

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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HAIL, HOLY WOUNDS !

Hail, Holy Wounds of Jesus, hail !
Sweet pledges of the saving rood !
Whence flow the Streams that never fail
The purple streams of His dear Blood.

Brighter than brightest stars ye show,
Than sweetest rose your scent more rare,
No Indian gem may match your glow,
No honey's taste with yours compare.

Portals are ye to that dear Home,
Wherein our wearied souls may hide,
Whereto no angry foe may come,
The Heart of Jesus Crucified.

What countless stripes our Jesus bore,
All naked left in Pilate's hall,
What copious Streams of purple gore
Through rents in His torn garments fall.

His comely brow, O shame and grief,
By the sharp thorny crown is riven
Through Hands and Feet without relief
The cruel nails are deeply driven.

But when for our poor sakes He died,
A willing Priest, by love subdued,

The soldier's spear transfix'd His Side—
Forth flow'd the Water and the Blood.

Beneath the winepress of God's wrath,
To save our souls from endless pains,
Still hour by hour His Blood flows forth
Till not a single drop remains.

Come, bathe you in that healing flood,
All ye who mourn with sin opprest,
Your only hope is Jesus' Blood,
His Sacred Heart your only rest.

All praise to Him, the Eternal Son,
At God's right Hand enthroned above,
Whose Blood the world's redemption won,
Whose Spirit seals the gifts of love.

OFFICE OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD. (1)

" You were redeemed with the Precious Blood of Christ, as of a Lamb unspotted and undefiled." *1 Peter I. 18.*

Every christian is obliged to love Our Lord Jesus Christ, to imitate Him and live His life.

But how can we --weak and wretched mortals--how can we resemble God? Our divine Saviour gives us the means; whatever He exacts, He renders easy.

He has instituted the Eucharist in which He gives Himself wholly to us. His body unites with ours to purify it, His soul with ours to replenish it with holy thoughts and devout sentiments; through His divinity

(1) This sermon was preached in substance more than forty years since, at the ecclesiastical retreat of the diocese of St-Hyacinthe, given in the month of August, 1858.

It was the first sermon on the Precious Blood given in St-Hyacinthe, and perhaps in the country. It paved the way for the establishment of the Confraternity and, later on, the foundation of the Institute of the Precious Blood.

MGR. RAYMOND.

our entire person is invested with power over our enemies and our actions are endowed with divine value. In this way He imparts His life to us.

Thus closely united to Him, we should be animated with His spirit and bear His likeness. But these marvellous effects have been frequently portrayed and studied. To-day my desire is to excite your appreciation of the value of the Adorable Blood of Jesus Christ. This is a subject on which we do not meditate sufficiently, and, yet, nothing is more calculated to nourish and elevate christian piety.

In our time the Church advocates devotion to the Precious Blood in a most pressing manner. She ordains the yearly celebration of two feasts in Its honor, she sets the seal of her approval on an institute of priests known as Missionaries of the Precious Blood and she establishes confraternities whose end is to pay It special worship.

In an age when the efficacy of the Divine Blood is ignored or frustrated by wide spread irreligion, she appeals to the piety of her faithful children to make atonement for crime and by their devotion draw down upon the earth the Blood through which alone it can be saved.

Priests ! our life is nourished by the Redeemer's Blood in the Sacramental species. This eminent privilege imposes on us the obligation of seeking to attain sanctity far beyond that of the simple laity. We owe everything to our Saviour's Blood. Let us study Its excellency, Its wonderful effects, and then see the use we should make of It in furtherance of our salvation and sanctification.

" You have been redeemed by the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ." Let us consider what gratitude is exacted and what love should be produced by this benefit. We read in the Old Testament that " the blood is the life." This may be applied to the soul in a supernatural sense. The Blood of Jesus Christ is its life. Being of divine value, It communicates to the soul which appropriates It that Christ-like life through which alone heaven can be won.

1 The blood, as I have just said, is a man's life. Its circulation through the members gives them action and vigor. Its flux and re-flux through the heart creates the

movement denominated life. When the circulation stops, the heart no longer pulsates, the body is no longer the soul's organ, earthly existence is over. "The Blood is for the soul." Deut. XII, 23.

The principle of Our Lord's human life was therefore in His Blood. Formed by the Holy Ghost from the substance of the purest of virgins, by coursing through His members It gave them those various movements by which He operated the most sublime actions. By It He raised His Hands to bless and heal, made His apostolic journeys, articulated words of instruction and consolation, and through It His Heart throbbed with pulsations of love for mankind.

To adore this Blood is then to worship the principle of Our Lord's life and actions.

It was shed for us. Guilty man was condemned to death. His blood should have been poured out. But God, the Author of human life, would not have it so. He decreed instead that victims should be immolated, to attest that blood was due to His justice and was necessary for the expiation of sin.

The blood of animals could never of itself propitiate divine wrath. The anger of God demanded the blood of a God.

Jesus Christ assumed a body only to immolate it for us. The Blood Which animated it was to be shed for the glory of His Father and the salvation of men. How does He shed It ?

Eight days after birth when He submits to the Mosaic rite of Circumcision.

In the Garden of Olives, His Blood flows in the form of abundant sweat, pressed out by the weight of our crimes and the horror they inspire.

In the Scourging, profuse streams of Blood run down His lacerated body in expiation of our sensuality.

Thorns are buried in His head. Blood oozes from these fresh wounds, trickles down His brow and over His august face to wash away the stains of our pride.

When carrying His heavy cross along the Way of sorrows leading to Calvary.

On the Cross the nails piercing His Hands and feet

open four abundant sources which, like the four rivers of the Garden of Eden, fertilise the whole earth.

Jesus is dead but His Blood still flows. A lance pierces His Heart making a large wound whence escape the last drops of Blood. Saints have assigned a touching reason for the infliction of this wound. Our Lord wished, they assert, to induce us to apply our lips to His opened Heart, lovingly to imbibe His Precious Blood.

Behold how our Redeemer's Blood flowed for us !

It is a pious and salutary practice to represent It to ourselves in Its last effusions, streaming from the Holy Wounds and to apply It to our souls with sentiments of gratitude and love.

(To be continued.)

TO SAINT JOSEPH.

(PATRON OF THE INTERIOR LIFE.)

Blest Saint whose days were passed in recollection,
 On whom the gift of silence was bestowed ;
 O thou whom Jesus and His Blessed Mother
 Made happy in a poor and mean abode ;
 Dear Joseph ! grant that we may ever model
 Our lives on Nazareth's ways so sweet and mild,
 That we may pray as did the holy virgin,
 And humble be like Jesus when a child.

The heavy weight of thy most painful labor
 Near Jesus seemed but as a sweet repose ;
 Thy days passed on in joy and tranquil pleasure,
 For thy great love robbed life of all its woes.
 O blessed Saint, aid us thy lowly children,
 To garner fruits of virtue like to thine ;
 By living in the presence of our mother
 And working for the love of Christ divine.

O teach us how to dwell in this drear exile,
 As Angels pure amidst the realms of light !

Within our souls, may hope serenely beaming,
 Dispel the gloomy shades of sin's dark night.
 We honor thee and pray, O great Saint Joseph,
 True model of the humble, hidden life,
 That we may tread in Mary's footsteps lowly,
 And follow Jesus meekly on through life.

Our master be and guide our souls from error ;
 Direct them in the paths of purest love ;
 At orison, may lights and sweet affections
 Uplift them from the world to scenes above.
 Grant that our prayer may be a mystic ladder
 To mount the heights of virtue, helped by thee,
 So that one day, at Mary's side in heaven
 The guardian of our Saviour we shall see.

Saint Theresa placed all her foundations under the patronage of Saint Joseph.

After the canonisation of their seraphic mother, the carmelites hastened to put them in her care. Saint Theresa was opposed to this. She appeared to her daughters and commanded them to re-consecrate their convents to the Saint who had assisted her so powerfully, adding : " Understand well, my daughters, Saint Joseph is far above me and the other saints in heaven."

L E N T.

The season of universal penance.

Remember that we still are Thine,
 Though of a fallen frame.....

WITH the first days of March, Lent will arrive. Yearly, our tender mother the Church, the spouse of the Holy Ghost, guided by His counsel and filled with His love, calls on us to observe a fast of some weeks. In all things so kind and compassionate, she is yet inflexible in exempting none from the law of penance in some form or another. In this she is moved by love

for her children and a desire for the salvation of all. The true religion is one of mortification and privation, because it is a continual exercise of virtue and virtue is acquired at the cost of pain and sacrifice. Nothing grand or noble was ever gained without a struggle.

Whose example is given us to follow? That of Our Lord Jesus Christ who came on earth as the great Expiator of our crimes. As our model we find Him first in suffering, laboring, fasting and humbling Himself till He closes His life by the death of the cross.

All of us who are guilty—and who is innocent? must imitate our Redeemer in His life of atonement. We, in our turn, must be expiators, must bewail our sins and pray for pardon. To assist us in doing this, Holy Church now proclaims the return of the solemn fast.

Our own transgressions are not the only ones we should endeavor to repair. The sins of others—those perhaps of our own families or friends—make penance a pressing duty for us. The frightful spread of impiety and irreligion, the general reign of vice and the depravity of our times call for reparation, if the world is not to be allowed to sink under the load of its iniquity.

We do not sufficiently estimate the all powerful effect of prayer and penance. What multitudes of sinners have been withdrawn from the ways of perdition and sent to heaven almost in spite of themselves, by the prayers and fasts of catholics during Lent! Crime demands vengeance, but heartfelt contrition and repentance propitiate God's justice. Witness the Ninivites whose tears and prayers disarmed God's anger and obtained their pardon.

Far from finding the observance of the Lenten regulations difficult and painful, thousands of fervent christians are zealous in conforming with the penitential precepts and add their own works of supererogation. The knowledge that they are obeying God whose eyes are fixed on them, and that they are effacing their sins, make fasting and abstinence a pleasing duty. These christians manifest a sincere love of God, since love is proved by suffering. Let us, then, unite our fast to that of Our divine Saviour, and enter joyfully on the career of penance.

TO A FATHER'S MEMORY.

(*Montreal Semaine Religieuse.*)

HOW gloomy to-day is our once joyous house ! Our family life, so intimate and sweet, has been broken by death. The Father has gone !

At nightfall, gathered in that recreation hall where he loved to come among us for relaxation from fatigue and rest after labor, we now sadly and with emotion evoke his loved memory. For we loved our Archbishop, and he—Yes, he loved us well. How often during his illness and on his death bed, he repeated this to each of us and to his visitors !

We miss him and will miss him for many a long day. We cannot realize that he is gone. Every moment we expect to see him, to hear his voice in our ears. We watch for him. Then we speak of him—our love forces words from us. We recall his bounty, his mansuetude and edifying regularity, his virtue of religion, the instances of piety he left behind him and the innumerable favors and marks of delicate attention, on his part, of which each of us was the object.

“How kind he was !” To-day these words are on the lips of all. Of themselves they are a most eulogistic funeral oration. Monseigneur Fabre had expressly prohibited all panegyrics at his obsequies. A letter expressing his last desires contains these words : “ I wish you to observe in my own case the rule I made for the funeral of my priests.” His order was religiously executed ; but he could not prevent the rendering of spontaneous homage.

To that all comprehensive phrase “ How kind he was !” let us add the profound mourning into which his death has plunged the whole diocese, the tears of his priests and nuns, the flock whose beneficent friend he was, the poor he protected, and it will be understood what an immense place this pastor held in the affections of his people. With what veneration, what touching sympathy even *our separated brethren* surrounded his bed of pain and his bier ! Monseigneur Fabre had on every occasion shown himself kind and amiable towards those to whom

we apply this term. Would that we might see the day when we could call them simply *our brethren* !

Saint Paul, writing to his disciple Timothy, a bishop, said : " Exercise thyself unto godliness, for piety is profitable to all, having promise of the life that now is and that which is to come." This precept of the Apostle seemed ever present to Monseigneur Fabre's mind. Till the close of his life, his piety was admirable and as regular as that of the most fervent seminarian. Never did the absorbing duties of pastoral business cause him to omit its practice.

When the physicians and his confessor wished, during his last illness, to dispense him from reciting his breviary, " let me keep on," said he, " it would fatigue me *not to say it*." And, in fact, he gave up only at the end when his strength failed completely. Even then he said the rosary with us, made the Way of the Cross on an indulgenced crucifix, received Holy Communion every morning and relished listening to a reading on the Blessed Eucharist.

His death was the faithful echo of his holy life.

Monseigneur Fabre loved the ceremonies of the Church and was justly called the great Liturgist of America. Whatever related to divine worship was particularly dear to him. He had profound veneration for the smallest rubric, saw that it was observed faithfully and was the first to give the example. He knew the ceremonies of an episcopal consecration as perfectly as those of low mass. More than once, on a journey, he was seen humbly serving his secretary's mass, equally happy as when performing the grand functions of a cathedral.

His humility was deep. No exception of persons with him, no difference between rich and poor. Thousands of poor attest this. He was, in truth, all to all, a faithful copy of the Master who said : " Learn of me for I am meek and humble of heart : " no tiresome exactions, not the slightest pretention, and his attendants declared that in the whole world there was not another man so easy to wait on.

He had a prodigious memory and rare fluency of speech. He profited by this to gain hearts and do good ; but, with charming simplicity, he avowed what he con-

sidered in himself a void or weakness. "Humility is truth," said Saint Theresa. And Monseigneur Fabre was so truthful, so frank, so upright!

On the 4th December, the gravity of his malady having been announced to him, he prepared to receive the last Sacraments. He wished, in presence of the Blessed Sacrament, to speak to the priests kneeling at his side. What he then said will remain forever graven in the depths of our souls. We reproduce it here for the edification of our readers: "I desire to profit by this solemn occasion to ask pardon for the faults I may have committed; for whatever in me has perhaps been weakness of character; for all the offences of which I have been guilty during the course of my administration. From my heart, I forgive everyone who caused me pain. I thank Saint Barbara, to whom I have always had special devotion, for obtaining for me the grace of receiving the last sacraments on her feast. I thank you all for the kindness you have shown me. And now, with all my heart, I abandon myself completely to God."

Monseigneur Fabre is revealed in this speech. And, in fact, are not these the words, is not this the humility, the charity, the resignation of the Saints?

He abandoned himself to God. Yes, and with what generosity he did so, we are the happy witnesses. He sacrificed his life in the plenitude of consciousness. He relinquished it without sadness, without regret; and how often did he not renew the offering before breathing his last sigh! "Offer your life to God, Monseigneur," said Rev. Father Filiatreault, his devoted confessor, to him one day; "Give yourself completely to Him." "I do, each instant," was the reply.

Monseigneur Fabre died poor, all his property having long since been made over to the Archbishopial Corporation of Montreal, for the board of needy seminarians, his much loved seminarians. This is why he said he had no will to make having nothing to leave. Such was the pastor ravished from us by death!

O Father! venerated and tenderly loved, your memory will live forever in our hearts. May God Himself recompense you above for all the good you did us on earth.

Your Sons have but one heart and one voice to apply to
you the touching inscription we once read on a tomb in a
church of the Eternal City :

Beni Sit Tibi, Qui Nos Bene Amasti!

CHRIST IN THE WILDERNESS.

First Sunday of Lent.

Thou hast gone out from Nazareth's shelter sweet,
From Mary's mother-love, so pure, complete,
Over a long and drear and perilous way,
Into the wilderness to fast and pray.
Wherefore, my God, must all this anguish be ? -
Meekly Thou answerest " For thee, for thee."

Art Thou not weary of the desert bare
The rock and sand and sun, the blistering air ?
Were not the rivulet to Thy parched lips balm ?
Yearnest Thou not for the green, sheltering palm ?
Art Thou not lonely, dearest Lord, Ah, me !
Though hosts of angels bear Thee company ?

One slender shade is in the desert-land,
The shadow of the Cross athwart the sand ;
But sharp and clear and present to Thine eyes,
The awful agonies of Calvary rise.

The Cross's shadow greateneth for me
Ah, but the cruel nails are all for Thee !

O mystery of untold tenderness
A boundless, shoreless sea Thy love's excess !
O I could weep methinks in Heaven above
To see my maker pleading so for love !
Tempted and tried and sorrowing for me
Lord, can Thy lowliest do aught for Thee ?

KATHERINE E. CONWAY.

SAINT CATHERINE OF SIENA.

PATRONESS OF THE ADORERS OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

"In the Blood you find the fire."

ST. CATH. OF SIENA

(Continuation.)

CATHERINE had received at Pisa the glorious favor of the Stigmata.

Her heart, dilated by love, was full of an immense, an inexhaustible compassion. Everywhere the unfortunates, who were aware of this sentiment, pressed themselves around her. "I have often seen, said the Blessed Raymond, thousands of men and women hastening from the summits of mountains and from surrounding countries, as if a mysterious trumpet had called them. They were coming to see and to hear her.

All would kneel before her and lavish upon her the most extraordinary marks of respect, but she did not ever perceive their attentions. She was wholly engaged with the sufferings of those who approached her, with the woes of the Church and of her country, and those woes were always increasing.

Terrible bands of brigands, in the pay of all the ambitions, ravaged Italy, leaving nothing but ruin in their path. Rome, forsaken by the Pope and torn by factions, could not count more than seventeen thousand inhabitants. Florence, exasperated by the excess of bad governors and bad pastors, had raised the red banner whereon was written in letters of silver the word *Libertas*. Eighty cities imitated her in the revolt against the Holy See.

At Florence, the revolution turned, on the first day, into veritable jacquerie.

The Apostolic Nuncio was borne around upon a cart, flayed alive, amidst the hootings of the populace. The murderers threw the shreds of his flesh to the dogs, and finished by burying him while he was still breathing.

To these atrocities, Gregory XI, influenced by the French Cardinals, replied by a thunderbolt, the most terrible which a Pope had ever thrown.

He struck by an interdict, and placed outside of the

christian law, the persons and properties of the Florentines.

The latter, ruined, sent an embassy to Catherine, praying her to interpose herself between Gregory XI and Florence.

Catherine could not refuse—the greatest horrors menaced Italy—and the Saint placed herself en route for Avignon.

The Pope received her, seated upon the throne, surrounded by the Cardinals.

Catherine presented herself very humbly, and, certainly, it must have looked very strange that the haughty, the powerful Florence had chosen the daughter of a dyer of Siena as her mediatrix. But her prayers in favor of the rebellious were so touching that Gregory XI, in the first interview, placed in her hands the conditions of the peace, only recommending her to guard safely the honor of the Church.

Catherine had sworn to herself to obtain the return of the Apostolic See to Rome. She wished the Pope to deliver Italy from her lieutenants. She wished him to take in hand the government of the Pontifical domain, that, as a true pastor, he would commence the reform of the Church—of Cardinals and Italian prelates in the first place.—She feared not to reproach the Head of the Church with his timidity, with his excessive gentleness.

Gregory XI—Pierre du Rogier de Beaufort-Turenne—had been elected on the thirtieth of December 1370, at the age of thirty-eight years. He was learned, his life had always been very pure, very regular. Timid in character, very delicate in health, he had for his parents an infantine tenderness.

The humble tertiary inspired Gregory XI with a singular veneration. He admired her absolute indifference for the splen' ... which surrounded her, the frankness with which she had expressed herself in regard to men and things of the court of Avignon. He conversed often with her, consulted her and conducted her into the full consistory.

The confidence with which the Pope honored Catherine was not slow to greatly disquiet the Pontifical Court. And this young girl, who would have to decide the eter-

nal Roman question, saw her action embarrassed by all sorts of intrigues and hostilities. As, later on, the judges of Joan of Arc, the French prelates tempted her in her faith. They pursued her with their perfidious interrogatories upon the subtilities of theology even to the privacy of her cell.

The curiosity of the grand ladies of Avignon was also an inexhaustible source of weariness to Catherine. This malevolent curiosity sometimes approached even to cruelty. One day, one of the Pope's nieces perceived Catherine at the communion table in ecstasy. Under pretext of devotion, she approached her, and, remarking that the young girl wore only sandals, she pierced her foot several times with a long steel needle.

LAURE CONAN.

(To be continued.)

JESUS, MASTER, KING OF GLORY.

Jesus Master, King of glory,
Still to Thee we turn for life,
Victor, when the battle's sorest
O sustain us in the strife.

When the world is hard upon us
And we flinch before its scorn,
Let us learn an earnest purpose
From Thy Forehead pierced with thorn.

When the flesh is strong, and round us
All its poisonous vapours roil,
By Thy Blood "the opened Fountain,"
Dear Redeemer, save the soul.

When the friend, with subtlest tempting,
Sures us to our endless loss,
Mighty Master, strike the strong one
With the sharpness of Thy Cross.

When the last dark storm is gathering,
And our hearts are swept with fear,
By the love of Thy dear Passion,
Master, let us feel Thee near.

So when all at last is ended
And the Best is reached above
May we swell Thy Heart's rejoicing
With the rapture of our love.

Jesus Master, King of glory,
Still to Thee we turn for life,
Victor, when the battle's sorest
O sustain us in the strife.

CANON LITTLE.

Written for The Voice of the Precious Blood.

LETTERS TO THE MOST NOBLE COUNTESS
OF R...FROM AN ENGLISH LADY
IN CANADA.

ANNA T. SADLER.

Quebec, the 12th of June, 1635.

Honored Madam.

I write from ever seas to keep you informed, as in duty bound, of matters transpiring in these foreign parts. How often do I turn my thoughts backwards towards the peaceable days spent under your illustrious roof, whence I came forth to undertake the arduous post of mother to the motherless children of my beloved sister. I kept you advised as to the prospect of coming to these countries, because of the ardent desire which Antoine de Melleray entertained to see once more his son and daughter. It seemed as if the will of God, no less than my natural inclination, prompted me to accompany those dear ones.

I also apprised you of the date of our departure and

have since written a short account of our despicable voyage, with sickness on board and the peril in which we were from pirates and other hostile ships.

We are now at Quebec, a town, surrounded by walls, built upon a rock, which boasts of its inaccessibility, consisting of a few and unimposing houses clustered about the Fort or Chateau of St. Louis. Therein is transacted most of the business of this infant state, councils of war, dealings with the savages and such legislation as concerns the well-being of these colonies. Picture to yourself, gracious Madam, a broad and noble river, rolling past our town, girt with hill shores, but scarce a trace of man's presence.

For three months this hath been my abiding place. To-day, it is ablaze with flags and other tokens of jubilation. The roar of musketry did awaken me at dawn.

The Chevalier de Montmagny our new Viceroy, and, with him, many soldiers as well as divers craftsmen, arrive to-day. Mr. de Montmagny belongs to the most noble Order of Malta, which, I make no doubt, is, by report, well known to your ladyship. By its valiant deeds, it seemed in times of need as a rampart for Christendom against the Turks. Pray God this member of it, who hath come hither, may prove himself a trusty bulwark against the Saracen of this New World, the redoubtable and mighty tribe of Iroquois.

My boy, Maurice, is on fire with excitement. Since day-break, it hath been his delight to aid the cannoneers in firing salutes and to mount ensigns wherever it is possible and to decorate arches. He is a noble youth, handsome and manly of bearing, worthy of his honourable father and most lovely mother. Albertine too, is impregnated with the universal enthusiasm, though her nature, in truth, is calm to passivity. *Adieu*, honored Madam. My dutiful, loving remembrance to My Lord and the Ladies Adeline and Mildred.

(To be continued.)

We do not enter a house without speaking to the porter ; the Blessed Virgin is the portress of Heaven.

THE CURÉ OF ARS.

A TRIDUUM OF THANKSGIVING FOR ROME'S
APPROVAL OF OUR INSTITUTE.

GREAT REJOICINGS.

(Continuation.)

A Triduum of Thanksgiving, for the definite approbation of the Constitutions of the Institute of the Precious Blood by the Holy See, was held in the chapel of the Precious Blood on the 6th, 7th and 8th of December last. On Sunday and Monday, the Most Blessed Sacrament was exposed. On Tuesday, the feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, under whose protection the Institute is placed, Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by His Lordship, the Bishop of Druzipara, assisted by the chief members of the episcopal chapter. The music was supplied by the students of the seminary and a few of the residents.

In the evening there was grand illumination. An effigy of the Holy Father placed above the portico of the chapel and enframed with electric lights, the transparent cross surmounting the roof, the effulgence radiating from the windows, the dazzling effect further heightened by the gleam of chinese and japanese lanterns surrounding the facade of the monastery, presented a really magnificent sight.

“ *Courrier of St-Hyacinthe.* ”

Last December, the Reverend Sisters of the Precious Blood of this city (Three-Rivers), in union with their Mother-House and Sister Communities, celebrated a solemn Triduum of Thanksgiving on the occasion of the definite approbation of the Rules of their Institute by the Holy See, on the 20th October last.

On the first day, there was Exposition of the Most Blessed Sacrament, as well as on the second, which a day particularly devoted to reparation. On Tuesday, feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, solemn High Mass was celebrated. In the afternoon, Vespers

and Benediction were sung, with Renovation of the Vows, in presence of His Lordship the Bishop of Three-Rivers. A sermon was delivered each day.

Although the public could not be admitted to the exercises of the Triduum, owing to the smallness of the chapel, we deem it suitable to draw attention to it, because the event celebrated is particularly deserving of notice.

Pontifical Approbation, above all when it is definite, as in the present case, requires a few words of explanation.

It is the highest honor and the surest pledge of stability which a Religious Order can receive.

Through this approbation the Institute of the Most Precious Blood is placed under the special protection of the Holy See. The Pope becomes its First Superior and, henceforth, the Constitutions cannot be modified without his permission. The Approbation of Religious Orders being one of the grave matters on which the Infallibility of the Roman Pontiff is exercised, it is easy to understand what unequalled value such Papal Approval possesses for the founders and all the members of an institute.

The Sisters of the Precious Blood have, therefore, just cause for rejoicing and thanksgiving on account of the inappreciable favor and signal honor which has just been granted to their Community. Their friends and benefactors, when offering their congratulations, will be glad to join in their thanksgiving. A more fruitful element of life has been diffused through their pious Constitutions.

A work, individual and local in the beginning, now enters into more abundant participation of the character of *Catholicity* which distinguishes the Church of Jesus Christ.

Devotion to the Precious Blood of Our Lord and to the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin will derive new impulse from it. It is likewise a blessing and a subject of rejoicing for the Canadian Church. May God be praised for it !

(To be continued)

Le Triflumen.

A TRAVELLER'S EXPERIENCE.

BEFORE the railroad had supplanted stage coaches and diligences in France, Louis Veuillot and a friend were once journeying inside a *Lafitte* and *Caillard*.

It was Friday. At one of the stopping places, the travellers alighted for dinner. To get a lenten meal was not the easiest thing in the world ; there was no Friday food mentioned on the bill of fare. While their companions rushed to the tables loaded with various kinds of meat, the eminent writer and his friend, fully determined to observe the precept of abstinence, cost what it might, and yet to pay for a dinner only in as much as they had eaten one, sent for the landlord.

" Sir, " said they, " we do not eat meat on Friday ; be good enough to serve us an abstinence dinner. "

The housekeeper had evidently his own decided opinion about the Commandments of the Church : he would abolish them.

" Gentlemen, " replied he, with an amiable smile, " I am sorry, but we have no Friday fare. "

" Well, get some, then. "

" That would take a long time and the coach does not wait. "

" Then bring us some bread, wine and cheese. And, Sir, let the cost be just twenty sous ! "

The innkeeper was commencing to lose his temper. He had a great notion to send them off. But, then, they represented seven francs. He was willing to argue.

" I think " said he " one can eat what is served to him and yet not be damned for that. "

" While you are disputing, " they remarked, " you could already have made an omelet ; and while we are answering, we are not dining. "

" By what I see, " these gentlemen have a religion, " remarked one of the guests who was in good trim to devour juicy cutlets. "

This was a stout, upstart bourgeois, a reader of the " *Siècle*, " who, during the journey, had more than once excited the nerves of the two friends by expressing his admiration of Voltaire and his worship of the God of good people, sung by Béranger.

"Yes, Sir" replied Veillot's companion, "and you?"

"Every one has his own, but I can't persuade myself that, to honor and serve God, I have to ruin my digestion. Friday diet disagrees with me."

"Excuse me, Sir. Here there is no question of one's persuasions. I know many people who, like yourself, think that true religion does not ordain these practices, adding also that abstinence disagrees with their constitution. They willingly give themselves indigestion from flesh meat and they have severe attacks of gastritis which condemn them to harder penance than ours. Let us leave this detail aside. There is question, if you please, of honoring God, not according to your ideas but as He wills. From the moment you reason against His commandments, from the moment you change, retrench or observe any of them only at your ease and according to your taste, you obey Him no longer, you are in revolt against His law."

"Reason has shown me the inutility of these practices which men formerly considered binding."

"So that you have been a catholic but are so no longer?"

"I am still . . . like others . . . with a glass in my hand, as Béranger says, I trust myself gaily to the "God of good people""

In the meantime, the innkeeper was in a state of mental conflict. Would he resign himself to the loss of seven francs? Would he be seen giving in to two fanatics, he, the proprietor of the "Golden Crown?"

The two friends were rising to leave in search of bread in the vicinity, when relief came to them unexpectedly from the end of the hall.

A bass voice made the windows rattle like the beating of a drum :

"Serve an abstinence dinner."

Everyone looked up. It was the Coupé that was entering, represented by a colossus of the grandest and most martial form. Grey mustache, officer's rosette, prescribed neck-cloth, terrible scar on the forehead : a colonel at least ! A lady, of gentler and no less distinguished bearing, accompanied him. Behind them was standing,

proudly yet timidly, a young girl of sixteen, a veritable flower link between those two imposing forces.

On seeing those three personages, the master of the "Golden Crown" lost all his philosophy and all his joviality. However great one may be through fortune, influence, knowledge ; were one a member even of the municipal council and Captain of the Company of Firemen, one does not show the door to five devout persons at a blow, one of whom is a Colonel who wants a Friday dinner at three francs, fifty sous a head.

The master of the "Golden Crown" took off his own crown, a cap of very gay cotton, and announced abstinence fare. He kept his word, with a certain amount of luxury. He was an improvisator. But who will use colors and a brush to paint the staring eyes, gaping mouth, profound stupefaction and embarrassment of the fat Voltarian bourgeois, so arrogant a moment before ? He hardly dared to touch the meat stacked up on his plate. If the terrible guest had questioned him as to his religious principles, he would have declared he was eating meat by the doctor's order on account of poor health !

I have since learned, writes Louis Veuillot, that our Colonel was no less than a very brave and illustrious general. Herewith I render him thanks for the dinner he procured us. We had fish, vegetables, cream—a real feast. I am not ungrateful ; but in fact, General, I thank you still more for the good lesson you gave the guests and your temporary host. They needed it badly, and you would render them a service by repeating it. Ah ! General, what good you do wherever you pass, merely by showing yourself so simply and so truly a christian. The vanity of these petty bourgeois and the high opinion they have of themselves do not yet quite allow them to compare themselves to you. They still respect the man they see passing on a war horse, arms at his belt, crosses on his breast, gashes on his face, authority in his eye. This man represents devotedness, glory, control and power, above all. Were this man as christian as you, General, did he respect God publicly and fearlessly, there would be fewer freethinkers, scorners of the Church's precepts and "adorers of the God of good people."

SEMAINE DE VIVIERS.

GLIMPSSES OF HEAVEN.

" Let us praise men of renown and our Fathers in their generation."
Ecc. 1. XIII.

ALL our true joys here below are but faint types of those which await us in Heaven.

Chateaubriand says, that " in the pictures of Paganism everything has a physical character, everything is external and adapted only to the eye." But " in the Christian religion, all is sentiment and mind, all is internal, all is created for the soul.

What food for thought ! what depth of meditation ! "

The beauty of Christianity was, of late, charmingly exemplified by our Religious Communities here, who vied with each other in rendering their heartfelt tributes of praise and honor to our venerable Prelate, Monseigneur Moreau, on the occasion of his Golden Jubilee(sacerdotal).

Among the series of Feasts inaugurated, in no other place, perhaps, was the christian sentiment more beautifully expressed than at the Monastery of the Sisters of the Precious Blood.

On the evening of Dec. 27, the cloister doors were opened to admit Monseigneur Moreau, with about thirty of the Rev. Clergy who accompanied him. Monseigneur was conducted to his place of honor, to an imposing throne of crimson and gold, having the arms and Papal insignia thereon, above his venerable head. The Rev. Clergy were seated conveniently around him in a semi-circle.

A marked feature of the occasion was the close attention paid to the proceedings by the audience of distinguished clergymen.

THE DECORATIONS.—The tasteful decorations of the apartment gave one an idea of celestial glory. All was in gold. Even the pillars and arches, placed for the occasion, appeared to be covered with the richest gold of Ophir.

We pictured to our imagination the Heavenly City, " *itself pure gold, like glass.*"

Beautiful white and crimson flowers and bright-hued autumn wines, were everywhere twining gracefully around

their supports, and, at every point, golden palms were waving in a rich profusion. Sweet-faced angels with outspread wings were smiling on the beauteous scene, bearing in their arms various appropriate gifts for Monseigneur.

At the end of the apartment, opposite the audience, around a life-sized picture of the Immaculate Virgin, ethereal clouds were floating, formed of gauzy drapery, rainbow hued, suggesting thoughts of that gorgeous mass of clouds, which as a triumphal car, bore our beloved Queen in her glorious assumption to heaven. Over all was diffused the splendid electric light, beautiful figure of the *Light of Glory* "in which we shall see Him as He is." At every point, was seen the symbolic "50" of the good Bishop's golden years, illuminated in various colored transparencies: as star differeth from star in glory.

THE ENTERTAINMENT.—The "*Noces d'Or*," (Golden Wedding) was chanted with splendid effect by all the Religious, in honor of the esteemed Prelate.

Overture.—Instrumental duet, (from Rossini,) entitled "*Allégresse*." (joy) Admirably executed.

The Rev. auditors listened with rapt attention.

The distinguishing feature of the entertainment, however, was the exquisite chanting of an Office, composed by the Sisters expressly for Monseigneur, following exactly the rubrics of the Office of the Church. The Sisters were formed into two choirs, arranged in long rows on either side, the white and scarlet of the religious costume adding much to the brilliant scenic effect.

The Office opened with an Invitatory which had for its refrain; "*Que l'or se change en diamant*." (May the gold be changed into diamonds.)

The *three lessons* detailed all the principal events in the life of the worthy Bishop. A grand *Te Deum* closed the Office of *Compline*, and the office of *Lauds* was terminated by the *Benedictus*, and a prayer imploring celestial favors for the dear *Pastor bonus*.

CHARACTER OF THE ENTERTAINMENT.—It was grave, even solemn. No smiles, or light repartee, no conversation. All was done befittingly, as a religious function, to honor

the Church of Christ and a noble representative of saint Peter, "blest holder of the heavenly keys."

THE NINE FOUNDATIONS.—Nine choirs of angels are said to perform the music of Heaven. The same mystic number of foundations are carrying on the sublime work of the Most Precious Blood, singing Its canticles, carrying Its banners, bearing Its crosses in making Reparation for sinners. All the nine foundations were ably represented upon the occasion above described. A representative of each foundation was laden with a choice gift, which she modestly proffered, laying it at the feet of His Lordship.

MONSEIGNEUR'S GIFTS. They were many, rich, elegant and appropriate. But the choicest of all is the gold of the hearts that love him. Aye, *that gold will last*, and be his own throughout the ages of eternity.....

"They gave him a holy robe of gold and blue and purple, as to a wise man endued with wisdom and with truth; and a crown of gold (spiritual) upon his mitre; whereon was engraved HOLINESS—an ornament of honor, a work of power, and delightful to the eyes for its beauty.".....

"God chose him, among all men living, to offer sacrifice to God, incense, and a good savor, to make reconciliation for his people." Eccl. XIV. 20.....

AN ECHO FROM HEAVEN. Suddenly, there was heard, in the mysterious distance, sounds of music and a joyous bird-like warbling. By degrees, the beautiful solo was recognized as "*Un Echo du Ciel.*"

The distant music continued, gradually increasing in power, and merged into the *Magnificat*, which the Sisters in Heaven were represented as singing, alternatively or in union with their sisters in exile, Mary's sweet canticle of joy: *Quia fecit mihi magna qui potens est: et sanctum nomen ejus.*

FLOWERS FROM PARADISE. And now, as from the angelic realms above, there falls, through an opening in the ceiling, a copious rain of beautiful flowers: roses, lilies, carnations and snowdrops, evidently choicest blooms from Heavenly conservatories. The blossoms rain down upon a sheet of delicate gauze. It is the present of the Sisters in Heaven.....

Two white veiled Novices take up the dainty sheet and bear the precious burden to Monseigneur, scattering the fragrant blossoms at his feet.

After that graceful expression of filial regard, Monseigneur made haste to speak. By a few impressive words, he convinced his children of the deep joy and gratitude of his hear. He assured them of his continued protection and of his devotion to the noble Institute of the Precious Blood.

"GLOIRE AU SANG." The thrilling hymn, "Glory to the Blood," was then sung with great éclat, by all the Religious, after which the Rev. Clergy reluctantly departed, each one carrying a choice blossom in his hand, fragrant souvenir of the Feast so Leautifully celebrated within the cloistered walls of the "*Précieux Sang.*"

It was in the Octave of Christmas. And as Monseigneur and his attendants went forth into the night, even the skies looked pleased and happy. The stars, of themselves a sparkling combination of gold and diamonds, looked brighter than usual.

Of the Entertainment it was said :

"Graceful and original !"

"*Que l'Or se change en Diamant !*"

BY A SPECTATOR.

CONVERSIONS.

DAMES of many notable persons in this and other countries who have embraced the faith, having abandoned Protestantism or Judaism, are recorded in the list of recent converts just made public by the Páulist Fathers.

Among those mentioned are General Wingate, of St-Louis, Mo. ; Governor Woodson, of St. Joseph, Mo. ; Judge Parker, of the United States Circuit Court, and the Rev. Earnest Silicostker, of Lena, Ill., a former minister of the German Lutheran denomination. Mr. Silicostker has announced his intention of entering some Catholic order preparatory to joining the priesthood. The list also contains the name of former Representative Bellamy Storer, of Wisconsin.

One of the most important of the conversions is that of the Rev. Thomas Nelson Ayres, who was ordained to the priesthood in New Orleans, La., by Archbishop Janssens. Father Ayers was born in Sing Sing, N. Y., in 1841, the son of Thomas Nelson Ayres, a Wall street broker.

Sir W. L. Young of North Dean, Buckinghamshire, England, has been received into the Catholic Church by Father Leslie, S. J.

At Devonport, England, the Rev. H. Patrick Russell, Anglican Vicar of St. Stephen's, has resigned his living to enter the Church. The living of St. Stephen's is the gift of Keble College.

The Rev. Arthur Heintz Paine, ex-Vicar of Burton, Cheshire, and till lately Curate of St. Margaret's, Liverpool, has been received into the Catholic Church by Father Gordon, of the London Oratory.

Another case reported from England is that of the Rev. E. Lloyd Thomas, M. A., who, with his wife and six children, has given up his living to become a communicant in the Catholic faith.

From Budapest information has been received that Herr Heinrich von Levay, the only Hebrew member of the House of Magrates, has abjured Judaism and has been baptised into the Catholic Church.

In Italy, at the shrine of Our Lady of Pompeii, the Marchioness Ditmar di San Giorgio and her son were received into the Catholic faith by the Bishop of Sarnio a short time ago, having previously been Lutherans.

Long before the late Coventry, Patmore became a Catholic, he expressed his belief that England would once more become Catholic. Although Mr. Patmore took no open part in political or polemical controversy, it must not be inferred that he was a recluse whose life was passed in revising and amending his poetic masterpieces. Quite the contrary was the fact. He was an absorbed though silent student of public affairs. Patmore was also one of the best read men in England, and his opinion was of the utmost importance.

Henry A. Adams, writing in the *Catholic World*, says it is possible that the reign of Leo XIII will be renowned in the years to come, chiefly by reason of the multitudes of wanderers who returned to the Church.

It is a time of conversions. During the past fifteen months, the number of conversions in England amounted to nearly fifteen thousand, two thousand of which were in the diocese of Westminster alone.

PRAYERS SOLICITED.

(1) For our Holy Father, Leo XIII. (2) For the success of our annual Retreat, which opened on the twenty second of February. If the prayers of our readers obtain us a large increase of grace during these days, they will certainly benefit themselves, since we will then pray in their behalf in a condition of fervor which will incline Heaven to hear our prayers more promptly. (3) For a multitude of persons who are out of work and on the verge of starvation. (4) For all the intentions of the community and confraternity of the Precious Blood. (5) For the reclaiming of several victims of intemperance, the reformation of brothers, the conversion of an infidel and four protestants, the increase of virtue in a parent, restoration to health, relief from pressing debt and the restoration of peace in several households. (6) For a man threatened with insanity who has not approached the sacraments for several years. (7) For many persons who solicit prayers offered in the name of the Precious Blood to obtain the grace of frequenting the sacraments devoutly, to discover predominant passion, to be relieved from scruples, and to have a holy death. For other very particular intentions. (8) For several parishes, and religious communities. (9) A soul in great need solicits most earnestly that we offer, for her, the merits of the Divine Blood. (10) For a number of persons who beg that we pray for them and for their intentions. We do not specify those intentions for they are always present to the heart of our Heavenly Father.

For the following persons lately deceased : Monsignor BOUCHER deceased at Louiseville, at the age of 95 ; Rev. AMBROISE SMALL, at Toronto ; Our beloved Sr MARY OF THE PASSION, whose death took place at our Monastery of Notre Dame de Grace, Montreal, Jan. 24th. for Revd. Sr MARIE DE SALES, of the SS. of St. Joseph at Rochester ; for Mrs. SULLIVAN, at Sault Ste Marie ; Mrs. McPHILLIPS, and Miss McPHILLIPS, at Toronto ; Mrs. ALIDA LAMBERT, at St-Michel d'Yamaska ; Mrs. widow G. H. DUFRESNE, at Ste Genevieve de Batiscan ; Mrs. widow ALPHONSE DE VILLERS, at Lotbiniere ; Mrs. MEBERT ST ANDRE, at St-Roch de l'Acadigan ; Mrs. NAP. BOISVERT, at Magog ; Mrs. THEOPHILE BOUVETTE, at St-Albert, de Warwick ; Mrs.

ANTOINE LELOURNEAU, at St-Pierre de Montmagny; Mrs. EXILDAS DORAY, at Montreal; Mrs. widow MAXIME PHENIX, at Lewiston; for Misses MARIE MICHAUD, at Kamouraska; AUGUSTINE PLAMONDON, at St-Raymond; for MM. FELIX DERLIN, at Guelph, Ont.; Mr. JOSEPH HUGHES, at Toronto; PHILEAS BEAULNE, at Mollen; GILBERT LEMIEUX, at Ste Marie de la Beauce; NOEL MESSARD, at West-Wickham; NARCISSE FONTAINE, at Valcourt; JOSEPH VERRIER, of St-David, at Montreal; ORIL JOUBERT, at St-Jean d'Iberville; Mrs. G. BELLEAU, at Quebec; Mrs. LYNCH, at Montreal; Revd. Sr SAINT-JOSEPH, at St-Boniface; Mrs. Widow ELIZABETH CLOSS-LAMELIN, at St-George (Beauce); Mrs. ANTOINE CHATIGNY, at Thetford Mine; Mrs. ERNEST LEVESQUE, at St-Fabien, &c.,

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

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

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

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

200 days ind. once a day.

Leo XIII. 20, June, 1892.

THANKSGIVINGS

FOR FAVORS OBTAINED THROUGH PRAYER TO THE
MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD.

"A young girl who was sick, became affiliated to the Confraternity of the Precious Blood. She was cured of her malady by wearing the little heart, upon which these words of Pius IX are imprinted: "Place upon thy heart one drop of the Precious Blood of Jesus and fear nothing." To render service to a person who was to undergo a very serious operation, she lent him the little heart. The operation was successful, but the young girl again fell sick and was not cured until she once more put on the pious object."

"During the course of the year, I had promised that if I obtained a grace ardently desired, that I would have it published in *The Voice of the Precious Blood*. I have fully obtained all that I asked, and so perfectly, that it seems to me we can never be refused in our prayers when we ask through the intercession of the Precious Blood."

“ Your novena has produced all the effect desired, that is to say, it has been nothing less than marvelous. The cold and extinction of voice have disappeared.”

“ My little girl had a fall and could not walk for over a week. One evening she wept and suffered so much, that I promised I would publish her cure in *The Voice of the Precious Blood* if God would grant me that favor. That same evening she walked a few steps. The next day, which was Friday, she walked pretty well, and to-day she is as well as ever.”

“ Thanks to the Precious Blood of our Lord, and to the Blessed Virgin, saint Ann, saint Anthony of Padua and saint Expedit for all the favors both temporal and spiritual which I have obtained.

May my thanksgivings serve to augment devotion towards the Precious Blood ! ”

“ A person, engaged with an enterprise of the highest importance, thanks saint Expedit for his kind protection, which Saint we invoked during the space of a novena.”

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

RELIGIOUS CEREMONY.— On January 23, in our chapel of the Precious Blood, His Lordship, the Rt. Rev. Bp. of Druzipara gave the Black Veil to Sister Marie Anne Hamelin, who pronounced her vows and received the name of Sister IMELDA OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT. Three other young ladies also received the Holy Habit

of the Institute, namely, Misses Celine Gagnon, in Religion SISTER OF THE NATIVITY OF MARY ; Delphine Gosselin, in Religion, SISTER EUSTELLE DE JESUS ; and Héloïse Grenier, in Religion SISTER JEANNE DE MARIE.

The sermon for the occasion was given by Rev. Fr. Strubbe of the Redemptorist's Congregation.

* * *

ANNUAL RETREAT. — Our annual Retreat which opens on Feb. 22, terminates on March 3.

Our correspondents will please pardon us if, during those days of retirement, whilst praying for their intentions, we do not respond to their letters. We shall see, however, that all articles and receipts demanded of us are sent without the least delay.

During the time of retreat, we do not visit the parlor, except for urgent affairs which cannot be retarded.

* * *

V. R. JOS. CORBISHLEY.

The bestowal of the purple, by Pope Leo XIII, on two English members of the Catholic priesthood is just announced, the new prelates being the Very Rev. Joseph Corbishley, who has for some time held the Vice-Rectorship of the celebrated Catholic College of Ushaw, and the Rev. Augustus Petre (a relative of Lord Petre), both of whom have been created domestic prelates of the Vatican a dignity which, it may be recalled, was held by the late Lord Petre, who was the first Catholic prelate to sit in the House of Lords since the Reformation.

* * *

THE LATE CARD. BOYER.

The will of the late Card. Boyer, Archbishop of Bourges, France, contains these requests: I desire that my poor body be subjected neither to autopsy nor to embalment. Let my obsequies take place with all due solemnity, but without what is known as funereal pomp.

Let my coffin recall the humility of my cradle, and let me be carried to the grave in the hearse of the poor.

Let no wreathes be laid upon my bier. Let no funeral oration be pronounced. Let them distribute among the poor the little money that may remain after paying my funeral expenses.

If, in accordance with military regulations, any service should be prescribed, I desire that it may not take place. A few prayers, free and spontaneous, from the hearts of our beloved soldiers, among whom I have the honor to count many friends, will be more profitable for me."

This will has made a profound impression at Bourges. Its clauses are worthy of the lofty character of the beloved Cardinal.

* * *

Madonna della Strada.

A very remarkable fact is recorded of an Italian soldier, who served in the Abyssinian war. The day of his departure he came to the Gesù, in Rome, to make his confession, and put himself under the protection of our Lady of the Wayside (*Madonna della Strada*). The father who heard his confession gave him a medal of our Blessed Lady to wear around his neck. After the campaign, September 10, 1896, the young soldier returned to give thanks to our Lady of the Wayside, and told his own story as follows: "I am here safe by a miracle of Our Blessed Lady della Strada. I was in the terrible battle of Abba Carima, in General da Bormida's Brigade. I did my duty to the very last. The balls came like hail upon us; officers and soldiers were falling around me. I defended my piece of artillery, constantly invoking the Madonna. At four o'clock, surrounded on all sides, after all our mules had been killed, the signal to retreat was given. I obeyed, but hardly had I got beyond the reach of the guns when I perceived that the balls had torn my clothes and that my helmet was pierced in several places, while I myself was untouched, without a single wound. A miracle of the most holy Virgin! I said to myself. Soon I found myself again in a crowd of the enemy. I thought I was lost. But no; I again called on the Mother of God, and I passed in safety. I was alone, and wandered

many a day through hills, precipices and swamps, fatigued and famishing. My guide was the miraculous medal I pressed to my heart."

PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS.

* **

RAFFLE. Our Sisters in Ottawa, Ont., have received a gift, from a benefactor, of a watch valued at \$100. It is to be raffled for the benefit of a great work which they have undertaken : the building of their monastery. At the time of drawing, a Grand High Mass will be celebrated for the intentions of those who will have purchased the tickets, and another Mass will be said for those who will have worked to distribute them.

The name, address, and amount of the tickets should be sent to the present residence of our Sisters.

The sale of tickets will be opened in the month of March.

Address :

MONASTERY OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD,

St. Patrick's Street,

OTTAWA, Ont.,

Canada.

Price of Tickets : 25 cts.

ALMANAC.

The ALMANAC of the League of the Sacred Heart, for 1897, is, as usual, full of bright stories, exquisite illustrations, music and verse.

It can be obtained at the Central Direction (27-29 West Sixteenth Street, New-York,) for 12c, by mail.
