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The Voice.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Yearly Subscription in Canada and U.-States, 25c. ; in Europe, 3 Shillings.

VOL. VII. CHELSEA, DECEMBER, 1882. No. 12.

TO OUR READERS.

We would again remind our subscribers that we wish, as much as possible, all subscriptions to begin and end with the first of January. It simplifies matters considerably, and saves much expense. We would, therefore, request that all would renew their subscriptions before the first of January, and we would feel very thankful to our kind agents if they would see their subscribers in time. Where there is no agent, subscribers can send their subscription to ourselves. Subscribers who would obtain a few members for us would do much to encourage us and promote the good work. Good Catholics generally subscribe to *The Voice* as soon as they understand its nature and advantages. A *novena* of masses will be said for all subscribers for 1883. This *novena* will begin on the 30th or 31st of January, and all who will have paid for 1883 before that date will benefit by it.

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

In the mass we say monthly, and in the *novena* of masses, our

main intention is to ask the grace of a happy death for all our subscribers, and to pray for all their intentions. We also say a mass in January for all our subscribers departed.

We earnestly recommend the daily recital of the prayers on the second last page of *The Voice*.

CHRISTMAS HYMN

TO THE INFANT JESUS.

(Written for THE VOICE.)

Rejoice ! rejoice ! ye heav'ns and earth,
 And sweet hosannas sing,
 Rejoice ! rejoice ! with one accord,
 To praise our new-born King !

What though no laurel decks His brow,
 Nor vassals on Him wait,
 Nor gaudy herald proclaims aloud
 To man his ransomed state ?
 See in the heav'ns a joyous band,
 Tune sweetly golden lyres,
 And angel voices warble forth
 Glad hymns from heav'nly choirs.

CHORUS—Rejoice ! rejoice ! &c.

The silent moon her vigil keeps,
 The clust'ring stars shine forth,
 The atmosphere is full of love,
 A peace reigns o'er the earth.
 The gates of heav'n are open wide
 And angels bright descend,
 A brilliant star lights up the sky,
 What does it all portend ?

CHO.—Rejoice ! rejoice ! &c.

To simple shepherds keeping watch
 An angel first appears,
 And greetings kind, and words of peace
 Fall gently on their ears—
 "O ! glory be to God on high,
 And peace to man on earth,
 Glad tidings unto you I bring
 Of Christ the Saviour's birth !"

CHO.—Rejoice ! rejoice ! &c.

“ And go ye forth ! ” the angel cries,
 “ To Bethlehem haste away ;
 Adore the Saviour in His crib,
 To him your homage pay ;
 O ! tarry not, for even now
 Wise men have seen the star,
 With presents for the new-born King,
 They travel from afar.”

CHO.—Rejoice ! rejoice ! &c.

And still this song of praise goes on,
 Though centuries have flown,
 Throughout this earth, from pole to pole,
 The Infant Saviour's known.
 And at the solemn midnight hour,
 An act of love is given,
 And grateful hearts adore and praise
 The God of earth and heaven.

CHO.—Rejoice ! rejoice ! &c.

JULIA FARLEY.

QUEBEC, Oct. 14, 1882.

Europe in 1848.

IRELAND.

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

(For THE VOICE.)

In the October number we saw how France and Italy were shaken by the volcanic shocks of an almost universal revolution. The influence of that effort extended over the whole political world, and, above all, had a most powerful effect in Ireland. In order to understand the rebellion in Ireland we should cast a glance over the pages of her history. Often and often has that history been told, those misfortunes depicted, those sufferings painted ; but Denis Florence McCarthy, in his opening stanza of the “ Bell Founder,” gives it all in four lines :

“ Oh ! Erin, thou desolate mother, the heart in thy bosom is sore,
 And wringing thy hands in despair, thou dost roam round thy plague-
 stricken shore ;
 Thy children are dying or flying, thy great ones are laid in the dust,
 And those who survive are divided, and those who control are unjust.”

There is the true position of the country up to the year 1848

or 1843. It was then that Davis conceived the grand maxim, "Educate that you may be free," and with his companions, Dillion and Duffy, resolved to put it into execution. They established the *Nation*, and with the pens of McCarthy, Mangan, Dowling, McDermott, McGee, Williams and a host of other young men, they commenced to instruct the people in their duties, and to direct them along the highway to national freedom. Soon the smile removed the tear, the shadows (altho' not wholly vanished) were golden, like the flush of the dawn upon the eastern hills; through the clouds of ages silver shafts of light were piercing, and the wail of sorrow was replaced by the chant of hope.

In 1845 Davis was called from his labor of love to his early and lamented grave in Mount Jerome—yet the *Nation* continued to flourish and instruct. The mind of the public became gradually more enlightened, and slowly but surely the spirit of liberty walked forth, from place to place, until the hills, the vales, the round towers, the streams, the very atmosphere itself became filled with its influences. A few years rolled on, and the great movements on the Continent began to stir the sleeping people from their slumber of years, and a new and fresh cause at that moment sprang up in Ireland to push them on to a grand effort.

As Meagher so graphically describes it: "From the winter of 1846 to the summer of 1848 the wing of an avenging angel swept the sky and soil; the fruits died as the shadow passed and men who had nurtured them into life saw, in the withered leaves, that they too must die, and dying swell the red catalogue of carnage which was the stay and support of that empire of which they were the prosecuted foes. And all this time they were battalioned into faction, drilled into disunion, striking each other above the graves that yawned beneath them, instead of joining hands above them and snatching victory from Death."

The men of the country saw that their only salvation was in union. It was then that William Smith O'Brien, Thomas Francis Meagher, Patrick O'Donoghue, Michael Doheny, John O'Mahony, Terrence Bellew MacManus, John Martin, John Mitchell and a host of others joined hands and offered their services to the country of their birth, their hopes and their love. We might say that the famine of 1847 was the grand cause of this "rising of the clans." It was then that the first idea of "Home Rule" being possible came into existence. The chiefs and the people walked forth to the conquest of what they considered their inalienable

rights. However, the whole rebellion may be said to have terminated in the sentence passed on Meagher and O'Brien in the Clonmel dock in 1848.

Fired with the spirit of European independence, and stirred into action by the rapidity of the times, these banded patriots struck for a high stake. They failed, it is true; but like Napoleon, whose Egyptian defeat only confirmed his power, failure only helped the success of their plans for the future—for truly out of the movement of 1848 sprang the grand struggle of to-day for Home Rule.

Thus it was that Ireland joined in with the other peoples of Europe in that great universal movement for independence and liberty. But the cause of Ireland's movement was not the same cause as that of France and Italy and other European states. They depended upon anarchy and atheism to guide and protect them in their wild and Utopian undertaking—she depended upon justice and Divine Providence to work out for her a happier future than had been in her past or than is her present. And altho' the Irish rebellion and the continental revolutions took place in the same year and were, to a certain extent, connected with each other, still they differ totally in their cause, means and end.

Secret societies, with all their necessary accompanying evils, were the main causes of the great political earthquake that convulsed the Continent. The sufferings of ages and the present actual privations of the people themselves were the causes of the outbreak in Ireland. The means used by the European revolutionists were unworthy of the grand object seemingly in view, and unworthy of civilized people. The destruction of all that was venerable, noble, good, useful, ancient. The shrines of religion and the houses of education were alike victims of the iconoclastic madmen who craved for blood and plunder. The means used in Ireland were of a higher, a nobler order—wit, speech, writing. The journalist, the orator, the historian, the poet, the hero, the peasant, all joined in one grand phalanx to overthrow the watch-tower of penal days that still loomed above them, and in the shadow of which they suffered untold tortures. The object in view all over the Continent was nothing less than the annihilation of the established order of things. Firstly to strike God from the list of beings, to blot out His representatives on earth, to destroy all authority and to establish a universal political chaos. The object and end of the Irish patriots was simply to restore the olden

order of things, to make their country what she was in days of yore ; to procure for her freedom as to her religion and as to her political civil position ; to insure for the children of coming ages the freedom enjoyed by their ancestors in olden times, and to afford them the full and unbridled exercise of their religion, according to their conscience and the laws of their Church.

What a difference in those movements, coming in the same year, and affecting in almost the same way the inhabitants of the different countries of the Old World !

Let us close this short article by the hope that the day is not far distant when Ireland will begin to feel the effects good and beneficial of those exertions. That the Easter morning will soon appear when the "Angel of the Resurrection," clothing himself in a white robe, will point to the empty sepulchre of the nation's liberty, or ascend the scaffold—that eminence whereon so many a glorious transfiguration has taken place—and bequeath to the crowd beneath a model for their study, and an example for their practice.

Green Park,
Aylmer, Nov. 7, 1882. }

AN INDIAN SNAKE DANCE.

Lieut. Bourke, 3rd United States Cavalry, one of the Commissioners appointed by Lieut.-General Sheridan to investigate the habits of the Indians living within or contiguous to the division of the Missouri, reports witnessing a strange dance of the Moquis of north-eastern Arizona, used to propitiate the Great Spirit in times of drought. The Indians divided their procession into two parts; one of choristers and gourd rattlers, the other of 48 men and children, 24 of whom carried snakes, and the other 24 eagle feathers, with which they fanned the reptiles. The snakes were carried in the hands and in the mouth. Their number was about 100, and half of them were rattle snakes. It was a loathsome sight to see the long file of naked men tramping round to a funeral dirge of rattles and monotonous chanting, twirling the huge reptiles in their outstretched arms, and holding the five-foot monsters between their teeth, while the attendants distracted the

attention of the reptiles by fanning with eagle feathers. In front of a grim pile, 30 feet high, of weather-worn sandstone, resembling a human head, native offerings were made, and the High Priest sprinkled the ground with water, using an earthen bowl, and an eagle's feather as a sprinkler. A second medicine man twirled a peculiar sling, and made a noise like the falling of copious showers. As the procession filed past the squaws, the latter threw corn meal on the ground. Then the snakes were thrown to the earth, and showed themselves to be vicious by striking at any one near. Cornmeal was thrown upon them, and the assistants running up, fanned them with the eagles' feathers until they coiled up; when they were seized by the back of the head, put under the buffalo robe covering the sacred lodge, when a prayer ended this part of the performance. The close of the ceremony consisted in seizing the snakes by ones, twos and half-dozens and throwing them into a circle, where they were covered with cornmeal. A signal was given, a number of fleet young men grabbed the snakes in handfuls, ran at full speed down the almost vertical paths in the face of the mesa, and upon reaching the foot let them go free to the north, the south, the east and the west. The young men then bounded back, and at a full run dashed through the crowd and on to one of the astafas, where they swallowed a portion to induce copious vomiting, and underwent other treatment to neutralize the poison of the snake-bites.

NATURE AND THE POETS.

Lessons of wondrous wisdom are written in the works of God. The Almighty has left the impress of His perfection upon every page of the grand book of Nature, ever open to mankind. The very creation of the grandeurs and beauties bestowed for our greater happiness is a subject which fills the mind with thoughts of the Eternal One's omnipotence. These vast tracts of land which stretch beyond the reach of human eye, and the vast expanse of ocean which spans from shore to shore, tell of the incomprehensible perfections of our Heavenly Father. The lofty mountain range and the foaming torrent speak in awe of the power of their Divine Artificer. His benignity is whispered in the gentle breeze; His generosity is shown in the luxuriant vegetation. We behold

His wrath in the storm, and His gentleness in the calm. The glorious orb of day reflects his grandeur, and the sweet luminary of the night is a mirror of that perfection by which He is ever present as our hope in those hours when misery makes life irksome, and casts her dark shadows on our once brightest prospects. And withal, despite the admirable connections thus visibly traced between God and His works, between Nature and Religion, comparatively few of the children of men strive to appreciate the wonderful perfections of their Heavenly Benefactor.

The heathen of old gazed in admiration on the marvels of creation, but he thought not of the bountiful hand by which they were bestowed. For him the seasons came and went, bringing each its contribution to his happiness, but he enquired not whence they came, nor wherefore. The Greek and Roman poets sang in rapture of Nature's charms; nurtured in her school, they poured forth their sublimest strains in her praise, but they traced not their delights to eternal sources. They interwove opinions of earthly and heavenly phenomena and produced a labyrinth of falsehood and fiction. They portrayed Nature in all her sublimity, and then stood awe-stricken in her presence. The sun in all his gorgeous pageantry, the moon in her beauty, the storm that howled in the might of its fury, the thunder that clapped like the clashing of empires, the power of the ocean and the generous fertility of the earth were features of Nature familiar to those ancients, and painted by them in all that glow of sentiment and expression which won the admiration of all succeeding ages. But in the fullness of time a ray of heavenly inspiration touched the mind of the poet, and immediately songs of praise and glory to the True God were wafted on high to heaven.

There is, in truth, regret to be felt that these noble-souled and highly gifted poets of the heathen world, whose melodious strains, re-echoed from age to age, still sound in every land, should have lived and died in the darkness of ignorance of Him who created all things. Had they but contemplated Nature as the work of the Omnipotent, what a subject of admiration they had transmitted to posterity! Homer, who drank deep at Nature's fount, by his mighty genius poured a brilliant flood of light upon the literature of the world. That torch which Nature lighted in his soul, and which he held on high, enkindled congenial fuel in kindred breasts, and the sacred fire which warms but destroys not has, from age to age since then, burned on the altar of the human

heart, and the genius of mankind has thereby been offered an acceptable sacrifice of praise to the Most High. The genius of Virgil appeared first in the humble quiet of pastoral life. It was a fountain which sprang up in obscurity and sent thence its modest rill throughout its native soil. By degrees it enlarged, and, gathering strength as it went, burst through the narrow limits of its humble parent village, Andes, and rolled its enriching waters throughout every land, descending, laden with poetic treasures, down to our own time.

But neither Greek nor Roman genius could ever penetrate the folds of the veil of mystery which hung around the works of Nature. They gazed in wonderment up into the azure vaults of heaven, and beheld with awe the beauteous isles of light that floated overhead, yet their view never met with the scenes, in those regions of eternal happiness, that lay beyond. Now the Almighty has lighted up that world of darkness; He has created the luminary of Christianity, which pours a flood of heavenly brilliancy into that abyss of primitive, chaotic, confusion, dissipating the intellectual darkness in which the works of Nature were wrapped, and exposing to human view the most precious treasures of knowledge. Whilst we admire the wonderful exertions of the pagan mind, we cannot fail to see how its most brilliant displays of genius are outshone by one ray of Christianity. Of a truth, the polished refinements of Greece and Rome deservedly attract our admiration. Those nations cultivated the fine arts with marvellous intrepidity in the face of untold difficulties, and nothing save the superior excellence of Divine inspiration has ever been found to surpass the productions of their immortal poets and philosophers. Therefore it was that the most eminent Roman orator styled poets holy personages, and attributed preternatural inspirations to their writings.

Poetry is a queen; who, raised above the rest of mortals, sways mankind by her marvellous power. She lavishes upon the world the charms of earth, and sea, and sky. She lives in sublimity and beauty. Her every deed is fraught with attraction for the mind and heart. She captivates all who come within her reach. The merchant and the schoolman have recourse to her to solace the afflicted heart and refresh the weary mind. Of old, such was her marvellous influence that not virtue alone through her became attractive; but vice lost its hideous exterior, and its apparent transformation wrought incalculable evils in society.

How lamentable that a power naturally so productive of beneficial results to the world should be perverted until it has become instrumental in the moral degradation to society. If at times poetic influence calms the troubled waters of life, there are periods too, when it rouses the tempest and causes the waves of time to lash and foam until those improvident souls, that ventured upon the treacherous deep, are enveloped in destruction.

The poet, true to Nature, and guided by the light of Christianity, casts, with admirable dexterity, to the sinking members of society, the saving principles of morality and truth. His is truly a heavenly mission, whose object in life is to draw from the fountain of celestial wisdom, and dispense the refreshing thoughts of happiness, of heaven, and of God to the weary pilgrim in this vale of woe. The charms of poetry thus naturally attract us from our tenderest youth. We love to see it unfold itself, in every leaf and flower, and, to breathe the sweet atmosphere in which it dwells. Thus it is the imperative duty of poets to present the charms of Nature, and by attracting the minds and hearts of men, lead them to God, the home and the source of all that we desire and love. By their sublimity of conception they will thus render glory to the Almighty, and by their simplicity and grace of expression contribute to our earthly as well as to our heavenly happiness. Poetry is thus constituted a golden link, which attaches earth to heaven, and by showing the intimate relation between the Creator and the creature, joins mankind to God. The young and the aged, the man of the world and the monk of the cloister, rich and poor can equally lay claim to the blessings afforded by the poet. It requires no vast intellectual capacity to appreciate the beauties which Nature, thus presented, displays for our admiration. The good and the evil can read alike the lessons of poetry. The sick and the weakly or the healthy can partake of the banquet which poetry spreads for mankind. Her generosity extends to the children of every clime, and in every land she is endowed with those qualities which possess the charms most attractive for those in whose midst she dwells. She sings of all that they hold dear in the material, social and spiritual worlds. She is grave or she is gay, joyful or sorrowful, to suit the natural disposition. She is clothed at one time in beauty, at another in grandeur, anon in sublimity. Here she wears the snow-white garbs with which Nature robes perennial winter, there she dresses in all the varied colors of the seasons. She dwells in the valleys

and claims the mountains as her property. She knows every nook and dell and is familiar alike with lake and streamlet. It is she who paints the flowers, and gives grace and beauty to the trees. All that we can admire in Nature or in Art is under her dominion. The beauty and magnificence of architecture, the splendor of painting and the harmony of music are but so many contributions to her store of charms. The productions of earth, the power and motion of the elements, the grandeur of all the heavenly bodies, all lead to her glory.

Having thus briefly glanced at the admirable connection which Christianity revealed as existing between God and His works, and having pointed out how Nature retains that impress of perfection which it received at His almighty-hand, I shall now instance the high appreciation of it by two of the most eminent poets, though most neglectful of referring the glory of their songs to God.

Byron, in his description of a thunder-storm in the Alps, has the following passage :—

“—Far along
From peak to peak the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder. Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Tura answers, through the misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud.
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea !
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth !
And now again tis black—and now the glee
Of the loud hill shakes with its mountain mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.”

Shelly describes the “Early Dawn” in these appropriately beautiful lines :—

“The point of the one white star is quivering still,
Deep in the orange light of the widening morn,
Beyond the purple mountains ; through a chasm
Of wind-divided mist, the darker lake
Reflects it. Now it wanes—it gleams again—
And as the waves fade, and as the burning threads
Of woven cloud unravel in pale air—
Tis lost ! And through yon peaks of cloud-like snow
The roseate sunlight quivers ; hear I not
The Æolian music of her sea-green plumes
Winnowing in the crimson dawn ?”

Surely it was to such men, who being more gifted, became more iniquitous than the ordinary children of men, that the

inspired writer had reference to when he said, "God hath manifested it to them; for the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the the things that are made, so that they are inexcusable, because that when they knew God they glorified him not as God, but became vain in their thoughts, and professing themselves to be wise, became fools."

Whilst studying the literary and poetical charms of such great writings, we should beware lest we fall under the ban of the Apostle,—“For we who cultivate our talents under the salutary influence of Christianity would become tenfold guilty if, whilst we attained to literary excellence (by the study of Nature and the Poets), we neglected to attribute the glory of all to God.”

WILLIAM H. BARRY.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A light employment—making gas.

A hard set—the hen on porcelain eggs.

The place for flats—in a tenement house.

Is there any fixed rule for writing poetry? There is—don't.

A gentleman said, when a pretty girl trod on his foot, that he had received the stamp of beauty.

“I occasionally drop into poetry,” as the man said when he fell into the editorial waste-basket.

“It's generally the case with bad boys,” philosophically remarks Mark Twain, “that they look like their mother and act like their father.

A man who wants his wife to love and respect him will never make the mistake of putting his feet into her slippers. Years of devotion will not wipe out that insult.

A wife, having lost her husband, was inconsolable for his death. “Leave me to my grief,” she cried, sobbing. “You know the extreme sensibility of my nerves; a mere nothing upsets them.

When Quin was in a coffee-house, he heard one man say, “Waiter, a glass of brandy; I'm hot.” In a few minutes another customer cried out, “Waiter, a glass of brandy; I'm cold.” Exasperated by the general dishonesty, he hallooed, “Waiter, a glass of brandy; I like it.”

THE FALSE PROPHET.

Mohammed Achmet, the False Prophet of the Soudan, was born in the region of Dongola, on the western bank of the Nile, where it makes its great bend. He was a poor man, a carpenter and boat-builder by trade. He first came into notoriety on the large island Abbas, situated about 300 miles south of Khartoum. Here, after the fashion of the fakirs and holy men, he withdrew from society and devoted himself to prayer and meditation. He soon had a large following and proclaimed himself the expected prophet and deliverer of the people. He wrote letters all over the country announcing himself and his mission. He was recognized at once as a leader. While many of the more intelligent Moslems repudiated him, others, moved both by religious and political motives, and who, above all, hoped that he would show them some way to escape the payment of their taxes, flocked around his standard. He was secretly encouraged and abetted by enemies of the Government residing at Khartoum. His presence in so commanding a position on the Nile soon became obnoxious to the authorities at Khartoum, and an expedition was organized to dislodge him. A detachment of 120 men of the regular army was sent against him on the Island. These men were badly managed, and, although they were armed with the best make of Remington rifles, while Mohammed Achmet and his band had only their spears, they were killed one after the other as fast as they landed, till not one of the 120 was left. Not a shot was fired; it was a slaughter like the sticking of so many pigs. The steamer with its crew and one or two officers escaped back to Khartoum with the sad news. Of course, after this exploit, Mohammed Achmet knew that it would not do for him with his present forces to remain where he was. He therefore gathered together all his following—men, women and children, cattle and provisions—crossed the Nile to the west bank, and fled to a wild mountain called Gebel Gedir, 200 miles south-west of the Island of Abbas, and about ninety miles north-west of the penal colony and military station of Fashoda. Here, in an easily defended and almost inaccessible mountain, he took up his abode. The Baggara Arabs, the former slave-hunters of the White Nile, now began to flock to his standard in great numbers. The large tribe is noted for its restless, lawless, unruly spirit. It was the policy

of the Government to let the rebels alone, now they had left the river, thinking that they would soon lose their zeal and disperse for want of provisions. But a new Governor of Fashoda had been appointed, and considered it his duty to signalize his loyalty by organizing another expedition against the rebels. Contrary to orders from Khartoum, he gathered the military forces from Kaka, Fashoda, and the station at the mouth of the Sobat, in all, 600 soldiers of the regular army. With these he joined 200 men of the large native tribes of the Shillooks under the King of the Shillooks—800 men all told. With these he marched six days across the desert by forced marches. On the seventh day, when the men were all tired out from the long march, and utterly unfit for action, they met the enemy. Mohammed Achmet was again victorious; the fight was turned into a slaughter. Sixty men were taken prisoners by the rebels; only seventy escaped by running for it, and all the rest were slain. The Governor of Fashoda and the King of the Shillooks were both killed.

FLOATING PARAGRAPHS.

Electricity in Franklin's time was a wonder, but now we make light of it.

A wife must be like a roast lamb—tender and nicely dressed. No sauce required.

The only man who never, no never, changes his mind is the man who has no mind to change.

December 5th.—Brooklyn Theatre was consumed by fire and over 350 persons perished in the flames, 1876.

A St. Louis scientist has cyphered it all out, and has found that the world is precisely 20,000,000 years old.

December 30th.—The Church and Convent of the Ursuline Nuns were destroyed by fire for the first time, 1650.

December 14th.—The Convent of the Sisters of Providence was burnt at St. Elizabeth, 12 persons perished, 1876.

Why is it that men always cross a muddy place on their toes and women on their heels? To get to the other side.

A lecturer is telling "how we hear." It is easily told. Somebody tells a friend of ours, and tells him not to tell; that's the way we hear.

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, 1; conversions, 6; spiritual favors, 2; temporal favors, 6; happy death, 11; special intentions, 2; temperance, 4; departed, 1. Also for the following subscribers departed:—Boston, Mass. Sept. 21st, 1882, Margaret McLoughlan; Napanee, Ont., Oct. 5th, 1882, Mary Carlin—Deceased was the mother of one of our very efficient agents, Mrs Julia Shea, of Bearbrook, Ont. Trinity, Newfoundland, May 27th, 1882, Patrick Murphy.

TO OUR READERS.

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.*

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