against the frightful mortifications of the Saints; but love is proved by suffering; and those who love God heroically always desire to prove their love for Him by their own sufferings, and as Catherine herself has said elsewhere : "Nothing great can be done here below without suffering." Now, sanctity is supreme greatness.

We will not enter into details of the prodigious austerities of Catherine of Siena. Among the penitents who have had recourse to fire and blood, none have inflicted upon their bodies more cruel punishment, none have prac-

ticed better that *holy hatred* which she called the royal and sure way.

Notwithstanding the steps she had taken, she had not yet been invested with the holy habit of the Tertiaries promised by Saint Dominic. Never, up to that time, had they given it to a young girl. The *Mantellate* as the people called them had always been recruited from among widows and ladies of mature age, unlikely to marry.

How introduce into those tranquil ranks the ardent youth of Catherine? Happily for the young girl, she was attacked with the small-pox. Her mother, greatly alarmed, surrounded her with the most tender care. Seeing that her mother was disposed not to refuse her anything, Catherine often repeated: If you wish me to recover my health, you should obtain my admission into the Third Order where God would have me. Otherwise, you will not have me much longer, neither in the Dominican habit nor in any other.

Fearing that Catherine would die, Lapa — much against her will—multiplied her appeals to the Directresses of the *Mantellate*, and at length they said to her: If your daughter is not too beautiful, we will receive her in spite of her youth. But if she is too pretty, it will not becoming in us to admit her among us, on account of the malice of the world in these days.—Come and see her, and judge for yourselves, Lapa responded.

Therefore, three of the good ladies, chosen among the most prudent, went to see Catherine. The malady had so disfigured her face that her beauty lay solely in its expression.

The *Mantellate* conversed with the young girl, and, charmed with her celestial piety, were unanimous in admitting her. Catherine was cured as though by enchantment. Some days later, she received the white robe and black mantle of the Dominicans, in the Convent rendered illustrious by Saint Thomas of Aquinas. Her joy was great.

“Leave vain things to vain people,” says the Imitation; shut thy door upon thee, and call unto thee Jesus thy Beloved. Stay with Him in thy cell; for nowhere else shalt thou find so great peace.”

(*To be continued.*)

LAURE CONAN.

THE STORY OF AN UNSOUGHT VOCATION.

BY HELEN WILBERFORCE.

ROSALIE DE LYONNE was born in 1644 at Paray-le-Monial. Her father belonged to the old nobility of Auvergne ; her mother also was of good family, and owned an estate in the Charolais. Here they usually lived, but each year part of the season was spent at Lyons.

Madame de Lyonne was very pious, and she failed not to instil into her eldest daughter's heart a great love for the poor, and thus led her on to the perfection of man by charity, the love of God.

When Rosalie was but four years old, she was walking out with her mother and grandmother, and, passing in front of the Convent of the Visitation, she suddenly looked up and exclaimed :

“What a beautiful house ! I shall surely die in it !”

This smote the mother's heart as a prediction. She was not a little surprised at it also, because when she had taken the child to see any relation in a convent, Rosalie had always shown a marked dislike to the “grille” or grating, and this aversion to the barrier between the prisoners of Divine Love and the world increased with her years to such a degree that as she grew older she seldom went near a convent.

As womanhood dawned upon her, she was admired and courted by many. Her manners were formed after the style of the French of the old school—exquisitely polite, yet mingled with a certain haughtiness which prevented familiarity. Several suitable offers of marriage were in due times made her, but she could not bear patiently these proposals, which to her seemed humiliating. No one came up to her ideal—neither beauty, talent, riches, position nor fame were any temptation to her.

But her refusals were not based upon any preconceived idea of becoming a religious at some future time. Nothing was further from her thoughts ; she simply lived in the present, with “youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm.”

Yet Rosalie was not quite happy ; something was wanting, she knew not what. There seemed to be an indefinable void in her heart and mind. Any pleasure that came in her way she revelled in, but it did not satisfy her. Often upon her return from a ball or other fashionable pastime, she felt constrained to cry out : " Indeed, and is this all ! The anticipation is greater than the reality ! " so small, so mean, so trival, did it all appear in its true colours. Notwithstanding this conviction of the worthlessness of what the world can offer, Rosalie at this time was not even seriously religious. She was but a very ordinary Christian, with a strong self-will and an inordinate appreciation of liberty.

Of course, poor Rosalie became restless and dissatisfied, and doubtless caused as much heart-rending for her friends and relations as she suffered herself. How could she be otherwise than unhappy ?

" My heart was made for Thee, O God, and it is restless until it rests in Thee."

Rosalie could not then understand these words, her affections were too much engrossed with creature-comforts.

Only God loved her too much to leave her entirely to herself. As an earnest of the favours He had in store for her, He willed to teach her humility, for " this is the highest and most profitable lesson : truly to know and despise ourselves."

Of all virtues, this one Rosalie desired the least to obtain, yet, being the foundation of all true religion, it becomes absolutely necessary for salvation.

A misadventure happened to her at this time, trivial in itself, but important because chosen by God to humble her proud spirit and prepare her for better things.

One day, on some festal occasion, she accompanied her friends to a fashionable church. As the people streamed out after the service, a drove of pigs, some fifty in number, passed along the street. Most of her fashionable friends withdrew until the road should be once more clear for them to wend their way homewards, but Rosalie, unaccustomed to have her will thwarted, continued to cross the road.

No doubt she imagined that such inferior animals would stand back until she had got over safely.

But suddenly a very large pig ran up against her, in its fright attempting to pass between her feet. Before she could realise her position, she was astride upon its back. Thus the pig ran on with its unexpected burden ; its companions followed grunting.

Rosalie had to hold on by the tail to prevent herself from falling into the mud. No one even attempted to come forward and help her. The ladies were too much afraid of the animals, and the gentlemen, many of whom were her devoted admirers, were too selfish to take any trouble.

At length our poor heroine was carried against a wall, by which she managed to dismount, very thankful indeed that her humiliating ride was at an end.

She returned home as quickly and as quietly as possible to hide her poor, tired, soiled, and humbled self from unsympathetic friends. Her adventure afforded fully a fortnight's talk to the neighbourhood, and even verses were sent to her commemorating the event.

Although she apparently took it all as a joke, yet, in reality, this misadventure had made a deep impression on her mind. The hallowness of the world's adulation, the emptiness of its praise, came home to her in this hour of humiliation. Yet she had no notion of revenging herself upon the world by leaving it.

There was a Jesuit, Père Papon, who was intimate with Rosalie's parents, and frequently visited them. Rosalie had often met him. But when his notice was drawn to herself or her friends, he would liken them to whitened sepulchres, so distasteful to him were fashionably-dressed and wordly ladies.

There was a hidden charm about this saintly priest notwithstanding his blunt speeches, and unconsciously Rosalie was attracted to him. Thus he gained her confidence, and gradually opened her eyes to the frivolity of her life. He began by asking what books she usually read, for so much depends upon the style of reading one goes in for. And he found, what is too often the case now among the Rosalies of to-day, that it was indiscriminate novel-reading.

Then the Père Papon offered her a well-known little book, "The Following of Christ," of which hitherto Rosalie had made but slight use. It was of this strangely beautiful book that the late emperor Frederick so justly said that he had found therein passages written as it were, specially for himself, the influence of which were wonderfully consoling and encouraging.

Rosalie, at her friend's request, promised to read a chapter every day. Soon she began to appreciate the depth, the grandeur, the sweetness of this incomparable little book, so much so that novel-reading became before long insipid to her.

This change did not come suddenly ; it was like the constant dripping of water on a stone. Had she not willingly corresponded with divine grace, it would not have been thus. "If thou wilt derive profit, read with humility, with simplicity, and with faith."

Rosalie was naturally of a kind and compassionate disposition, and now that her thoughts were turned within herself, and she had recognised that there is something beyond the fleeting pleasures of life, she devoted herself to works of charity.

The poor loved her, the servants and others of the household were devoted to her ; to all she showed graciousness and kindness ; only to her equals did she still preserve her natural haughtiness of manner.

And the days passed quickly and happily now, because Rosalie was seriously studying and wishing to know the Will of God : "Make me to know the way wherein I should walk ; teach me to do Thy Will, for thou art my God !"

One day as she was praying to this effect in the outer chapel of the Visitation Convent, she felt in answer to her petition a certainty that one would soon come who should direct her on her way.

In the year 1674, when Rosalie was thirty years of age, the Père Claude de la Colombière was appointed head of the Jesuit house at Paray-le-Monial. He is well known in connection with the devotion to the Sacred Heart, and with Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque, whose

director he was ; and he is now raised to the altar with the title of Venerable.

Rosalie was present at the first sermon he preached in the town, and, as she listened, the conviction came over her that this was the promised director. She felt impelled to seek him then and there, but was restrained by natural diffidence.

However, some days later, Rosalie was at a party with several others of her age, when the bell of the Ursuline Convent in Paray rang out for service.

Remembering that it was the Feast of St. Augustine, whom the Ursulines look upon as their father and patron, because they follow his rule, she thought there might be a good sermon to hear. Accordingly, at her urgent request, several of her companions accompanied her to the convent chapel.

Her piety was rewarded, Père Claude de la Colombière was the preacher, and the words of the great Doctor —“O beauty, ever ancient, ever new, too late have I known Thee ! too late have I loved Thee !”—repeated by so powerful an exponent, sank deeply into this heart, prepared to receive the good seed, which was to bring forth fruit a hundredfold.

Although Rosalie had not led a bad life, yet she deplored her waste of valuable time, her indifference to and neglect of the many graces God had vouchsafed her for “unto whom soever much is given, of him much shall be required !”

She therefore resolved to delay no longer following the counsel of the apostle to work out her salvation with fear and trembling. Seeking Père de la Colombière, she at once placed herself under his direction. He, finding this soul so pleasing to God, led her on up the path of perfection, cautiously and gently at first, smoothing the way for one so used to the flatteries and false caresses of the world, as Rosalie had been.

Later on she remarked that had he not been so kind and persuasive in this early stage of her conversion to a better life, she would have gone back to her former indifferent and careless state, and we know how dangerous is

any return to a former bad condition : " Their latter state is become unto them worse than the former."

During his periods of leisure Père de la Colombière would sometimes stay with Rosalie's parents. These visits were times of fervour and encouragement to Rosalie, and doubtless it was a very great trial to her as well as to others of his penitents, when this enlightened director was sent to England as chaplain to Mary Beatrice of Modena. He wrote to her in his absence to encourage her to be generous with God.

(To be continued.)

A TWELVE YEAR OLD HERO.

(To our young readers.)

A little boy, twelve years of age, had just been engaged, as cabin-boy, on a ship leaving Liverpool. The vessel had hardly set sail when some of the sailors offered him a glass of brandy.

"Excuse me, if you please, answered the child, I would rather not drink it."

The sailors began to laugh at him but could not succeed in making him take it. The captain hearing the incident spoken of said to the little boy : "If you desire to become a true sailor you must learn to drink."

"Excuse me, captain, I would rather not."

The captain, who was not in the habit of having his orders disputed, angrily ordered one of the sailors to take a rope and cruelly beat the poor child to see if that would make him yield.

"Now" said the captain, will you drink it or will you not.

"Excuse me, if you please, I would rather not drink it."

"Then go up to the top of the mast, you will remain there all night."

The poor boy raised his eyes towards the mast, trembling at the thought of spending the whole night there, but he must obey.

The next morning while walking on deck, the captain thought of the boy.

“Hello ! up there, he cried.

No answer.

“Come down, do you hear ?

Still no answer.

A sailor climbed up the riggings and found the child half frozen. In fear of falling into the sea when the ship plunged he had wound his arms so tightly around the rigging that the sailor had some difficulty in tearing him away. He then carried him down on deck and rubbed his limbs until he came to himself. When he was able to set up the captain poured out a glass of liquor saying : “Now drink this, my boy.”

“If you please captain, I would rather not.” Do not be angry with me, but let me tell you why. There was a time when we were happy at home ; but father began to drink. He could give us no more money to buy bread and a day came when we were obliged to sell our home with everything it contained. This broke my poor mother’s heart. She lingered for a while and then died.”

“A few hours before the end came she called me to her bed side and said:—John, you know what liquor has made of your father, I wish you to promise your dying mother that you will never touch intoxicating liquor.”

“Oh ! sir,” continued the little boy, “would you have me break the promise made to my dying mother ? I neither can nor desire to break it.

These words touched the captain’s heart. Tears sprang to his eyes and, bending, he took the child in his arms and exclaimed :

“No, no, my little hero ! Keep your promise and if anyone tries to make you break it, come to me, I will protect you.”

And to compensate for the punishment inflicted on him, the captain opened his purse and gave the young hero a \$50 bill, to dispose of as he wished.

PRAYERS SOLICITED.

1.—For all the intentions *general* and *particular* recommended last month, and to which heaven has not yet answered by the gift of the graces solicited.

 LESS THAN EVER should we forget our oppressed brethren of Manitoba. MORE THAN EVER should we pray for those who are to decide that important question. Let us be like other Moses praying on the mountain, our arms extended like Jesus, on the cross, while our legislators war, down in the plain.

2.—So that it will please God to maintain our neighbors in peace and leave us in peace ourselves.

3.—For several sick persons; for many sinners, for afflicted persons, and among other very special intentions, for the father of a family, out of employment since more than eighteen months and obliged to support a numerous family.

LET US ALSO PRAY FOR THE DEAD, particularly for : REV. J. A. MAYRAND, deceased at Three Rivers; Rev. M. MIGNAULT, at St-Hyacinthe; Mrs. C. F. PERRIN, at Montreal; Mr. JOHN DOBBIN, at Quebec; Mrs. J. N. BOUVIER, at Montreal; MM. JOSEPH FEE, MICHAEL O'HARE, FRANCIS DOWNING, and Mrs. NELLIE ROBINS, at Rochester (N. Y.); Mrs. P. BERNARD, at Whitefield, (E. U.); Mrs. ALDERIC ST ANDRE, at St-Roch de l'Achigan; M. JOHN THIBAULT, at Quebec; Mr. THOMAS McCAFFREY, at Montreal; Mr. S. ST-ONGE, at Montreal; Mr. THEOPHILE CARRIERE, Ware Mass.; Mr. MEDARD ST-DENIS, at Troy, N. Y.; Mrs. PIERRE RAINVILLE, at Central Falls; Mr. LAPLANTE, at Central Falls; Mr. J. B. MERCILLE, at St-LAMBERT; Mrs. SEVIGNY, at Montreal; Mrs. J. B. MERCIER, at Montmagny; Mr. JOS GARNEAU, at Levis; Mr. S. S. GARNEAU, at Levis; Mrs. LANGEVIN, at St-Isidore o Laprairie; Mrs. PIERRE TRUDEAU, at Phenix, R. I.; Mr. ANSELME MARTEL, at Quebec; Mrs. JOS OCT. CAMPEAU, at Montreal; Mrs. PRISQUE GRAVEL, at Montreal; Mr. ALBERT CORMIER, at Butte City, (E. U.); Mr. JOS OSCAR LAPLANTE, at Central Falls, R. I.; Miss E. ELISE VARIEUR, at Central Falls; Mr. BELAND, at Ste-Julie; Miss ROSALIE PICARD, at St-Aime; Mrs. EDMOND GAUDETTE, at Lowell; Mr. LOUIS BEAUCHEMIN, at Sorel; F. X. de VILLERS, of Lotbiniere; Mrs. CHS BELHUCHEUR, at St-Angelo of Monnoir.

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.*)

O Mary conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to Thee.

† L. Z., Bp. of St-HYACINTHE.

THANKSGIVINGS.

OR FAVORS OBTAINED THROUGH PRAYER TO THE
MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD.

A lady writes from Worcester, Mass :

Nov. 21st 1895.

At the end of the Novena in honor of the Precious Blood, my nephew obtained a situation and my husband was advanced with an increase of wages. You see how favorably Our Lord listens to prayer offered in the name of the Most Precious Blood.

TORONTO.

Thanksgiving is also made for the reformation of a drunkard through novenas and prayers to the Precious Blood. Also for several cures.

We have been asked to insert the following in our Review :

“A few days ago, there was a formidable conflagration a few steps from our house and we were in the most imminent danger. I invoked the Blood of the Heart of Jesus and also good Saint Anne. My prayers were heard. A thousand times I thank Thee, Precious Blood of the Redeemer.”

“All praise and thanksgiving be to the Blood of Jesus for the cure of a malady from which I was suffering acutely and which caused me grave uneasiness.”

“After having promised that, if I obtained a certain grace, I would have the fact inscribed in The “Voice of the Precious Blood” I now have the pleasure of fulfilling my promise. All thanks to the Precious Blood and to Saint Anne.”

A person threatened with loss of sight was cured after having made a Novena to the Precious Blood.

“All glory be to the Precious Blood.” I would make known to all that I owe my cure to the Blood of Jesus, after having made a Novena in its honor.

The following favor was obtained after a promise of inscribing it in The Voice of the Precious Blood.

The return home of a young man who had left for foreign parts against the consent of his family. He returned in a most satisfactory state of mind and, very soon after his arrival, found suitable employment which previously he had not been able to find.

“Last winter I had so serious an illness that I believed myself dying. But the Divine Blood completely cured me during a Novena I made to obtain that grace. Since then, I have been perfectly well. All praise to that Blood!”

“For a long time we were in great pecuniary need. On September 14th, I went to church with my husband who was completely discouraged. As for me, I received Holy Communion, my soul being full of hope and courage. “The day cannot pass” I said to him, “without the Divine Bloods ending us some great favors.” That very evening we received the means of discharging our responsibilities, and our affairs are now in a most favorable state. We attribute this happy change to the prayers we addressed to the Blood of Jesus. Therefore, be so good as to insert this grace in the Voice of the Precious Blood.”

A person attacked by typhoid fever and being already, apparently, at death's door, recovered on wearing a medal of the Precious Blood, and, at the present moment, is in a state of convalescence.

“Towards the middle of August I wrote to you asking a particular intention in your prayers, so that I might obtain a grace, most ardently desired. Glory be to the Precious Blood of Jesus ! I have obtained more than I dared hope for.”

“I have promised publicly to thank the Blood of Jesus, by means of insertion in *The Voice of the Precious Blood*, for the favor of a situation having been given to a young man after a Novena had been made at the Monastery of the Precious Blood at St-Hyacinthe.

I rely on your kindness to make known, through the pages of your journal, the amount of gratitude and love which I owe to Jesus Crucified and to His holy Mother for their having answered our prayers in so providential a manner.”

“A cousin of mine somewhat advanced in age, had broken his leg on his arrival from a long journey. In despair at what had occurred, he did not know to whom to have recourse. How could we speak of prayer to one who had abandoned God and all practices of religion ? One day, however, I ventured to ask him if he would not ask his cure of the Precious Blood. Out of deference to me he consented and, on the fourth day of the Novena, our poor lame man could walk, though previously he could not even rise at all. All praise be to the Precious Blood ! Other favors were likewise obtained by the same person, always after having invoked the Adorable Blood.”

Several persons desire, by means of “*The Voice of the Precious Blood*”, to thank Saint Anthony for various favors received.