

holy intentions they wish prayers for, whether it be for the living or the repose of the dead. But we do not wish our subscribers to be sending us money to have private or special masses said either for the dead or for the living. Many subscribe to "The Voice" so that their departed friends may have a share in the monthly mass and be prayed for every morning. This is very good and God will bless all those who endeavor to obtain prayers for their departed friends. But we repeat that we promise no special mass for the dead, except in the month of January when we say one for our subscribers departed.

Once more we say mass every month for all our subscribers, let them direct their intentions as they wish. We are asked if the mass is said for the whole family, when one member subscribes, we repeat that the mass is offered for the subscribers only, let them direct their intentions for their family if they wish, all their holy intentions and desires will be recommended to God in that holy mass.

But is it necessary for every member of the family to subscribe? We answer, let them please themselves, Our first object is to encourage good reading and one copy of "The Voice" in a family seems sufficient. Some parents say, "I don't want my child to be without a mass every month for the sake of 25cts. and frequently several members in one family subscribe; we have no objection to this, if they be subscribers mass will be said for them, but we invite them to make good use of the copy of "The Voice". If they do not require it, they would do well to give it to a neighbor.

ON SPRING.

(For "THE VOICE.")

Hail thou serenely gentle Maid,
 Presiding o'er each pleasing glade,
 Fair Queen of emerald bower.
 The withering plants which drooping lay,
 Now raise their heads supremely gay
 With variegated flowers.

Thee each fair plumaged warbler hails,
 Whilst Echo cheers luxuriant vales,
 And shades responsive ring.
 From every spray soft music floats
 And from the mead with heavenly notes
 The warbling Lark takes wing.

The carpet spreading o'er the fields,
 The daisy flood profusely yields
 To flocks and herds around.
 The verdant stem of golden wheat
 Springs from its chilly bed's retreat,
 To deck the nudit ground.