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The Voice.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. VII.

CHELSEA, MARCH, 1882.

No. 3.

TO ST. JOSEPH.

[Written for the "VOICE."]

Oh ! holy St. Joseph, how happy thy lot,
For the Virgin and Child to provide,
To guard them from danger, and save them from pain,
And to be their protector and guide.

To you a bright angel, from heaven was sent,
With a warning, when danger was near,
The Infant reposed with a smile, on thy breast,
And the Virgin by thee did not fear.

Unmindful of grandeur, regardless of wealth,
A sweet queen, and her Son graced thy board,
Though humble thy dwelling, and modest thy mⁿ,
The Child Jesus each day you adored.

Then holy St. Joseph, I'll kneel at thy shrine,
And to you my requests I shall make,
Assured that whatever you ask from the Lord,
He will speedily grant for your sake.

JULIA FARLEY.

QUEBEC, Jan. 9th, 1882.

ST. JOSEPH'S CHAPEL.

[Written for the "VOICE."]

The subject of this little poem, stands on Cathedral Street, Montreal. Built, endowed, and placed, under the guardianship of America's Patron Saint, by the joint will of the late Oliver Berthelot and Lady, who in lifetime were residents of the above mentioned city.

St. Joseph's wayside Chapel.
It stands in a crowded street,
Midst the busy hum of voices,
And the tireless tread of feet ;
Its frontal bears no sculpture
To charm the passer's eye,
Simply a pile of stone work,
Spire towering towards the sky.

But enter—the ponderous portal
Moves easily ajar—
And you pass into the " Presence,"
So near, and yet so far.
So near to the loving faithful souls,
To whom there is nought so sweet,
As to gather in silent homage;
An hour at the dear Lord's feet,

But far from the world-wise skeptics,
Who hold themselves aloof,
Asking, as doubting Thomas did,
Seeking, for all things proof.
Dear little wayside Chapel,
Like an isle in the ocean of life,
Where we rest in the Altar's shadow,
And grow strong 'gainst sin and strife.

Oasis in life's wilderness,
St. Joseph guards thy shrine,
With the same all watchful care he gave
The Mother and Babe Divine.
God's Light to the generous faithful souls,
Who built that Chapel there,
And named our dear Saint guardian
To the sanctuary of prayer.

—AGNES BURT.

MONTREAL, Jan. 8th, 1882.

“MODERN THOUGHT.”

THE POSITION OF THE CHURCH AND CATHOLICS IN MODERN SOCIETY—“MODERN THINKERS” NOT WHOLLY ADMIRABLE.

It is a settled belief at the present day, particularly in the Anglo-Saxon countries of the globe, that this nineteenth century is the heir of all the centuries, wiser, better and more civilized than any that has gone before. In support of his belief, the average Englishman or American will point, and with legitimate pride, to such cities as Liverpool and New York, and to such works as the Pacific railway and the submarine cable. I admit the progress, and I admire the genius that planned, and the enterprise that accomplished those marvellous works; yet I make bold to say, that these things do not constitute civilization—that they are not to be accepted even as evidences of civilization. A city may enlarge its boundaries year by year, but if vice extends in proportion as its streets advance, who will say that its onward march is the march of civilization? The railway and the telegraph are agents merely—agents indeed of civilization, if used for good and lawful purposes. but agents of barbarism, if for bad and vicious purposes employed. If the railway be employed to convey the criminals of one country to another, yet comparatively free from crime, there to infect and pollute society, can it be said that, in such case, the railway is an agent of civilization? If the telegraph be employed to transmit lies from country to country, and from continent to continent [and that it is so employed we have constant proof], can it be said that, in such case, the telegraph is an agent of civilization? As well might it be said that the desert wind is an agent of health, when—

“Death rides upon the sulphury siroc.”

It will be said that, holding these views, I am the foe of enlightenment, that I would arrest discovery on its march, put a drag on the wheels of progress, and condemn society to stagnation. Let me remind those who so speak, that the greatest scientific achievements of the nineteenth century—the Suez Canal and the Mont Cenis Tunnel—have been accomplished by two nations, Catholic in religion, and in genius and character the least material in the world, France and Italy. No, my proposition is, that mere

physical development does not indicate civilization, and that material progress, to be beneficial, must be attended by at least a corresponding increase of virtue. The gourmand who adds an ounce or two to his corporal weight day by day, does not render himself thereby a more worthy member of society. No, let science soar aloft, and solve, if it can, the mysteries of the heavens; let it sound the depths of ocean, pierce the mountain, unite sea to sea, and connect island with continent, but mindful always that the light which guides its steps beams from that star which conducted the shepherds to the crib at Bethlehem. Greece and Rome in antiquity could boast of opulent cities, cultivated fields, theatres, baths and other appliances of domestic comfort—all these things have vanished, yet Greece and Rome are immortal names. All that was material in their organizations has perished, as the body of man perishes when consigned to the earth; but the soul of the buried nations, like that of man, survives; and the great lessons of their historians, the burning words of their orators, the thoughts of their philosophers, the descriptions of their poets, enshrined in language destined to endure, confer on them immortality of renown. *Fuit Ilium* is a simple but expressive epitaph; more redolent, it seems to me, of philosophy and piety than that which the latest English philosopher has traced for his country—"here, in the latter part of the nineteenth century, the monkey attained his highest development." No Englishman need be apprehensive that, so long as the language of Milton and Shakespeare endures, the name and the fame of England can perish; but he may rest assured that his country will be little indebted for her immortality to her vaunted nineteenth century civilization. Future ages, should they deign so far to notice the thinkers, the "profound thinkers," the "first thinkers" of the nineteenth century, as to contrast them with the Platos and the Tullys of old, will arrive, I fear, at the conclusion that in intellect they were immeasurably below the ancients, and in morals something worse than pagans. Future ages, I fear, will set small value upon that popular institution, the cheap press, of which many a luminary serves no higher purpose than to make more visible the darkness of our state. Whether competitive examination is to be regarded as an advance in civilization, a truly educational measure, and a benefit to the State, time and time only will determine. I admit the improvement in political institutions: within the last thirty years many abuses have been swept away, and English liberty has steadily advanced.

Within that period a new empire, the destined home of a great Catholic population has sprung into life beneath the Southern Cross. Long may these free institutions endure! Wider yet may may be their sphere! but the guarantee of their permanence consists not in charters or paper constitutions, but in the virtue and intelligence of the people who enjoy them.

Have religion and enlightenment advanced in proportion as free institutions have extended? Do the moral sentiments regulate the conduct of men now as in those days—

“ When pure, yet ere courts began
 With honors to enslave him,
 The best honors won by man
 Were those which virtue gave him.”

Let us not deceive ourselves. Material progress and political improvement apart, the distinguishing features of the age are a decline in high intellect and an increase in audacious impiety. Where is now the genius that could plan, the piety that could raise temples like those of York, Exeter and Westminster, which reflect more glory upon England to-day than do her palaces by the Thames, and her docks by the Mersey? Gone, fled with the faith which Rome sent and Augustine carried to these shores.

France, in her difficulties, was obliged to have recourse to an old man, a statesman of the past era. Bismarck is the typical statesman of the age. He worships brute force, and by force and fraud he has accomplished apparently his purpose. But mere territorial dominion fails to satisfy him. His idea of an united Germany is the Church subordinate to the State, religion a political machine, and Catholic conscience Germanized after the manner of Alsace and Lorraine. It is only now we are beginning to estimate truly the momentous issues involved in the Franco-Prussian war. France fought seemingly for existence only; but, in truth she poured out her blood, and not for the first time, for humanity, for civilization, for God. Fighting in such a cause, she should not have stood alone; but, *O tempora O mores!* the great powers, the self-conceited guardians of the public law of Europe, entered into a compact by which each was bound to support the rest in the sublime task of looking on. Sustained and encouraged by the support and example of two such governments as Italy and Germany, unbelief has become more outspoken than in the days of Voltaire and Rousseau, Plutarch and Tully, the one writing

sixty years after, the other one hundred years before the birth of Christ, testify that a belief in God, in a Supreme Being, manifested by some form of external worship, prevailed amongst the earliest inhabitants of the earth. The legislators amongst the most ancient peoples sought a religious sanction for their laws, and placed them under the protection of their divinity. Thus it was amongst the Egyptians and the Bactrians; thus did Lycurgus among the Lacedemonians, Numa among the Romans. As local life is natural to man, so also is belief in the Deity, under the idea of supreme legislator. Destroy that belief, as the "modern school of thought" would fain do; remove that idea, and neither honors, nor rewards, nor reason, nor authority, nor force, can supply a motive strong enough to compel men to obey the moral laws and practice virtue; or a bond strong enough to hold together civil society for a day. Social life has its foundation in the consciousness that God's Providence is over all things, and extends to all acts, whether general or particular, internal or external, public or private. The best among the ancient philosophers taught this doctrine. Plato, Plotinus, Tully, Seneca, bear splendid testimony to this truth. The implanted instinct of man's nature attests it. We feel that a God of infinite goodness and wisdom is forced, as it were, by the very operation of His wisdom and goodness, to care for that which He created. St. Ambrose says: *In Deo enim, aliquid non fecisse nulla injustitia: non curare quod fecerit, summa indementia.* Not to have created anything would have been no injustice; not to care for that which He did create would be the extreme of cruelty. A belief in the immortality of the soul which Cicero, Plutarch, Plato and other ancient philosophers prove to have existed among all peoples in all ages of the world, flows naturally and inevitably from the acknowledgment of a Supreme Being and His Providence. Take it away, and man sinks to the level of the brute. If, like brute, he dies, like the brute he will live, having no thought beyond the present, no care but for his body. Behold the horrible abyss towards which, what is termed modern thought, nineteenth century philosophy, drags at the present moment, in no inconsiderable numbers, the thoughtless, the ignorant, the vain-glorious, and the depraved of every country. Away with the Sermon on the Mount—not for us of the nineteenth century its morality! Away with the Decalogue—not for us its commands! "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods"—down with the temporal

power! "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor" down with religious orders! "Thou shalt not kill"—up with the Commune!

If I, an humble layman, venture to lift a feeble voice in this great cause of Christianity assailed, it is because I feel it to be one which appeals to the platform as well as the pulpit—that it is the affair of all. Most of all, it is the affair of Catholics, because the Catholic Church is the depository of faith once delivered to the saints, because she is the immediate object of assault, and because she alone can successfully grapple with the enemy. Take, in illustration, the crime of suicide. The Canon Law, which condemns every species of murder, denounces self-murder as the greatest of crimes, since it shuts the door of repentance. All modern legislation, following the Canon Law, condemns suicide. Now, it is a remarkable but incontestable fact, that suicide becomes frequent among peoples in proportion as catholicism leaves them, and that it is generally unknown in countries where the Catholic religion is faithfully followed. Suicide was unknown in Spain so long as her people were sincerely attached to the Catholic religion. In Italy—at least before the era of unity—in Austria, and the Catholic parts of Germany, it has always been extremely rare, as it was likewise in England before the Reformation.

The Catholic religion can alone cope with this iniquity. And, let it be borne in mind, that as soon as a man ceases to value his own life, he becomes master of the lives of others. There is but one step from the wish to die to the desire to kill. I disclaim the spirit of controversy, but I cannot conceive how anyone, even an opponent, can contemplate the Catholic Church to-day without being struck by the sublimity of her attitude. Like her Divine Founder, her trial and suffering serve but to bring into bolder relief her beauty, her majesty, and her power. If I turn to Rome, I behold an old man, with silvered head, whose word, going forth from the palace which is his prison, causes the tyrant to tremble on his throne. If I turn to Germany, I see her embrace the unbloody martyrdom, rather than render unto Cæsar that which is due to God alone. If I turn to France, I see her bind up the wounds of the prostrate nation, and lead the prodigal gently back to the Father's house. If I turn to America, I see her reconcile the fullest expression of popular liberty with a respect for order and for law. If I turn to Ireland, I see her the upholder of parental authority, and the guardian of the rights

of conscience. ' If I turn to England, what is the spectacle that meets my view? An outcast, the victim, perhaps, of domestic oppression, is flung from the deck of a steamer upon her shore. He sees at once that he is amongst strangers, and in a strange land. He feels that his nationality and his religion raise a barrier of prejudice against him. He looks not for sympathy, for kindness, for aid, and he finds none. All he asks is a fair day's wages for a fair day's work. That he obtains. He meets with some of his countrymen—they club together—form a little settlement. A priest comes amongst them, and after a little time, and as if by unseen hands raised, the steeple overtops the chimneys, reminding the heedless or scoffing multitude that there is a God above, and that His disciples are in their midst. Some native of that country, of high station and cultured intellect, contrasting the lives and habits of these strangers with those of their more favored fellow subjects, enquires into the religion which they profess. The grace of God touches his heart, and so are given to the little trembling fold shepherds like the Newmans and the Mannings. Everywhere, in both the hemispheres, in every clime, among every race, the Catholic Church is the true light that shineth in darkness. Of her, as of light itself, it may be said :

“Through the soft ways of heaven, and air, and sea,
Which open all their pores to thee,
Like a clear river thou dost glide.
All the world's bravery that delights our eyes,
Is but thy several liveries ;
Thou the rich dye on them bestowest ;
Thy nimble pencil paints the landscape as thou goest.”

This is the Church against which the nineteenth century is in arms. “A free Church in a free State,” was the formula of Count Cavour ; but is the Church free where, in all that relates to her internal organization, her practices and discipline, she is not absolutely independent of the State ? And is the State free where, under the influence of secret terrorism, or prejudice, or fanaticism, laws are enacted that contravene the natural law, and are a violation of the commandments of God ? Such a State is Italy ; such a State is Germany—both intent apparently on suicide.

The accepted philosophy of the day is the Philosophy of Comfort. The material element has displaced the spiritual, and a doctrine of the Peripatetics, “*Nihil est in intellectu, quod non fuit*

in sensibus," is the animating principle of the school of modern thought. Nature and all her marvellous works fall within the domain of the senses; and to obtain a mastery over nature, to explore her secret, to annihilate both space and time—these absorb the efforts, and constitute the achievements—and they are glorious achievements—of the age. But the ideas of justice, truth, honor, virtue, the senses cannot grasp; they are in the mind of man, and they have small place, I fear, in the philosophy of the modern school. I would not, if I could, impose a fetter on the study of natural science, though I would not encourage an exclusive devotion to it. A habit of scientific enquiry tends not only to raise the tone of public life by teaching people to look at both sides of questions, but to correct the anomalies and extravagances which too often disfigure domestic life and social arrangements. But above all studies, it is that which should be guided by a light purer and holier than any which a sensual philosophy emits. The best of the Pagan philosophers understood this truth, and the light which sanctifies all studies is that which issues from Divine lips on the Mount. The position of the Church in regard of education is clearly defined. The parent, she says, is the natural guardian of the child. If it be the duty of the State to provide the means of public education, it is no part of the right of the State to impose upon Catholics a system of education repugnant to Catholic conscience. The Church nowhere claims a right to control the public education: she claims only a right of supervision in all matters appertaining to faith and morals. This claim she makes as of Divine right, in virtue of the command—"Going, therefore, teach all nations:—teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." In the middle ages all learning was supposed to centre in theology, as the trunk supplies to every branch of the tree its nutriment, enabling it to put forth the foliage amid which the birds of the air nestle and are sheltered. The learned men of those times, when learning was really understood, argued, that as the last end of an intellectual creature is to know God, so the chief object of education is to enable a man to approach as near as possible to God by knowing and loving Him. There is a natural desire in every man to ascertain the causes of everything which he sees, and he pursues his enquiries until he arrives at the first cause. The first cause of all things is God, and therefore the last end of man is to know God, and the true object of education is to acquire a knowledge of God. The acquisition

of a certain amount of technical knowledge, or of book lore—that is not education. Its aim must be to form the character of a man, expand his mind, enlarge his heart, unfold his moral sentiments, refine his manners. The influence of religion permeating the whole intellectual and moral structure of man, can alone accomplish this result.

“*Totamque infusa per artus*

Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet.”

The practice of holding forth titles, degrees, prizes, as inducements to young men to study, has grown, in modern times, into an abuse, and constitutes in my opinion, a danger to learning. What Plato said of virtue, that if we could only see it with our eyes, all would be enamoured of it—what the Stoics taught of virtue, that for its own sake it should be loved may with equal truth be applied to learning. It should be loved, for its own sake and constitute its own reward. On this question of education I answer for Ireland. The soil which grows the shamrock will never support the godless school. Of all the scourges that can afflict a land, the greatest is that of unsanctified intelligence. *Educate that you may be free*—true: but educate that an ancient race may, in the future as in the past, worthily perform her part sustaining and promoting those eternal principles which lend a dignity to human existence, are the cement of civil society, the cheap defence of nations, fountains of living water bubbling up in the desert for the refreshment of the wayworn pilgrim, on his journey to a brighter and better world.—*Catholic Review*.

—————:O:—————

A GOOD TEST.—Last November an old merchant, on sending his nephew to study law at Paris, presented him with an old copy of the code, with the remarks, “I will come to see you in March, and if you have been diligent I will make you a handsome present.” At the appointed time the old gentleman was on hand. “Well, my boy,” said he, “have you worked hard?” “Oh, yes,” answered the nephew confidently. “In that case you have already got your reward.” “I don’t know what you mean, uncle.” “Hand me the code, my boy.” He opens the volume, and between the first two leaves finds a five-hundred franc note, which he had intended for his nephew, but which he forthwith put in his own pocket.

JOHNNY PIG.

Little Johnny Eataway's playmates called him "Johnny Pig;" and I don't wonder they did, for he was one of the greediest boys that ever lived.

Almost every day when dinner was over, and he had eaten so much he could not eat any more, he would beg his mamma with a dreadful whine not to give what was left of the pudding or pie—which wasn't much I can assure you—to any one else, but to put it away in the closet so that he might "eat it by-and-by."

And often he would stand for an hour at a time before the windows of the bakery or candy-store, with the tears running down his cheeks, in the deepest grief because he could not eat everything he saw there.

And he would follow men who were selling fruit from street to street, just as the other boys follow the soldiers, or a monkey on a hand-organ, in hopes that at last, to get rid of him, they would give him an apple, or an orange, or a banana.

Well, late one cloudy afternoon, Johnny Pig was coming from the druggist's with a small bottle of paragoric for the baby, who had a pain (paragoric was the only thing that could be swallowed that he could be trusted with), when he saw a man in front of him carrying a basket half full of pretty pink paper packages. Johnny got as near as he could to this man, and sniffed at the basket.

It smelled delicious! Just like his mamma's kitchen on cake-baking days.

The man ran up every stoop and rang every door-bell, and gave one of the packages to whoever came to the door.

At last, Johnny Pig, who was by this time a mile from home and it was fast getting dark, asked the man what they were.

"Cakes," said the man.

"Gimme one," begged Johnny.

"No," said the man, I don't give them to little boys.

But Johnny kept following and teasing and teasing until the man—it was quite dark now—said, "Well, as I have only a few left, and I want to go to my supper, you may have one."

Johnny snatched it without even a thank-you (greedy boys are never polite), sat down on the nearest door-step, laid the bottle of paragoric by his side, tore off the pretty pink paper, and took a bite—a big bite.

And then he jumped up, knocking over the bottle and breaking it into flinters, and stamped, and choked, and spluttered and wiped his mouth again and again on the sleeve of his new jacket.

It was a cake of soap—Wide Awake.

TORTURING BY ELECTRICITY.

The Killers of the Czar were put to merciless torture by electricity, in presence of Gen. Melikoff. The torture inflicted by electricity is of two kinds—by contraction of the muscles at rapidly recurring intervals and by burning with sparks. The torture of old days, when not done by fire or compression, were the straining and tearing asunder of the muscles. Of this kind were the rack, scavenger's daughter, and the cages of Louis XIV., in which a man could not stand up or lie down. The electric shock exactly reverses these conditions. It produces an enormously rapid contraction in the body of the muscles at very short intervals. The degree of pain produced is about the same. The force of the electricity has to be nicely graded, as a too powerful shock would numb or kill a man. The other method is by condensing a number of intermittent sparks on the flesh. This burns the skin, and at the same time produces contractions of the muscles. If put to the side of the jaw it would make every tooth ache. The idea of torturing criminals by electricity is a British invention, and was suggested about five years ago, by an English mechanical journal, in commenting upon the execution of criminals by electric shocks instead of hanging. The English writer wanted to do away with the cat-o'-nine-tails, which is administered to garroters and other criminals of certain classes, and use the electric battery, as he somewhat grimly expressed it, so as to produce absolutely indescribable torture (unaccompanied by wounds or even bruises), thrilling through every fibre of such miscreants. There was an American inventor who had a design for inflicting this species of punishment. He fitted brackets of iron on the arms and thighs of the criminals and placed in them wet sponges. When connected with a current of electricity the shock would by this system pass through the legs and shoulders, and avoid the vital parts of the body. No man could bear such torture. Any man would confess under it; would confess anything to escape the agony. The question would be what dependence could be placed on it.

AN INVOCATION.

Now let my soul commence to move,
 My God, towards thy realm above,
 Where all that's light is found;
 Where holy prophets blissful dwell;
 Where seraphs chant their heavenly spe
 Through realms of joy profound.

Where the sun-bright angels stand
 Waiting their Lord's supreme command,
 To bear it through the air;
 Perhaps to bring some happy soul
 To that infinite heavenly goal,
 Where all is purely fair.

Or the penitential tear,
 A gem which is to heaven more dear
 Than all that's found below,
 Which there resembles bright sapphire
 Like the aerial snowdrop clear,
 Or like to virgin snow.

Where patriarchs at mystery gaze;
 Where martyrs in their glory blaze
 Which their good deeds have won;
 And She, who with twelve stars is crowned,—
 The moon beneath her feet is found—
 And clothed with the sun.

Where the Twelve Apostles love,
 With Gabriel, to view the Dove,
 And brighten at the sight;
 Where the Evangelists adore,
 With the Disciples, evermore
 In crystal fields of light.

O happy region—sweet repose—
 No mortal tongue could e'er disclose
 The joys for which I sigh;
 To see thy sweet celestial plains,
 Where God in all his glory reigns—
 How blissful 'tis to die.

My guardian spirit bear the tear
 Of penitence which I shed here
 Before the throne above—
 Repenting thus He will forgive;
 Bid the returning sinner live,
 And share his heavenly love.

BAYLY.

LONDON, Ont., Feb. 20th, 1882.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE VOICE,

Rev'd and Dear Sir,—Allow me to solicit the favor of a small space in your invaluable journal, with a view to place before the public a fact which, perhaps, is not yet known to all the readers of the "*Voice*."

Among the many good works inaugurated by the enlightened Bishop of London, for the good of religion and truth, I do not hesitate to rank as foremost the excellent and truly Catholic Journal, "The Record," established in London but few years since. The signal service already rendered to the cause of truth and religion by this excellent journal, have induced the Episcopate, as well as the most distinguished clergymen in the Dominion, to give it their hearty approval and encouragement. I beg to mention as a further encouragement to that noble undertaking, the appointment as Co-Editor of the "Catholic Record," of the Rev'd John Coffey; a clergyman well-known to the public by the vigor of his pen and thorough knowledge of all matters connected with Catholic journalism. This cannot fail to give the "Record" fresh impulse, and enhance the confidence of the public in the complete success of the undertaking.

Asking of you again, Rev'd and Dear Sir, the very great kindness to insert the above notice in the next issue of our welcome friend the "*Voice*."

I beg to subscribe myself, your most obedient servant,

J. M. BRUYERE, V.G.

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, 16; temporal favors, 16; happy death, 29; special intentions, 3; temperance, 10; departed, 13. Also for the following subscribers departed:—Betsy McDonald, St. Andrew, Ont.; Henry Mullet, Kingston, Ont., died December, 1881, and was remarkable for his charity to the poor; Mrs. Thom. Anderson, Kingston, Ont.; Mrs. Hanna Shea, July 10th, 1881; Miss Cath. Martin, December 17th, 1881; Mr. Dashaway, Hastings, Ont.; Catherine and James Kelly, Boston, Mass.; T. O'Leary, Duffin's Creek, Ont., Septem-

ber 4, 1881: Patrick McNamee, Toledo, Ont.; Nov., 1881, aged 80 years—he was respected by all and died full of years and virtue; Richard Maloney, Carthage, N.Y., Nov 14th, 1881; Miss Guy, Pennsylvania; Miss Nagle, Panmure, Ont., Jan. 9th, 1882; Denis Delaney, Richmond, Que.; James Poland, aged 17 years—he was a model son, a good Christian, ripe for heaven, died in Montreal, Jan. 6th, 1882.

Late subscribers—Mr. Phii. Hennessy, Boston, Mass.; Wm. T. Adams, June 21, 1878; Mrs Ellen Boyle, July 8th, 1878; Catherine Madden, June 7, 1880; Henry M. Kelly, July 23, 1874; Mrs Jane Fraser, St. Andrews, Ont.; Catherine McKinnon, died at Lismore, N.S., January 8th, 1882; Mrs. Timblin, Dundee, Que.; Matthew Jones, Montreal; Margaret Ann Jones, Montreal; Nelly Murphy, Mrs. Joice, Martin Enright, Mrs. J. C. Hendrick, Oswego, N.Y.; Mrs. Charles Low, Toronto, Ont.; Miss Lizzie Currie, St. Mary's, Ont.; Alexander McDonald, L. S. River, N.S., died January 2, 1882; Mrs. Rose McGuggen, County Antrim, Ireland; Miss Bridget Bulger, County Wexford, Ireland, died Oct. 21, 1881; Mrs. P. Kennedy, Springtown, Ont., January 28, 1882; Mrs. James Clarke, Montreal, Feb. 7, 1882; Patrick McDonough, Jan. 27, 1882; Dr. J. P. Lynn, aged 42 years, died Feb. 1, 1882.

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.

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ED. CHS.

Bishop of Montreal.