

# 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.

1 PET. 1. 18, 19.

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## PRAYERS SOLICITED.

1.—For the success of apostolic works amongst the infidels, and the increase of workmen in the vineyard of Christ.—Let us not forget the small alms solicited in behalf of the great Work of the Propagation of Faith. In helping the apostles we become apostles in our own way.

2.—Let us offer daily the Blood of Jesus Christ in order that the great Manitoba Catholic school question may be settled for the greater glory of God, the salvation of souls and according to the justice which should be rendered to the Catholic Canadians.

3.—For many conversions earnestly solicited and several important affairs.

4.—For a young man recently converted to Catholicity and who suffers a great deal from the discontentment of his family.

5.—For a great number of sick and afflicted persons, and specially for one suffering with a cancer and who hopes that the Precious Blood, fervently invoked, will cure him.

For several vocations and many other intentions.

LET US ALSO PRAY FOR THE DEAD, particularly for : The REV. MR. BIRTZ, curate of St-Etienne of Beauharnois ; M. FRANCOIS BOUCHER, deceased at St-Valerien ; M. THOMAS DEMERS, at Stanhope ; M. EVARISTE LEBLOND, Iron-Wood (Mich.) ; M. CYRILLE NOISEUX, Ste-Marie de Monnoir ; Mrs. ZEPHIRIN JACQUES, at Ste-Theodosie of Vercheres ; Mrs. FLAVIEN RACICOT, at St-Pie ; Mrs. H. MORIN, at Montreal ; Mrs. F. SAUCIER, Trois-Pistoles ; Miss DOSTITHEE COULOMBE, at Levis ; Mrs. ROSETTA FINNIGAN, of Brooklyn ; Mr. HENRY SIMARD, Malbaie ; and for all our subscribers deceased since Nov. 1894.

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

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

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

O Mary, " Help of Christians " and " Gate of Heaven, " intercede for the living and the dead.—*( 40 days' ind. )*

† L. Z., Bp. OF ST-HYACINTHE

## THE PRECIOUS BLOOD IN THE LIGHT OF FAITH

## I.

## THE BLOOD OF THE SON OF GOD.

In Jesus Christ, in one only person, there are two perfect natures : the Divine nature and the human nature. There is, in Jesus Christ, the Divine Person only, there is no human personality. The human nature of the Saviour, —His body and His soul— belongs to the Divine Person.

The blood forms an essential part of the human body, it sustains the life of the body here below ; so it was with Jesus Christ.

The sovereign dignity of the body of Jesus Christ and of His blood springs from their union with the Divine Person ; it is the body and the blood of the Son of God, belonging inviolably for all eternity to the Divine Person.

Hence the preciousness, the virtue, the infinite value of that divine Blood : it claims and must ever claim the profound adoration of every creature, because, since the Incarnation, it is and must ever remain the blood of the Eternal Lord made man, the Son of God and the author of all being.

“ In the beginning,” said saint John, “ was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God . . . . . All things were made by Him : and without Him was made nothing that was made . . . . . And the Word was made flesh (and blood), and dwelt amongst us and we saw His glory, the glory as it were of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth ” (John I).

By the shedding of His blood, poured forth to wash away our sins, His plenitude of grace has been imparted to us, —His blood having purchased for us true grace and having reconciled us fully with God, —which grace and reconciliation the blood of victims under the old law could but prefigure and announce beforehand.

## II.

## WORDS OF JESUS.

In describing the last supper, saint Mathew expresses himself as follows, in relation to the Precious Blood :

“ And taking the chalice He gave thanks : and gave it to them saying : Drink ye all of this : for this is my blood, the blood of the new testament, which shall be shed for many unto the remission of sins. ”

These solemn words of the good Master reveal to us and call to our attention three great mysteries of the Precious Blood :

(1) THE BLOOD OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. The new testament, or alliance of God with men, is not made with a single people nor for a time only, like the old ; it is made with all peoples, for ever,—for time and for eternity ; it is made and concluded at the price of the Redeemer's Blood ; it is cemented and sealed forever by that adorable Blood. Jesus declares this to us, when, showing us His Eucharistic Blood, the Blood He is about to shed for us, He says to us : “ This is my blood, the blood of the new covenant. ”

(2) THE GIFT : The gift is expressed by these words : “ He gave it to them. ” The gift is for all and to all, like the Eucharist itself, of which the blood is an essential part ; it is given as a drink, a heavenly, a divine drink, necessary for all, necessary to the life of the soul, under pain of death and perdition, witness the words : “ He who eateth my flesh and *drinketh my blood*, hath eternal life, and I will raise him up on the last day ; *Unless you drink the blood* of the Son of man, you shall not have life in you. ”

Hence the words : “ *Drink ye all of this*, ” are not merely an invitation, or counsel ; they are a fundamental precept of the gospel. That precept is fulfilled as well by the faithful laity who communicate under one species only, as by the priest who receives both ; since the divine flesh and the adorable blood are present alike under each species.

(3) VIOLENT SHEDDING OF THE SAVING BLOOD. This blood, offered and given to all and to each one as a pacific host in the Eucharist, is also to be shed and poured forth for all without exception and for each one in particular, for the remission of the sins of each and all. That was the supreme declaration of the Divine Master at the moment, when He was about to commence His immolation, and was expressed in the words : “ *Which shall be shed for you*. ” That immolation was a bloody one and was an act of unspeakable violence, cruelty and brutality. We

shall examine its history in detail in the passion, considering, one after another, each harrowing scene as it is set before us in the light of faith by the Holy Spirit in order that it may remain deeply engraved on our hearts.

### III.

#### THE GOSPEL NARRATIVE.

##### *The seven sheddings of the Precious Blood.*

(1) The Redeeming Blood began to flow at the Circumcision as recorded by St. Luke. This was the first effusion.

(2) The same Evangelist describes the most striking incident of the agony of Jesus thus : "HIS SWEAT BECAME AS DROPS OF BLOOD RUNNING DOWN TO THE GROUND." Since the sweat of blood flowed down even to the ground, the blood flowed abundantly over the sacred members and the holy victim was covered with it from the beginning of His passion : so necessary was the shedding and effusion of the Divine Blood to wash away the horrible sins and corruption of the whole world.

On His sacred face and on His whole person, Jesus bore the marks and imprint of His bloody agony, when the brutal executioners appeared and gave full vent to their fury. Then, from brutal blows and wounds inflicted mercilessly and unceasingly upon Him, the Precious Blood flowed freely forth. This cruel treatment began in the garden of olives and continued without ceasing all the rest of the night and the following day : on the road to Jerusalem, at the houses of Annas, and Caiphas and the palace of Pontius Pilate. "It was the hour and the reign of the powers of darkness," says Jesus Himself, *Hæc est hora vestra et potestas tenebrarum.*

ANTHONY.

*(To be continued.)*

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"If there is one region more than another where Mary, in right of her glorious title of Mother of God, reigns supreme, it is in Purgatory."

## AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF SAINT FRANCIS-XAVIER.

*(Feast : December 3)**Translated from the French by F. B. HAYES.*

THE sun had not appeared for several days : not a single star had shone in the sky for five consecutive nights ; torrents of rain had fallen unceasingly, and the leaden clouds, piled in heavy masses, seemed to assume a still darker hue ; a violent, impetuous wind lifted up the menacing waves to a fearful height ; the fury of the tempest steadily increased . . . . .

. . . . . A piercing shriek from several human voices, combined in one cry of sudden anguish, rent the air . . . then nothing ! . . . a deathlike silence, broken only by the moaning of the waves ! . . . .

Then the captain's voice rang-out in harrowing accents : My God ! My God ! They are lost ! The long-boat is swamped ! Quick to the rescue ! " About ship ! "

—" But captain," said the mate and pilot, " you want to swamp the ship too ! "

—" About ship ", was the reply, " I must save them ! "

—" You will destroy us without saving them ! The slightest attempt to alter our course will sink us ! "

Despite these remonstrances of the mate and pilot, the captain insisted on trying the dangerous manœuvre. Hardly had the first steps been taken to carry out his orders, when a huge mountain of water cast the ship on her beam-ends, where she lay utterly helpless. Passengers, soldiers and sailors made a desperate rush for the deck, there to struggle with one another in hideous confusion, some grasping the ropes, impeding the movements of the crew and the working of the ship and giving forth cries of fear and despair. Below in the hold, they were drowning ; but now they were an obstacle to the saving of the ship. There was now no possibility of escape . . . . Another wave worse than the first struck the unfortunate vessel . . . All is over now with the ship ;—cargoe and crew, all is lost and the vessel is sinking into the deep !

But before giving the final issue of the episode, we had better explain how the vessel had reached this predicament.

After a week of fair sailing, the weather having suddenly changed, the "San-Miguel" was driven, by the violence of the storm, into a sea utterly unknown to the Portuguese. For five days she ran before the raging storm. The sky was covered with heavy clouds and no observation could be made, and still the force of the tempest continued to increase. The captain had cut down the forward deck-house and given orders to make fast the long boat with stout tow-ropes. But the night fell while this operation was being carried out, and it was found impossible to take on board the ship the crew of the boat, consisting of Alfonso de Calvo—the captain's nephew—four other Portuguese and ten Indians, slaves or sailors. A few hours later, the fury of the waves broke the hawsers that fastened the long boat to the vessel, and the poor men, on board the small boat, thereupon broke out in the heart-rending cry of distress which struck terror into the heart of the captain, and led to the imprudent attempt to alter the vessel's course and the disastrous results that followed.

But divine Providence watched over the vessel that bore its elect servant ; God desired to give a striking and impressive manifestation of His predilection for the illustrious apostle of the east, and to accomplish one of those prodigies which are destined not to be forgotten.

Francis Xavier had come on deck, and just as the awful wave overwhelmed the ship, he was heard to cry out :

"Jesus ! Saviour of men ! Love of my soul ! Help us ! Succour us ! I conjure you by the adorable wounds you suffered for us on the cross !"

At the same instant, the "San Miguel," already submerged, rose again upon the water in safety, and not a soul perished ! The tempest then abated, the sky cleared, the ship's bearings were easily taken, and she was about to resume her voyage once more, when the captain's voice was heard giving the order to look for the lost boat. The men climbed the rigging, and eager eyes scanned the sea in every direction. But not a speck was visible on the wide expanse of the ocean : the sea and nothing but the sea ! Doubt and hope were no longer possible ; the boat

had certainly foundered ! Sadly was the vessel's head set once more upon her course; and every one on board deplored the fate of the fifteen men who had perished. Deeply impressed with the danger from which they had been miraculously rescued, all keenly shared the grief of the captain for the loss of his nephew and of the poor Indians whose friends and relatives had also perished in the ill fated boat. Francis Xavier was also deeply grieved for the fate of two unfortunate mussulmans who formed part of the crew of the lost boat, and whom he had in vain tried to convert. He attributed his failure to his own unworthiness, and begged of God, most earnestly, to save the two poor creatures by a miracle, rather than permit the eternal loss of two souls he so ardently desired to snatch from the jaws of hell. He then approached the captain and said :

—" My dear Edward, be of good cheer: the boat will return ; the daughter will come back to her mother."

—" But, it is all over, good Father," said the captain, " I can see no chance of escape, but by a miracle, for the unfortunate people in the boat."

Nevertheless, Father Francis had said : " She will return." These words gave him hope, and he sent a man aloft to scan the horizon again . . . . . There was nothing to be seen, not a speck on the waste of waters ! Meantime the saintly Father had retired ; but after two hours of prayer he again appeared on the deck, and, addressing the captain said :

" Well, dear friend, is there any sign of the boat ?"

—" No, Father."

—" Send a man aloft to the tops, captain, the boat will come back !"

—" Yes," impatiently exclaimed Pedro Veilho, " a boat will perhaps come some day or other, but not the boat we have lost !"

—" Senhor Pedro," answered our saint, " you doubt the goodness and power of God ! This is a want of faith. Nothing is difficult for Him, nothing impossible ! I have placed the boat under the care of the Blessed Virgin ; I have vowed to say three masses at Notre Dame du Mont if she returns with her fifteen souls, and I am so confident of the mercy of God, that I hope to see them come back

safe and sound. Come captain (he added, addressing that officer), send a man aloft, I beg of you."

The captain, out of deference for the holy Father, himself went aloft with one of the seamen; he remained on the look-out for half an hour, and then returned to the deck completely discouraged: not a single speck was visible on the sea. Just as the captain reached the deck, after his fruitless scrutiny of the horizon, the good Father was seized with a species of vertigo or dizziness that made him stagger on his feet; he would have fallen had not Fernando Pinteç promptly assisted him.

—"Good Father," said Pinto, "you have now been suffering for three days from sea-sickness, you give yourself no rest: You will certainly injure your health.

I beg of you, take a rest in my cabin!"

In all his voyages on the sea, Father Xavier never would consent to have a room for himself on any of the ships on which he sailed. When he wished to retire, he would go the captain's room or that of some friend, and slept lying on the poop deck with his head resting on bulwark. He accepted Pinto's offer, and in fact asked him to place his Chinese slave on guard at his door, so that he might not be disturbed. But far from taking the repose he needed so much, the holy man gave himself up to prayer. He prayed thus until the close of the day, and returned to the deck just as the sun sank beneath the horizon.

—"Is there any sign of the boat?" he said to the pilot.

—"We may as well say no more about the boat, good Father;" said the pilot. "How could she stand such a tempest as that! And even though she had been miraculously preserved, we could not see her, for she would be at least two hundred miles away!"

—"You reason well," replied Xavier, "all you have said is quite right. But God never does things by halves; if He has saved the boat by a miracle, He can speed her forward by a miracle. Before the night comes on, send a man aloft to take another look, and you will do me a great favour."

"There is nothing I would not do to please you,



Father," answered the pilot. "And," he added, "I will go aloft myself."

He did so, but soon returned to the deck and reported that there was nothing whatever to be seen.

Thereupon, Xavier said to the captain : "I am certain that the boat is coming ! I beg of you to take in your sails, so that she may overtake us !"

The order was given, and the vessel dropped her sails and remained stationary for a long time ; but the passengers became weary of the delay and, with loud cries, called upon the captain to set sail again. Father Xavier, thereupon, bowed his head and burst into tears.

—Then, addressing the passengers, he said : "Have patience, I beseech you, for the boat is coming !" And, raising his streaming eyes to heaven, he exclaimed : "Jesus, my Lord and my God ! I beg of you, by the sufferings of your holy passion, to have pity on these poor souls, who are striving to reach us amid so many perils !"

After this prayer, he closed his eyes and remained, with his head bowed down and resting upon the yard perfectly motionless and without uttering a single word, so that the people thought he had fallen asleep.

Suddenly, a young child who stood at the foot of the mainmast, cried-out : "The boat ! the boat ! a miracle ! a miracle !" At this wonderful news, every soul on board rushed on deck to see the marvellous sight of the rescued long-boat. And, in very truth, there was the long lost boat, with every man of her crew safe and sound. Shouts of joy and delight filled the air, and every eye was wet with tears of gratitude to Almighty God and to the holy apostle, to whom they were indebted for so great a prodigy ; all hearts were delirious with joy and delight.

The boat came to a stand, of itself, along side of the ship, and, notwithstanding that the sea was violently agitated, the little craft never moved in the slightest way while her human cargoe of fifteen were getting on board the "San Miguel." The boat was entirely uninjured and had no appearance of having suffered from the violence of the storm.

After the first outburst of joy had subsided, the rescued people were eagerly questioned by their comrades of the ship.

—“ Let one of them speak for all,” said the captain.

—“ Yes, yes,” cried all ; “ let Alfonso de Calvo tell us all that happened to them !”

—“ Well,” said Alfonso, “ nothing whatever happened to us !”

—“ What, nothing ?”

—“ In very truth, nothing,” said he, “ I have never seen a pilot like Father Francis ! He guided us through the shoals and amid the fury of the tempest, better than the best and most experienced navigator could have done. We never had a moment of anxiety notwithstanding the fury and violence of the gale.”

—His hearers listened with wonder and awe as he spoke. The captain, grieved to think that his nephew had become crazed by the awful crisis through which he had passed, looked around him in sadness ; the whole ship’s company seemed to share his impression, and a gloomy silence was maintained. No one had the heart to speak, and all seemed to share a common grief. Don Alfonso noticed this with surprise and exclaimed :

—“ What do you find to surprise you in my statement ?”

—“ Father Francis was not with you, my poor fellow !” said the captain, in a compassionate voice.

—“ But he was, he was !” cried the rescued men, with one voice. “ He himself can tell you ! But where is Father Francis ?”

A search was made for the good Father, but he had retired : he was giving thanks to God.

Then Alfonso addressed the ship’s company once more, saying :

“ How can you assert that it is not true, when you yourselves saw him come on board with us, and know he was the first to step upon the deck of the ship !”

“ Simply,” said the captain, “ because he has not left us for a single instant ; but he assured me so earnestly that you would return, and seemed to be so sure of it, that, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, I had my hopes, and made up my mind to wait for you, feeling convinced that he would not insist as he did unless God had made known to him your return.”

“ He used to say to us,” resumed Alfonso : “ Courage,

my children, I see the ship, we are on her course and will soon meet her ! Have confidence in God !”

Alfonso's companions corroborated every word he had just said, and then the two Mahometants, who, for some moments, had been whispering together, added their testimony to the statement made by the Portuguese and the Catholic Indians, adding, in forcible words, that neither of them had seen the Father go on board the vessel ; that they were looking at him at the time the boat came alongside the ship, that of a sudden they had ceased to see him, while Alfonso was getting on board, and that, at the same time, they saw him on the deck on the other side.

—“ To our minds,” they said, “ the thing is perfectly clear, the manner in which he rescued us was a great miracle ; his presence on the boat, when it is proved that he had not left the ship, is a miracle still more wonderful ; the religion of Mahomet has never worked such wonders, and we have just agreed together to ask the good Father to give us baptism ! If Jesus Christ were not God, your holy Father, as you call him, never could perform such prodigies with His mere name.”

Thus was every thing made clear. Don Alfonso had not gone mad ; nor had his fourteen companions lost their senses. God had worked a whole series of miracles at the prayer of the great missionary : He had saved the “ San Miguel ” ; He had saved the long boat ; He had brought it safely back to the ship ; He had calmed the fury of the tempest ; He had made his holy servant to appear in two places at once, for a period of twenty four hours.

All were now eager to see the holy priest once more, to hear his voice and kneel at his feet. But he continued long in prayer, and the crew did not dare intrude on his privacy. They had to wait long and patiently ; but at length, to the great joy of every one, he appeared before them once more. The rescued crew of the boat cast themselves, weeping, at his feet, thanking him and begging for a blessing :

—“ Father,” they cried, “ it was you that saved us, it was you that held the helm !”

—“ No, my friends, it was the hand of God that held it ; Him you must thank,” said the Father, whose venerable face was suffused with a deep blush.

Then, speaking to the captain, he said :

—“ Now let us set sail once more, my friend ; God will give us a prosperous end to our voyage.”

J. M. S. DAURIGNAC.

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## PURGATORY.

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( *Continuation.* )

In Purgatory, as well as on earth, pain is the great artificer of the perfection of souls. There, it is indescribable. It is unalleviated. It is intensified by the reunion of everything capable of adding to its keenness : silence, solitude, concentration of thought, absence of distraction and the pangs of unsatisfied love.

There are to be found souls whose love of God exceeds all other loves in vehemence, who, for years, have been sighing for Him, but who, the moment they aspire to possess Him, are stopped in their flight, are repulsed and thrust far from His presence. O, the anguish ! and who knows but that God, to render this sorrow sharper and therefore shorter, has, at the moment of particular judgment, manifested Himself to these souls in His radiant unutterable beauty ? And it is with eyes entranced by His glory and with hearts glowing at the sight of His adorable perfections that they are forced to go far from Him, to plunge shudderingly into the painful gloom of Purgatory !

How many years must they remain there, not merely in suffering, for to that they are now so callous that they willingly have it increased to end it sooner, but in exile, far from their Beloved !

Even on this poor earth where affection is so shallow, it has been known for those who loved each other to be unable to bear separation and to die of sorrow, what then must it be above ?

We may affirm that, if God did not miraculously support the souls in Purgatory, they would be annihilated by grief on account of their separation from Him whom they love so passionately.

Still more, not only do they feel themselves removed from Him, but they also feel they are repelled. He looks

on them with displeasure. At the moment of their sentence, they perceived on the adorable face of Jesus Christ, whose dazzling beauty liquefies the soul of the elect, a sadness amounting to anger. O God, how can we bear the terrible thought !

What ! They are sullied by stains offensive to infinite sanctity, by difformities which cause the Beloved to avert His eyes !

Ah ! no need to threaten these souls with Purgatory. They plunge into it of their free will. Were paradise offered them in their present state, they would not accept it.

Stimulate, then, these Purgatorian flames ; the poor souls do not find them strong enough nor scorching enough to burn away their sins.

The chemist who wishes to fuse a metal exposes it to fire raised to the required degree of intensity. Perhaps God acts in the same way towards each soul in Purgatory, yet does He not slake its thirst for expiation, nor can it be happy till that terrible fire shall have consumed every slight stain that retards its union with God.

Some theologians think that the fire of Purgatory surpasses the most excruciating torments of this life. This is possible, but it is not the holy souls who complain of it. The more intense the fire, the sooner it will be over.

Other theologians believe these flames to be of the same nature as those of hell. My conjectures are no more certain than theirs, and what does it matter in reality ? This much, however, is certain that in this fire souls are burned, consumed and so thoroughly permeated by acute, glowing and devouring flames that, immortal as they are, they would perish if God did not sustain them miraculously.

How long must they remain on the funeral pile ? We know not. For centuries perhaps. I was once present at the disinterment of the body of one of the dukes of Burgundy who had been dead for three hundred years, and, on another occasion, I witnessed the removal of the remains of three bishops of the middle ages from a ruinous chapel ; both ceremonies were accompanied by a mass for the repose of their souls. The foundation of services in perpetuity is even authorised by the church, as if she feared, O mystery of sorrow ! that expiation might be prolonged till the day of judgment.

Mystery of pain, in truth, but again, mystery of consolation ! How fail to pardon poor mortals on earth and help them to bewail their sins before death, when one has such resources left for their tardy expiation.

“ The extreme severity of the pains of purgatory is inexplicable,” says Father Faber, “ unless we admit the salvation of a multitude of souls, and salvation ever with very imperfect dispositions. Purgatory explains the enigmas of this world as completely as any of God’s ordinances. By it we find the solution of a multitude of difficulties.

“ In presence of this system, which may be called the eighth and terrible sacrament of fire, destined for souls on whom the seven veritable sacraments have not conferred perfect purity, can we tolerate the idea of regarding it merely as a penitential invention for purifying holy souls from lesser imperfections, the natural effect of human frailty. Nothing more proper, more conformable to God’s designs nor more consoling, even for these very souls, than that it should perform this office ; at the same time must we not acknowledge that it is one of God’s inventions for multiplying the fruits of our Saviour’s Passion, and that He established it by reason of His foreknowledge of the great multitude of men who would die in the love of God but in imperfect love ? Is not this extending beyond the tomb the mercies which are lavished on the bed of death ? And from this point of view is not certain light cast on the consoling supposition that the majority of catholics are saved, those particularly who, while on earth, lived in poverty, sorrow and suffering.”

—MGR. BOUGAUD.

(To be continued.)

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What is time?—The shadow on the dial,—the striking of the clock,—the running of the sand,—day and night,—summer and winter,—months, years, centuries. These are but outward signs,—the measure, not time itself. Time is the life of the soul. If not this,—then tell me what is time?—*Longfellow.*

## THE LAST DROP OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

*A Legend taken from the French by G. M. Ward  
(Mrs. Pennée)*

It was the evening of that great day, on which had been consummated the work of our redemption, that Longinus, the soldier who had pierced Our Saviour's Heart, was descending the hill of Calvary. So pensive was he and so absorbed in thinking over the terrible drama whose closing act had been his own deed, that he paid no heed to there being still one drop of red, warm Blood quivering on the point of the lance which he was carrying so carelessly over his shoulder. Yes, one drop of Blood, still warm from our Master's heart, was slowly trickling down the iron head of the fatal lance and, for a moment, seemed about to fall unheeded to the ground, there to mingle with the dust laying thick on the road.

But God beheld that drop of Blood and prepared for it a pure living chalice that, within its own snowy bosom, would hold it safe till the day should arrive when it would speed onward on a loving mission, already foreseen by Him.

At the road side, a long slender stalk sprang into being and, on that stalk, there grew a lovely bud as white as are the mantles of the angels who, before the great throne of God, bend low in adoration while awaiting His behests. The new-born bud expanded its fragrant chalice, the drop of Blood, knowing it had found a fit resting-place, sank gently into the heart of the flower, and the petals closed around their treasure so that they might guard it with their own spotless lives.

Longinus knew nothing of the prodigy being enacted so near him, but went on his way carelessly, though pensively, even as we mortals are for ever doing whilst stupendous miracles of grace and of nature are taking place around us. Like him, we continue on our way, more occupied in weaving our human plans than in taking heed of the manifestations of God's glory and power which we might behold, would we but raise our eyes and gaze on them.

From among the Archangels who had been tearfully surrounding Calvary and had beheld the centurion thrust his lance into that heart "which so loved men," one shining

spirit had separated himself from his angelic companions and had followed Longinus, from whose lance the last drop of our Saviour's Blood was apparently about to fall to the earth. On perceiving how pure a chalice had sprung into being in order to receive that precious ruby drop, he reverently gathered the flower and, winging his way to Heaven, bore aloft with him the sweet and lovely lily that he might plant it lovingly in the Angels' own garden.

Every spring a fresh stalk grew, but still the lily-bud did not expand. Four or five times, in the course of many centuries, the petals seemed about to open out and liberate their precious captive, whilst, from the delicious inebriating perfume that would then be exhaled, the Archangels and Angels would believe that the lily was about to expand and expose the holy blood-drop to their longing gaze. But, alas ! the trembling bud would again fold its petals more closely and the kneeling hosts of Heaven would remain in thanksgiving and adoration, for they knew that the fragrance had been caused by the sweet odour of some great act of abnegation or love that the Crucifix had inspired in the soul of some devoted denizen of earth. Ah ! dear Lord ! when wilt Thou command this lily in the Angels' garden to unfold its snowy petals ?

At length the day arrived when the Angels' prayer was granted and the Lord commanded the lily to unfold. All Heaven was filled with a ravishing perfume ; the petals unfolded and bending over allowed the precious blood-drop to escape from their embrace and speed on its mission.

Through all the spheres it hastened its onward way. It lingered lovingly among the stars, for had it not taken its being in that heart which had "loved man" and, for man's sake, had also loved all creation and creatures. The stars darted their loveliest rays on that Blood-drop, till it was resplendent with all the gorgeous hues that the sidereal bodies themselves reflect.

Yet did it not pause nor stay its career, for its home was not there. Onward and onward it sped till, taking an earthward direction, it hastened on its way towards a humble village church where a little four-years old maiden was prostrate in prayer. It was between the two elevations of Holy Mass and, kneeling on her bare knees, this little maiden was constantly repeating : " My God, to Thee I



consecrate my purity ; to Thee do I make the vow of perpetual chastity and virginity."

On raising her head, after the second elevation, the child perceived the Blood-drop, brilliant and resplendent, descending towards her. Stretching out her little hands, she reverently received in them the precious deposit and, carrying it to her pure infantine lips, she drank in that holy drop of Blood, even as flowers drink in the vivifying drops of dew that Heaven sends to refresh them.

As the drop of Blood sank into that maiden's heart, she felt in her soul something so sweet, so powerful, so consoling, that the fire kindled thereby burned steadily through out her whole life.

The seed of the devotion to the sacred heart of Jesus had been sown by the last drop of our Saviour's Blood, which, after being shed on Calvary, had been miraculously preserved for many centuries, so that, sinking into that pure maiden's heart, it might there fructify and blossom into one of those lovely forms of devotion, which, in these latter days, vivify the piety of all the true-hearted, faithful children of the Catholic Church.

That humble sanctuary was the village church of Verosvres, in the diocese of Autun, Burgundy. That kneeling maiden was Margaret Mary Alacoque.

Since that day the Precious Blood of Jesus contained in the Eucharistic chalice has inspired and quickened devotion in all pure and loving human hearts, even as It had done from time immemorial.

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### EUPHROSYNE.

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*Elegi abjectus esse in domo Dei mei magis quam habitare in tabernaculis peccatorum. (Ps. LXXXIII, II.)*

It is half past four, on a Sunday evening, the nineteenth of March. A summerlike temperature renders it the first bright day of the year. Every one is out of doors, the citizens are enjoying their freedom, the violets are in their glory and the lilacs are about to bloom.

A blessed day for the poor. The sun has shed a sweet warmth on the dull garret windows ; sad hearts have been cheered as if the presence of a beautiful flower had come to console their loneliness and brighten their hopes.

When children are merriest, when young girls are tasting the pleasure of studying the *latest fashions*, when everything is smiling with the sun and singing with the birds, Euphrosyne, her eyes bathed in tears, but even so happy, amiable, charming, but twenty years of age, child and woman all at one and the same time, Euphrosyne clasped the hands of her weeping mother and sisters.

Her head covered with a white veil, she approaches with a peaceful step and asks God to bless the union which she is contracting with the Eternal Son of God, Our Lord Jesus Christ.

With visible emotion, the priest commences the "Veni Creator;" trembling voices continue it.

Euphrosyne, the altar, everything surrounding me looks dim through my tears.

Euphrosyne had desired the triumphs of the world and because she desired them she fled from them. She said in her heart : " I will not leave my house of prayer."

" O hallowed walls which have sheltered me from the realization of my dreams, rise up between the world and myself. Let me see nothing but heaven !

" Rise up, become more impenetrable, let not a sound, not a breath penetrate you ! You have been my cradle, be my grave. Keep me always as pure as when you received me within you.

" Sisters, this white veil will be my shroud. You will replace this crown on my head when my heart shall have ceased to beat, you will again place this bouquet in my hand saying to my spouse, the adorable Christ :

" Lord Jesus, behold Euphrosyne, our sister and Thy faithful servant, she was born for Thee, she lived for Thee and we testify that she desired to love only Thee. She has fulfilled her baptismal vows, she renounced the world, she refused even to know it for fear of loving Thee less. She believed, because Thou didst say it, that true happiness is found only with Thee.

" It is to Thee, Lord, now to keep Thy solemn promises. Receive Euphrosyne then forever into Thine arms of mercy ; give her eternal peace."

LOUIS VEUILLOT.

## REFLECTIONS.

To a man of the world, life is nothing more than a space to be travelled over as slowly as possible and by the easiest road ; not so to the Christian.

LACORDAIRE.

“To die is to leave the earth, not to lie buried a few feet underground ; it is to be born vigorously to a new life, not to rest on a clay bed from the fatigues of this.”

Human love is merely deceit and illusion, quickly worn out and leaving in the heart a mortal chill.

FABER.

“The christian’s God is a God of love and consolation ; a God who fills the soul and heart which He possesses, making the soul realize that He is its only good, that its repose must be found in Him alone and that it will never have joy apart from loving Him.”

I stretch my arms towards my Liberator who, foretold during four thousand years, came on earth at the time and in the manner predicted, to suffer and die for me ; by His grace I await death peacefully, in the hope of eternal union with Him ; and yet I live joyfully either in the prosperity He is pleased to give me or else in the sorrow He sends for my advantage and which, by His example, He taught me to bear.

PASCAL.

The more I study men the less excusable I find them for attending to what has neither consistency nor duration.

RANCÉ.

Vanities would seduce us too easily were we not always confronted by death ; did we not constantly, turn on what side we will, see before us that last moment whose arrival convicts our whole life of deception and error.

BOSSUET.



## SAINT CATHARINE OF SIENNA.

PATRONESS OF THE ADORERS OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

"In the Blood you find the fire."

ST. CATH. OF SIENNA.

**S**HE was born on Palm Sunday, 1347, in the old and interesting city of Sienna which poets represent as seated upon the hills, bathed in a serene and beautiful light.

Her father, Jacomo Benincasa followed the trade of dyer of woollens. He was a man of great integrity and of a sweet disposition. Her mother, Lapa Piagenti, daughter of a forgotten poet, was a good and simple creature, and an excellent housekeeper. The fortune of these two was considerable for their condition. They had twenty five children. Catharine: the youngest was the most beloved.

During her infancy, occurred the greatest calamity of the XIV century, the black pest of 1348, which carried off eighty thousand persons from Sienna and the surrounding country. Therefore, the child grew up in a city under a cloud.

As soon as she could talk, her mother had much difficulty to keep her at home, for, said one of her biographers, one of her words was sufficient to banish sadness and to make one forget all sorrow and vexation. For that reason, her parents and neighbors gave her the name of Euphrosine, which signifies *joy*.

At the age of six years, she was, one day, returning from the house of her sister Bonaventura, in company with her brother Stephen, who was somewhat older than herself, when our divine Lord appeared to her in His majesty accompanied by His holy apostles, Peter, Paul and John.

The innocent child was not thrown down and made blind as Saul had been, but ravished, in extasy. She *contemplated Him whom the Angels adore, and whose beauty the heavens admire.*

The Saviour gazed upon her lovingly, and, with a tender smile, made over her the sign of the cross.

Stephen had been walking on in advance, thinking

that his little sister was following him. Turning around he perceived her standing still, insensible to all that was passing around her with her eyes uplifted to Heaven.

He called his sister with all his strength ; she appeared not to hear him. Greatly astonished, the little boy retraced his steps and, seizing her hands, said to her : "What dost thou there ? why dost thou stay here ?" The child, as if awakening from a profound slumber, looking at her brother replied : "Oh ! if thou hadst seen what I have seen, never wouldst thou have drawn me away from here !"

Her eyes sought anew the glorious apparition, but it had vanished, to the great sorrow of Catharine, who wept bitterly, reproaching herself for having lowered her eyes from the celestial vision. Entering her house, continues the author of the *Miracola*, she spoke not to her parents of what she had seen ; but on that day there was born in her soul an extreme vigilance over herself, a great delicacy of conscience which was something really wonderful in a child of that age. Preoccupied always with the care not to offend God, she loved solitude and retirement from her friends, that she might pray in secret.

And thus, in one momentary interview, the Eternal Beauty had ravished her soul. An ardent flame of purest love enlightened and matured her young heart. Unacquainted with the world and its joys, she burned to renounce all things for love of *Him whose presence had extinguished in her heart all attachment to the things of this life*, so that, at the age of seven years, she had bound herself, by vow, never to have an other spouse than Jesus Christ.

Nevertheless, when she was twelve years old, her father, her mother, and her brothers desired her to marry. They obliged her to adorn herself. Her mother above all urged her to take more care of her toilet and of the arrangement of her hair. Seeing that she gained nothing by these entreaties, Lapa had recourse to her daughter Bonaventura, who was married to Nicholas Tegliacci, urging her to adroitly draw Catharine to her views.

Catharine had a great tenderness for her elder sister. To please her, she accepted the beautiful gowns and glit-

tering ornaments, and consented to fashionably arrange her hair, which was of rare beauty.

John Pino, in his life of Saint Catharine, says that her hair was of a beautiful golden-brown, which shade always excited particular admiration in Italy, and Lapa had been fully satisfied with what nature had done for her daughter. But, at that time, there existed a ridiculous fashion of changing the natural color of the hair by the means of certain nostruns, and Lapa was determined to submit the beautiful hair of her daughter to this unworthy treatment. Her satisfaction was short lived : Catharine would never have consented to adorn herself, but for love of her sister. She was not slow to show her deep regret.

During all her after-life, she wept over those acts of vanity and weakness, which light, as the matter seemed, yet produced in the heart of Catharine a sensible coldness. But the sudden death of Bonaventura made Catharine give herself to God with renewed ardor. Catharine felt profoundly this unforeseen and terrible blow. To console her for the loss of her beloved sister, her relatives urged her to marry at once, and judged that but little effort was necessary to induce her to do so ; however, she absolutely refused, and thereupon they asked a Dominicain, who was a friend and relative of the family, to use his influence over her. But the religious was so touched with her replies, that he said to her :—“ Cut off your hair entirely to prove to all that your resolution is serious and unalterable.” With joy, Catharine immediately obeyed. Armed with a pair of shears, she quickly severed those beautiful tresses that were “ gold in the sunshine and brown in the shade,” and covered her head with a hood. In those days, however, young maidens always left their heads uncovered, and Lapa was not slow to demand the reason for such singularity. Not willing to tell a falsehood, and not daring to tell the truth, Catharine stammered an unintelligible answer. Her mother, much puzzled, snatched off the hood, and exposed to view the shaved head of her daughter ! Screaming out, with astonishment, at the disfigurement, Lapa brought all the family on the scene. They overwhelmed Catharine with reproches and contumely. The household servant was immediately discharged, and Catharine was put in her place, to perform all the heaviest

work of the house. They also deprived her of her room that she might not have a place in which to pray.

—"Thou ugly, stubborn creature," said her brothers to her, "Thou hast prevailed over us, for thy shaven head disposes of thy taking a husband,"—"I do not wish to become a burden to any one," sweetly replied Catharine, "I am ready to do all the work of the family, and to live on bread and water, provided only that they will leave me in peace."

About this time, Catharine had a dream that greatly increased her courage. It seemed to her that she saw defiling before her, all the founders of the great Monastic Orders. Saint Dominic passed in his white robe. He held in his hand a burning lily. Catharine extended her arms towards the austere monk who, smilingly, ran to her, and laid upon her shoulders the black mantle of the Dominican tertiary, and assured her that, in spite of all obstacles, she would become his daughter.

This vision so consoled and fortified Catharine, who had been, until then, silent and timid, that she assembled together her father, her mother, and her brothers, and declared to them that, a long time previous, she had made the vow of virginity ; and that it would be easier to move a rock than to change her resolution. "If you wish to retain me as servant in your house," said she to them, "I will render you every service possible, but even should you drive me away, I would not change my resolution."

These words, uttered with celestial sweetness, drew to her the hearts of her hearers. They answered her only by their tears and their sighs. After a while, her father, overcoming his emotion, said to her :—My dear child, your firmness and your patience have sufficiently proved to us that your determination is not the fruit of caprice, but of an ardent love of God. Be faithful to the vow you have made ; hereafter no person shall oppose you. And then, addressing his wife and his children, he said : From this day forth, let no one dare to restrain the liberty of my daughter, for, in truth, the alliance she has contracted is more honorable for us than that which we have desired.

*(Translated from the French of LAURE CONAN.)*

*(To be continued.)*

## THE THREAD OF LIFE.

*( For children. )*

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From the French, by G. M. WARD (Mrs. Pennée.)

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**A** little child, who was corrected by his nurse, exclaimed angrily :

“Why can I not be ten years old, so as to have done with this bothering nurse ! I should then be a big boy and the servants would not dare order me about.”

Suddenly, there stood before him a Genius who, smilingly, presented him with a mysterious-looking ball of thread.

“Child,” said the Genius addressing him, “this is the thread of life. Whenever you wish to advance in age you have nothing to do but to unwind the thread ; but be careful, life can be lived but once and our steps cannot be retraced. Death lies at the end of the ball of thread.”

Having spoken thus, the Genius disappeared.

The child could not contain himself for joy ; he found himself master of his own fate. He at once tested his good fortune by pulling at the thread, and, behold ! he was ten years old ! He was emancipated from that terrible nurse, and this was a great happiness. However, he found himself at college where he had to submit to keeping regular hours, writing exercises, learning lessons, all of which he found to be very tiresome. Rising early every morning, working for hours in the class-rooms, keeping silence, when he would much rather have been playing and talking, became very hard to bear. Very soon he was heartily tired of his new state of life.

—If I were but a pupil in Rhetoric, he said to himself, my studies would be more agreeable, I should be of more consequence here, and I should be looked on as a young man.

As he had only to unwind some more thread to find his desires fulfilled, he had recourse to his ball and at once found himself in the Rhetoric class. But hardly had he had time to admire his own fine proportions and to realise



how much he had grown, when he heard his fellow pupils speaking about the examinations necessary for taking his Bachelor's degree. He knew he must plunge into an endless multitude of studies, that Latin, Greek and a lot of other distasteful matters must occupy the whole of his time and thoughts. So he was again disappointed.

What was he to do? Should he leave college? Should he set himself free to go out in the world and run after frivolous pleasures in companionship with other young men? Why yes, that would be delightful. But it would be prudent not to run on too fast, therefore he would only unwind a little of the magic thread and await the period when he would find a beard on his lip and chin. His studies being then finished, he took a cane in his hand, put a cigar in his mouth and went all about the town like all other young men.

—At last I am free and happy, he exclaimed, I will remain as I am.

The young man forgot how despicable was such a useless life and how every vice is fostered by idleness. Besides, he was not rich enough to be able to live without working. So, in order to supply his own needs, he had to go into an office and work steadily for several hours every day.

--Oh! but this is wearisome work! he said, quite discouraged. Had I but an office of my own and a fine family around me, how happy I should be! I will again have recourse to my thread of life.

The next moment he found himself in a house of his own, surrounded by a number of young children who half stunned him with their noise and tired him out with their perpetual games of play. He became conscious too of having to bear the weight of many anxieties and much care, all of which he had not foreseen.

--I have not yet arrived at the happiest period of life, he exclaimed, my business affairs worry me and I am pre-occupied about my children's prospects. I would like to see them all started in life or married so that I might lead a quiet and retired life. Then, I should be able to take some rest and enjoy the society of my family. I will advance a little further in life. And again he unwound some thread.

He now found himself in a drawing-room, opposite to a looking glass which alas ! reflected back his gray hairs. This startled him and he determined on not again abridging his life. But several of his children failed to get on in the world, and again, several of them died. Then, he himself felt sick and, just as he was recovering, a terrible fever carried off his wife and he looked on himself as the most unhappy man on earth. As he had never learned to suffer, he knew nothing of the consolation to be found in exercising patience and submission, so he gave way to despair.

Soon he became infirm and was stretched on a bed of suffering. The medical art could furnish no alleviation of his pain and he felt himself unable to bear any longer with his trials. Thanks to that fatal ball of thread he could easily deliver himself from all his sufferings. For a long time he hesitated, for to die was too terrible. At length, overcome by what he was enduring, he unwound what was left of his thread and expired.

But six months had elapsed since the Genius had appeared to him.

Had we been in his place would we have wished to have lived any longer? are we more moderate in our desires and less impatient when they are not fulfilled?

Alas ! we are for ever desiring to find happiness on earth, when God has only promised that we shall find it in Heaven !

Let us then remember that if there be a way of finding happiness on earth, it consists in learning how to support the trials of life and not in striving to flee from them.

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#### A PRESERVATIVE AGAINST A SUDDEN AND UNPROVIDED DEATH.

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The Bollandests relate a consoling vision with which Saint Edmond, Archbishop of Canterbury was favoured during his infancy.

One day, when Edmond was returning from school, he was accosted by a radiantly beautiful and graceful child who greeted him in the following manner :

“ Hail, my beloved.”

Edmond, amazed, answered nothing.

What ! exclaimed the lovely child, do you not know me ?

—I have not that pleasure, and I really think that I am equally unknown to you and that you mistake me for another.

—Can it be possible that you do not recognize me, I who am always by your side in school and who accompany you everywhere ? Examine me well and you will see my name.

Edmond raised his eyes and read these words :

JESUS OF NAZARETH, KING OF THE JEWS.

Behold my name, continued the divine Child ; engrave it in your heart and, every night, write it on your forehead. This practice will preserve you and all those who follow your exemple from a sudden and unprepared death.

After having said these words, the infant Jesus disappeared.

But the adorable name still remains. —Let us lovingly engrave the name JESUS in our hearts by an entire confidence in its efficacy and, if we apprehend a sudden death as dangerous for our souls, let us trace on our forehead, every night, the five letters of the protecting name of JESUS.

We may also join to this practice the following invocation :—*Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews, preserve me from a sudden and unprovided death.*

Why is this practice so efficacious ?

Because in the name of JESUS—which signifies Saviour—is enclosed the mystery of the Blood which has merited for us all the graces necessary for our salvation.

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## ROSARY SUNDAY IN LONDON.

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*By S. L. E.*

In London, Rosary Sunday is the Sunday of our Holy Father, the Pope. Even the little children know about him and care for him in a fashion of their own. All over England, in every Catholic Church, that day, all the communions, all the rosaries, all the devotions, are offered

for the Pope. In London, the children of six parishes gather together in some of their six churches, marching through the streets with banners flying and bands playing. They fill the church; and grown people, except the teachers, must manage as best they can.

All the day, in all the churches, from High Mass till evening, there is Exposition; and before the Blessed Sacrament the happy children softly and beautifully sing the answers to the Rosary, which is given out by some priest in the pulpit, and then he says a few words to them. After that they sing the well-known hymn, "God bless our Pope, the great, the good," Benediction is given and they march quietly away. The same method is pursued in the rest of the churches in the diocese of Westminster.

But in the Dominican Church the festivity is highest. There is solemn Pontifical High Mass, and after the Gospel each member of the congregation goes up to the sanctuary, and receives a blessed rose from the thousands lying piled upon the floor. After Mass, there is a long procession of the Blessed Sacrament—priests and nuns, and hundreds of children; while twelve little ones, under seven years of age, dressed in white and red, form the Guard of Honor, and walk backwards carrying exquisite flowers, which they kiss and fling before their God.

When the Blessed Sacrament is enthroned, each half-hour afterward until seven o'clock, the Rosary is recited, and one can gain an indulgence each time. Then, at seven in the evening, come the five mysteries and a sermon and Benediction, and it is nine or after when it is over, and even then the people seem sorry to come away.

Do you wonder I call Rosary Sunday in England "the Sunday of our Holy Father the Pope," when every child there who has made its First Communion goes to communion for him, and most of the grown people follow their example?

"THE PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS."

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THE USE AND ABUSE OF FLOWERS AT FUNERALS, is the subject of an interesting and opportune article by the Very Rev. Canon Moser, of Peterborough, in the current issue of the *Irish Ecclesiastical Review*. Canon Moser points out at the commencement of his paper that :—

The dead now go out of this world bearing upon them the honours of a triumph, and laden with flowers and crowns. As they quit the stage of life they receive the homage which a theatrical public bestows on actors who have well performed their part. Wherever vanity and ostentation come in, moderation vanishes, and so the custom of placing a flower on the coffin has degenerated into an abuse of such proportions, that it will soon be difficult to tell a funeral procession from a wedding party. Thoughtful Catholics are endeavouring in several places to counteract a custom which bears many signs about it of a return to paganism and of Freemason influence.

The learned and very reverend writer gives many reasons for holding that the present system of tendering floral homage to the departed is one gravely inconsistent with the ancient practice of the Church, and he points out that it was :—

Only in the evil days of the French Revolution did the custom revive in a Christian land of lavishing flowers on the coffin of one who was not a saint. The corpse of Voltaire was probably the first which had these floral honours accorded to it. In 1791 the remains of the enemy of the Church were brought from Champagne to Paris, and the municipal authorities of the towns through which it passed covered the hearse with wreaths of flowers. The spot where the coffin rested the first night in Paris was carpeted with flowers, which were to be seen everywhere during the ceremonies of his interment in the Pantheon. Marat, the ferocious Jacobin, was treated after death to a similar display. His body, says Thiers, lay exposed for days. The clubs, the municipal societies, came processionally to cast flowers on the coffin. Women were invited to do the same, and young girls would advance, walk round the coffin, and throw flowers on the body of Marat. The same profusion of flowers accompanied the translation of his remains to the Pantheon. Flowers covering blood !

Catholics, at least, should be slow to pursue the pagan system renewed under such auspices, and should remember that in the vast majority of cases, money vainly expended in the purchase of flowers would be far more wisely applied in securing for the poor soul the greatest help which the living can obtain for the departed.

“ *The Irish Catholic.* ”

## MISS DIANA VAUGHAN.

It is probably known to our readers that in connection with the "Guard of Honor of the Sacred Heart" there is now a devotion established in favor of those who need the prayers of the pious Guards. The name, or simply the initials are inscribed on a Dial called *The Dial of Mercy*, by some member of the Archconfraternity of the Guard of Honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, who undertakes to make an extra Hour of Guard called the "Hour of Mercy," in the place of, and for the benefit of the person in whose favour the Guard intercedes. The efficacy of this practice is daily being proved, for is not the Sacred Heart an exhaustless fount of mercy? The Visitation Nuns of Bourg relate the following example, which, as it so nearly concerns a lady now well and happily known as a remarkable convert to our Faith, we think will interest our readers and inspire them with feelings of thanksgiving towards that Saviour who so loved the world that He shed even the last drop of His Blood to redeem and sanctify souls.

On September 29th of last year, the Feast of Saint Michael, a pious missionary arriving from Jerusalem was relating to the Visitation Nuns at Bourg what terrible insults had been offered to our divine Saviour by the Luciferian and Palladist sects, which, as our readers probably know, are connected with Freemasonry. Desirous of encouraging the members of the Guard of Honor to multiply their fervent acts of reparation in atonement for the vile blasphemes that had been uttered by the profane unbelievers, he more particularly recommended to their prayers the High Luciferian Priestess, Miss Diana Vaughan. The ardour and good faith shown by this lady, however, inspired him with hopes that she might be won over from her errors. It was arranged that her name should be inscribed on the "Dial of Mercy," and the reverend Father himself undertook to make "The Hour of Mercy" in her behalf. On July 31st, this zealous Missionary wrote as follows to the good Nuns at Bourg: "I will sing God's Mercies for ever! Do you remember that, last autumn, I begged of you to inscribe Miss Diana Vaughan's name on "The Dial of Mercy"? Again has the Heart of Jesus

triumphed. During the month of June, the adorable Heart made a conquest of this beloved soul.—In her place, please inscribe another name, that of a poor guilty soul for whom I will continue my Hour of Mercy.”

Our readers are, ere now, aware of the wonderful change that has passed over the whole being of Miss Vaughan, for in the September number of *La Voix du Precieux Sang*, a letter, from the lady herself, has been given which will have been eagerly and gratefully read by all who have God's cause at heart and specially by those who have made her acquaintance in Dr. Bataille's book : *Le Diable au 19ème siècle*.—Glory and Thanksgiving be to the Heart of Jesus, whose Precious Blood has fallen so beneficially on a noble, though previously an erring, soul !

G. M. WARD (Mrs. Pennée)

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## RELIGIOUS NEWS.

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FOREIGN MISSIONS.—We read in the “Carmelite Review” :

The English papers are seriously discussing the question, whether foreign missions are worth all the expenditure of blood and treasures involved, or not. They claim that foreign missions are a failure and a mistake. Even if a few heathens should be converted to Christianity, is their conversion worth the trouble? We know that protestant missions are a failure. As regards Catholic missions, the followers of Saint Francis Xavier know that it is their duty to lay down their lives, if necessary, in order to obey Christ's commandment to his apostles : “Go and teach all nations.” They will go on doing their duty, with or without protection of Christian nations, as they have done in the past. They know that “the blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians.

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MONASTERY OF THE M. P. BLOOD.—An interesting ceremony took place on the 28th Oct., at the Monastery of the Most Precious Blood in Toronto. On this occasion, Miss Sara Ellen, daughter of Mr. F. Gormaly, received

the Habit with the name of Sister Mary-Gerarda ; and Miss Elisabeth Finnie of Markham, who received that of Sister Mary-Vincent.

Miss Jane McGuire, in religion Sister M. of the Immaculate Heart, made her vows on the same occasion.

His Grace, Archbishop Walsh, presided at the ceremony and was assisted by Right Reverend Monsignor Heenan of the diocese of Hamilton and Very Reverend V. Marijon, Provincial C. S. B.

The following members of the reverend clergy attended : Rev. F. Teefy, superior of St. Michael's College, F. Frachon, C. S. B., L. Brennan, C. S. B., P. O'Donohoe, C. S. B., E. Murray, C. S. B., J. Grogan, C. S. S. B.

An appropriate and very impressive sermon was delivered by His Grace the Archbishop who chose for his text the words : " He that loveth father and mother more than me is not worthy of me."

The small but pretty chapel was thronged by relatives and friends of the community.

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Several of the persons cured, have also received the grace of conversion.

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Twelve other persons unite in thanksgivings of the same nature, after having made Novenas in honor of the Precious Blood.

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We beg to offer our grateful thanks to all Proprietors of Journals, Periodicals, Magazines, who have so kindly consented to exchange with our humble Review.

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A solemn High Mass will be celebrated, in our chapel on January 5th, for all those of our subscribers who will have paid, before that date, the amount of their subscription. The communion of the Religious will be offered for the intentions of these devoted Friends, and to obtain, in their behalf, for 1896, the choicest blessings of Heaven.





MAY THE BLESSING  
OF OUR  
VENERATED FOUNTAINS  
be on all the friends of the  
INSTITUTE OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD,  
and call down on them  
ALL THOSE GRACES  
which we are continually asking  
in their behalf.

MAY ALSO THE FRIENDS OF  
**The Institute of the Precious Blood**  
aid us in  
THANKING OUR LORD  
for all the benefits conferred on us  
BY THE AUGUST HEAD OF THE CHURCH  
and by the  
VENERABLE BISHOP OF THIS DIOCESE.

THE SISTERS OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD,  
ST-HYACINTHE,  
P. Q., Canada.