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The Voice

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Yearly Subscription in Canaaa and U. States, 25c. ; in Europe, 2 Shilling.

VOL. VI.

CHELSEA, MARCH, 1881.

No. 3.

TO OUR READERS.

We have to congratulate our agents and our subscribers in general for renewing their subscriptions early in the year as we requested of them. To induce them so to do, we promised them a novena of masses beginning on the 31st of January. The number that complied was really astonishing and our mail was daily more numerous till a charitable lady profered her assistance. The heaviest of our correspondence is over now and with a few exceptions we were able to answer without delay. But our great pleasure was to see the faith of our subscribers in hastening to avail themselves of the novena of masses. Scarcely did we ever say mass with more piety and consolation as during these nine days. The thought that we were offering up the unspotted victim to beg of the Almighty to grant a happy death to all our subscribers, and especially to those who labor so faithfully to assist our good work, was really a consolation to us and led us fervently to ask for such graces which may prepare the way for the greatest of all blessings. At the same time we requested of Heaven the special favors that so many of our subscribers and agents were anxious to obtain. These intentions we continue to recommend to God in our daily mass and more especially in the monthly which is said for the same intentions. We trust our subscribers will unite with us in their daily prayers. Would they not be faithful to say three "Hail Marys" daily for the same intentions and occasionally to offer up a communion for the same ends. Who would refuse to pray for a happy death for ourselves and hundreds of others? When a child's heart burdened with affliction asks you to say three "Hail Marys" for his departed paren

or for a parent tied to a bed of suffering, or hardened in vicious habits, could you refuse that assistance? Do you think you will never want the prayers of others? then attend to the prayers that are asked of you.

CHELSEA.

Loved Chelsea thy village in infancy seems
 But through thy fair landscape abundance still teams,
 Thy people are happy altho' they be few,
 Who live on the side of the sweet Gatineau.
 By heavenly zeal on a sudden inspired,
 They raised on thy hill-top a temple admired,
 Thus gave to their children an example sublime,
 And prepared for themselves a dwelling divine.

Fair Gatineau river how sweet 'tis to rest,
 On the green banks which cherish thy chrystalline breast,
 Where numberless fishes through the meases rove,
 And myriads of songsters resound through each grove.
 I love the sweet vale where fair Gatineau flows,
 Ere in Ottawa's bosom she sinks to repose,
 Or mingles her sweetness with his as he moves,
 Through lands which the genius of solitude loves.

Sublime are the Mountains which smile on the plains,
 Inviting the lyrist's ecstasical strains,
 Or the wise Geologist's deep searching eyes,
 Where in Mineral splendor they soar to the skies;
 Serene are the prospective scenes which they yield,
 Throughout the great Prairie's expansive field,
 And over the forests fair emerald sheen,
 And the fields overspangled with flowers through green.

Where culture now smiles 'neath the husbandman's care,
 And the ripening harvests their gold mantles wear,
 And Nature seems pleased o'er the expanse to shine,
 With its luminous rays from the Godhead Divine.
 I love thee sweet Chelsea and long may thy youth
 Be renowned for their virtues their honor and truth,
 The married be pure and be constant in love,
 Until reunited in Realms above.

T. B.

:o:

'How many deaths?' asked the hospital physician while going his rounds. 'Nine.' 'Why, I ordered medicin for ten.'
 Yes, but one wouldn't take it.'

ENGLAND'S HESITATION BETWEEN TWO MASTERS.

CARDINAL MANNING ON THE ENGLISH MARTYRS—A VERY ELO- QUENT SERMON.

From a somewhat imperfect report of the dedication of the English Martyrs in Tower Hill, we take the following sketch of Cardinal Manning's sermon:

Cardinal Manning delivered the opening sermon, taking for his text the words, "No man can serve two masters." His Eminence asked his hearers to consider what England was when the royalties of Jesus Christ were recognized and obeyed in the reign of the last king who was sainted and canonized Edward the Confessor. England recognized the supreme sway of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, and for generations afterwards the people, opposed by their tyrannous masters, lifted up their hands, praying and petitioning for the restoration of the laws of the good King Edward. In his reign England served its Divine Master, but there came a time when the conqueror, the founder of another monarchy, entered in with all the rude power of war and all the domination of an absolute will. From that period down to three hundred years ago England was always in conflict, and always hesitating in her choice between the Divine Master and the human master. Four names stood out like historical lights: the first was St. Anselm, who was banished for years because he upheld the freedom of the election of bishops and pastors of the Church. The second was Stephen Langton, who, maintaining the liberty of the Church, suffered exile in like manner rather than obey a royal master who demanded things in heaven. Thirdly, there was the name of him whom he did not hesitate to call the greatest of Englishmen, St. Thomas of Canterbury, who, having to choose between two masters—one human the other Divine—chose the latter, and won the crown of martyrdom. The conflict was carried on by St. Edmund, who boldly upheld the liberty of the Church. In that liberty was contained the purity of the faith, the administration of the holy sacraments, the power of the keys, and the ultimate authority over the souls of men. He would not dwell on the history of that which followed during the great period of the splendor of the English monarchy, when the supreme power, both human and Divine, seemed to be in harmony, although in reality

there was a conflict of tribunal against tribunal and authority against authority, until the whole of that period, like the time which preceded it, was summed up in one man, whose name and character might be said to be a complete epitome of the rebellion of the royal will against the royalties of Jesus Christ. It was almost useless for him to say it was Henry VIII, who bore the name of the king under whom St. Thomas of Canterbury won his crown of martyrdom. One Act of Parliament, passed in subservience to the royal will and unsupported by the will of the English people, transferred the supreme jurisdiction of the Vicar of Christ to the crown of England. He would now briefly touch upon the history of Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More. Two more beautiful characters had never passed over the history of England. John Fisher, born under the shadows of the minster of St. John of Beverly, bore that saint's name. He was a man of mature culture and intellect, of high and aspiring theological knowledge—a light of the University of Cambridge—a man who promoted true research and literary science, and therefore, one whom the world was compelled to admire. John Fisher was made Bishop of Rochester in the full vigor of life, and for thirty years he ruled over his flock with the humility and the charity of the Good Shepherd. He was the first victim, and for what reason? Because he would not consent to the divorce of a lawful queen from her lawful husband, and because he refused to take an oath rejecting the supreme jurisdiction of the Vicar of Jesus Christ. When all his colleagues banded themselves together to support the royal will, John Fisher alone, with his apostolic authority, spoke on behalf of the queen against the supreme tyranny of her husband. After this he was summoned before the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the oath was tendered to him, but he absolutely refused to take it. Again and again he was tempted. Privy councillors came around about him, and strove to argue him out of his conviction, and he said, "Answer me one question, and I will accept what you state. 'What shall it gain a man if he get the whole world and lose his own soul?'" With the bishops who ought to have stood by him he did not argue, but he rebuked them, appealing to their consciences. He said to them: "It is you whom I am defending, and yet you come to try to make me swerve." After that he was told, for the purpose of undermining his constancy, that Sir Thomas More, his fellow prisoner in the Tower, had taken the oath, and had submitted. Fisher did not believe the state-

ment, and though for a time it caused him terrible perplexity, he stood firm in the confidence that the uprightness of that man would not give way. The last hours of John Fisher were beautiful, and reminded us of our Divine Master. When the time came for his execution, the news arrived late at night, and he was already asleep. The governor of the Tower, who had a human heart, would not awake him at the time, but he awoke him at five o'clock, and told him that the royal will was that he should suffer that day. "Then suffer me to sleep a little," said the bishop, and he fell asleep again like a child with eternity before him. After a refreshing sleep of innocence he was roused to dress himself for martyrdom, and as he went to the place of execution he carried with him the New Testament. Leaning in feebleness against the wall, he lifted up this prayer to God, "Give me some word that may be my strength." Opening the book, he read the words, "I have glorified Thee upon earth; I have finished the work that Thou gavest Me to do, and now glorify Me." In the strength of these words he mounted the scaffold, and, as he stood there, the light of the morning sun broke out full upon his face, and turning to the people he said, "Draw ye near to me and be illuminated, and your face shall not be confounded." Thus did John Fisher win his crown. Then came the next noblest martyrs of England—one like to St. Thomas of Canterbury not only in the name he bore, but in his office of Lord High Chancellor. The last hours of Sir Thomas More, like those of Bishop Fisher, were glorious, beautiful, noble in faith, and as noble in humility. Fisher suffered on this very day [June 22] the feast of St. Alban, the first martyr of England, and on the eve of St. John the Baptist, his patron saint, who in like manner was beheaded because he withstood a tyrant in the matter of an unlawful marriage. Thomas More received his martyr's crown on the eve of the festival of the translation of St. Thomas of Canterbury, his great example, pattern, and prototype, and on the octave of SS. Peter and Paul. The cause of heresy triumphed in Henry the VIII, the result being the transfer of all supreme jurisdiction to the will of English kings, followed by the immediate isolation of England from the unity of the Catholic world. What did we see to-day? The whole English people, save only a remnant, were separated from the Church of Jesus Christ. Moreover, one half the people were separated even from the royal religion which the will of the Sovereign set up. England had prospered in this

world marvellously, and beyond all example; but what was its spiritual state? Where was the unity of worship? where was the unity of God? where was the sweet name of Jesus? where was the love and veneration due to His blessed Mother? In fact the royal will had made England pagan by the establishment of its supremacy in matters spiritual; and after all what had become of the supremacy? Ireland had never acknowledged it, and had maintained with great integrity those fragments of the Christian Church and faith which it did not destroy, and even England never accepted it. It was forced upon the country, and it was never the will of the English to transfer this allegiance from the Divine Master to a human sovereign. The Catholic Church in England, Ireland and Scotland was a compact unity in faith, worship, discipline, and subjection to the Holy See, as it was when St Augustine, the monk, founded it in the beginning, and as it was when the noble martyrs, to whom he had been referring won their glorious crown. His Eminence concluded by expressing his heartfelt hope that the eyes of the English people might be opened and that they might be brought from the darkness of heresy into the light of true faith.

‘Edward, you disobeyed your grandmother, who told you just now not to jump down these steps.’ ‘Grandma didn’t tell us not to, papa. She only came to the door and said, ‘I wouldn’t jump down those steps, boys;’ and I shouldn’t think she would an old lady like her.’

A very modest young lady, who wanted a pair of garters: ‘It is my desire to obtain a pair of circular elastic appendages capable of being contracted or expanded by means of oscillated burnished steel appliances, that sparkle like particles of gold leaf set with diamonds, and which are utilized for retaining in proper position the habiliments of the lower extremities, which innate delicacy forbids me to mention.’

So many societies for the promotion of things are established that Johnie wants to know why somebody doesn’t get up a society for the promotion of boys in schools, without making them study so.

A TRUE STORY.

SCOTCH MARGARET'S VOCATION TO THE FAITH.

From the London Catholic Progress.

Perhaps the chief interest of this true story is in its being only one of a large class. Very likely many of my readers may think of others they know of in their own experience of the same kind, for the Catholic Church is above all the church of the poor, and makes its chief progress among the poor.

Well, then, about forty years since two mill girls were returning from their work on Saturday afternoon, in a town in North Britain. One said to the other, 'Where do you go to church, on Sundays?' 'Oh, I go to the Established church,' was the answer; 'where do you go?' 'I go to the Catholic chapel!' replied the first. 'The Catholic chapel!' replied Margaret L——, who, however, when her astonishment had subsided, was talked around by her 'comrade,' as they say there, to draw lots to see to which place of worship the two should go the next day. We must hope the Catholic girl intended to hear an early mass. However, it fell out that they were both to go to the Catholic chapel. But Mgt. could make nothing of it; she could not follow, though her comrade kept pointing to the place in the book where the priest had got to. The preacher was not the one whom her comrade hoped for, and Margaret left the Catholic chapel with no favorable intentions.

The following Wednesday, returning from work with her comrade, sooner than usual, her friend said, 'I must now go this way.' 'What's that for?' asked Margaret. 'To chapel,' she replied. 'To chapel!' exclaimed Margaret. The Scotch do not understand going to church or chapel except on the Sabbath. 'What's to do at the chapel?' asked Margaret. 'Instructions,' said her comrade. 'Could I go to?' 'O aye,' and they went to the chapel. 'When we got to the chapel,' said Margaret, 'I saw a lot o' lads on one han' and a lot o' lassies on the other, and Father Peter F—— was on a chair within the altar rails, and he had a long wand in his han', and if any o' them sleepit, he tabbit them on the head wi' the wand.' They were lads and lassies tired after the day's work, sent by negligent parents to mills and foundries before they had made their First Communion. Father Peter was a grand old priest, with a big head, and perhaps a bigger heart: very like the portraits of St. Vincent of Paul, but handsomer, always brave, hearty

and kindly. 'Well,' said Margaret, 'Father Peter was giving an instruction on sin, and he held up a sheet of paper, and it had big black spots on it and wee anes; and then he said how that mortal sin was on our souls as the big black spots, and the venial sins as the wee anes; and then he said how that nothing could wash the black spots off our souls but only the blood of Jesus Christ. And when the instruction was done he came and stood by the door, and he spoke to every one. And when he saw me he said, 'Why, this is a stranger!' says he, and 'Yes, sir,' said I; for,' with a look implying she knew better manners now than to call a priest sir. 'I did na ken how to reverence him then. And as I went home that night and as I lay my head on my pillow, and as I went to work the next day, and at every turn and corner, I was aye thinking how to get the black spots off my soul.'

She got then to Father Peter's schoolroom among Catholic girls, and was soon received into the church. She brought home her wages, slept and ate at home, but no one in the house spoke to her. After some months her mother fell sick, and was dying, and many of the relations came to the house: they were all in the room with the sick woman. Margaret was in another room alone. She knelt down and prayed that her mother's soul might not be lost; she offered her life to God, if that would save her mother's soul. 'If I had aye prayed like that,' she said, 'I should be a saint noo; and as I was praying,' she added, with a look and manner of the most clear, fervent conviction, 'I was told to go and fetch Father Peter. I started up; I went into the room where they all were; I had to push my sister aside to get my shoes; they were under the bed, and I was most afeared to touch her, for that morning she had taken me by the hair and dashed my head against the fireplace. I ran, and as I crossed the bridge, I thought may be he's in the schoolroom.' (This would save her a mile.) 'Everything favored me. I found him there, and said, 'Father Peter, you must come to my mother—she's dying.' 'But did she send for me, Margaret?' 'No; but you must come, or my mother's soul will be lost.' 'Is any one in the house?' 'Aye, the house is fu' of people, but you must come.' 'Well, I'll be there in twenty minutes.' I went back home, and waited for him at the foot o' the stair.

He was as good as his word, and we walked into the room together. And then Father Peter said, looking round, 'Now all you folk mun go out.' 'Nay, sir,' said my aunt, 'I think

it more fitting that we should stay and see what you want to do wi' my sister.' He did na' speak for a wee, and then said, 'Margaret have you a father?' I said, 'Aye, and there he is,' so he walked up to my father and said.

'Now you must go out, and take all these folk wi' you.' My father didna like to rebel, and he walked out, and they a' followed, but he bid me stay; and aye, ye should hae heard their remarks through the door. Says one, 'What's he keeping Meg in wi' him fa'?' 'Och,' said another, 'dinna ye ken she's a cat o' his kind noo?' Well, he spoke to my mother, and she believed every word he said. I stood in the corner wi' my fingers in my ears while he heard her confession. I held the basin while he baptized her. He had the Blsssed Sacrament with him and he gave her Holy Communion. I turned her head, held her hands and uncovered her feet while he anointed her and when he was finished he bade me open the door, and they all rushed in like a pack o' wolves. 'Now,' said my aunt to my mother, 'ye may die o' starvation, for ye'll get no more to eat or drink till ye dee.' Then Father Peter asked me if there was any wine in the house, but I was so strange in the house I did na' ken, so he gave me a shilling to get some wine, and he gave it her wi' his ain han,' and said, 'That's to show you that it's a Protestant lie. The woman's to have what she can eat or drink while she can take it.'

'Well, I had to go to my work, and didna' like leaving my mother with Protestants. One evening I was alone wi' her, and I said, 'Now, mother, you'll not go back from what Father Peter told you?' She said, 'No, wean, I'll no go back noo; I'm quite content noo;' and then she said, 'Wean, d'ye see yon man and yon woman at the foot of the bed?' and I said, 'No, mother, there's no man and no woman,' and she said, 'Aye, wean, they've been there a' the day;' but, said I 'But, who is the man, and who is the woman?' and my mother said, 'The Man's my Saviour, and the woman's waiting to take my soul when I see; and as my mother spake, she closed her ain een and dee'd. In a day or two I heard them speaking about a clergyman to come and say a prayer over my mother, but I was bold then, and knelt on the floor, saying my beads, with a Catholic woman who lived on the stair, I turned around and said, 'Ye need na trouble about a clergyman to say a prayer, and I got up and went to Father Peter and again I found him in the schoolroom, and when I told him, he looked up a wee and said, 'Weel, Margaret, your mother's soul's in

heaven, but I'll come and say a bit prayer over her.' And so he came, and no other gentleman said any prayer over my mother, but only Father Peter.'

Margaret married a good Catholic man, and some years after her father came to her and said, 'Weel, Margaret, you saved your mother's soul, you must save mine too.' She had great difficulty in getting a priest to instruct him, and thought she could not do it herself. Her father was received into the Church and died. Margaret lived on, the edification of her neighbors. She did much to get negligent Catholics to practice their religion, and helped some Protestants into the church. If she had a fault, it was perhaps over-indulgence to her children. She did something in her day to help on her religion.
Requiescat in pace.

FATHER HENDRICK VAN DOORNE, a Belgian priest supplies the following history of the "Hail Mary" to the *London Tablet*:

So much has been written and discussed lately about "our Lord" and "the Lord" in the "Hail Mary" that people are very nearly getting tired, I should say. I am not going to interfere in these so ably conducted polemics, but if I might venture one idea I would suggest "that daily in our discussions with Protestants we defend the 'Hail Mary,' making a strong point of the fact that, after all, it is a Scriptural prayer." The first part (barring the names of "Mary" after the "Hail" and the concluding "Jesus") is, word for word the exact letter of the Scriptures, and for the second part the Church has only made use of expressions every one of which can be referred to the Holy Writ.

It would seem to me that whatever may have been the old custom and old associations of a country or countries there is nothing like unity with the universal practice in that church one of whose principal marks is Universality or Catholicity. The universal Scriptures use the "Ho Kurios," and why not universally conform to that.

My object to-day, *a propos* of the "Hail Mary," is to give a historical sketch of that consoling prayer as I find it last week in a very interesting little Flemish periodical, "Rond den Heerd,"

"We do not find the 'Hail Mary' in the form in which we now recite it until 1515. In its origin it simply consisted of

the words of the angel and of St. Elizabeth.

"Pope Gregory the Great (590,604) ordered that primitive Hail Mary to be said at the Offertory of the Mass of the Fourth Sunday in Advent, and there we find it as follows: *Ave Maria gratia plena, Dominus tecum Benedicta tu in mulieribus et benedictus fructus ventris tui*"—Hail Mary full of grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou amongst women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb."

In the thirteenth century already it was, according to Durandus recited after the "Our Father" before the "Officium divinum" or the priest's office.

Pope Urban IV in 1262 added the name of 'Jesus' after the Scriptural sentence, as the devotion of the faithful had introduced the name 'Mary' after the first greeting.

In 1508 we begin to find the addition "Holy Mary, pray for us sinners, Amen," and the Franciscans (see their Breviary published in 1515) enriched it with the last part: "now and at the hour of our death."

A few years later Pope Pius V. showed his approbation of the prayer, as we now have it, by allowing its insertion in the Roman Breviary.

The Greek Church has used the words of the Angel Gabriel and St. Elizabeth in her rituals from the earliest days of SS. James and Basil, and boasts on having received the addition "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners," as early as the Council of Ephesus in the beginning of the fifth century.

It is an undeniable fact that they had the "Hail Mary" almost as complete as we have it now as early as 647.

St. Severus, Patriarch of Alexandria, wrote it in his formula of the Sacrament of Baptism in the following manner: "Peace be to thee, Mary full of Grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou amongst woman, and blessed the fruit that is in thy womb, Jesus Christ. Holy Mary Mother of God, pray for us. I say, sinners, Amen."

It was thereabouts in that form that Saint Ildefonsus, Bishop of Toledo, knew the 'Hail Mary' about 900 years ago. Still the Western Church did not accept it as a general prayer until the eighth century; and from those days, viz, the time of the Crusades, it became the custom to say the Hail Mary every morning and night at the sound of the church bells, as Aarnout Wyon tells us in his book *Lignum Vitæ*.

We all know the decree of Pope Urban II., 1090, whereby he ordained that from that day the army of the Crusades

started the church bells should ring three knells morning and night to warn the faithful to that prayer.

There exists also a document from Eudes de Sully, Bishop of Paris, 1195, by which he urges upon his priests that they should see that the people know and recite the "Hail Mary."

From those days forward, the sweet Hail Mary became the universal prayer of the Christian world.

Saint Bonaventure, at the General Chapter of the Franciscans, held at Pisa in 1262, ordered his religious to encourage the faithful in honoring the mystery of the Incarnation, by saying three times the 'Hail Mary,' at the sound of the church bells towards evening. Hence the ringing of the Angelus bell which from that date became law with the Franciscan community.

On the 13th October, 1318, Pope John XXII, issued a Bull at Avignon, by which he indulgenced this pious practice. But the Indulgences which are now attached to this devotion were not given until 14th September, 1724, when Pope Benedict XIII., granted them by the Brief "Injuncta Nobis.

AD. D.

There is an apostolate of good example, according to the admonition of Christ: "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your father who is in heaven." The force of good example we see by casting a glance at the behavior of the confessors of the early times of Christianity. Pliny and other profane writers of that period testify how greatly the heathens were astonished at beholding the pure life of the first Christians. "What religion must that be," they said, "that endows men with strength to live so perfect a life, in the practice of the most noble virtues! They examined and believed.

Gentlemen, let all who call themselves Catholics really live a Catholic life, and the people will soon open their eyes and recognize the truth of the Catholic faith. Especially would that be the case if all the Catholics lived so pure and virtuous a life in the midst of the corrupt morals which in these days overwhelm the world.

Mamma to Isabel (four years of age) who is rather unmercifully teasing the kitten—"Isabel, my child, you must not do so. I don't like to see it." "Well, don't look, mamma.

THE PAPACY.

Amongst the Sovereign pontiffs, who, from St. Peter have governed the church of God on earth, we find 74 canonized: 31 martyr's and 43 confessors. St. Agathon whose pontificate took place at the end of the seventh century, has been the only centurian pope and, after St. Peter, the only one who realized the title of thaumaturgus. St. Agathon died at the age of 107 years. The popes have been taken from all ranks and stages of society; and though many were of noble origin and wealthy, others started from obscurity to arrive at the highest honors. Sixtus IV. was a fisherman's son, Alexander V. was born of poor parents and obliged to beg his bread from door to door during his first years.

Adrian IV. was the only English pope. He was forsaken by his father and lived on alms, till passing into France, he became a servant in a convent; whence thanks to his virtues and talents, he ascended the ladder of dignities. Sixtus V. was the son of a simple laborer, his mother was a servant and his sister a laundress. St. Celistin V. was also the son a laborer.

Benedictus XI was a baker's son. Urbain IV. a shoemaker's son, Gregory VII. a carpenter's son. Five popes studied medicine before their ordination. The father of Paul V. was a patrician of Sienna, likewise Eugene IV., Gregory XII, and Alexander VII. belonged to patrician families of Venice. Thus every condition in life has, by the ruling of Divine Providence, given to the church its pontiff, who received from above his primacy, his authority and power.

Amongst all earthly rulers, there is undoubtedly none, who, independently of God, commands the respect of his subjects and exercises over them that authority by which they stand. No one however claims to hold, nor indeed does hold, the place of Jesus Christ. No one is the representative of His sacred person, or continues the work founded by his own hands; no one therefore can come near the level of the pontifical primacy.

Were it only for the honor of continuing the most ancient and the most venerable of dynasties, who could enter into comparison with the papal dignity? Is there an empire more extensive, a foundation better tested than the Catholic Church?

THE FATHER.

He was appointed head of the family. He may rule by love, but it is his duty to rule; and to him as the monarch of that little state, must be the last appeal. Hence he appears before his children invested with authority—that divinely appointed representative of law; and if he worthily sways the sceptre over his little realm, he develops in his children some of the most desirable traits of character. If the sympathies and affections of children should be developed, as should their spirit of obedience to rightful authority, it is his duty to develop that spirit. It is undoubtedly desirable to raise the mother's authority, to the highest degree; and when the father is what he should be, and does what he should do, she stands invested, in the eyes of her children, with a power combining an indirect reverence for the father, who appears only to sustain the maternal rule, with direct obedience to her own gentle fondness.—*Miss Whittelsey.*

It was not the bishops and priests alone who converted the Roman Empire to Christianity, for bishops and priests were compelled to live in seclusion on account of the persecutions that raged especially against the clergy. They were less engaged in converting the heathen than in taking care of the faithful and administering to them the means of salvation. But every layman among the Christians during the first centuries was a missionary, an apostle in his station and sphere, and Peter had good reason to call the Christians of that period a priestly people.

Such men, truly apostolic Catholic laymen, America needs in our day to secure the triumph of the Church.

—:O:—

AGENT'S LISTS FOR 1881.

Mr. Philip Hennessy, Boston Mass. Mrs. M. A. Dumas, Chatham, Ont. 18 Joseph Cassidy, Burleigh Falls Ont. 11 Mrs. P. Devreux, Jackatt River N B. 11 Lizzie Warner, Halifax N S. 18 M. Pelissier, Pelissier Que. 10 Catherine Costello, Renfrew Ont. 8 Annie Burke, Cantly Que. 8 Anastasia Cooney, Bridgeport N B. 29 Daniel McCarthy, Black Point N B. 12 Joseph McDonald, New York. 24 Mrs. M. Driscoll, Matilda On. 20 Miss Cath. Lavin, Manotick Ont. 28 John Lundy, Prescott Ont. 17 Rgt. Rev. Monsignor Bruyere, London Ont. 20 Eliza Hartigan, Marthaville Ont. 8 Bertie McCann, Tweed Ont. 6 Daniel Desmond, N. Sydney N S. 40 Mary Laughran, Quebec. 56 Maggie Kelly, Oswego N Y. 20 Annie Chisholm, Lismore N S. 20 Ellen Car-

son, Stoko Ont. 20 Mrs. P. Doran, Pembroke Ont. 80 Mary Ryan,
 Knowlton Que. 9 Susan J. McGannon, Morrisburg Ont. 8 Mrs. B. Ben-
 nett, Courtright Ont. 6 Kate Foran, Douglas Ont. 8 Mrs. Jane McNeill
 Moncton N B. 12 Annie Slavin, Kingston Ont. 20 Donald McDonell,
 St. Raphaels Ont. 34 William Ferguson, Tracadie N B. 6 Kate Mc-
 Donald, South Branch Ont. 11 Mrs. B. McNaughton, Coaticook Que. 8
 Thomas Burke, Pickering Ont. 14 John Quail, Monkland Ont. 28 Tho.
 Bird, Westport Ont 9 George Bell, Halifax N S. 40 Rev. Sister Ceci-
 lia, Charlottetown P. E. I. 17 Miss Mary Power, Charlottetown P. E. I.
 39 Mrs. Mary Diggdon, Crow Harbour N S. 7 Angus McFarlane, St.
 Andrews N S. 39 Mr. Archibald McDonald, Little Glace Bay N S. 16.
 Mrs. McGaughran, Paterson N J. 20 Toronto, Ont. Miss Mary Cum-
 mins, 16. Julia Ryan, 8 Hannah Walsh, Cornwall P. E. I. 6 Ellen Do-
 herty, Renfrew Ont. 20 Annie Brandon, Brooklyn N Y. 5 M. A. An-
 derson, Kingston Ont. 40 Miss B. Roe, Toronto Ont. 16 Mrs. P. Dris-
 coll, Merrickville Ont. 18 James O'Neill, Danville Que. 10 Mrs S. M.
 McGannon, Cardinal Ont. 5 Chelsea, Que. Ellen Edmonds, 12, Miss
 Murphy, 18 Mrs. John Savage, Prescott Ont. 74 Montreal, Que. Wm.
 Turner. 80. Rachael Paterson, 21. Theresa McCreedy, 25. Lilly Wood,
 5. Annie Doolan, 5. Miss Foley, 11. Mary Toner, 7. M. A. Cahill,
 12. Mrs. Gay, 37. Libbie Melmouth, 5. Cath. Ryan, 36

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, 4; Conversions, 6; Spiritual favors, 5; Temporal fa-
 vors, 24; Happy death, 8; Special intentions, 6; Departed, 10.

Also for the following subscribers departed.

Matilda, Ont. Mrs Francis McCormick and Mr. John McHully.

Carleton Place, Ont. 27th December 1880, Mrs. Lawrence Girouard.

Carleton Place, Ont. 26th of April 1880, Dolan Girouard.

North Sydney, N. S. Mrs. Danial Desmone, Christie McGelvels and
 John McNeil.

Toronto, Ont. 19th October 1880, Inspector Cummins.

South River N. S. June 1880, Angus McLean.

St. Michael, Que. Mrs Drolet.

Hastings, Ont. 11th October 1880, Edward Wm. Oakes.

Douglas, Ont. 20th January 1881, John J. Foran, aged 16 years.

Mount St. Patrick, Ont. 25th May 1878, at the age of 53 years, Mar-
 garet Mulvihill, wife of Cornelius Hunt of the same place.

Tracadie, 3rd October 1880, Catherine Connor, aged 46 years. She
 was a native of County Carlow, Ireland, and much respected for her cha-
 rities and many good works.

Huntingdon, Que. January 16th 1881, Mrs. Tagan.

Halifax, N. S. December 1880, Mrs. Ellen Cline.

Lancaster. Ont. October 1880, Mrs. St. John.

Prescott, Ont. Mrs. Ann O'Connor.

“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, grant 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.

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We answer, it is chiefly the conversion of Protestants to the true faith; this has ever been the great object of all our desires since we were brought to the church ourselves by God's grace. We have already found, by the experience of 30 years, that the most powerful means to bring Protestants to the church is prayer and instruction, prayer especially. Now *THE VOICE* furnishes the means of imparting instruction and of begging prayers. We make it cheap, so that no one may say that we are looking for money, and that we may reach a larger number and obtain more prayers.

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I am remembered in the Mass every morning.

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

After my death, it will be a great relief to my soul to have a Mass at the beginning of the New Year.

All who have not paid their subscription since the 1st of January are requested to do so. It may be sent in postage stamps if there be no local agent.

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