

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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OUR LADY OF THE SNOW.

(August the 5th.)

The world is very foul and dark,
And sin has marred its outline fair ;
But we are taught to look above
And see another image there :
And I will raise mine eyes above,
Above a world of sin and woe,
Where sinless, griefless, near her Son
Sits Mary on a throne of snow.

Mankind seems very foul and dark
In some lights that we see them in ;
Lo, as the tide of life goes by,
How many thousands live in sin.
But, I will raise mine eyes above,
Above the world's unthinking flow,
To where, so human yet so fair,
Sits Mary on her throne of snow.

And oft that throne, so near our Lord's,
To earth some of its radiance lends ;
And christians learn from her to shun
The path impure that hell-ward tends ;
For they have learned to look above,
Above the prizes here below,

To where, crowned with a starry crown,
Sits Mary on her throne of snow.

Blest be the whiteness of her throne
That shines so purely, grandly there,
With such a passing glory bright,
Where all is bright and all is fair.
God, make me lift mine eyes above,
And love its holy radiance so.
That, some day, I may come where still
Sits Mary on her throne of snow.

CARMINA MARIANA.

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

(Continuation.)

The Precious Blood brings us into more immediate relationship with Mary. Having been furnished by her, It makes us her children, gives us a right to pray to her more lovingly and confidently. She herself offered this Blood for our ransom.

We read in the life of Saint Dominic that Mary once sprinkled his listeners with the Blood of her Son.

It is related that during the judgment of a great sinner, who had nevertheless been devout to her, she cast into the lightest side of the balance a drop of the Redeeming Blood and thus saved his soul from hell.

This Blood should excite our confidence in the highest degree. "*Christ died for us ; much more therefore being now justified by His Blood shall we be saved from wrath through Him.* (Rom. V. 9.)

Remembering the love with which it was poured out, what strong hope should we feel !

It was shed for our sins ; let not our faults discourage us ; but let us instead apply this Blood to our souls.

Blessed James of Beavagna, being tempted to despair, saw Blood issuing from the Crucifix and heard Our Lord say :—" Let this Blood be the pledge of thy salvation."

Jesus Christ said to Saint Theresa :—“ Since thou hast nothing, I give thee My Blood to offer to the Eternal Father and to obtain through It the most precious gifts.”

Let us ask for every grace through the Precious Blood. “ *We beseech Thee, O Lord, help Thy servants, whom Thou hast redeemed by Thy Most Precious Blood.*”

The Blood of Jesus gives the priest his dignity and grandeur. He is ordained to produce It at the Altar and to apply It to souls.

Let us listen to what God said to Saint Catharine of Sienna, so devout to the Precious Blood—“ I have shown thee the mystical body of Holy Church under the figure of a cellar filled with My Son’s Blood. At the door is My Christ on earth who is commissioned to distribute this Blood and designate those who will share his ministry. To each he assigns his functions in the distribution of this Blood. He has the keys of this Blood and below him, my ministers. For this reason I have emancipated them from subjection to earthly potentates. I have consecrated them and said : “ Touch not My Christs.” Persecution of My Ministers falls on My Son’s Blood which they dispense, hence I declare that all other sins being on one side and this on the other, this sin would outweigh all.”

Another fruit of the Precious Blood is consolation and encouragement at the hour of death. Our sins should not trouble us. Listen to the consoling voice of the Church.

Henceforth, whoso in that dear Blood
Washeth shall lose his every stain,
And, in immortal roseate beauty robed
An angel’s likeness gain.

Jesus Christ shed His Blood and died for us, to assure us a good death.

At his last hour Saint Francis Caracciolo, holding a crucifix in his hands and kissing it devoutly, exclaimed : “ Blood of Jesus, Thou art mine. Give It to me, O Saviour, for It is my only hope.”

We must invoke It with confidence and love, representing It as flowing upon us. “ For what shall I do when God shall arise to Judge ? ” We have indeed reason

to tremble. But this Blood is our security. We have hoped in It; we have offered It as our ransom. Why fear? Saint Magdalen of Pazzi reassures us when addressing God she says :—" I will cover myself with Thy Blood and will go before Thee confidently," saying,—“ Look upon the face of Thy Christ.”

It will be asked, “ who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bosra, this beautiful one in his robe ? ” “ I that speak justice, and am a defender to save.” We must commit ourselves trustingly to God and beware of imitating the obstinacy of a sinner who would not yield, even on sight of Blood gushing from a crucifix. Our Lord cast the Blood in his face and condemned him.

The Precious Blood moderates and extinguishes the purgatorial flames, particularly through the holy Sacrifice. God will inspire others to offer Mass for us, if we often apply it to the suffering souls, for this reason let us repeat fervently the memento for the dead. “ Thou also by the Blood of Thy Testament hast sent forth Thy prisoners out of the pit wherein is no water. ” (Zack. XII.) It sustains and nourishes hope in these poor souls. By a special offering in their favor, It applies indulgences to their deliverance. “ Arise ” cries St. Bernard, “ fly to their help, and, with this water, quench the flames. ”

A friend to whom Blessed Henry Suso promised Masses, having received prayers only, appeared, exclaiming : “ Blood ! Blood ! It is Blood we need ! Where are those precious Masses, those sacrifices which refresh us so greatly ? ” And Heaven ! Only through the Blood of Redemption can entrance be found to that blessed land. “ These are they who have come out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and have made them white in the Blood of the Lamb. ” Therefore they are before the Throne of God. ” (Apoc. VII. 14, 15.)

(To be continued.)

TO JESUS CRUCIFIED.

“ O Wounds of Jesus, source of grace,
Within you let me find a place ;
There's on this earth no spot so sweet,
As in those Hands, that Heart, those Feet.

Thou knowest, dear Lord, how oft in pain,
I've sought relief elsewhere in vain ;
Thou'st seen my heart in anguish bleed
Oppressed with woes by Thee decreed :

Dismayed and saddened at the share
Thou gavest me in Thy Cross to bear ;
But do Thou sweetly draw me here,
Increase my love and calm my fear ;

Then I'll find courage to go on
And take the journey Thou hast gone ;
O sacred wounds, in you I'd live,
In you, I would my last sigh give !

And when my Judge before me stands
To ask for graces His demands,
I'll strive to screen me from His eyes
By running here where mercy lies.

Nor shall I seek my crimes to hide,
Nor plead how sorely I've been tried,
Till He who bore those wounds has given
My weary soul a place in Heaven. ”

“ LET MY BELOVED COME INTO
HIS GARDEN.”

Canticles. V. I.

DARK and lowery opened that June morning. The wind, damp and chill, betokened drenching showers which would hinder our procession of the Blessed Sacrament.

But our cheerful weather—prophet said : “No, it will not rain to-day.”

A little one had prayed from the depths of her heart: ‘ Dear Lord, do not disappoint us, send us a bright day.’ “ Let my Beloved come into His Garden, to the bed of aromatical spices, to feed in the gardens and to gather lilies.”

Doubtless, the Lord heard that prayer, for, before mid-day, the clouds lifted, the sun shone, and the sky changed its dull gray garment for a robe of blue, like the mantle of Mary.

Preparations went briskly forward. Banners of pleasing hues depended from the branches of the lofty trees, and waved joyously among the rustling green leaves. Banners of green and gold, of crimson and of blue, banners of yellow and white, and others, on which the blood-red cross, sign of the Son of Man, glowed in the sunshine.

The little river “Yamaska” murmured gently on its way to the St-Lawrence, each belated blossom opened its tiny chalice to the sun, the bees hummed their song of contentment, and, at the hour of three, the weather was propitious.

The song-birds were warbling sweetly, the dark clouds had hastened away, “and the sun laughed to the river and the river laughed back to the sun.”

Then the procession was formed, and the Lord, who is in the Blessed Sacrament, went down into His Garden, into the little rustic chapel ; “ to His bed of aromatical spices, to feed in His gardens and to gather lilies.”

The Divine One went down into His garden, in the brilliant sunshine, along the path where violets grow. A rose was slowly unfolding her petals. O rose, I said, you need not your thorns when *He* is near. Then the rose blushed red and showed her heart of gold.

The Beloved went into His Garden, and, from each devout heart, as He passed by, Jesus gathered His lilies.

The gentle-hearted priest bore aloft the golden Monstrance, his eyes uplifted to the God of his heart’s adoration.

Tenderly was the Beloved placed on His flower-decked Altar amidst the twinkling wax-lights.

A fleet of snow-white cloudlets floating aimlessly in the blue ether, anchored over the shrine. Upon an overhanging branch, a song-bird poised itself, motionless. The cows in the meadow, knee deep in the buttercups, stood still, gazing with mute wonder on the thrilling scene. Fragrant incense from the thurible rose upward to the skies ; innocent voices sang devout hymns of praise ; each heart was calm and happy, and then Jesus gave us His loving benediction.

O discouraged one, be no more disheartened :

“ There is many a rest on the road of life
 If we would only stop to take it,
 And many a tone from the better land
 If the querulous heart would wake it,
 To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
 And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
 The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
 Though the wintry storm prevaieth.”

“ Better to weave in the web of life
 A bright and golden filling,
 And to do God's will with a ready heart
 And hands that are swift and willing,
 Than to snap the delicate silver thread
 Of our curious life asunder,
 And then Heaven blame for the tangled ends,
 And sit and grieve and wonder.”

O discouraged one, know you not that your soul also is a garden of the Lord? Be no longer disheartened. What though even the morning of your life was dark and dreary ; what though the noontide be dubious ; what though the buds and blossoms of your best endeavors seem wasted: do not despair, for the fruit shall yet appear.

Call Jesus into your garden, and He will dispel your darkness by the sunlight of His Heart.

To fortify your soul, drink deep of His life-Blood reserved for you in the Eucharist. *Let the Beloved come into His garden.* Love him as much as you can, and, in the ripe Autumn of your days, you shall exclaim : My Be-

loved has come into His garden "to eat the fruit of His apple-trees," He will not condemn me :—

O Thou that dwelleth in the gardens, Thy friends hearken, make them hear Thy voice," The voice of Thy Precious Blood.

BY CARISSIMI.

THE ASSUMPTION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

O joyful day for the Mother of God and of men ! Exile over, sorrows past; the last hours of her earthly life were closing in. With what feelings of ecstatic longing did she welcome the summons to come, for the winter was over— the winter of her unequalled suffering and loneliness.

Happy day, too, for earth. After the tears of separation have been dried, Mary's children will direct their pleading glances to heaven, certain that their trustful gaze will draw upon them the pity and protection of their Mother who is now enthroned Queen of Heaven.

A spiritual writer (1) dwells lovingly on the mystery of the death and glorious assumption of the Blessed Virgin. He says : Mary was apprised of her approaching death by the ministry of an angel who informed her of the day and hour when she would leave this world. Of all the ties of kindred and affection, Saint John alone remained to the Virgin,—Saint John, the kind and loving disciple who had been bequeathed to her by her dying Son. The other apostles were sowing the good seed of the word over every part of the Roman world; the evangelical harvest was plentiful, and the laborers worked zealously in the sacred field. Mary considered that her mission on earth was accomplished. Like a tired workwoman who seeks rest and shelter during the heat of the day, she began to sigh after the cool shade of the tree of life which grows near the throne of God and for the living, sanctifying waters which flow beneath its branches.

We learn from tradition that the apostles were miraculously assembled to behold for the last time the daughter

(1) Orsini.

of David, their loved guide, still poor, still fair, still humble. Saint Denis, a witness of her death, affirms that, at this advanced period of her life, she was still strikingly beautiful.

The night had fallen, and lamps with many branches, seemed to shed with their pale light something solemn and mysterious over the sad and silent assembly. The Apostles, deeply moved, stood close around the bed of death. Mary extending her protecting hands over the poor orphans she was about to leave, and raising her beautiful eyes to the stars which shone in the firmament, saw the heavens open and the Son of man extending his arms towards her from a luminous cloud. At this sight a roseate flush overspread her face, her eyes sparkled with maternal love, joy attained its height, adoration became ecstatics and her soul, disengaging itself without an effort from its fair and virginal covering, fell gently into the bosom of God.

The death lamp was lit ; through the open windows the summer breeze made its way into the room with the flickering beams of the stars. One would have said that a miraculous light filled the place when Mary drew her last sigh : it was perhaps the glory of God which surrounded the spotless soul of the predestined Virgin. At first there was nothing but tears and lamentations ; then the funeral chant arose on the stillness of the night, the Angels joined in with their golden harps, and the echoes of David's mouldering palace sadly repeated the wail over the tombs of the kings of Juda. Saint Jerome says that all the hosts of heaven came to meet the Mother of God, at the moment of her death, singing hymns and canticles which were heard by all present. On the following day, the faithful brought in, with pious profusion, the most precious perfumes and the richest stuffs for the burial of the Queen of Virgins. The blessed remains exhaled a sweeter odor than the perfumed bands wherewith she was bound. The sacred body of the Mother of God was then placed in a portable litter filled with aromatics and covered with a sumptuous veil, and the apostles bore it on their shoulders to the valley of Josaphat. Through the care of the holy women of Jerusalem, the tomb had been deprived of its gloomy aspect, and the sepulchral cave presented to the

view only a flowery arbor. Gently the Apostles laid down the mortal remains of Mary, and doing so they wept.

For three days the sacred concert was kept up by the heavenly spirits as though to soothe Mary's last sleep. One of the apostles, returning from a distant country, and not having been present at the death of the Blessed Virgin, arrived just then. It was saint Thomas, the same who had placed his hand in the wounds of His glorified Master. He desired to take a last look and to water with his tears the cold remains of the Virgin who had borne in her chaste womb the Supreme Master of nature. Overcome by his entreaties and tears, the others removed the stone from the door of the sepulchre, but they found within only the still fresh flowers whereon the body had reposed and the white shroud of Egyptian linen which shed a delicious fragrance. The pure body of the Immaculate Virgin was not to see decay ; during her life earth and heaven each had a share in that wondrous creature ; after her death, heaven took all, and glorified all.

PROMISE MADE BY OUR LORD TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN
IN FAVOR OF THOSE WHO HONOR HER HOLY DEATH.

One day the Blessed Virgin addressed the following words to Venerable Sister Mary of Jesus : Daughter, I wish to tell thee of the signal privilege granted me by my divine Son at the moment of my departure from the earth. Thou knowest how His Divine Majesty left me free either to undergo death, or to pass directly from terrestrial life to the unending vision of God ; so that, had I refused to die, my choice would have been ratified by the Most High, since, never having been under the empire of sin, I was in no way subjected to its penalty : death. However, of my free will, I chose it, the more closely to follow and imitate my adorable Son who willed, by His passion and death, to make atonement to God's justice for the sins of men.

Hence, so pleasing to Him was my choice that He recompensed it on the spot by granting, at my petition, the following signal favor to all the children of Holy Church, namely, that of giving into my special care, at the hour of death, all my clients who, at that moment, invoke and choose me for their advocate with God, in memory of

my own happy death—the death I wished to undergo in imitation of my divine Son. I will defend them against the demon, will assist and protect them, and will, finally, present them before the tribunal of God's mercy where I will intercede for them.

For this reason God granted me a new favor, assuring me that He would bestow powerful assistance upon my devoted servants, either to enable them to live with greater purity, or to die happily, provided that before reaching the end of their career, they invoke me in memory of the mystery of my holy and precious death.

PRAYER.

Rejoice, O August Queen and Sovereign Mistress of heaven, exult because of thy sublime elevation, thy wonderful privileges, thine incomparable glory, and triumph forever in thine unutterable happiness. But, I supplicate thee, at the same time, O kind and tender Mother, to cast thine eyes of mercy upon me from the glorious throne whereon thou art seated. Behold me, O Mary, struggling against the storms and perils to which I am daily exposed, and which alas ! will assail me till the end of my earthly life !

Speak to Jesus in my favor, I implore thee, O Mother of mercy ; beg Him to cleanse my soul in His Precious Blood and to remit all my indebtedness to divine justice ; ask Him to enrich me with innumerable merits during my few remaining days. Obtain for me, above all, through the merits of thy blessed death and glorious Assumption, holy perseverance in God's love, that leaving this world in a state of grace I may one day reach heaven there to receive thy maternal embrace and duly celebrate thy glory. Amen.

From L'Âme Sainte by Dom Fuclon.

On the Feast of the Assumption (Aug. 15) pray in a special manner for the deliverance of the souls in purgatory. It is the chosen day for the liberality of divine mercy. If we pray fervently, we will assist the Blessed Virgin in delivering all these poor captives on the blessed day whereon she herself, through God's power, sundered the chains of the tomb. Let us repeat for this intention :

Through the merits of the Most Precious Blood and the intercession of the August Mother of God, may the souls of the faithful departed, this day triumphantly enter Sion. Amen.

PRAYER.

HOW AND FOR WHOM IT SHOULD BE OFFERED.

Saint Augustine says there are three kinds of people who pray and are not heard, and three ways in which they pray. Firstly, those who pray in a bad state—that is, a state of mortal sin. There is nothing which turns God from man so much as sin. Man should always have his soul pure. Secondly, those who pray badly, that is distractedly, with hearts disturbed by the turmoils and affairs of life. Lastly, those who ask for things which would be injurious to them. God sees what is invisible to mortals; He is all love and will not grant a petition which would perhaps lead to our destruction. The necessity, potency and grandeur of prayer were beautifully delineated in a discourse lately delivered by Cardinal Vaughan, Archbishop of Westminster.

His Eminence urged his hearers to pray without ceasing, to pray believing that they would be heard, to look upon prayer not as a task but as an honor, a privilege, a power which would rivet them to God Himself, which would make them like unto Jesus Christ. To give us an example He prayed; the whole night He was "in the prayer of God," so that we might see Him and learn from His example what we should do. He prayed for all, and so our prayers should be, not for ourselves alone, but should be directed to God for all our friends and acquaintance, for the whole of our nation, for the whole of our race. And while they were here occupied in the limited circle of their daily duties by prayer, their hearts should be embracing the whole globe, so that the pagan inhabitants of China, Africa, and Australia, they who have never heard of the name of Jesus Christ, should feel the effects of their prayers offered up on their behalf. We

can all help each other, and we are bound to pray for each other ; and in these our days does there not seem to be

A VERY SPECIAL INVITATION TO THE CATHOLICS
OF THIS COUNTRY

to pray for their brethren who are in schism and heresy, who have been born outside the pale of the Church, who have grown up in prejudice, ignorance and error. Oh ! what multitudes are there, many of them who are full of sincerity, full of earnestness, and pray fervently, who are seeking for the kingdom of God, who are groping it may be in the darkness in which they do not believe that they are, who are looking for the Church and endeavoring to serve the great God that made them and to love Jesus Christ according to their knowledge and ability. And the Holy Ghost is sending out His grace upon the land, and is speaking to innumerable souls that are in error through no fault of theirs. Heresy and the heretical spirit followed the schism created three centuries ago, and these who have been born into it since that time have been born into it by their misfortune, and not by their fault, and God is calling multitudes of them, calling them to make the sacrifice of all human things, to give up possessions, to give up friends, to give up old traditions, to give up all that the human heart desires, to make the sacrifice of all things, to leave father and mother, to " let the dead bury the dead," calling them to follow Jesus Christ just as in the days when He was here calling men to follow Him, to give up all human considerations. His call was enough ; so is it now. He is calling a great multitude. They need grace, they need more light, they need strength, they need a special out-pouring of divine grace, and who is to get it for them from the heart of Jesus ? It is their own brethren who are in the faith, it is we who have the light, who, through no merit of our own, have been born or brought into the Church ; it is we who can help these our brethren outside by our earnest prayers to God in their behalf. Let them be well assured of this that conversions to the Church are not going to be made so much by controversy, by argument, as by prayer and grace. Few, comparatively few, are capable of entering

into deep controversy, but there is not one who cannot deeply enter into the spirit of prayer, not one who cannot go to the heart of God, and by persevering prayer for those who are outside help them through their difficulties into the Church ! Oh ! what a field there is here before them ! They read the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith, and admired the missionaries who went to foreign lands. They wept over the recital of the martyrdoms in the past history of the Church, and thought how happy it would have been had their lot been to have labored amongst the apostles of the nations. Ah ! but they had their place here, they could live as apostles here, any man or woman can have the heart of an apostle and pray for the conversion of their brethren amongst whom they live. A prayer that is perseveringly put up to God, that is animated by the motives that animated our Lord Jesus Christ, such a prayer will infallibly be heard ; and, therefore, they had every reason for their own sanctification and salvation as well as for the sanctification and salvation of their brethren outside the pale of the Catholic Church, to make themselves men and women of prayer. There was no other weapon put into their hands whereby they could achieve conquests so great as by this weapon of prayer. And even in our human hearts how often do we not find that we suffer privation and even acute pain with pleasure when, by so doing, we can relieve those whom we love, when we can serve those to whom we are attached by our sacrifices and suffering. That which we see in ourselves, in indeed a very slight and limited manner, is to be found in its height and depth and breadth and length in the soul of Jesus Christ. His love for us was infinite love, because it corresponded to His love for His Father, to His gratitude to His Father for all that He had done for Him; hence, if we are able at all to realize that great truth, that our Lord Jesus Christ loved us much more than even His own sufferings have led us to suppose, that He loved us to such an extent that He would have been willing to have gone through the Passion if it should have lasted, not twenty hours, but twenty days, twenty months, twenty years, twenty centuries, had it been so desired by His Heavenly Father, that He would have undergone the ignominy and pain of His Passion, not once for all, but

once for each one separately, had such been the will of His Father, that His love for us was such that not even the ignominy of His Passion was able to quench—no waters of suffering were able to extinguish the fire of that charity which now burns for each one of us as it burned to His Sacred Heart, as He hung upon the Cross, there has been no diminution in His love, no change in His affection; it is not to be measured by what he actually did suffer, but by the divine capacity of His own heart—therefore it is easy for us to understand when we have taken this great fundamental truth into our minds, that our Blessed Saviour desires to grant our petitions, that He desires to hear our prayers more than we desire to offer them up to Him. When, for instance, you go to the Holy Table to receive Him in Communion, you think, perhaps, that you are going there with your heart filled with the desire, with the pious desire, to receive Him into your breast, and you think that the desire is all on your side, and perhaps you somewhat congratulate yourself upon the feeling of charity and of love which burns within your heart, and you do not realize that when that Sacred Host is placed upon your tongue and Jesus Christ our Lord enters into your soul, you do not realize that your own love, that the fire of your own desire is merely nothing compared to that intense burning divine love and desire with which God is consumed at that moment for you. We never can realise while we are upon this earth what it is to be loved by God, we never shall understand until we see Him and are in the presence of Jesus face to face, what it is to have been and to be loved by Jesus Christ God and man.

THE MASTER'S QUESTIONS.

Have ye looked for the sheep in the desert,
 For those who have missed their way ?
 Have ye been in the wild waste places,
 Where the lost and wandering stray ?
 Have ye troden the lonely highway,
 The foul and darksome street ?

It may be ye'd see in the gloaming
The print of wounded feet.

Have ye folded home to your bosom
The trembling, neglected lamb,
And taught to the little lost one
The sound of the Shepherd's name ?
Have ye searched for the poor and needy,
With no clothing, no home, no bread ?
The Son of man was among them,
He had nowhere to lay his head.

Have ye carried the living water
To the parched and thirsty soul ?
Have ye said to the sick and wounded,
" Christ Jesus makes thee whole " ?
Have ye told my fainting children
Of the strength of the Father's hand ?
Have ye guided the tottering footsteps
To the shore of the " Golden Land " ?

Have ye stood by the sad and the weary,
To smooth the pillow of death ;
To comfort the sorrow stricken,
And strengthen the feeble faith ?
And have ye felt, when the glory
Has streamed through the open door
And flitted across the shadows,
That I have been there before ?

Have ye wept with the broken hearted
In their agony of woe ?
Ye might hear me whispering beside you,
" 'Tis the pathway I often go.
My disciples, my brethren, my friends,
Can ye dare to follow me ?
Then, wherever the Master dwelleth,
There shall the servant be.

SAINT CATHERINE OF SIENA.

PATRONESS OF THE ADORERS OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

"In the Blood you find the fire."

ST. CATH. OF SIENA

(Continuation.)

RAVISHED in ecstasy, Catherine saw Nicholas Toldo enter into glory.

"He turned himself, said she, as the bride does when she is arrived at the door of the bridegroom: she looks back and inclines her head to those who have accompanied her and thanks them for the last time."

Oblivious to all that was passing around her, Catherine remained a long time to contemplate, in spirit, the happy soul of the chevalier, over whose white robe the Blood had poured out its waves.

Caffarini, a witness to this sublime scene, thus described it at the time of the Saint's canonization. "Everyone wept," said he, "and at the most solemn feasts, I never saw so much recollection as there was at the funeral of Nicholas Toldo."

"Alas!" said Catherine, finishing the recital, "with great regret I remain upon earth. Then do not be astonished if I ask nothing else than to see you annihilated in the Blood and in the fire which escapes from the side of the Son of God. It is the Blood which gives and contains life."

Catherine had an ardent, profound confidence, absolutely without limit, in the Blood of Christ. No other saint has ever equalled her in the special worship which she rendered to the adorable Blood, price of our redemption.

"Bathe yourself, warm yourself in the Precious Blood," she continually repeated to all those to whom she wrote. "This Blood is never without the fire."

"This Blood, said she, has been shed with so great a fire of love, that It should draw to It all hearts. O glorious and Precious Blood of the Lamb immolated, you have become a bath for us. . Why should we fear? What possible comparison can there be between our iniquities

and the infinite value of the Blood which was shed to expiate them? . . . It is in this Blood that we wash the stains of our souls. It is in this Blood that the soul finds beauty; the soul should then plunge itself therein."

"The treasure of the Church is the Blood of Christ given as price of the soul. This Blood is ours. No person can deprive us of it, if we are unwilling. O Blood ! O fire ! O ineffable love !

"Poor miserable christians that we are," wrote again the admirable Saint, "why are our hearts so cold, so full of self-love, that they will not apply themselves to contemplate the adorable fire of love which escapes from the wounds of our Saviour? . . . Who will be blind enough, insensible enough, not to take the vase of his heart and go to the side of Jesus Crucified where the Blood flows in abundance. In this Blood you find mercy, in this Blood you find compassion, in this Blood you find the fire. It is the Blood which expiates our faults, the Blood which destroys our hardness, the Blood which renders bitter things sweet and makes light our heaviest burdens."

"Let nothing appear hard to you," wrote she to one of her disciples, "all things become softened in the Precious Blood. Why not consider the Blood shed with so much ardor, so much love, to accomplish the Eternal Father's orders to His only Son? The sweet Jesus did not question the will of His Father, or its agreeableness. He did not say: My Father, find me the means which will save me from suffering, and I will obey you. Such were not the sentiments of Jesus. But, transported, inebriated with love, He ran towards a disgraceful death, the death upon the cross. His Blood, He has given It to all and He has wept over the blindness of those who would not profit of it, for He loves us with an ineffable love. If He had not so greatly loved us, He would not have paid for us such a price."

"I will see you embraced, clothed, consumed in the fire of divine charity. Nourish yourself with the Precious Blood "that your hour may soon arrive."

"Plunge yourself in the Blood of Jesus Crucified," wrote she to B. Raymond, "bathe yourself in this Blood, satiate yourself in this Blood, inebriate yourself in this

Blood, clothe yourself in this Blood, sigh over yourself in this Blood, rejoice in this Blood, increase and fortify yourself in this Blood, lose all your weakness and your blindness in the Blood of the Lamb without spot, and run as a valliant knight, to seek the honor of God, the good of the Church and the salvation of souls in the Precious Blood."

"O Lord," she cried, in the fervor of her soul, "would that I had been the earth and the stones where was planted your cross ! What graces would I not have received when your Blood flowed from the cross upon the earth !"

(To be continued.)

LAURE CONAN.

REST.

My feet are wearied and my hands are tired,
 My soul oppressed ;
 And I desire what I have long desired :
 Rest—only rest.

'Tis hard to toil—when toil is almost vain—
 In barren ways ;
 'Tis hard to sow and never garner grain
 In harvest days.

The burden of my days is hard to bear,
 But God knows best ;
 And I have prayed—but vain has been my prayer—
 For rest—sweet rest.

'Tis hard to plant in Spring and never reap
 The Autumn yield ;
 'Tis hard to till and when tilled to weep
 O'er fruitless field.

And so I cry, a weak and human cry,
 So heart oppressed ;

And I sigh a weak and human sigh
For rest—for rest.

My way has wound across the desert years,
And cares infest
My path, and through the flowing of hot tears
I pine—for rest.

'T was always so; when but a child I laid,
On mother's breast,
My wearied little head ; e'en then I prayed,
As now—for rest.

And I am restless still; 'twill soon be o'er ;
For, down the west,
Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore
Where I shall rest.

Written for The Voice of the Precious Blood.

SISTER CATHERINE'S CONVERT.

PART I

THE MARTYR OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

ALMOST a century ago, the Orphanage of the Sacred Heart was founded in the city of N—. Although not rich, these good Religious never refused to help the unfortunate in their distress. They distributed alms to the extern poor for miles around, besides providing for the hundred orphans who found a shelter beneath their roof.

One cold, stormy night in January, hours after all had retired to rest, Sr. Catherine, the Sub-Prioress, was awakened from her sleep, by a loud crash, as that of breaking glass. She arose, and dressing hastily, opened her cell door, which led into the hall-way that communicated with the children's dormitory. It was filled with smoke. Upon reaching the stair way, she was dismayed to find the whole interior of that part of the building on fire.

To give the alarm took but a second, and then, assisted by a number of her companions, she hastened to dress the children, who awakening from their sleep and perceiving the danger, clung to the Sisters trembling with fear.

The firemen arriving on the scene affixed long ladders to the balconies that surrounded the building.

One by one the children were carried down, the nuns standing back until the last of their little charges were in safety. Then they took their turn, the postulants and novices going first, and afterwards the professed sisters. Mother Agatha and Sr. Catherine were just about to leave the burning building, they being the last, when a cry that came from below, sickened them with fear.

"The western wing is on fire!" rang out clear on the frosty air.

For one instant, the nuns gazed at each other. Their thoughts were the same.

"The Blessed Sacrament."

"Our dear Lord!" they simultaneously exclaimed.

The chapel was in the western wing, but there was no way of entering it except through the main building which was now a mass of flames.

"We must save Him," said mother Agatha and she turned to re-enter the building. But the work and excitement of the night were beginning to tell on the venerable sister. She tottered and would have fallen, but Sr. Catherine was at her side: "You are not able to do it, Mother. I must rescue Him. . . . our imprisoned Spouse."

Although mother Agatha would willingly have gone *herself* without thinking of danger, yet she trembled for the safety of her companion. But the love of her Savior triumphed over all.

"Go my child," she said, "and may Heaven grant you success."

Availing herself of this permission, Sister Catherine picked up a heavy shawl, wrapped it around her head and shoulders, and ran quickly down the stairs.

Fire leaped out from every corner, and the smoke almost blinded her. But, nothing daunted, she hurried on: several times her dress caught fire, but, fortunately, it being made of heavy woollen material, she was able to

extinguish it easily. So, with the exception of a few serious burns on her feet, which were bare, not having had time to put on her shoes, she reached the chapel door.

The flames were already bursting through the walls. What she had to do must be done quickly, or all would be lost.

Kneeling for a moment before the tabernacle, she murmured softly : " Jesus my Savior, I love Thee with my whole heart. I love Thee a thousand times better than my life. Let me but place Thee in the hands of one of Thy ministers, and, gladly, willingly, will I suffer any pains, any death Thou seest fit to send me."

She then bowed her head in silent adoration, when a loud crash reminded her of her perilous position !—One part of the wall had fallen in, flames and smoke filled the chapel.

Hastily unlocking the tabernacle, she wrapped a white cloth around the ciboireum and clasping it close to her bosom, began her journey of love.

" Jesus, save me or I perish," escaped her lips a hundred times, while striving to make her way through the smoke and flames.

Her dress was nearly all consumed; her face, head and arms all scorched. She could scarcely stand, her feet were so badly burned. Red hot coals would stick to them and burn into the very bones before she could shake them off. Utterly exhausted, she at last reaches the stairs.

" Jesus, help me, or I perish," murmurs the pale lips, whilst the poor burned hands convulsively press the Precious Burden to her breast.

Almost fainting, she ascends the stairs and reaches the balcony.

One loud burst of thanksgiving escapes from the multitude below. . . . then all is hushed !

Every eye is riveted upon the noble soul, who, surrounded by fire and smoke, slowly descends the ladder.

When lo ! oh, horror ! the tottering walls give way.

" She is buried in the ruins," more than one voice exclaims.

While many cover their face with their hands, as if to shut out the terrible sight.

But He, who is with her, has miraculously saved

that portion of the wall to which the ladder is attached, and, although the ground is covered with the falling *debris*, she reaches it in safety.

Father Martain, the chaplain of the community, approaches. With a heavenly smile, Sister Catherine relinquishes her Precious Treasure and falls fainting at his feet.

Loving hands bear her away to a neighboring house, where some of the nuns and children had already found a shelter. The doctor is at hand, but one glance tells him, that her hour has come.

Consciousness soon returns and her face lights up with joy when she hears that soon . . . oh ! very soon, she will go to meet her Spouse. He is coming for her. What joy !

Father Martain administers the Last Sacraments. With what love and fervor did she not receive, for the last time, Him, to whom she has consecrated her life, and for whom she willingly sacrificed it.

Oh ! ye, now she is happy ; now, surrounded by her companions, who are praying fervently for her, the *Martyr* of the Blessed Sacrament breathes forth her spotless soul, at the very moment when the last wall of her old home falls to the ground.

PART II

MOTHER AGATHA'S INTERCESSOR.

It is Sunday evening. Mother Agatha sits alone, pondering over the recent calamities which have befallen her dear community. Four months have glided by, since that terrible night when fire destroyed their home and death carried off one of their dearest companions. A temporary shelter had been provided for the nuns and children ; but the loss of dear Sister Catherine, Ah ! how keenly it is felt, especially by the aged Superioress, who used to call her : "*her right arm.*" She was ever at her side, to help and sustain her in the discharge of the numerous and perplexing difficulties incumbent upon her. And now, that she has gone, the burden of responsibility presses more heavily on the aged mother's head. Even in their former comfortable home with all its conveniences it

would have been hard enough, but now—in these poor quarters, added to which is the trouble and care that ensues from the erection of their new convent.

Until all the sisters were settled, as well as possible, in their temporary abode, Mother Agatha kept up with remarkable zeal and energy. She was indefatigable in her efforts to arrange all for the best. The re-erection of their convent was advancing and things looked very promising for the future when our Lord sent them a new trial.

The principal Company, in which they were insured, failed and could give them scarcely anything. This was a severe trial for the religious. Their convent had been insured for nearly twenty thousand dollars, and this great loss would upset all their plans. It would be impossible to complete their new convent without it. The estimation of the new building was nearly fifty thousand dollars, towards which they had now only fifteen thousand. The ground was already mortgaged, and times so hard that little could be hoped for, from their numerous, but impoverished friends.

The contractors were already sending in their accounts.

“Unless heaven sends us help, the work must be abandoned.” Thus did Mother Agatha conclude her reverie. “If Sr. Catherine were only here,” she continued in a half-whispered tone and then came the thought or, rather, inspiration.

“Why not ask her aid?” “Surely in heaven she can do more for us than when on earth.”

Immediately Mother Agatha fell on her knees. Long and earnestly she implored her departed sister to intercede for her with the loving Heart of their Divine Spouse, that He would help her to provide a home for His little ones.

Consoled and strengthened by this prayer, she arose and went about her usual duties until all had retired for the night. Then, after once more recommending her affairs to Divine Providence, worn out with fatigue, the poor Superioress also retired.

It seemed to her that she had fallen into a light slumber, when she was awakened by the sweetest strains of music. Voices in celestial harmony chanted hymns of

praise and love. In the distance she saw a troop of virgins clothed in dazzling brightness, surrounding One, upon whose beauty no mortal eye could gaze. There were many faces, in that chosen band, familiar to Mother Agatha—her companions who had gone to their eternal reward. And *one* seated on a throne beside the King. Ah ! how ineffable are her charms, how ravishing her beauty ! It is Mary, the Queen of Virgins. Her garments are brighter than ten thousand suns. Oh ! what delight to gaze upon that lovely countenance.

The young Sts Agnes, Lucy, Cecelia, all . . . all are there, adoring, praising and rejoicing in the presence of their Spouse. Now she sees one leave her companions and approach nearer the mighty throne. The enraptured Mother gazes at her in wonder and admiration, her features are familiar. Yes, there can be no more mistake . . . though bright and glorious, she recognizes her companion, Sr. Catherine in the suppliant, now prostrate before the throne of the Lamb. She is interceding for someone—Mother Agatha gazes on scarcely able to breathe.

“ Will Jesus answer her prayer, will He grant the favor she is asking ? ”

Even as the thought passes through her mind, she notices a small golden ball clasped in the kneeling virgin's hand, who, after kissing her Savior's feet, joins the train of virgins, and the harmonious strains resound once more. First in silvery chimes like that of distant bells, then it comes near . . . nearer !

“ Praise be to Jesus and Mary ! ” exclaims Mother Agatha. The convent bell is ringing and the morning light beginning to flood her cell. The heavenly visitors have disappeared and she is alone.

“ Was it a vision, or has she been dreaming ? ” she cannot say, but all was so real : “ Our dear Lord must have permitted it, to strengthen my confidence in the intercession of His faithful servant, my dear Sr. Catherine,” she murmured. “ Oh ! I know He will help us in some way. How could I doubt His loving care.”

The contractors come for instructions : “ Will we continue the work ? ” they inquire.

“ Certainly,” is the reply.

And so, with renewed ardor it is carried on. But

soon the slim bank account is exhausted and once more the bills pour in and there is naught to pay them. In vain the Superioress applied to her friends and the benefactors of the community for help, so once more the work comes to a stand still:

Again and again she was advised to abandon it altogether. Even the Clergy gave her no encouragement. And although her situation became every day more embarrassing, never for one moment did she doubt but that God would, in His own good time, help her to complete the work she had begun in His honor.

One day, as she and her Assistant were going over the difficulties of their position, she was informed that a gentleman wished to see her. Upon entering the parlor she found the visitor to be Mr. Taylor, one of the leading lawyers of the State, who told her that his client, Mr. Rogers, had left his whole fortune, amounting to over eighty thousand dollars, to erect the new orphanage. And that they could acquire immediate possession of the greater portion of it which had been invested in bank stocks.

Tears rolled down the good mother's cheeks, her heart was filled with emotion at this touching proof of God's watchful love and mercy. As soon as the lawyer had gone, she called together the community and imparted to them the joyful news. Then they all repaired to the chapel, where the *Te Deum* was sung in thanksgiving.

They had now enough, not only to complete and furnish their new convent, but also to pay off nearly all the old mortgage.

That Sr. Catherine had obtained this favor from God, not one of the Religious ever doubted, especially, when they learned the whole history of the bequest.

Mr. Roger, a strict Presbyterian, was a widower, without children or relatives, and very few friends.

Having considerable property in the neighborhood of the Sacred Heart Orphanage, he no sooner learned it was on fire, than he hastened to the spot, and arrived just in time to see the last of the orphans leave the building. The heroism of the Sisters, who remained in the burning building until the last of their little charges were in safety,

spoke more to his heart than written volumes would have done.

But when he heard that one of them had gone back into the flames, and thus risked her life in an almost hopeless effort to save the Blessed Sacrament, something more than the care of his property kept him there.

“ How foolish of her to throw away her life that way; of course she will be burned to death, and that will be the end of it.” He murmured, as, passing to and fro, he saw the building fall by degrees.

He had often heard of the Blessed Sacrament, and knew in a confused sort of a way what it meant. But to see before his eyes such an astonishing proof of faith and love in this Adorable Mystery, made him further exclaim :

“ Well, anyway, they must believe in it themselves that is clear enough.”

(To be continued.)

A. H.

WHY PROTESTANT MINISTERS AVOID PRIESTS.

Rev. Wm. E. Starr, pastor of Corpus Christi Church, Baltimore, said in a recent sermon, in referring to the pseudo Evangelical zealots :

“ One would suppose that now and again you would find a man with zeal enough among these people to carry the war into Africa—to go to the fountain heads of ‘error’ and try his skill and devotion upon the priests. There was one such a few decades ago—a man of real piety and of true zeal for the diffusion of Christian truth. He observed the conduct of certain priests in his vicinity ; that their earnestness in the service of the poor and unfortunate and their kindness of temper were no less than his own. He was grieved to think that men like those should be the victims of the Roman Catholic error, and he determined to go to headquarters and lay siege there for the glory of God. He went to Montreal and called to see the Fathers of St. Sulpice ; told them the object of his visit, frankly admitted that his purpose was to win them away from what he seemed soul destroying error.

“ He was received with perfect courtesy, listened to with attention, answered in all points with unaltered sweetness and calmness. The result did not answer his expectation. He became a Catholic, and lived for years as a Sulpician priest in Montreal.

A young Bostonian, a good many years ago, after leaving college went to finish his studies by travel abroad. In Rome he became a Catholic. His family, grieved beyond measure at what they considered a disgrace, despatched a bosom friend of his across the ocean to find him and bring him back to a sense of his duty. Again the issue was not what was looked for. The messenger in turn became a Catholic. Both young men returned to America, entered the Jesuit novitiate at Frederick, in this State. The messenger died there after a few years. The other is still living and working for the holy Catholic faith, beloved by all, Protestants and Catholics alike.

“ There is, I fear, in the midst of many of our enemies a lurking suspicion that a like fate would befall them under similar circumstances, or that, at least, they would be deprived of any shadow of justification for perpetuating the Protestant tradition.”

NOTES, ETC.

Lady Foley, who died recently, belonged to the old English Catholic family of Howard. She was the daughter of the thirteenth Duke of Norfolk, and was one of Queen Victoria's bridesmaids.

The *Rock*, an Anglican organ of great prominence, says “ to those who watch the drift of events within and outside our church, the future seems to grow darker and darker.”

The unfriendly attitude towards the Church should not discourage us. An earnest antagonism, prompted by

honest, though misguided, zeal in the cause of Christianity, is far preferable to a spirit of apathy which springs from religious indifference.

THE MISSIONARY.

The mission of the Church is a mission of reconciliation and redemption, and not one of condemnation and punishment. The triumph of Christ is not to defeat those who know him not, or know him only to hate him and his doctrine, but to win them to his standard.

A Catholic World writer recalls how one of America's wise men, a few decades dead, in reply to the question, "Why do you not believe the Divinity of Christ?" replied, "Because the whole system of Roman Catholicism would follow." Another not less famous remarked to some one when he came to him, announcing his discovery of truth in the Catholic Church, "What, have you just found that out! I have known that for forty years;" and yet he never became a Catholic.

"There is one single fact," wrote Blessed Thomas More, "which one may oppose to all the wit and argument of infidelity—namely, that no man ever repented of being a Christian on his death-bed." Mr. Theodore Havemeyer, the sugar magnate, was received into the Church on his death-bed. That brilliant but erratic young artist of Chap-Book fame, Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, also became a Catholic when he thought he was on his death-bed; and about the same time Rear Admiral Tremlett, himself the son of a Rear Admiral, was received into the Church a few days before he died. In the last case the gift of faith seems to have been the reward of good deeds done during many years, when the bluff old Admiral bore himself as a father to the Catholic sailor boys and sent them regularly to confession and Holy Communion. We have no wish to prejudge those who seem to defer their conversion to their last hour, but it seems a good

time now to paraphrase the saying of Blessed Thomas More and to ask : " Who ever heard of a sane man regretting that he had lived a Catholic or verting to Protestantism on his death-bed ? "—Ave Maria.

The periodical whirlwinds of bigotry that sweep over the land soon subside, like the upheavals of nature, after spending their force. Nor are they an unmixed evil ; they serve some useful purpose. They purify the moral atmosphere ; they clear the spiritual skies, and give observant men a better insight into the uncreated world. They are winnowing winds separating the wheat from the chaff. They are storms that try men's souls. They help to render the members of the Church more loyal to their religion, and they awaken in serious and honest minds outside her pale salutary reflections, often resulting in their conversion. Indeed, it has frequently been observed that periods of violent hostility to our religion have been also seasons of notable accessions to the Church, of which there are some shining examples around us. Institutions, as well as men, that have stood unmoved amid the raging billows, have always commanded the admiration and homage of mankind.

Count Albert De Mun, the brilliant leader of the Catholic Republican Deputies has been admitted as a member of the French academy. This is the greatest honor that France could have conferred on him. De Mun is an ardent catholic and has devoted his brilliant talents to the cause of the Church and the improvement of the condition of workingmen. He is a leader in the religious political and social world.

The *Gaulois* relates the following anecdote of the great orator's early training :

While still a child, Count Albert was remarkable among all his little comrades for infantine facility of speech. His father who noticed this natural gift in his son, resolved to develop it and went about it in the following ingenious fashion. When the child committed some youthful peccadillo punishable usually by the priva-

tion of some favorite dish, he exacted from him a speech in his own justification.

It is said that the little advocate of his own case pleaded so well that the threatened privation of dessert was converted into a generous supply by way of a fee.

A DIMINUTIVE PREACHER.

Pere Ollivier is obliged to stand upon a stool when in the pulpit.

Pere Ollivier, who has succeeded the late Mgr d'Hulst as Lenten preacher at Notre Dame, Paris, is an illustration of the common belief that men of exceptionally strong intellect are of exiguous stature. It would appear that length of body is somehow opposed to breadth of mind. Pere Ollivier is so short that in order that he may be able to see his congregation properly and gesticulate freely while preaching, he is obliged to stand upon a stool in the pulpit. This eloquent Dominican possesses all the boldness with which short men are credited. There is no preacher of the day who hesitates less to say right out what he thinks. This partly explains the great attraction that he undoubtedly exercises upon the public. On a recent occasion, wishing to characterize the spirit of so many Catholics of the day, he said: "Gentlemen, we are afraid!" But after a moment pause he added: "Pardon, gentlemen, it is you who are afraid, for, thank God, I am not one of that sort." The distinction that he drew might have given offense, but it did not. Such sorties on the part of Pere Ollivier are quite understood. The subjects that he prefers to deal with are those that particularly interest society of the present day, and it is said that, monk though he is, nobody understands the world better than he.—Catholic Times, Liverpool.

PRAYERS SOLICITED.

1. For the future archbishop of Montreal, Monseigneur Bruchesi that he may receive, with the episcopalian unction, the blessing of a good health ; 2. For the success of many important causes interesting our Holy Religion ; To obtain that the Holy Virgin Mary be willing to take, under the protection of her MOST PURE HEART, our religious country and the poor French-Canadians living in the United-States ; 4. For the numerous persons desiring to obtain, through the mediation of Jesus' Divine Blood : conversions, cures, situations and many other graces most necessary to their salvation, or to their peace and temporal happiness.

LET US PRAY FOR THE DEAD, specially for : The T. Rev. G. V. BOURGEAULT, Capitulary Vicar deceased at Montreal ; Revd P. LARCIER, S. J. at Montreal ; Revd. J. B. VERONNEAU, curate at St-Jean-Baptiste de Rouville ; Revde S. SERAPHIN, born Rose Plantin, at Lyon, France ; Revde Sr St-HORMIDAS, Cong. N. D. Montreal ; for MM. ALF. LEMOINE, at Taftville ; FRs BOUCHER, at St-Francois du Lac ; THOMAS KELLY, at Somerset ; JOSEPHAT VALOIS, at St-Michel ; JOS. PARENT, at Cookshire ; M. CHARBONNEAU, at Petit-Brule ; ONESIME LAMBERT, at Trois-Rivieres ; DAVID TURNER, at West Wickham ; JOS. OCTAVE DIONNE, at Ottawa ; DANIEL PAQUETTE, St-Elphege ; Mrs JOS H. HENAU, at Webster ; Mrs CELANIE GLADU, at Cohoes ; Mrs. EDOUARD JUAIRE, at Notre-Dame de Stanbridge ; Mrs. ADOLPHE PAGE, at Montreal ; Mrs ELIE DUPRE, at Brockton ; Mrs DAMASE DION, at Ste-Anne des Chenes ; Mrs PRISQUE PAUL, at Acton-Vale ; Mrs ELOI BOULE, at Monton ; Mrs LS NAULT, at St-Marcel ; for Misses OLIVINE DESNOYERS, at St-Hyacinthe ; A. C. MADELEINE FARRELL, at Dorchester ; for our dear sister SAINT-ROSAIRE, deceased at our monastery at N.-D. de Grace, etc.

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

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

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

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

200 days ind. once a day.

Leo XIII. 20, june, 1892.