

This month we publish a list of articles to be raffled at the end of June in the Town Hall of Chelsea for the finishing of our church. The building is a new stone church, but the parish is too small and too poor to plaster the ceiling and the cold stone walls. We find it impossible to heat the church in its present condition, and the severe cold we suffered last winter has convinced us of the necessity of plastering it this summer. If any of our kind agents or subscribers could obtain a few throws for us on any of the articles on the list, it would assist us very materially. Among so many kind friends we doubt not but we shall receive lists of names from some; many will send us their own private throw whilst others will regret that they are not able to assist us. We ask to have these names and addresses plainly given. For each name we shall throw ourselves and we shall communicate with the winners. After the raffle we shall offer up a mass for all who have assisted us in our good work.

---

TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

---

[Written for The Voice.]

Hail morning star, Orient light,  
 The hope of Adams' fallen race,  
 But Virgin Mother, honoured queen,  
 An angel styled thee, "full of grace."  
 With thy fair name is sweetly twined,  
 The mystic rose, the heav'nly gate,  
 Whose grandest postals open wide,  
 To rich and poor, nor long to wait.  
 The tiny bark on ocean cast,  
 Sinks 'neath the pressure of the wave,  
 But trusting hearts called on thy name,  
 The oceans' star, the pilot brave.  
 Sweet name, that lingers in each heart,  
 And twines around the very core,  
 When all on earth, looks bleak and dark,  
 And joy seems fled for ever more.  
 Then Mary let me be thy child,  
 To me a mother ever be,  
 To thy protecting arms I'll fly,  
 When storms assail, or threaten me,

Quebec, March 16th, 1882.

JULIA FARLEY.