

The Voice

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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TO OUR READERS.

The year is drawing to a close, and we would remind our subscribers that we wish, as much as possible, all subscriptions to begin and end with the 1st of January. It simplifies matters considerably, and with the exception of a few, we have attained this desirable end. We would therefore request that all would renew their subscription before the 1st of January if possible, and, we would feel very thankful to our kind agents if they would see their subscribers in time. Where there is no agent, any subscriber can send his subscription to ourselves. Subscribers who would obtain a few subscribers for us, would do much to encourage us and to promote the good work. Good Catholics generally subscribe to this work as soon as they well understand it. It is easily understood that at the beginning of the year, we wish to have an idea of the number of papers we will require, so that we may print enough without going to the useless expense of printing too many. As our good subscribers were well pleased last year with the Novena of masses we said for all who had renewed, we promise the same favor again this year. A Novena of masses will be said for all the subscribers of 1882. As yet, it is too early to fix the date, but it will be at the end of the old year, or at the the begiauing of the new. We will make it known in our next number.

As often stated, our great object is to promote good reading amongst

all and to place it within the reach of all. Also to form a grand union of prayer for the increase of faith and the conversion of sinners.

To obtain these ends, we make our paper only 25 cents per annum, and we say mass every month for all who subscribe and pay in advance. In this mass, we ask for all the grace of a happy death and pray for all the intentions of our subscribers. We also say mass in January for subscribers departed.

TO THE SNOW BIRD.

Welcome thou harbinger of snow,
 Thou hater of Summer's glow,
 In gloomy Winter we can see,
 A welcome visitor in thee,
 Deserted by the plumaged race,
 Thou camest to supply their place.

Why didst thou make this long delay,
 From what cold regions didst thou stray?
 They must be chill when thou hast come,
 To seek a more congenial home,
 There to abide and with us share,
 The pleasures of salubrious air.

Here then you may with pleasure rest,
 In early Spring go build your nest,
 And then bring forth your feathered race,
 In some sequestered sylvan place,
 And take them back in proper time,
 To your own chosen frosty clime.

Yet, in each returning year,
 We will be glad to see you here.
 Resting on your snow-clad bed,
 When all the other birds have fled.
 Come with your young, replete with glee,
 And pick sweet crumbs of bread with me.

Why is a fisherman's profits better than others? Because they are all net profits.

Notice.—We have THE VOICE very nicely bound: Three years 1878-'79-'80 in one handsome volume, price 50 cents. Apply to any agent or to ourselves directly.

ST. WINEFRIDE, VIRGIN AND MARTYR.

Her father, whose name was Thevith, was very rich, and one of the prime nobility in the country, being son to Elnith, the chief magistrate, and second man in the kingdom of North Wales, next to the king. Her virtuous parents desired above all things to breed her up in the fear of God, and to preserve her soul untainted amidst the corrupt air of the world. About that time St. Benno, a holy priest and monk, who is said to have been uncle to our saint by the mother, having founded certain religious houses in other places, came and settled in that neighborhood. Thevith rejoiced at his arrival, gave him a spot of ground free from all burden or tribute, to build a church on, and recommended his daughter to be instructed by him in Christian piety. When the holy priest preached to the people, Winefride was placed at his feet, and her tender soul eagerly imbibed his heavenly doctrine, and was wonderfully affected with the great truths which he delivered, or rather which God addressed to her by his mouth. The love of the sovereign and infinite good growing daily in her heart, her affections were quite weaned from all things of this world; and it was her earnest desire to consecrate her virginity by vow to God, and instead of an earthly bridegroom, to choose Jesus Christ for her spouse. Her parents readily gave their consent shedding tears of joy, and thanking God for her holy resolution. She first made a private vow of virginity in the hands of St. Benno; and some time after received the religious veil from him, with certain other pious virgins, in whose company she served God in a small nunnery which her father had built for her, under the direction of St. Benno, near Holy Well. After this, St. Benno returned to the first monastery which he had built at Clunnoch, or Clynog Vaur, about forty miles distant, and there soon after slept in our Lord. His tomb was famous there in the thirteenth century. Leland mentions, that St. Benno founded Clunnoch Vaur, a monastery of white monks, in a place given to him by Guithin, uncle to one of the princes of North Wales. His name occurs in the English Martyrology.

After the death of St. Benno, St. Winefride left the Holy Well, and after putting herself for a short time under the direction of St. Deifer, entered the nunnery of Gutheriu in Den-

highshire, under the direction of a very holy abbot called Elerius, who governed there a double monastery. After the death of the abbess Theonia, St. Winefride was chosen to succeed her. Leland speaks of St. Elerius as follows: "Elerius was anciently, and is at present in esteem among the Welsh. I guess that he studied at the banks of the Elivi where now St. Asaph's stands. He afterwards retired in the deserts. It is most certain that he built a monastery in the vale of Cluide, which was double, and very numerous of both sexes. Among these was the most noble virgin Guenvrede, who had been educated by Benno, and who suffered death, having her head cut off by the furious Caradoc." Leland mentions not the stupendous miracles which Robert of Salop and others relate on that occasion, though in the abstract of her life inserted in an appendix to the fourth volume of the last edition of Leland's Itinerary, she is said to have been raised to life by the prayers of St. Benno. In all monuments and calendars she is styled a martyr; all the accounts we have of her agree that Caradoc, son of Alain, prince of that country, being violently fallen in love with her, gave so far way to his brutish passion that in his rage he one day pursued her, and cut off her head, as she was flying from him to take refuge in the church which St. Benno had built at Holy Well. Robert of Shrewsbury and some others add, that Caradoc was swallowed up by the earth upon the spot; secondly, that in the place where the head fell, the wonderful well which is seen there sprang up, with pebble stones and large parts of the rock in the bottom stained with red streaks, and with moss growing on the sides under the water, which renders a sweet fragrant smell; and thirdly, that the martyr was raised to life by the prayers of St. Benno, and bore ever after the mark of her martyrdom by a red circle on her skin about her neck. If these authors, who lived a long time after these transactions, were by some of their guides led into any mistakes in any of these circumstances, neither the sanctity of the martyr nor the devotion of the place can be hereby made liable to censure. St. Winefrido died on the 22nd of June. The most ancient life of this saint in the Cotronian manuscript, places her death; or rather her burial, at Guthurin, on the 24th of June. The words are: "The place where she lived with the holy virgins was called Guthurin, where sleeping on the eighth before the calends of July, she was buried and rests in the Lord." Her festival was

removed to the 3rd of November, probably on account of some translation; and in 1391, Thomas Arundel, archbishop of Canterbury, with his clergy in convocation assembled, ordered her festival to be kept on that day throughout his province with an office of nine lessons, which is inserted in the Sarum Breviary. The time when this saint lived is not mentioned in any of her lives; most, with Alford and Cressy, think it was about the close of the seventh century. Her relics were translated from Guthurin to Shrewsbury in the year 1138, and deposited with great honor in the church of the Benediction abbey which had been founded there, without the walls, in 1083, by Roger earl of Montgomery. Herbert, abbot of that house, procured the consent of the diocesan, the bishop of Bangor, and caused the translation to be performed with great solemnity, as is related by Robert, then prior of that house, who mentions some miraculous cures performed on that occasion to which he was eye-witness. The shrine of this saint was plundered at the dissolution of monasteries.

Several miracles were wrought through the intercession of this saint at Guthurin, Shrewsbury, and especially Holy Well. To instance some examples: Sir Robert Bodenham, knight of the Bath, after he was abandoned by the ablest physicians and the most famous colleges of that faculty, was cured of a terrible leprosy by bathing in this miraculous fountain, in 1606, upon which he became himself a Catholic, and gave an ample certificate of his wonderful cure, signed by many others. Mrs. Jane Wakeman of Sussex, in 1630, brought to the last extremity by a terrible ulcerated breast, was perfectly healed in one night by bathing thrice in that well, as she and her husband attested. A poor widow of Kidderminster in Worcestershire, had been long lame and bedridden, when she sent a single penny to Holy Well to be given to the first poor body the person should meet with there; and at the very time it was given at the Holy Well, the patient arose in perfect health at Kidderminster. This fact was examined and juridically attested by Mr. James Bridges, who was afterwards sheriff of Worcester, in 1651. Mrs. Mary Newman had been reduced to a skeleton, and to such a decrepit state and lameness that for eighteen years she had not been able to point or set her foot on the ground. She tried all helps in England, France, Portugal; but in vain. At last she was perfectly cured in the very well while she was bathing herself the fifth time. Ro-

ger Whotstone, a quaker near Broomsgrove, by bathing at Holy Well was cured of an inveterate lameness and palsy, by which he was converted to the Catholic faith. Innumerable such instances might be collected. Cardinal Baronius expresses his astonishment at the wonderful cures which the pious bishop of St. Asaph's the popes vicegerent for the episcopal functions at Rcmo related to him as an eye-witness.

A SHORT AND TIMELY SERMON,
PREACHED IN THE CHURCH OF THE PAULIST FATHERS AT
EARLY MASS.

My daughter is even now dead, but come lay Thy hand upon her and she shall live.—MATTHEW, ix., 18-26.

Such was the entreaty made by the ruler to our Lord in to-day's Gospel, and such are the words that the Lord says to us during the month of November, in behalf of the poor souls in Purgatory. These souls have been saved by the Precious Blood, they have been judged by Jesus Christ with a favorable judgment, they are His spouses, His sons and daughters, His children: He cries to us "*My Children* are even now dead, but come, lay your hands upon them and they shall live." What hand is that which our Lord wants us to lay upon His dead children? Brethren, it is the hand of prayer. Now it seems to me that there are three classes of persons who ought to be in a special manner the friends of God's dead children: three classes who ought always to be extending a helping hand to the souls in Purgatory. First the poor; because Holy Souls are poor like yourselves. They have no work, that is to say the day for them is past in which they could work and gain indulgences and merit, the money with which the debt of temporal punishment is paid; for them the "night has come when no man can work" they are willing to work, they are willing to pay for themselves but they cannot, they are "out of work," they are poor, they cannot help themselves. They are suffering as the poor suffer in this world from the heats of Summer and the frosts of Winter. They have no food; they are hungry and thirsty; they are longing for the sweets of Heaven. They are in exile; they have no home; they know there is abundance of food and raiment around them which they cannot themselves buy. It

seems to them that the Winter will never pass, that the Spring will never come; in a word they are poor; they are poor as many of you are poor. They are in worse need than the most destitute among you. Oh, then ye that are poor, help the Holy Souls by your prayers. Secondly the rich ought to be the special friends of those who are in Purgatory, and among the rich we wish to include those who are what people call "comfortably well off." God has given you charge of the poor, you can help them by your alms in this world, so you can in the next. You can have masses said for them; you can say lots of prayers for them because you have plenty of time on your hands. Again remember, many of those who were your equals in this world, who like yourselves had a good supply of this world's goods, have gone to Purgatory because those riches were a snare to them. Riches, my dear friends, have sent many a soul to the place of purification. Oh, then, those of you who are well off, have pity on the poor souls in Purgatory. Offer up a good share of your wealth to have masses said for them. Do some act of charity and offer the merit of it for some soul who was ensnared by riches and who is now paying the penalty in suffering; and spend some considerable portion of your spare time in praying for the souls of the faithful departed.

And lastly, the sinners and those who have been converted from a very sinful life, ought to be the friends of God's dead children. Why? Because, although the souls in Purgatory cannot pray for themselves, they can pray for others, and these prayers are most acceptable to God. Because, too, they are full of gratitude, and they will not forget those who helped them when they shall come before the throne of God. Because sinners, have saddened the Sacred Heart of Jesus by their sins, cannot make a better reparation to it than to hasten the time when He shall embrace these souls that He loves so dearly and has wished for so long. Because sinners have almost always been the means of the sins of others. They have by their bad example, sent others to Purgatory. Ah! then, if they have helped them in, they should help them out.

You, then, that are poor, you that are rich, you that have been great sinners, listen to the voice of Jesus; listen to the plaint of Mary during this month of November: "My children are now dead. Come lay thy prayers up for them and they shall live." Hear mass for the poor souls; supplicate Jesus

and Mary and Joseph in their behalf. Fly to St. Catherine of Genoa and beg her to help them, and many and many a time during the month say with great fervor: "May the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!"

The thought of Purgatory should ever carry with it those two lessons: one of charity, to make us sympathize with our suffering brethren; and one of prudent forethought, to make us careful to preserve great purity of conscience in the full persuasion that no conscious transgression can ever be a matter of slight importance.

The prayers of St. Theresa for the faithful departed were a torment to the enemy of souls. "One year," she says, "on the eve of All Souls, I retired into my oratory to say the Office of the Dead; when a monster frightful to see came and covered up the breviary so that I could not go on reading the prayers. I protected myself by making several signs of the cross, and the evil one left me three times; but scarcely did I attempt to recommence the Psalms when he returned to annoy me and impede me as before. I could not keep him away except by sprinkling the book with holy water and throwing some at him. Then, indeed, he fled in haste and left me free to finish the sacred words. As soon as ever I had ended, it that same instant I beheld some souls coming forth from Purgatory who had only needed for their release that little help in prayer which the envious fiend had made such efforts to hinder."

The origin of many of the curious English tavern signs is explained in *All the Year Round*. What was formerly Boulogne Mouth has become Bull and Mouth; Cœur D'ore [Golden Heart] is now Queer Door; Bachanals has been termed into Bag o' Nails; Peg and Wassail (referring to an old custom) into Pig and Whistle; George Conning into George and Cannon; and God encompassed Us into Goat and Compasses. A gaming house, kept by a Frenchman, bore the sign Pique et Carreau [Spades and Diamonds] which under the next occupant, an Englishman, who didn't understand it, became Pig and Carrots.

THE SCOT ABROAD.

“In the end of last century,” said the old Colonel, “we were going out to join the Turkish service. The most enthusiastic of us all was an Englishman, a jolly, empty-headed, good-natured sort of fellow, who was going out as an interpreter, having somehow picked up a smattering of Turkish, though of Russian and the other languages of Eastern Europe he knew no more than I did. I found out by chance that his ruling passion was an unquenchable hatred for everything Scotch. We encamped at some unpronounceable place on the Danube, with old Suvarov’s grey coats quartered within three miles of us. It was a few days after our glimpse of the enemies *ménage* that the first taste of retribution overtook our friend. We were strolling through the camp with a Turkish officer, whose acquaintance we had made the day before, and the interpreter was abusing the Scotch to his heart’s content, as usual, when, to his utter astonishment [and mine, too, for that matter], Hassan Bey turned upon him, and broke out fiercely, ‘I’ll tell ye what, ma mon, gin ye daur lowse yer tongue upon ma country like that, I’ll gie ye a clot o’ the lug that’ll mak’ it tingle frae this to Hallowe’en!’ You should have seen the Englishman’s face: I think I never saw a man really thunderstruck before. ‘Why, good gracious!’ stammered he at length, ‘I thought you were a Turk!—‘An’ sae I am a Turk the noo, ma braw chiel, retorted the irate Glasgow Mussulman, ‘an’ a better ane than ye’ll ever mak’ forbye; for ye ken nae mair o’ their ways than my faither’s auld leather breeks, that ne’er trawvelled further than just frae Glaisgo to Greenock, an’ back again; but when I gang hame [as I’ll do or lang, if it be God’s wull] I’ll just be Wully Forbes, son o’ Daddy Forbes o’ the Gorbals, for a’ that’s come an’ gane.’ At that moment, as if to add to the effect of this wonderful metamorphosis, a splendidly dressed Hungarian whom I remember to have seen among the Russian officers, called out from the other bank of the stream that separated our outposts from the enemy’s, ‘Wully, mon, there’s a truce the noo, for twa hoors; just come wi’ me, an’ we’ll hae a glass o’ whusky thegither.’ At this second miracle, the interpreter’s face assumed a look of undefined apprehension, wonderful and edifying to behold. ‘Isn’t that fellow a Hungarian?’ said he, in a low, horror-

stricken tone, 'what on earth makes him talk Scotch?—' Perhaps he's got a bad cold,' I suggested. A few days after this, a scouting party of which I had command took a Russian officer prisoner; and in order to cheer him up a bit under this misfortune, I asked him to dine with me, the party being completed by my friend the interpreter. Luckily our prisoner was a good hand at French, of which we both knew enough to go on with; so the conversation went smoothly enough, except that my Englishman, who thought no small beer of himself as a philologist, would keep bringing out scraps of what he imagined to be Russ, making the disconsolate captive grin like a foxtrap, whenever he thought no one was looking at him. At last after we had drunk each other's healths all round, and finished what little wine we had, the Russian called upon me for a song; and as I didn't know any in Russ, I gave him a French one instead, which I had picked up on the voyage out. Then our interpreter followed with an old Latin drinking song [which our new friend seemed perfectly to understand]; and when he had finished turned to the Russian, and said, very politely, 'Won't you oblige us with a song yourself? it ought to go all round.' The Russian bowed, leaned back a little, looked at us both with an indescribable grin, and burst forth in the purest native dialect with *Auld Lang Syne!* From that day there was a marked change in my rollicking companion. All his former joviality disappeared, and a gloomy depression hung over him, broken by constant fits of nervous restlessness, as if he were in perpetual dread of the appearance of some Turkish or Austrian, Greek, or Tartar Scotchman. But all things was a trifle to what was coming. For, about this time, our corps was detached to meet a Russian force under a certain General Tarassoff, who was threatening to fall upon our flank. We fell in with the enemy sooner than we expected, and had some pretty hard skirmishing for two or three weeks, after which an armistice was agreed upon, that the two generals might meet. We were anxious to see Tarassoff after the trouble he had given us; so I and three or four more, [including the interpreter] contrived to be present at the place of meeting. At last he rode up, and the Pasha came forward to receive him. My friend the interpreter looked admiringly at the pair as they approached each other, and was just exclaiming, 'There, thank God, a real Russian and a real Turk, and admirable specimens

of their race too!' when suddenly General Tarassoff and Ibrahim Pasha, after staring at each other for a moment, burst forth simultaneously, 'Eh, Donald Cawnell, are ye here?'—'Lord keep us, Sandy Robertson, can this be you?' I involuntarily glanced at the Englishman. 'I thought as much,' said he, with a calmness more dreadful than any emotion. 'It's all over; flesh and blood can bear it no longer. Turks, Russians, Hungarians, Englishmen—all Scotchmen! It's more than I can bear—I shall go home to England!'

A SENSIBLE YOUNG WOMAN.

In Germany, says the Ave Maria, there is a law requiring those that are to be married to go through the ceremony before a magistrate, in order that the marriage may be recognized by the law. It is only after this has been done that they are to be united in marriage by the priest. This appearance before the magistrate is of no value in the eyes of the Church, but is simply a formality required by the state.

Not long since a Catholic young woman was engaged to be married, and like a good Christian, insisted that the marriage should be performed in the church. As is usual, the couple appeared first before the magistrate, and went through the formalities prescribed by the law. "Now," said the bridegroom, "you are my wife, and you will come home with me."

"Not until our marriage has been blessed by the church," was the reply.

"But my dear, nothing further is necessary. We are now according to the law, man and wife, before the whole world."

"But not before God and His Church. If this is your opinion, you may return home by yourself, I will go home to my parents and stay with them."

This was done, and the girl's parents, who were entirely of her way of thinking, forbade the bridegroom to enter their house, saying their daughter would have nothing to do with a man that did not keep his word. After many useless attempts to alter the decision of his bride, the young man concluded to appear before the priest. The priest listened quietly to all that he had to say, and then answered; "Since you refused to receive the Sacraments and showed that you held them in

slight esteem, you cannot expect me to use my influence with your bride to persuade her to return to you."

"I love her sincerely," was the reply, "and I am truly sorry for having acted as I did. Since she insists upon it, I am ready to be married in the Church."

"Well, I will tell her this, but I doubt very much whether it will be of any use."

Being informed of the wish of the young man, the girl answered quietly but firmly; "I can have no confidence in a man that before marriage has failed to keep so holy a promise even though he is now ready to amend. I fear that he is too cold and indifferent to his religion, and therefore I could not expect a happy life with him." He was therefore put off again, and some weeks passed by, during which he made several attempts at reconciliation. Finally he went again to the priest and begged him to find out whether there was any chance of an adjustment, and what conditions would be required of him. After some hesitation the young woman told the pastor that, "Since the young man was so persevering, she would accept him in marriage, but on condition that for six weeks before hand he would receive instruction in his religion; for I want to be convinced that we are one in faith."

The good priest was edified, but not a little surprised to hear the terms laid down by the girl, but the bridegroom heard them with indignation. "What!" he exclaimed, "am I to be treated as a school-boy? For one in my position and with my education such a condition is degrading. I should become an object of ridicule to everybody."

"My dear sir," answered the priest, "is it then a degradation to visit me? and need any one know why you come! And allow me to remark, it does not by any means seem to be unnecessary for you to learn something more concerning your religion; there are none of us that have not something more to learn. Besides, I shall not treat you as a school-boy: we can do what is required by simple conversation."

Displeased and excited, the young man went away, but after a while he returned and asked for instruction. What he began so reluctantly became daily more agreeable, and after some weeks, thanking the pastor most heartily for the trouble that he had taken, he begged to be admitted to the Sacraments. At last the blessing of the Church was bestowed on the couple. The young man now accompanies his wife to Mass, not only

on Sunday but on week days. In a word, theirs is a Christian and a happy marriage, and the husband candidly acknowledges that all is due to his wife, whom he praises for her firmness and noble faith.

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DOES THE WORLD MISS ANY ONE

Not long. The best and most useful of us will soon be forgotten. Those who to-day are filling a large place in the world's regard will pass away from the remembrance of man in a few months, or at farthest, a few years after the grave has closed upon the remains. We are shedding tears above a new made grave and wildly crying out in our grief that our loss is irreparable; yet in a short time the tendrils of love have entwined around other supports and we no longer miss the one who has gone. So passes the world. But there are those to whom a loss is beyond repair. There are men from whose memories no woman's smile can chase recollections of the sweet face that has given up all its beauty at death's icy touch. There are women whose plighted faith extends beyond the grave, and drives as profane those who would entice them from a worship of their buried love. Such loyalty, however, is hidden away from public gaze. The world sweeps on besides and around them and cares not to look in upon this unobtruding grief. It carves a line and rears a stone over the dead and hastens away to offer homage to the living.

"THE CATHOLIC SHIELD."

This new monthly which is now at its 6th number seems to have taken well with the people; neither can we understand how it could be otherwise. Every number which comes to us is of increased interest and parents as well as pastors, must heartily approve of the masterly way in which it treats the School Question. Our intention was to insert its beautiful article on the Rights of Parents, but we find our space filled up. We trust that many will secure for themselves this October number and not remain unacquainted with such a valuable *Shield* of defense.

The Duke of Manchester has bought 200,000 acres of land in New Zealand.

A German statistician reckons that the world contains inhabitants as follows:—

In Asia.....	834,707,000
In Europe.....	315,929,000
In Africa	205,679,000
In America.....	95,405,000
In Australia—Polynesia.....	4,121,000
In the Polar regions	82,000

Total 1,455,923,000

This is 16,778,000 more than 25 years ago.

THE LATEST PROTESTANT SECT.

The multiplication of religious sects in the West keeps pace with the progress of the age in other industries. One of the latest sects is called "The Dreamers." The persons who compose it consider dreams to be divine revelations, and therefore they shape their actions according to what they think they learn in the silent watches of night. When they dream dreams which they cannot understand they go for explanation to the Chief Dreamer, who is the head of their sect, and who either explains them or pretends to do so. The influence he thus acquires over them is very great, as he becomes acquainted with their inmost personal and family secrets. The sect is not as yet very extensive, but its members make up for the lack of its size and influence by intense ignorance and unquestionable stupidity. It has its headquarters in a small town in Minnesota, to which it will probably be confined.—*New York Sun.*

We request of persons who write to us to be careful to give their exact address in very plain writing. Some are apt to write from different Post Offices, they should acquaint us with this, otherwise it puts us to a considerable trouble. Some put one P. O. at the head of the letter and another at the end. We want the exact Post Office they wish their letters and papers to go to.

OBITUARY.

Since we last went to press, we received the sad, though not unexpected news of the demise of a pious and zealous clergyman. Deceased was the nephew of J. Thomas Duhamel, Bishop of Ottawa, and in the piety and talents of his promising young relative His Lordship could justly pride. During his illness he was the object of fervent prayers, and now that God has seen fit to deprive the diocese of his services, he will not be forgotten by our readers. To understand the loss that the Bishop and diocese have suffered by the death of Rev. Joseph Duhamel, we would invite our readers to procure the October number of *The Catholic Shield*, where this loss is fully appreciated.

PRAYERS REQUESTED.

We ask the prayers of our pious subscribers for the triumph of the Holy Catholic Church, for the conversion of all who are out of the Church and more especially for the following intentions:

True faith, 2; Conversions, 2; Spiritual favors, 3; Temporal favors, 3; Happy death, 10; Special intentions, 2; Departed, 4.

Also for the following subscribers departed.

Lingar, N. S. July 13th 1881, Joseph McPhee.

Kingston, Ont. May 8th 1881, Miss Touser, also August 2nd, Mrs. Hanly, aged 60 years.

Bridge End, Ont. Sept, 5th 1881, Widow Frances McDonald.

Township of Gratton, Aug. 30th 1881, at the age of 30 years, Daniel Redden.

We ask prayers for many intentions very urging that we think not advisable to publish.

We do earnestly request of our readers to say daily the following prayers for intentions recommended in *THE VOICE* and to obtain a happy death. With these prayers and the mass that is offered monthly for the same purpose, we may confidently trust to die happy. God grant it!

PRAYERS.

Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on us.

Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, pray for us.

Our Father and Hail Mary.

PRAYER.

O God, who hast doomed all men to die, but hast concealed from all the hour of their death, grant that I may pass my days in holiness and justice, and that I may deserve to quit this world in the peace of a good conscience, and in the embraces of thy love, through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

Holy patriarch, St. Joseph, who hadst the happiness of dying in the arms of Jesus and Mary, pray for me now and at the hour of my death.

Imprimatur, MARIANOPOLI, Nov. 6, 1878.

† EDWARDUS CAR.

Epis Marianopolitanensis.

“THE VOICE.”

The advantages of subscribing to THE VOICE are considerable.

There is a Mass every month for all subscribers, to obtain for them the grace of a happy death. On this, many seem not to set a sufficient value; but it is certain that nothing is more valuable in this world than a happy death. If, after all the vicissitudes of life and struggles for salvation, God, by the five bleeding wounds of His Son, so often offered for us, grants us the grace of a happy death, of closing our eyes to misery and sin, to open them in the purest bliss, what a blessing!

In this Mass, are also included the intentions made known to us. Besides this, these intentions are prayed for every morning by a priest at the altar, and recommended to the prayers of the pious faithful.

Another Mass is said in the month of January for the repose of the souls of our subscribers departed the foregoing year.

Apart from these precious advantages all receive a monthly magazine in their families, *THE VOICE*, which is only 25 cts. yearly.

What is the object of *THE VOICE*?

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I have a share in all conversions obtained by our joint prayer.

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