

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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O ! PRECIOUS BLOOD !

After a thought from Father Faber :

O Precious Blood, in Thy Red Sea
Engulf our souls that we may be
Lost in Thy saving deeps profound,
Sweet sea, with never mark or bound !
Strong swelling flood of Love's excess !
Exhaustless, tireless, limitless—
Ocean of mercy, wounded Heart,
O let Thy billows rise and part,
That we, with all our retinue
Of sins and weakness, may pass through ;
Steeped in Its all atoning tide,
Cleansed, healed and wholly purified,
Our raiment whither than the snow
Upon Its joyous overflow.
May we, on billows swift and sweet,
Reach soon th' Eternal Father's Feet ;
Prostrate in rapture to adore
Forever and forevermore
The Fountain Source of all our good,
Our only hope—Sweet Precious Blood.

J. E. N. N.

DEVOTION TO THE PRECIOUS BLOOD IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE COLONY.

IT is pretty well known amongst us that Saint Francis Xavier honoured the Blood of Jesus with the most tender devotion ; and with His promise to lend a favourable ear to all those who should have recourse to It, in invoking Him, few are unacquainted. But there are probably many who do not know that the first missionaries to Canada had the same particular and fervent devotion to the Precious Blood, as their glorious brother, the Apostle of the Indies.

Of this fact many touching proofs are found in the " Relations des Jésuites."

" My God and Saviour,"—wrote Father Gabriel Lallemant, before leaving for the mission where those long and terrible tortures were awaiting him—" it is but just that I should leave everything for the sake of the salvation of the souls who have cost Thee Thy Blood. Yes, my Jesus and my Love, Thy Blood, shed for the savages no less than for us, must be applied for the effect of obtaining their salvation, and it is for this purpose that I intend to cooperate with Thy grace and sacrifice myself for them. Thy Name must be adored—Thy kingdom must be extended throughout the nations of the world, and my life must be given up to withdrawing from the enemy's hands those poor souls who have cost Thee Thy Blood."

" He who understands the value of the Blood of Jesus understands the worth and the price of a soul," wrote another of those heroes—" Looking on these poor savages and remembering that, for a single soul, Jesus gave all His Blood, one has an incredible longing to draw them into the Church and toward God, and, truly, one would rather accomplish the conversion of one of these miserable savages than the conquest of an entire empire. The trouble that one takes about it is so gratifying, that one does not count it as trouble at all, but as one of Heaven's most choice favours."

Father de Brébœuf, that strong magnanimous soul

whose love for Jesus' sufferings was no less profound than manly, desired to undergo for Him, all that men have ever suffered or shall ever suffer. He had made a vow not to fly from martyrdom, but to endure it with heartfelt joy. "Never," says Mr. Parkman, "did knight of his Order have to confront a death so frightful, but he remained perfectly faithful to his terrible vow." "Brothers, said he to his companions at arms, we must love these savages with all our hearts, since we know them to be redeemed with the Blood of the Son of God." In the year 1640, a great cross appeared to him, coming from the direction of the country of the Iroquois, and one evening, as he was praying before the Blessed Sacrament, he saw in spirit, upon his own garments, and upon those of all the missionaries, without a single exception, deep stains of blood. All had not the glory of dying for the faith, but Father Jérôme Lallemant justly queries if their life amongst the Hurons be not equivalent to martyrdom; and, alluding to what makes of this life an ever recurring death—he adds—"I pray God not to spare us. I pray Him to prove us even to blood, provided that our lives, sacrificed in His service, never fail to contribute to the increase of that kingdom of souls, which he acquired as His own, through His Precious Blood."

Like these labourers for the Gospel, venerable Mother of the Incarnation had a very especial devotion to the Adorable Blood of Our Lord. Love of this Blood the sacred price of the Redemption, is a great sign of apostolic vocation, and this is how God bestowed it on the illustrious woman of whom we speak.

"On the eve of the feast of the Incarnation of the year 1620," she writes, "one morning as I was about to give myself up to my concerns, having earnestly commanded myself to God, by means of my habitual aspiration. "*In te Domine speravi non confundar in æternum.*" I was suddenly arrested, both interiorly and exteriorly; every thought of business departed from my memory. Then, instantaneously, were the eyes of my understanding opened, and all the faults, imperfections and sins which I had committed since I came into the world were represented to me both as a whole and in detail—with a precision and a clearness which brought a sense of a certainty,

greater than any human certainly could be. At the same moment, I saw myself plunged into blood and the conviction came to my mind that this was the Blood of the Son of God, shed for my salvation. It all took place in my interior, but with so much clearness and so vivid an impression that the immersion of my whole being in this blood was like a reality. Had not the divine goodness sustained me on this occasion, I believe that I should have died of terror, so horrible and monstrous did the sight of sin appear to me—even though of the lighter kinds of sin—there is no human language capable of expressing it.”

The Mother of the Incarnation always regarded this ecstasy as one of the greatest graces received in her lifetime. The thought that Jesus was unknown to numberless idolaters, for whom He had shed His Blood, aroused with in her soul a tempest of zeal and love.

She pled before the Father the cause of this Divine Saviour, to whom all the nations are given as His inheritance. In order to procure the application of His Blood, she offered herself to suffer every torment. Her soul took flight toward the great unknown country, which had been represented to her in a mysterious dream, as the theatre of her zeal,—towards this land of Canada, which she had seen enveloped in such frightful darkness. It is unnecessary to add that Canada, owing her so much, will forever bless her memory and continue to hope to see her placed ere long upon the altar of the Church.

Nor must we believe that devotion to the Precious Blood was to be found only in the Religious souls.

This is what the Duchess d'Aiguillon, that most generous foundress of the Hotel-Dieu in Quebec, wrote, from Paris, on the 20th of April 1639, to the Superior of the Hospital Sisters, chosen for the execution of her pious project. “ I wish to inform you of my purpose, in making this foundation at Quebec. It is to dedicate this hospital to the Blood of the Son of God, which He shed that He might have mercy upon all men ; and to beseech Him to apply this Blood to our souls and to those of this unhappy people. I acquaint you with my intentions that you may offer them to Our Lord, and that, in making the foundation, you may dedicate it to Him, in this manner, and

have placed upon the door : " Hospital dedicated to the Blood of the Son of God, shed that He might have Mercy, upon all men."

" If it be not thought well to have this inscription upon the door, I desire that my intention of the foundation be known by all the religious, and that they, likewise, have this intention in employing themselves in the service of the poor. I desire, moreover, that the priest who says the daily Mass have the same intention."

The Duchess expressed herself to the same purpose to the Rev. Father Lejeune, Superior of the residence at Quebec, who answered thus : " Truly, Madame, am I touched to the quick by the profound veneration which I see you have at heart for the Blood of the Son of God. It is to the source of life that you go, and none can love Jesus without loving those who honour and cherish His Blood."

The foundation of the Hotel-Dieu has been of immense benefit to the country. Many of the sick poor have found a cure, and recovered their health within its blessed walls ; many others have there met their death, repentant, consoled, forgiven. How happy for the Duchess d'Aiguillon that she had true charity ! or rather, to quote our venerable missionaries once more : " How happy are those souls to whom the Holy Ghost gives a devotion to quenching the thirst of Jesus, dying on the Cross, and to gathering up the drops of this Blood."

THE TREE OF GLORY.

Faithful Cross ! above all other,
 One and only noble tree !
 None in foliage, none in blossom,
 None in fruit thy peers may be ;
 Sweetest Wood, and sweetest Iron !
 Sweetest Weight is hung on thee.

Bend thy boughs, O Tree of Glory !
 Thy relaxing sinews bend ;
 For a while the ancient rigor,

That thy birth bestowed, suspend ;
 And the King of Heavenly beauty
 On thy bosom gently tend !

Thou alone wast counted worthy
 This world's ransom to uphold ;
 For a shipwrecked race preparing
 Harbor, like the ark of old ;
 With the sacred Blood appointed
 From the smitten Lamb that rolled.

VENAUTIUS FORTUNATUS.

THE MOST HOLY CORPORAL of ORVIETO

By Rev. Wilfrid Dallow, M. R. S. A. J.

(Continuation.)

A RIVALRY IN A LABOUR OF LOVE.

Pope Urban summoned to his presence those two great Doctors of the Church, saint Thomas Aquinas* and saint Bonaventure (suitably named as the "Angelic" and the "Seraphic," respectively), and imposed upon them the honour and duty of compiling and preparing a Mass and Office for the new solemnity. One legend has it that when their pious labours were brought to an end they appeared before the Pope to show the result. Then as the Angelic Doctor read his office, the other saint tore his up as unworthy to be compared with his holy rival's. Another account says that the Franciscan doctor paying his friend a visit, and seeing on his table the anthem, "O Sacrum Convivium," was so enraptured with it that he went home and in sheer desperation cast his own MSS. into the flames. Whatever be the reason, it is certain

*This saint was an especial favourite of this Pope, and was appointed by him to be "lector" in the Dominican Convent at Orvieto, in these quaint words : "Assignamus Fratrem Thomam de Aquino pro lectore in Conventu Urbevetano in remissionem peccatorum suorum."

that we have the glorious Office of saint Thomas, before which that of Liege paled, and eventually disappeared. Tradition says that when he offered it to his Divine Master in the church, a voice came (like that of Paris and Naples) from the tabernacle : " Thou hast written well of Me, Thomas ! " Those two beautiful fragments of his hymns which are used at Benediction, " O Salutaris Hostia " and " Tantum Ergo " are familiar to all the children of the Church.

MODE OF VENERATION OF THE HOLY CORPORAL

We conclude by describing the ceremony of exposing " SS. Corporale." The clergy approach the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament with acolytes bearing torches and incense, and the candles are lighted on the altar. The " Lauda Sion " is then recited. Then a canon in white stole over his rochet and ermine *cappa parva*, mounts the nine steps behind the altar, and with the four different keys—belonging to the Bishop, the Chapter, the Cathedral Fabric, and the Municipality of the City—unlocks the great iron folding doors of the lofty monument of marble in which it is kept. Then, descending, he incenses it thrice on his knees. The red curtain is drawn, the silk cover is lifted off the silver monstrance, and its little doors are thrown open. Kneeling in my cotta and stole along with the canon, inside the small chamber of this " *turris fortitudinis*," he kindly held a taper to the shrine, and under the large glass I beheld the outspread " Holy Corporal." The sight is certainly very marvellous, and calculated to arouse one's faith. There on each of the twenty spaces was a large stain or smear of a reddish brown colour, of different shades. No doubt in the original folding of the Corporal, six hundreds years ago, the stains of blood would naturally be transmitted in a greater or less degree over the entire cloth. Hence there are said to be no less than eighty-three marks, of which twelve are very large. The fragment of the Host that became transformed is seen above, under a crystal, beneath the centre spire, or apex of the shrine, beneath the jewelled crucifix that surmounts this marvellous work of the silversmith of Siena, a wonder of sacred art ! After the opened shrine had been again incensed, the versicle

and prayer of the Blessed Sacrament were sung ; the curtain was drawn, the four keys turned in their ponderous doors, and we all retired.

THE FACE IN THE MIRROR.

[The incident embodied in the following lines is said to have led to the religious vocation of one of the first and most devoted Mothers of the Society of the Sacred Heart of Jesus in France.]

The brilliant ball is over,
The guests and minstrels gone ;—
Within ner own fair bower,
The maiden stands alone.

Her robe of satin trailing,
Resplendent in the light :
The golden curls half veiling
The lovely face from sight.

She stands,—(fresh roses falling
From sparkling *porte-bouquet*),
With downcast eyes, recalling
The dance and banquet gay.

Then draws the night-lamp nearer,
Lifts high her jewelled arms,
And, in the shining mirror,
Begins to view her charms.

O strange, mysterious image !
She sees,—*what sees she there ?*
Her own sweet, rosy visage,
Bright eyes, and sunny hair

Ah, no ! the glass before her
Grows dim, as if with tears,
And from its depths (O horror !)
A bleeding Face appears !

A Face divinely tender,
Whose brow a crown adorns,
Not rich with gilded splendor,
But rough with cruel thorns !

The temples bruised and bleeding,
The sad and hollow eyes,
The white lips mutely pleading,
Before her, shuddering rise !

“ Oh ! pardon, Jesus, pardon ! ”
She, weeping, kneels to say ;
And rends her glittering garments,
And casts her gems away.

“ O bleeding Face ! *this* favor
Shall not in vain be shown ;
Henceforth my heart, sweet Saviour,
Is Thine and Thine alone ! ”

E. C. D., in the Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

THE MONTH OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD AT
OUR BROOKLYN'S MONASTERY.

*Closing of a Seven Year's Sanctuary Association ;
Its Monthly Offerings in Honor of the
Seven Bloodsheddings.*

Salvation ! what a glorious word ! By Jesus' blood 'twas bought ;
So let us praise that Priceless Flood, by word, by act, and thought.
This month, which Holy Church assigns to special acts of love
In honor of the Precious Blood, let's with the choirs above
Of angels, worshipping the Lamb, praise Him Whose life's blood
flow'd,
And ransomed us from sin and hell, and on us heav'n bestowed.

How full of wisdom is Holy Mother Church ! How
sublime her devotions, and how full of the Holy Spirit
are all her teachings. She knows the spiritual wants of

her children, and in every age and clime has ever ready the spiritual remedies to arouse their faith and zeal whenever it begins to languish. Every month in the year has she dedicated to some special devotion whereby to increase the love of God in our hearts, and by which we can strengthen ourselves with special graces to fight our battles with the world, the flesh, and the devil. What graces may we not obtain this month by some act of devotion each day in honor of the Precious Blood.

We may truthfully say devotion to the Precious Blood is as old as Christianity. It had its birth on Calvary ; saint Paul's epistles are full of the spirit of this devotion. " You are purchased with a great price," he says, " the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ." And again, " If the blood of goats and bulls, and the ashes of a heifer, being sprinkled, sanctify unto the cleansing of the flesh those who are defiled, how much more shall the blood of Christ Who, through the Holy Spirit, offered Himself without blemish to God, cleanse our conscience from dead works to worship the living God."

The writings of the Fathers of the Church also attested the antiquity of this devotion, especially the works of saint Augustin and saint Chrysostom. Saint Gertrude's revelations are full of the sweetest, deepest thoughts about the Precious Blood, and saint Catherine of Sienna may be called its prophetess. A confraternity of the Precious Blood was established in the sixteenth century, but God choosed a later time for the spread of this great devotion. And now it has its devotees all over the world.

On Sunday, July 5th, we celebrated the Feast of the Precious Blood. This feast was instituted by Pius IX, of holy memory, on his return to Rome from exile at Gaeta. Let us in spirit join with Holy Church in its worthy celebration. Let us in spirit join that heavenly procession which wends its way on this great feast through the golden streets of the heavenly city of the blessed. Let our songs of praise unite with the Church triumphant and, with the angels and saints, let us rejoice over the victory won by the Precious Blood.

The first Adam by sin condemned us to eternal loss. Salvation came to us through the second Adam, Jesus Christ. Scarcely had the Father heard the cry of His ex-

piring Son, when in that cry were all our sins forgiven, and the boundless stream of the Precious Blood washed away all stain or guilt from our souls. "You are bought with a great price." Redemption is purchased by the blood of the Man God. So let us, with faith, with hope, and love, rejoice in the Precious Blood of Jesus, for by it has our right to heaven been restored.

O mystery of the Precious Blood ! 'tis God alone can tell
Thy priceless worth, thy boundless good, which saved our souls from
hell.

Father Supreme ! vouchsafe that we for whom Thy Son was slain,
And whom the spirit sanctifies, may heavenly joys attain.

In no way can we honor the Precious Blood more than in devotion to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament on our altars. For in the tabernacle rests not only His body, but His blood, soul, and divinity. Jesus Christ entire is there, and waits in all humility for us to come and worship Him.

O precious tomb ! wherein I found sweet Jesus, our dear Treasure,
His Precious Blood and sacred heart that loves us without measure ;
Here angels vie their watch to keep while Christians faint do s'umber.
Arise ! O souls, from fatal sleep, with angel guards to number.

There is no society more pleasing to God than that which has for its aims and labor the love of the Blessed Sacrament and the beautifying of His sanctuary. Such a one, organized for seven years in honor of the seven blood sheddings of our dear Lord, is now to finish its labors.

In the autumn of 1889 a few children from the different parishes in Washington banded together as a sanctuary association for the chapel of the Convent of the Precious Blood in Brooklyn, N. Y. This was the first convent of the Order of the Precious Blood in the United States. It was then but recently founded. During the first year of its existence the society furnished the sanctuary lamp with oil and tapers. Mother Catherine, the foundress of the order, was so pleased thereat that she willingly granted permission for the children to continue their work of piety and adoration in honor of the seven blood sheddings. Thus was founded the sanctuary association for seven years.

In thanksgiving for this favor the children presented a votive heart of gold to the convent, on the back of which is engraved the names of the seven promoters, and it contains like-wise the names of all the members. This heart is hung near the tabernacle the first Sunday of each month, when the Blessed Sacrament is exposed. It is also placed there during the Forty Hours' Devotion, which it is the happy privilege of the nuns to have four times in the year.

As a touching proof of his devotion, in 1890 Rev. Father Dinahan, O. P., then pastor of saint Dominic's Church, in this city, consecrated a number of these little ones of the sanctuary association to the Precious Blood. Among the other offerings of the association were two pairs of alabaster vases, two pairs of adjustable candelabras, a guard of honor lamp with seven branch lights, representing the adoration of the children as guards of honor to the most Precious Blood. How God must love the gifts of those children, thus for His honor and glory ! Well did the proprietor of a large firm in New York, from which they made a purchase, remark : " Lucky money ! lucky money !" Joining in the spirit which prompted the children thus to honor our Lord, he made them quite a reduction.

This year closes the work of the association. Who will take it up where they leave off ? As a closing gift, the association on Sunday, the Feast of the Precious Blood, presented to the altar a pair of beautiful candelabras, in the form of angels holding a branch, containing seven lights. A memorial card, handsomely illuminated, bearing the names of the children, a present from the nuns, will be hung in their chapel as a perpetual memorial of the generosity, zeal, and devotion of the little ones of Washington. Three Masses and several Holy Communion of the Sisters have been offered for the association each year. It has been so arranged that ten Masses and many Holy Communion will be offered for them during this month of the Precious Blood. Parents would do well to encourage their children in the practice of a like nature in honor of the Blessed Sacrament.

A LEGEND OF CALVARY.

By J. F. FITZGERALD.

On Calvary's dark, terrific height,
 The Martyred Mother stood ;
 In voiceless grief her anguished heart
 Beheld the Sacred Blood
 In great, bright drops from mangled palms
 And sorely wounded feet,
 Rain down upon the trembling earth
 This dew divine and sweet.

When lo ! as each dark drop descends
 Unto the damp, dewed sod,
 Upsprings therefrom in radiant bloom,
 Bade by the dying God,
 Sweet, tiny, crimson, bell shaped flowers,
 So frail and drooping low,
 Like blood tears from the thorn-crowned head
 Shed for the Mother's woe.

And thus in pitying love divine,
 The agonizing Son
 Did'st comfort for the Mother find,
 (So does the legend run)
 For by these blood-stained blossoms rare,
 Her thoughts were sweetly led
To the harvest of the Precious Blood,
 In crimson glory shed.

SAINT CATHERINE OF SIENA.

PATRONESS OF THE ADORERS OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

"In the Blood you find the fire."

ST. CATH. OF SIENA.

(Continuation.)

THE charity of Catherine towards her own family was even more generous.

The Saintly girl had always a most tender love for her father. Between the two, a profound sympathy

existed. Therefore, her sorrow was great, when the good old man fell dangerously ill.

By night and by day, she was ever at his pillow, employing every means to comfort and console him. Never did she leave his side except to go and pray for him. Ardently did she solicit his cure ; but to the prayers of His beloved daughter our Lord replied, that a longer life would not be useful to Jacomo, that his hour had come to die.

Adoring the will of her divine Spouse, Catherine prostrated herself before Him, and begged our Lord to conduct her father to Heaven without making him pass through Purgatory.

Our Lord replied that justice could never lose its uprightness : " Thy father," said He, hath lived as becometh a Christian ; he hath done many things agreeable to Me ; I know his good-will, above all, in his conduct towards thee ; but his soul is covered with imperfections, and My justice exacts that it wings not its flight to Heaven without having been purified in the flames of Purgatory.

" O God of love, cried Catherine, how can I endure the thought that this tender father, who, during all my life, has been so good to me, should go to suffer in these cruel flames !"

For a long time she prayed, but Jesus Christ remained always intrenched in His justice.

—" Lord," said at last the saintly girl, " let your justice be exercised upon me. I implore you to let me suffer all the pains which my father has merited."

—" My daughter," replied the Sovereign Judge, " because of thy love for Me, I accept thy proposition. I exempt from all expiation the soul of thy father, but as long as thou livest upon earth, thou shalt suffer the pains that were destined for him."

Transported with joy, she ran to her father who was then entering into his agony, and assured the dying man, that, when he left this world, Heaven would be open to him.

In that last solemn hour, he still relied on her with humble confidence and sacred tenderness.

LAURE CONAN.

(*To be continued.*)

A LEGEND OF THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

BY MAY PROBYN.

“GATE of Heaven,” prayed the young girls of Lagny. They knelt in the Lady Chapel, wearing white gowns and white veils, as on the day of their First Communion. There were lights on the altar, and tiers on tiers of April flowers, tall spires of white and yellow broom, and boughs of pink almond blossom. In front of the altar lay a little dead child, a babe, whose life had only been measured by days. His tiny fingers were crossed rigidly upon his breast. The afternoon sunshine could not change the grey pallor on his small set face.

“Gate of Heaven,” whispered the young girl, “Queen of Sorrows, have compassion on the sorrow of a mother whose child has died without baptism.”

Three days the babe had lain there in the little linen gown that his mother had spun before he was born, his dark, downy little head never moving on the small pillow of home-made lace. Three days the young girls had prayed.

The church door opened. Another white-robed bevy entered softly to relieve their companions, who had prayed since noon. A shaft of sunlight and fresh air followed them through the open door. With it came a breath as a whisper that passed in a second to those round the altar : “The Maid is in Lagny.”

Each rose from her knees. There was a murmur, a rustle, and moved, as it were by one impulse, the young girls all streamed into the green churchyard like a flock of white doves. They pulled off their wooden shoes, that they might run the faster down the long street of the little town and over the bridge that crossed the Marne, till they came insight of the broad space of meadow land where the troops were preparing to encamp for the night. The men were busy pitching the two or three tents they had with them, watering their horses at the river, or leading them back again towards the camp. Not one offered a light word to the young girls or lifted disrespectful eyes as they passed, their long veils fluttering behind them in the

soft spring wind like wings of silver. For these were the soldiers to whom the Maid had said—"No man shall follow my banner who has not first been to confession."

Before the gate of a farm-house close by, a milk white charger stood, from whose high-peaked saddle one, clad in white armour inlaid with gold, was about to alight. She had already thrown aside the clinking, cumbersome gauntlets. Her little sunburnt hands lay light as a leaf on the arched, glossy neck of the tall charger as she leaned forward in her saddle to caress him. A few steps off her standard-bearer, the Sire d'Aulon, just dismounted, still held her banner, sheening folds spreading and drooping and spreading again on the warm, flower-scented breeze—the white silk banner, with the lilies of France embroidered in gold, and above them her motto:—"Jesus Maria."

The young girls gazed upon her with a wonder that was well-nigh worship. No one need tell them that they stood in the presence of the Maid—the maid who saw the visions, the maid who heard the voices, the shepherd girl of Domremi.

Thronging round her they made known to her whence they came, entreating her to return with them and pray beside the body of the little one, so that the Lord God might restore him to life and permit him to receive baptism.

She looked at them with her deep, clear eyes, that, for aught they knew, had seen that day—though no other eyes had seen—the glorious saint Michael riding by her side.

"My sisters," she answered, in the gentle, girlish voice that the Lord de Laval had described so prettily in his letter to his mother, "your prayers are as good as mine. In the name of God, go you and pray."

But they kissed her hands and the scabbard of her sword, and the housings of the charger, till she put back into the stirrup the foot she had withdrawn, and, gathering up the reins again, turned the horse's head and went across the bridge with them, and between the murmuring poplars, into Lagny.

A rumour reached the pastor, pacing the quiet presbytery garden while he said his office, that all the towns-

folks who were not at work in the fields had gathered at the church. He went there also and saw Jeanne kneeling in the midst of the maidens. Through the window above her head a ladder of light, coloured with the first flush of sunset, floated down upon her and made her white armour glisten like mystic silver, powdered with gold dust. Her young, pure, steadfast face was upturned to the tall statue of the Mother of God. He knew in an instant that this was La Pucelle.

She seemed unconscious of everything around her. Those near her fancied they heard her whisper the names of her great patron, saint Michael, of "Madame sainte Catherine" and "Madame sainte Marguerite."

As she prayed, the rigid little body at the foot of the altar stirred almost imperceptibly. The colour of life crept back into the ashen cheeks. The dark fringed lids flickered. The dark eyes opened.

Quickly the priest went into the sacristy, and returned in cotta and stole. Quickly he stepped in among the kneeling people, and, lifting the little one from the altar steps, laid him warm and living in the mailed arms of the Maid.

Cries of "A miracle ! A miracle !" began among the people, and died away the next moment before the bent brows of the Maid. Even the porch was full as she stood in the church door, while the priest, laying the end of his stole upon the babe, bade him "enter into the temple of God." She held him while the sweet and solemn rite was gone through. In his name she begged baptism. In his stead she received the lighted candle.

"Go in peace," said the priest to the infant concluding the ceremony.

The little one, lying restfully on Jeanne's arm, yawned three times. Then his dark eyes closed again forever.

She stooped and kissed his pretty head, wet with chrism water.

"Already," she whispered, "he beholds God."

Humbly, as any little village child, Jeanne knelt down to ask the priest's blessing before she turned to leave the church. She hoped to slip away quietly, without notice. But already the path was thronged with people.

Mothers held out their little ones that she might lay her hand on them. The aged and the cripples pressed forward to touch her.

“ La Pucelle ! La Pucelle ! ” the cry went everywhere. “ The miracle ! The miracle ! ”

“ In the name of God, ” said Jeanne, with her wonted energy, and using the formula that was habitual with her when she spoke earnestly, “ good people, do not praise me. Praise Jesus and Mary. I am only the poor serving maid of the gentle king, my Lord of France. ”

They fell on the ground before her, embracing her knees and kissing her feet.

She drew her purse from beneath her armour, and distributing all its gold pieces among them, made her way through their midst and sprang to the horse again.

The children ran and pushed their offerings up to her—long stems of broom flower, the white and the golden, the branches of red and white chesnut flowers. She heaped them in front of her across the saddle bow, a sheaf of blossom, and so rode away as she had come bareheaded.

The people of Lagny stood and looked after her, as she rode on beneath the rustling poplars, till she seemed but a moving speck against the red, flaming sunset, faint presage, as it were, of the dreadful day that waited for her at Rouen—presage, too, perhaps, of another day still to come, when, at the voice of the Supreme Pontiff, the altars of the Church shall burst into a sudden blaze of lights and blood-red flowers, and the Maid’s fair, stainless name be found in the calendar of canonised saints.

A PRETTY INCIDENT.

*Actions of a Tot who Followed His Mother to the
Communion Rail.*

MRIFLES sometimes touch the heart. A pretty incident occurred the other day at a week-day Mass. When the communion time came a woman approached the altar rail to receive along with a number of others. She had scarcely reached the steps when there was a confused cry of “ Mamma, mamma, ” and presently

a scampering up the aisle of baby feet. Her little one had followed her ! The small blonde head did not reach nearly to the pew tops, so the first intimation those in the side aisles had of the new communicant was when they saw a small body scrambling hastily up the steps of the sanctuary.

He clutched his mother by the dress and in vain she tried to coax him to leave her.

When she knelt at the rail and took hold of the communion cloth he clung to her still with a determined baby-like grip whose strength only those who know babies can appreciate.

The communicants seemed a little restless. Would the little one be quiet when the priest in his strange robes approached ? The question was soon answered. The small curly head followed attentively the movements of the priest, watched open-eyed, but quite still, as its mother received, twisted around to see the next one, and then, undismayed by the presence of the Lord in that lowly chalice, held up its little arms and cooed as if to say, " Me, too, dear Jesus, come ! "

And surely the heart of the Lord, so tender and warm, must have been touched by that welcome. Surely some extra blessing must have fallen upon that venturesome curly head.

When the mother left the altar rail the baby scampered demurely after her. The mother bowed before entering her pew, so did the little one—the funniest, most witching little curtsey imaginable. And then, quite after the manner of its elder, after one look at the absorbed mother, it cuddled its own little head into two small dimpled hands and bowed down in baby adoration.

There were many in that church that day. To some of them God spoke through a yellow-haired, todding child.—*Catholic Columbian*.

 JUST WEAR A SMILE.

Just wear a smile, God's sunshine ray
 Illumining the world to-day.
 Refuse not such a trifling thing,
 'Twill help to heal life's poignant sting
 And brighten some dark, weary way.
 As balmy as a morn in May,
 Refreshing as a perfumed spray,
 To some lone soul 'twill comfort bring.
 Just wear a smile.

The law of love you best obey,
 As well the precept—always pray.
 When hearts with joy you cause to ring,
 Forgetting self, your cares take wing,
 The smile you'll find 'twill always pay.
 Just wear a smile.

 THE LEAGUE HYMNAL.

WE have received from the Apostleship of Prayer, New York, a copy of *the League Hymnal*, which contains a collection of hymns to the Sacred Heart, selected by the Rev. William H. Walsh.

It is a pleasure to acknowledge so beautiful a gift, so sweet a token to the Precious Blood and to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The *Hymnal*, like "a gun of purest ray," illuminates the soul. The beautiful type, exquisite music, and general arrangement are not only artistic, but truly devotional, whilst the glowing words of the hymns themselves, speak forcibly to the soul, drawing it gently and sweetly to the Divine Heart of our Saviour.

What can be more inspiring than the beautiful hymn on page 34? "O Living Fount."

"O Heart of Jesus, living fount of hope and peace divine,
 The crimson stream down Calvary's Mount
 Shows what a love was Thine :
 'Twas there Thy life-Blood flowed for man,

'Twas there His peace was sealed,
 And in Redemption's mighty plan
 His wounds and sorrows healed."

Or on page 60 (by the Rev. Editor) :

" Flow on, O crimson tide, O fount of love divine ;
 Flow gently from my Saviour's side,
 And quench all love that may divide
 His Sacred Heart from mine."
 Give us the strength to stand the strife,
 And vanquish foes where sin is rife,
 Oh, force our fears away."

In the *League Hymnal*, " music is expression." Bad taste finds no place therein. When we hear in sacred places strains from the Opera of " Pinafore " and are reminded of the " Knight of K. C. B ;" and the claims of " his uncles, his cousins, and his aunts," in the rendition of a devout hymn to good Saint Joseph, or, in a hymn to the Blessed Sacrament, the sentimental tune of, " Her bright smile haunts me still," it is a medley disastrous to devotion, and truly exasperating. " Oh," said a tired, overworked business man, who had dropped in, to attend Benediction, hoping to rest his soul a bit,— " Oh, if they sing such music as that in Heaven, I don't want to go there."

The *League Hymnal* is not only a beautiful protest against the too-prevalent bad taste in music, but is also a reparation for irreverences against our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, which is the great aim of the work of the League and of the work of the Most Precious Blood.

We would bespeak for the Hymnal a wide circulation, and believe it will tend to the sanctification of immortal souls, by its sweetly thrilling music and devout words expressive of the wondrous love of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

The price of the collection is \$1.00.

GLORY BE TO THE MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD
CONDUCT AT THE HOLY TABLE.

(Michigan Catholic.)

PRIESTS who have spent years of service in the care of souls can relate many objectionable singularities and reprehensible practices on the part of people when receiving Holy Communion. Such idiosyncracies are, to say the least, not edifying; sometimes they are decidedly unbecoming and disrespectful to the Blessed Eucharist.

Some communicants, for instance, incline the head, instead of holding it erect or throwing it slightly backward, in consequence of which the officiating priest finds it difficult to place the Sacred Host upon the tongue.

Others scarcely open their mouth and do not place the tongue upon the lower lip—how can the sacred minister, under the circumstances, administer Holy Communion in safety and without perturbation?

Others, instead of having the eyes cast down, stare at the priest in a most repulsive manner.

Others, instead of decorously waiting in a reverent attitude, till the Sacred Host is placed upon the tongue, snap the consecrated species from the hands of the priest.

Others seem to make a frantic effort to thrust the tongue out as far as possible, as if for a doctor's inspection. It is not an agreeable spectacle.

Others again keep the mouth closed to the last moment, and then suddenly pinch the Sacred Host from the hands of the surprised priest, so that there is danger of its either breaking or of its falling to the ground.

Sometimes it also happens that devout, but eccentric souls, at the very moment before reception make, what they desire to be, a reverent inclination of the head and thereby knock the sacred Host from the fingers of the priest.

Such eccentricities or peculiarities make the administration of the Holy communion rather difficult, especially when there is a large number of communicants, and sometimes grave irreverences are the result. Why cannot every communicant act according to the plain regulations of the catechism?

Hold the communion cloth under the chin and, while the eyes are cast down, throw back the head, put out the tongue and extend it a little upon the lower lip and then most reverently receive the Sacred Host. Reflect, dear reader, whether you have not been guilty of one of these or of similar singularities, when receiving Holy Communion, and resolve to improve your conduct in the future.

A CHAPLET OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

By S. M. A.

Written for "The Voice of the Precious Blood."

CHAPTER VII.

HAPPIER DAYS.

IT was a lovely morning in May. The bright sunlight was streaming into the study of Saint Augustine's Rectory, flooding it with golden light.

Aloysius was feeding a beautiful canary that Agnes had brought him the previous day, when Father Ignatius entered.

"How do you feel this morning, my child?" asked the priest kindly.

"I was never better, thank you, Father;" he replied.

"I've just been thinking I must soon try to find some work to do, because I cannot remain with you any longer."

"Why, are you beginning to get tired of me?" asked the priest smiling.

"Oh! no, *no* Father," said Aloysius, tears coming into his eyes, as he remembered all that Father Ignatius had done for him. "Although I have been so ill, the days I have passed here have been the happiest ones of my life, and I shall be grateful to you as long as I live for all your kindness; you have treated me like a son and I am only a poor beggar boy."

" Yes , yes," said the priest soothingly, seeing his emotion, I know you are grateful.

" But, Father I must try and find something to do, because I am well now, and, being poor, must earn my living. I cannot be a burden to you any longer, my illness must have been a great expense : "

" You were not a burden to me, my child, you have on the contrary been a great comfort. And you know Mr. Melville provides you with everything, so there is no question of me suffering from the expense."

" Father, why is Mr. Melville so good to me, why does he come to see me every day and Miss Agnes, too. Everyone is so good to me. I cannot understand it ! "

" I am sure our Lord inspires them to be kind to you," replied the priest. " You know He has said : *Whatsoever you do unto the least of these, you do it unto me.*"

Mr. Melville and his daughter are good catholics."

" Yes, Father," replied the boy, " and Miss Agnes told me that I remind her very much of her little brother, whose name was Aloysius, and she often calls me by that name."

" Does she ? " replied the priest assuming an air of indifference, then he adroitly changed the conversation.

Although Mr. Melville and Agnes came to see him every day, laden with books, fruit, flowers and whatever they thought would bring him comfort, as yet, he knew nothing of the relationship existing between them.

The doctor had warned Mr. Melville not to tell him, as the least excitement might bring on a relapse ; adding that it would be better for him to stay at the Rectory until he was entirely well. So here he remained with Father Ignatius during the long winter months, growing stronger daily.

His father had everything prepared for him, and was now awaiting a favorable opportunity of bringing him home.

At last all was revealed, Aloysius listened in amazement to the strange story, related by Mary Ingram on her death-bed. It was long before he could fully realize the truth. At last, falling on his knees, he exclaimed : " O my God ! I thank Thee that I have a father and sister,

and *such* a father and sister ! " He could say no more, but hid his face in his hands and wept tears of joy and gratitude.

The last day of his stay at the Rectory, Father Ignatius spent entirely with his little friend, giving him advice about his future career, and consoling him for their coming separation by saying that he was still his friend and father and that his heart and home would always be open to him, should he ever need advice or consolation.

This consoled Aloysius a great deal, for though he loved Mr. Melville already as a father, and was looking forward with joy to the happy home life awaiting him, yet he could not but grieve at leaving the one true friend of his past life of suffering.

Father Ignatius told him that Mary's last words were a prayer to be forgiven.

" I know you do forgive her my child, and you will pray for her. Will you not ? "

" Yes, indeed Father, with all my heart replied Aloysius. Poor Auntie, what a burden she had on her mind all those years ! besides poverty and sickness And she did love me Father, and tried to take good care of me. We were very happy until she took sick. "

" Does it not seem strange, Father, " Aloysius went on after a few moments' pause, " that I found the Chaplet of the Precious Blood, my mother placed around my neck when she was dying ? "

" Yes, it seems strange, " replied the priest, " but it was the Providence of God that ordained it all. "

" And I think my mother must have been watching over, and praying for me that night. Because I dreamed of her when I fell asleep in the church. Ah ! how I wish that I had the Chaplet of the Precious Blood *now*. What a precious souvenir it would be ! And, Father, sometimes I think I did wrong in offering the beads to the robber. They were not mine, and besides they were blessed. Did I do wrong, Father ? "

" No, when you had a good intention, and did, at the time, what you thought was right.

Who knows but that all this may have been ordained by God for some special end.

Perhaps those very beads may be the instrument of

that man's conversion. Pray fervently, dear child, that your little Chaplet, made in honor of the Precious Blood which our sweet Redeemer shed on the cross to save poor sinners, may be for this poor wandering sheep, a key, to unlock that fountain of mercy, wherein he may be cleansed from all sin, that being robed in the nuptial garment, he may chant the praises of that same adorable Blood in the Kingdom of Heaven throughout the endless ages of eternity."

CHAPTER VIII

PARDONED.

In a small settlement on the banks of the Souris River in Dakota, there lived, at the time of which we write, a middle aged man named James O'Neil, with his wife and children. They were good catholics, pious and devout, although for a long time they had been deprived of all spiritual assistance, and some of their children had even grown up without baptism. This was a cause of much sorrow and anxiety to their parents. But as a priest had never been seen within miles of the settlement, they had only to wait patiently until it pleased God to send one to them.

In the meantime they instructed their children in all the essential truths of our holy Faith, taught them how to pray, and instilled into their young hearts such a love of God and their duty, that, although they led poor and laborious lives, they were happy and content.

At last God heard their supplication and granted them what they so much desired.

In the previous Autumn, a young and fervent missionary took up his abode in their midst; and, like our Divine Master, went about doing good.

He said Mass, preached, catechised and administered the Sacraments. Possessing a large fortune of his own, he not only required no remuneration for his services, but was able to bestow abundant alms on the unfortunate.

With what joy was he not greeted by all the inhabitants of the district! What happiness to be able to participate once more in all the advantages of our holy Religion! Even those who were *not* catholics, loved and respected the holy Pastor who was ever ready to do good.

He was slight, but well built and very comely in appearance. Brave and fearless, ready to face any danger when there was a question of duty ; yet his large blue eyes were often seen to fill with tears at the sight of the sufferings of his fellow creatures.

Does my reader not recognize him ? It is our little hero Aloysius Melville.

Fifteen years have elapsed since the day when he was brought in joy and triumph to his father's splendid mansion—since he became heir to an immense fortune only to forsake it for the love of God.

After remaining two years at home under the care of an excellent Tutor, he was sent to college where he made rapid progress in his studies. The great desire of his heart, of which he never for one moment lost sight, was to become a missionary priest.

His father, with all the generosity of a truly Catholic heart, readily gave his consent. But the sacrifice was keenly felt, and all the more so, since he had just been deprived of his other child—his sweet and cherish Agnes, who, after the example of her holy patroness, had chosen for her spouse the King of Virgins, and forsaking her wealth, home and what was far dearer, the love and affection of one of the best and kindest of fathers, whom she was leaving alone in his old age, fled from the world and hid herself in the solitude of the cloister.

Ah ! who but God, for whom this sacrifice was made, shall ever know how much pain this separation cost them both ! But the fire of God's love had been cast into the maiden's pure heart, and hearing His Voice inviting her to leave all for Him, she had joyfully responded by saying a lasting good-bye to home and friends, entering the monastery of.

—From that date, Mr. Melville, who had always been charitable to the poor, redoubled his alms. He was known as the " father of the needy," so unlimited was his kindness and so prodigal his alms to the homeless and destitute.

Aloysius was at college when he received word that his father was gravely ill. He hurriedly left for home and was only in time to receive his last blessing and farewell. The death was sudden but not unprovided. His

treasure of good works had already been sent into eternity before him and the tears and prayers of the immense crowd of poor persons who followed him to the grave must have pleaded for him at God's tribunal.

After Aloysius had been ordained, he immediately set out for his distant mission, in the wild unsettled parts of North America. There he intended to pass his life away from friends and all the comforts of civilized life; amidst poverty and hardship, to preach and administer to those poor, neglected souls.

For the last week he had been living with James O'Neil, saying Mass, for the people, every day, in his little cabin. Now he was about to set out for another settlement, a few miles up the river.

Mr. O'Neil did all in his power to persuade him to defer his journey until it was milder, but in vain.

"I am strong and well clad," replied the priest, "and have a good horse and sleigh. There will not be the least danger. The way is clear and in a few hours I will arrive at my destination." Bidding his kind hosts farewell, the young priest stepped into the sleigh, and was soon out of sight.

In some places the snow had drifted higher than his head, while, in others, the frozen ground was almost visible; but he managed to get along by keeping on the beaten track close to the river. He had travelled several miles, when suddenly he drew up his horse.—About ten feet in front of him, he saw the figure of a man, lying half buried in the snow. Jumping from the cutter, he approached and spoke.—No answer. He stooped and felt for his pulse. . . . It was still beating. In a few moments the man opened his eyes and uttered a slight groan. Father Melville hardly knew what to do.

There seemed but one alternative—to try and place the sick man in the sleigh and drive back as quickly as possible to O'Neil's cottage. This he succeeded in doing after much trouble.

(To be continued.)

PRAYERS SOLICITED.

(1) For the new House that we have just opened at Nicolet, that it may realize the intentions of its venerated founder, the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Nicolet; that it may contribute in large measure to the spread of the worship of the Precious Blood, and draw down the benedictions of Heaven upon the City and Diocese that have welcomed the Founders of this new establishment with such cordial sympathy.

For a family in danger of losing the Faith.

For a remarkably bad child.

For a mother of a family addicted to drink.

For several sinners, for a great number of sick and afflicted, for a mother of nine children, in danger of having her foot amputated; for all those who ask to be assisted by the Precious Blood, and to be comforted in their pitiable woes.

For a multitude of special intentions recommended to immediate prayers.

LET US ALSO PRAY FOR THE DEAD, particularly for : The Revd. P. ERNEST DUGUAY, S. J., deceased at Montreal; Revds JOS JOURDAIN, curate of Manville (R. I.); M. BELANGER. For MM. ADELARD BOUCHER, deceased at Kamouraska; Dr JOS LEMAITRE, at Lowell; Capt. JOACHIM VEILLEUX, at St-Elphege; JOS TRAILLAX, at St-Cyprien; JOS HEBERT, son, at St-David; JOS B. TOBIN, at Twillingate (T. N.); JOHN LYNCH, at Cayuga (O); J. F. GUNN, at Mountain-Hill; LUC CHAMPAGNE, at St-Lambert; PIERRE COTE, at St-Ephrem d'Upton; LS CHAMPEAU, EDMOND TESSIER, OCT. GAGNE, at Montreal; J. BRE. LAFAYETTE, at Slatersville (R. I.); THOS. VANASSE, at Wickham-West; PAUL DUVAL, at Holyoke. For Mrs LAPOINTE, at Somersworth (N. H.); ELLEN FULLHAM-LAFFERTY, at Grand Rapide (Mich.); ELLEN LAFFERTY-MITCHELL, at Little Rock (Ark.); BURNS, at London (O.); N. G. KIROUACK, at Quebec; A. COUTURE, at St Michel de Bellechasse; F. RENAUD, at Maria (O.); HERMINE ROBILLARD, at Montreal; ELVIRE BACON, at St-Felix de Valois; LS. CHAPPELAINE, at Manville; MARTIAL MICHAUD, at Salem, Mass.; JOS. TURCOTTE and ALE. BELLEFEUILLE, at St-Elphege. For Misses LAURA GELINAS and SOPHIE COTE, at St-Hyacinthe; MARIA MAILLET, at Ste-Marie de la Beauce; MARCELINE PROVOST, at Lowell, Mass., etc.

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

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

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

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

200 days' ind. once a day.

Leo XIII. 20 June 1892.

THANKSGIVINGS

FOR FAVORS OBTAINED THROUGH PRAYER TO THE
MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD.

“ When I received your letter, with the announcement that a Novena to the Precious Blood had commenced in your Community for my cure, I could no more see nor hear from excess of weakness.

All at once, in presence of the Priest and of some ladies, I felt myself cured, and I rose up from my bed. Since then, I am enjoying better health than I had for a long time previous. I was able to attend Mass, and to communicate on last Sunday. I shall never cease to thank the Most Precious Blood for my happiness.”

“ Not long ago, I was taken with such a violent sore throat; that I could neither eat nor drink, during eight days.

After having tried several remedies without success, I invoked the Most Precious Blood, and promised, if cured, that I would publish the favor in your Annals. On the following day, I was so well that I breakfasted with my family. I feel perfectly cured.”

“ The little sick girl who suffered so much with scrofula is much better. Yesterday morning upon removing the bandage, which had covered her eyes for one year, the dear child ran to her mother, crying out with joy : “ Mamma, *I see clearly*, I feel no more sickness.” I just come from their house. The poor mother weeps for joy.”

“ Good Saint Joseph has found work for my brother, after we had promised to publish the fact in your Annals, and more than that, I have obtained a number of graces by invoking the Precious Blood of our Saviour Jesus Christ.”

“ Thanks, for your good prayers to the Precious Blood ! My little girl is cured of the goitre, and my husband has found work.”

“ Render grateful thanks to the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ, and to Saint Anthony of Padua, for a successful Examination, in Medicine, passed by a young man who was admitted to Practice with distinction and honor.”

“ I had promised the Precious Blood, that if I obtained the favors mentioned to you, that I would insert them in your Review. Those favors have been accorded me : First, Superior Diploma for French Instruction, obtained at Paris, France on July 31.

Second, Model Diploma, accorded to my niece and *protégé*, studying in the House of the Sisters of Charity at.....

Several other persons thank the Precious Blood, Saint Anne, Saint Anthony of Padua. and Saint Expedit for graces obtained.

“ I have been getting the “ Voice since it started and am quite pleased with it. Was prompted on seeing the thanksgivings published to make a promise, if granted a favor, to say the 30 days prayers to the Blessed Virgin and have a mass offered for the souls in purgatory and have it published in your good journal. My favor, which seemed hopeless at first, was granted. Thanks to the Precious Blood.”

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

Rt. Rev. L. Z. Moreau, the venerable Bishop of St-Hyacinthe, went to Sorel on July 28th on the train of United-Counties, accompanied by Rev. Father Dorais and Rev. Father Godard, Rector of St Aimé.

His Lordship was received at the Railway Station by Rev. Father Bernard, Pastor of Sorel, and by several other priests.

His Honor the Mayor, Mr C. O. Paradis, the Ex-Se-

nator Guevremont, Alderman A. C. Trempe, representatives of the *Sorelois*, with a number of prominent citizens; were at the station to meet the illustrious visitor ; whilst forty carriages were in attendance to escort the good Prelate from the Station to the Presbytery. George and King Streets were fairly lined with people, great numbers also at the Richelieu Market place, Hotel-de-Ville, Bureau de Poste, etc.

A number of the clergy were at the Pastoral Residence to receive His Lordship, whilst the Church bells, school-bells, and those of other places rang out their chimmes joyously

His Lordship, Rt. Rev. Bishop Gravel of Nicolet, arrived in the afternoon, by the *Berthier*, and proceeded to the Presbytery immediately. A few minutes after, the bells rang, calling the people of the City to the Church.

Rt. Rev. Bp. Gravel delivered an eloquent sermon, after which, Bishop Moreau blessed the statue of Saint Vincent de Paul, which ceremony was followed by a representation given by the children of the Orphanage.

On the following day, a very imposing Feast was held at Ste-Anne of Sorel.

At about nine o'clock in the morning, a Grand High Mass was celebrated by Rev. J. C. Bernard, Pastor of Sorel, assisted by Rev. Father Bouvier, Pastor of St-Joseph of Sorel, as Deacon, and by Rev. Father Pratte, Director of the Seminary of St-Hyacinthe, as Sub-Deacon.

After the Mass, Rt. Rev. Bishop Moreau blessed the Statues of the Four Evangelists, after which ceremony, a substantial banquet was held in the Presbytery.

* * *

AUGUST 28.—On that day, has taken place the Installation of our Sisters in the Monastery at Nicolet, to which the venerated Bishop of the Diocese has given the beautiful name of *Saint-Joseph-of-the-Precious-Blood*.

Deign, O Blessed Saint Joseph, great Protector of contemplative communities, to develop the humble spirit of Nazareth in the new House so specially confided to your care.

We will publish the details of the Installation in the October Number.