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THE NAPOLEONS AND THE POPES

OR

THE FALL OF THE ENEMIES OF THE CHURCH.

CHAPTER I.

AN IMPRISONED POPE.

In a room of the Imperial Palace at Fontainebleau, there stood, in the year 1813, a richly dressed page. The young count, who had attained the age of fifteen, was a descendant of the house of Rethel; he was remarkably handsome, and had received his appointment from Napoleon I. At the time of which we write, sadness and heartfelt sympathy overshadowed the expressive countenance of the youthful noble. His eyes were filled with tears, which unrestrainedly fell upon the gold embroidery of his uniform; but no sound or gesture betrayed the overwhelming emotion of his heart. He stood firm and erect, like a soldier of the proud Imperial Guard. The cause of his grief is evidently the sight of a venerable man who sits in a chair in an adjoining room, and whom Joseph of Rethel, with weeping eyes, constantly gazes upon through the open door.

The aged man wears a long white cassock; no mark of dignity is visible; his modest and simple dress is in striking contrast with the grandeur which everywhere surrounds him. Traces of hard suffering are imprinted upon his fine features; his face is pale and worn, the cheeks are hollow, and the eyes sunken; but holy resignation is visible in the countenance of the sufferer, and it is this especially which affects Joseph so deeply. The whole appearance of the man clothed in white

seems to cry out like an accusing voice against force and abuse. His attitude is that of prayer; his hands are folded on his knees; his head is bent down, and the vividly felt presence of the Almighty casts a mysterious brightness over the whole scene; for the profound silence becomes absolutely solemn, and the splendid apartment now seems changed into a consecrated spot. Rethel regards the suppliant with respect and astonishment; his tears cease, and with holy awe he recognizes him as the Head of the Church, the Representative of Christ upon earth; for the old man is none other than Pope Pius VII., for four years the prisoner of Napoleon I.

An approaching sound startles the noble youth. He stands listening. The noise approaches nearer through the open door on the right. Short measured steps glide over the carpet, and in the next moment a gentleman, dressed in the uniform of a Marshal of France, crosses the threshold. He advances to the middle of the room, where he pauses, as though transfixed at the sight of the pope. He is of medium height; glossy black hair, worn very short, covers his head; his features are regular and handsome. The closely-shaven chin is unusually long, and does not correspond with the small, fine face, but it is the sign of an iron will; his eyes have a peculiar expression—commanding, penetrating, and threatening; in a word, the look of the conqueror of Europe, of Napoleon I.

After a hasty glance, Napoleon entered the presence of his illustrious prisoner. Pius VII. slowly lifted his head, and rising, received his oppressor with a gentle smile. The page moved a chair forward for the Emperor.

"Pardon me, Holy Father, if I interrupt your pious meditations," began Napoleon, with a slight nod of his head, "affairs are pressing; there shall be peace between the emperor and the pope. Have you not found, after calm consideration, that it would be to your interest to accept the offer I made you yesterday?"

"Perhaps it would be to my personal interest, but not to my interest as pope," replied Pius VII. "You may put an end to the cruel imprisonment in which I have been kept already four years, you may pay two millions of interest every year, that is all very well; but yet you will not restore the patrimony of St. Peter; you retain possession of Rome and of the States of the Church. I cannot consent to this robbery. When Divine Providence called me, although unworthy to be the representative of Christ upon earth, I took an oath, which

every pope must take, that is never to consent to the spoliation of the Papal States, and I would rather die in prison than break my oath, or burden my conscience with a crime.

"And I shall never return what I have gained by force of arms," replied the proud emperor. "You should not be ungrateful," he continued, in a tone of reproach. "The revolution had destroyed religion in France. The clergy were either expelled or murdered. The sees of the bishops were suppressed, the churches demolished; but I have restored all. The dioceses have again their bishops, the congregations their pastors. The church must thank me alone for the regeneration of France. And the Pope has no confidence in me, the savior and protector of religion. This is imprudent, ungrateful, and—I may add—dangerous also!"

The imprisoned Head of the Church fixed his mild gaze upon the face of the emperor, and his features seemed illumined. "Almighty God values the intention only, your Majesty," said he in reply. "If you have restored religion in France, out of love for truth and out of obedience to the Most High, the Lord will reward you for it; but if you were not willingly and intentionally an instrument in the hands of Divine Providence, eternity owes you nothing."

"This language of your Holiness is somewhat obscure; may I be permitted to ask for a clearer explanation?"

"My candor will offend your Majesty," answered Pius VII., "but you have the right to demand the truth from the Pope. In chains, and even in danger of death, the vicar of Christ must fulfil his sublime mission, which is the salvation of souls and the preaching of truth."

He remained silent for a few moments, evidently trying to find words in which to convey the truth, in the plainest manner, to the proud and easily irritated emperor.

Napoleon sat, full of expectation, drumming with the fingers of both hands on the arms of his chair; his sharp eyes rested like two coals of fire upon the venerable pontiff.

The page stood listening in the ante-chamber, and every word of this remarkable conversation became deeply impressed upon his memory.

"It seems to require of your Holiness great preparation, in order to tell the emperor the golden truth!" impatiently exclaimed Napoleon.

"I will speak, your Majesty, and in a few words as possible," commenced the pope. "You know the causes of the revolution which devastated France in such a horrible manner;

it was but the natural result of things. For fifteen years has infidel philosophy and anti-Christian science, as well as a wicked press, labored to effect the ruin of social order. God and his commandments were mocked at in the newspapers, pamphlets, and so-called scientific works. Religion was everywhere derided, and that which an impious science and a sacrilegious press had sown among the people, at length grew up. The morals of the French became corrupt. Through the highest circles of society, infidelity, malice, and crime were so widely spread that it soon reached the great mass of the people. When France turned away from the Lord of life, from the fountain of temporal and eternal happiness, when France became infidel, the most terrible of all revolutions broke out. A set of wicked men declared themselves rulers, and the whole land became one vast scene of murder, blood, and ruin. All order was destroyed. In open day the most revolting crimes were committed, innocent persons were massacred by the thousand. Neither life, property, nor honor were respected. Everything became a prey to an inhuman mob. Your Majesty then appeared, richly endowed by Almighty God with intellect and strength of will. You overthrew the monster of revolution, and placed it in chains. Your Majesty restored order; and because you knew, sire, that religion is the foundation of all order, that without respect for the divine law no state can exist, you recalled the exiled priests, and commanded the gospel of salvation to be preached to the demoralized French people. Infidel philosophy and infidel science had loosened the bonds of society; they had evoked the spirit of revolution by expelling from the hearts of men, by means of mockery, all Christian morality and faith. Your Majesty acted, therefore, in a politic and prudent manner when you restored the church in France, for she alone is the mistress of order."

"Ah, now I understand your Holiness!" laughingly exclaimed the emperor. "My manner of acting proceeded only from political motives, and not from a sincere desire to do good. I must not expect any reward from heaven, because I have done nothing for God, but only for the emperor. Granted! Yes," continued Napoleon earnestly, "there must be religion. To govern a people without religion is absolutely impossible. I will never permit the Christian morals to be openly ridiculed and despised. No prudent statesman will approve of such a course. He who allows the Christian feelings of a people to be undermined, will one day be the victim

of his own folly. Why, then, does your Holiness hesitate to accept the friendship of the protector of religion?"

"You ask the pope to commit a crime against religion in the same moment in which you proclaim yourself to be the protector of religion," answered Pius VII.

"I am not at all of your opinion," replied Napoleon. "The temporal power of the pope is not an article of faith. On the contrary, I think that this temporal power is an impediment to the strict discharge of the spiritual duties of a pope. Renounce, therefore, this power, and live free from all the cares of government, under the protecting wings of the French eagle!"

"Free in the claws of an eagle, sire?" said the prisoner, with a sad smile. "My fate is a striking proof that the Head of the Church can only fulfil his duties when he is free. The pope should not be the subject of any monarch, because the sovereign would abuse the dependence of the Head of the Church, and use it for political purposes. Divine Providence, therefore, has so ordained it, that, in the States of the Church, the popes have always found an asylum of liberty."

"Very remarkable indeed!" said Napoleon, in a sarcastic tone. "All the princes of Europe listen to my suggestions, all nations yield to my victorious armies. Only an old man, who is my prisoner, despises my friendship."

"Pardon me, sire! For me, the old, imprisoned man, the offer of friendship on the part of the Emperor of France is very flattering; but the pope must in conscience tell the emperor, what you demand is wrong,—doubly wrong, because you ask from the one who has special charge to watch over Christian faith and morals, an approbation and sanction of your robbery."

"Splendid, excellent!" exclaimed the offended Napoleon, "It seems that the vicar of Christ alone is permitted to say uncivil things in the emperor's presence."

"I am very sorry, your Majesty, if you consider truth to be uncivil."

"Better yet!" said the haughty ruler of Europe, and he rose from his chair in a passion. "Let us drop the matter. Your Holiness has despised my friendship, you shall now feel my enmity!"

"Sire," replied the pope, with resignation, "I lay your threats at the feet of the Crucified, and leave God to vindicate my cause, for it is his own."

"What nonsense!" said Napoleon contemptuously. "The

God whose cause you represent is only the production of a superstitious imagination."

"Cease, emperor!" interrupted the pope, with uplifted hands. "The God of old still lives!"

"What do you mean?"

"He who has said, 'Heaven is my throne, and the earth my footstool,' hears your sacrilegious words."

"I wish no sermon from your Holiness," exclaimed the angry emperor, "but tell me simply what you mean by your words, 'The God of old still lives!' Perhaps a threat?"

"Yes, and at the same time a kind, paternal warning."

"You probably wish to say that God feels himself at length impelled to execute the anathema which your Holiness has pronounced against me?"

"According to the laws of the Church, an anathema was pronounced against the church-robber, Napoleon Bonaparte, Emperor of France. Before Almighty God, sire, all men are alike; princes also are bound to keep the commandments of God."

Napoleon laughed uneasily. He walked up and down the room several times. "Ha, ha! to tell me that! Me! This is another unwarrantable liberty taken by the vicar of Christ."

"It is the sacred duty of the vicar of Christ," responded the pope with earnestness. "Who shall remind the powerful of the earth of their duties, if the pope does not?"

"Enough, enough!" exclaimed Bonaparte. "You must remember that we are not living in the Middle Ages."

He continued his walk through the apartment. Disquiet and anger were visibly striving for the mastery within him.

"You said, 'The God of old is yet living.' What does your Holiness expect and hope from him?"

"I expect and know that the Almighty and Faithful God will keep his word," said Pius VII.

"What has the Almighty and Faithful God promised you?" ironically asked the emperor.

"He has promised assistance and protection to his church against all her enemies, and her continuance even unto the end of the world," solemnly answered the venerable pontiff.

"That is a great promise! We shall see! I am dissatisfied with the pope and with the church of the God of old. Perhaps I shall form a national religion, whose head will be, not the vicar of Christ, but the emperor."

'You overrate your power, sire!'

"My will is law throughout Europe!" exclaimed the proud emperor. "I am only resisted by an obstinate old man, who calls himself the vicar of Christ; I cannot bend him to my will, but he may nevertheless die in prison."

The pope rose from his seat, and a look of righteous indignation overspread his aged countenance, "Will your Majesty permit me to open to you a few pages of the history of the world, and show you the hand which will crush you?"

The emperor looked with surprise at the suddenly transformed figure, which stood before him, erect, like a prophet of the old law, and surrounded, as it were, by a supernatural light; and Napoleon's eye, whose very look governed armies and struck terror into the boldest heart, timidly sought the floor.

"Speak, I listen!" said he with a slight nod.

"You threaten to let the pope die in prison, to persecute the church, to uproot her, to establish a national religion," continued Pius. "What you desire to do, more powerful kings than you have tried to accomplish, but in vain. The Roman emperors, who at one time ruled the world, persecuted the church for three centuries; they endeavored to exterminate the doctrine of Christ, they put the popes to death, and inflicted frightful tortures upon the faithful; but what did these mighty emperors achieve from a persecution which lasted three hundred years, against the church, from the exercise of every species of cruelty, from the putting to death of twelve millions of Christians? Why, the very reverse of what they intended. The doctrine of Christ was not exterminated. No! for the persecution served only as a wind which scattered the seed of the divine word into distant lands, and from the blood of martyrs new Christians arose. What was the reason of this strange phenomenon? Simply because the same God of old, whom your Majesty ridicules, has kept his word, and protected his church against all her enemies, even against the powers of hell. Where are now the Roman emperors? They have passed away, and their powers perished with them; their thrones have crumbled into dust, as have the altars which they dedicated to their pagan deities: the church, however still exists. Read futher in the pages of history: in the Middle Ages also there were kings who offered violence to the popes. Rude assaults were made upon the church and her head, but the divine arm which protects the church has also crushed her enemies. You yourself, sire, imprisoned my predecessor in office, the holy Pope Pius VI.; you allowed him

to die in chains. I, too, have suffered bitterly. Death has often seemed about to end my trials, but I still live. Yes, and I will live to see you crushed by the arm of God. Your measure is full; you will soon share the fate of all persecutors of the church.

"The pope sank exhausted into his chair. The emperor stood with folded arms, his looks fixed upon the sublime and venerable pontiff.

The page in the antechamber trembled with excitement; for the holy father appeared to him like a being of a higher sphere, and Napoleon like an angry spirit of the deep.

"Your priestly arrogance has reached its height," he exclaimed furiously. "God crushes fools—not an emperor like me; but let me tell your Holiness that I will crush you yet!" and with these words he left the room in a rage.

During that night Napoleon slept very little. He walked the floor of his bedroom, muttering unintelligibly, but now and then his youthful attendant would distinctly hear the exclamation. "The God of old crush me? Me? Ha, ha! I defy him! I defy the whole history of the past!"

CHAPTER II.

THE IMPRISONED EMPEROR.

Two years later, Napoleon, the former ruler of Europe was a prisoner on the desert isle of St. Helena. Very few trees are to be seen, but rocks are everywhere visible; together with volcanic ruins,—a frightful prison in mid-ocean.

Near the sea-shore grew a weeping-willow, whose long branches served to protect the emperor from the rays of the sun. There he sits for hours, gazing at the vast expanse of water. Napoleon is to-day unusually gloomy and depressed. General Bertrand, his only confidant, who had, together with the page, Count Joseph of Rethel, voluntarily shared the hard fate of his fallen friend, look with anxiety at the sad countenance of the dethroned monarch, who suddenly addressed the noble youth:—

"Joseph, were you not present in the palace of Fontainebleau when Pius VII. foretold my fate?"

"Yes, your Majesty, I was present."

"Do you remember the interview?"

"Yes, sire; I shall never forget it. The pope did not appear to me like a common man—"

"But?"

"Like the vicar of Christ upon earth."

"You may well say so, Joseph! What I then ridiculed has come to pass. God's vicar upon earth!" He paused and his eyes rested upon the ever-changing waves of the ocean. "Do you also remember the pope's words, and what he meant by them?"

"Yes, sire, I can recall them distinctly. The holy father said 'The God of old still lives,' Thereupon he proved, from the history of the world, how Pagan and Christian princes had persecuted the church and the popes, but how Almighty God had crushed the persecutors of the church, and that the papacy and the church still exists."

"Continue, Joseph, continue!" exclaimed Napoleon, when the young count seemed to hesitate a moment.

"He said, also, that the God of old would crush your Majesty if you did not cease to oppress the church; for the Almighty would keep his promise which he had made to his church and to his vicar upon earth."

"And he told the truth," replied Napoleon, "when he said, 'Your measure is full, you will soon share the fate of all persecutors of the church.' The pope was no false prophet; not man, but Almighty God alone has wrested the sceptre from my hands. Fool that I was, to be blinded by my success! How clearly, how convincingly, should the history of more than eighteen hundred years have proved to me that the powers of earth are wrecked when they dash themselves against the rock of Peter! Indeed, the God of old still lives to crush all oppressors of his vicar."

"It cannot be denied, sire," said Bertrand, "that the unheard-of severity of our Russian campaign and the sufferings that befell the army at Moscow were sent by the decree of the Almighty; but Leipzig, nevertheless, decided your fate."

"The arbiter of battles is God, General!" replied Napoleon, with firmness. "This desert island gives me time for reflection. Misfortune has opened my eyes. My defeats, my overthrow, my imprisonment, all are in consequence of my enmity against the Head of the Church. Pius is right. The Almighty Protector of the chair of Peter has hurled me from my throne."

"General Bertrand could not answer him, and the emperor relapsed into a gloomy silence. "In Egypt I proclaimed a God who had no son," he exclaimed after a long pause; "to-day I believe in the divinity of Christ. A Jew, apparently the son of a poor carpenter, declares himself to be God, the

Supreme Being, the Creator of all things. He proves his divinity by many miracles; but to me his successes are a clearer proof of it than are even his miracles. We are astonished at the conquests of Alexander the Great; but what are the conquests of Alexander in comparison to those of Christ? A mere nothing; for although Alexander conquered the world, his triumphs were fleeting and perishable. Christ, however, conquers and endears himself, not to a nation, but to the human race. His conquests extend through a space of eighteen hundred years, and will extend until the end of the world. And what does Christ conquer in every man? That which is most difficult to obtain—the heart. What a good man often asks in vain of a friend, a father of his children, a husband of his wife, brother of brother,—the heart, love,—that has Christ conquered in millions, for more than eighteen hundred years. Is not this a wonder, surpassing all wonders? Alexander, Cæsar, and Hannibal, with all their genius, never achieved such a victory. They conquered the world, but they could never win the heart of man. And Christ? To him belong the hearts of millions who have willingly assumed his yoke, and suffered, for his sake, the severest mortifications and trials. Who would not, in this greatest of all the miracles of Christ, recognize the divine Word, who created the world?"

"If we seriously reflect upon it, sire," replied General Bertrand, "the continuance of the church of Christ, which is founded in this world upon suffering and self-denial, is indeed an abiding miracle."

"You know, General," continued Napoleon bitterly, "that I have often roused the enthusiasm of men who have shed their blood for me; but to accomplish this my presence and the sound of my voice were always necessary. I do not possess the secret of ingrafting my name or my love on the hearts of mankind. Here I am, an exile on the island of St. Helena. Where are now my former courtiers? Where are my friends? Yes, two or three have immortalized themselves through their fidelity by sharing my exile. But soon my body shall be returned to the earth from which it came, and it will become food for worms. What an abyss lies between my deep misery and the eternal kingdom of Christ, who is preached, loved, and worshipped throughout the whole world from century to century! Is that dying? Is it not rather living? This wonderful kingdom of Christ gives evident proof of his divinity; and if Christ is God, then is also his institution, the church, divine. His omnipotent arm will

always protect her; the powers of hell shall not prevail against her. Oh, would that my voice could reach all those who govern the world, and I would say to them: Honor the vicar of Christ! never oppress or deprive him of his rights; for if you do, the avenging hand of the Divine Protector of St. Peter's chair will surely crush you!"

The emperor said no more. The wind, as it passed through the willow branches, and the waves of the ocean, as they dashed against the rocks, seemed as it were, to applaud the words of the dethroned monarch.

CHAPTER III.

NAPOLEON III. THE ENEMY OF THE POPE.

In the year 1864, Count Joseph, of Rethel, sat in a room of his palace at Paris, and read a letter. The handsome youth had become a venerable gentleman. Louis Napoleon, then emperor of France, entertained the highest regard for the count for the reason that he had been the attached friend of his uncle, and had shared his exile. He was always a welcome guest of the imperial family, and his words were listened to with respect; but no persuasion could induce him to accept a public office. The most brilliant and desirable marks of honor were refused by him; he lived a quiet life with his family; his time was devoted to study, and he never participated in the extravagant follies of the gayest city in the world.

"France is again moving on an inclined plane," he would often say to the emperor. "The press is lawless, hostile to religion, and demoralizing; the people have become infidel. Your great uncle, from prudential motives alone, would never have permitted things to go so far."

During the summer months the count resided at his country-seat, and had only revisited Paris for the purpose of inspecting a celebrated painting, which was on exhibition, and which he desired to purchase.

On the second day of his stay in the city, the count received a letter, whose contents excited him greatly. His hands trembled, he became pale, and gazed upon the missive with an expression of horror. He then threw it aside, and seating himself, he remained immovable for a long time.

"Can it be possible? No; it cannot be!" he at length exclaimed. Again he perused the letter, and ringing the bell, he ordered his carriage to be immediately prepared.

The count made a hasty toilet, and drove at once to the

imperial residence. Arriving there he passed through vast corridors, through brilliant saloons and antechambers, and finally entered the cabinet of Napoleon III.

Behind a table there sat writing a corpulent man of middle stature. The expression of his face was impassive, and his complexion sallow. A thick moustache covered his lips, as though anxious to conceal something that was not attractive. The eyes were small and dull, although not devoid of cunning, and were often hidden beneath the heavy lids. This man was the emperor, Napoleon III., then at the height of his power. He had humbled Russia, conquered Austria, founded the kingdom of Italy upon the ruins of other princely thrones; he had occupied Rome, and had inaugurated and accomplished the spoliation of the Papal States. All Europe seemed to be at the disposal of the powerful emperor, whose word alone was sufficient to affect the value of property.

"Why, my dear Count Rethel, you in Paris? What a surprise!" exclaimed Napoleon to the count, as he entered, but whose unusual agitation at once attracted his attention.

"I am here by mere chance, your majesty, or rather am sent by Divine Providence."

Napoleon's small eyes rested inquiringly upon Rethel, who in obedience to a motion of the imperial hand, took a chair.

"You seem to be excited, dear count; I hope that no calamity has befallen you."

"None personally, sire, but terrible misfortunes threaten you, your family, and the whole of France."

The fixed countenance of Napoleon gave evident signs of astonishment, as he asked for an explanation of the count's words.

"Pardon me, sire, if fidelity and attachment compel me to utter words which are contrary to all forms of courtly etiquette."

"No excuse is necessary, Count Rethel. I know how to value your zeal and fidelity. Your past history gives you a claim to my confidence. Tell me what alarms you."

"My fear is that your Majesty will abandon the pope, and surrender him to his enemies."

Napoleon remained silent, and the fixedness of his attitude made him resemble a marble statue.

"What has led you to form such a conclusion?"

"The letter of a friend, who informed me of the threatened danger."

"What is the name of this friend?"

"I cannot reveal it to your majesty, and thus let him incur your displeasure."

"The question was merely dictated by curiosity," replied Napoleon. "I cannot think it possible that any friend of Count Rethel's could merit my displeasure. But I will tell you a secret, which, however, will soon be proclaimed to the world. A treaty has been concluded between Italy and France, in which it is stipulated that the French troops shall be withdrawn from Italy in two years; but no one has a right to infer therefrom that I intend to deliver the pope up to his enemies."

"I conjure your majesty not to sign this treaty," implored the count. "You know the hatred of the secret societies of Italy against the head of the church. The withdrawal of our soldiers from Rome will be the signal for all the enemies of the Papal States to attack the defenceless Pius IX."

Napoleon, himself a member of the Italian secret societies knew well that Rethel had told the simple truth, and yet he made a pretence of being amazed.

"I do not understand you, count. Our troops cannot protect the pope forever. Does not the occupation of Rome by France awaken the jealousy of other European powers? This state of things must come to an end. The holiness of his office and his venerable person will protect him as surely against his enemies as will our bayonets."

"Pardon me, sire, but the enemies of the Catholic faith do not recognize the holiness of the papal office. If you recall your troops from Rome, Pius IX. will become a prisoner, perhaps a martyr, and you will bring down ruin, not only upon yourself and upon your family, but upon the whole of France."

"A very bold assertion, count! But why have you formed such an opinion? How can the fate of the papacy affect either France or my family?"

"In this way; if your great uncle had not imprisoned the pope and oppressed the church, he would not have died in exile."

"Dear count, your manner of speech is altogether unintelligible to me," replied Napoleon. "Do you believe that the powers of Europe made war upon my uncle in order to free an imprisoned pope?"

"No, sire, I do not believe that. No earthly power, effected the downfall of your uncle; it was the hand of Almighty God, who has promised to protect His Church and His

vicar. The allied princes of Europe were only the instruments of the Divine judgement."

The emperor looked fixedly at the count, whose sanity he seemed to doubt.

"My assertion may appear strange to you, sire, but I have proofs."

"May I hear them?"

"With pleasure, your Majesty!" And the count related the remarkable conversation that had transpired between Pius VII. and Napoleon I. in the palace of Fontainebleau. The narrative seemed to interest the emperor very much.

"After Pius VII. had proved from history," concluded Rethel, "that Almighty God had overthrown and destroyed all the oppressors of the papacy, he admonished your uncle in strong and touching language. I shall never forget his words. The sublime form of the Holy Father is ever present to me. 'The God of old still lives,' he said to the Emperor. 'I shall yet see you crushed by the hand of God. Your measure is full, you will soon share the fate of all persecutors of the church.' Thus spoke Pius VII., and his prophecy was fulfilled before the end of two years."

"It is certainly strange," said Napoleon, "that chance should have given some semblance of reality to the threats of the pope!"

"Not chance alone, sire! If the history of the past gives such striking testimony that Almighty God is the Protector of His vicar upon earth, we should cease to doubt."

"Unfortunately I cannot share your firm belief, my dear count."

"Your uncle also refused to believe at Fontainebleau; but on the St. Helena he acknowledged his error. Shall I tell you how he expressed himself when in exile!"

"Proceed; for you know how I venerate every word of the immortal emperor," answered Louis Napoleon.

"He would often say, 'If my voice could reach the rulers of this earth, I would cry out to them, Honor the vicar of Christ! Do not oppress or persecute the pope, or else the avenging arm of the Almighty, who upholds the chair of St. Peter, will crush you!' Thus spoke the emperor when an exile on St. Helena. And I repeat them to your majesty, for I see that dangers threaten you on every side."

"His sufferings, while in exile, weakened his strength of mind," replied Napoleon.

"But your uncle, sire, declared that misfortune had even sharpened his intellect," answered Rethel.

"And yet the present state of affairs in Europe contradicts the opinions he formed," said the emperor. "Russia has for many years oppressed the church and the pope; but in what way is she punished by the hand of God?"

"Pardon me, sire! Russia has never driven the pope into exile, nor imprisoned and delivered him up to his enemies. And then, please consider the extraordinary difference between semi-barbarian, schismatic Russia, and intelligent, Catholic France. Russia does not acknowledge the supremacy of the pope; she is not called upon to protect the Church; but France, whose intelligence is of a higher order, and whose obligations are greater, has also a greater responsibility. Besides, it cannot have escaped your observation that the judgement which has been suspended over Russia, and which will soon befall her, is in consequence of her stubborn resistance to the truth, and because of the hostility she displays against the supreme teacher of nations."

"I shall not dispute with you about that, dear count," said Louis Napoleon.

"And not only your immortal uncle, but; another wise prince of modern times has declared all hostility to the Church, or persecution of the pope, to be dangerous for the state," continued the zealous Rethel. "I mean the celebrated Frederic, King of Prussia, whom many called 'the Great.' You are aware, sire, that Frederic, in his last will and testament, admonishes posterity not to persecute the Jesuits, who have always suffered from the tyranny of kings, and to let the parish priests exercise their sacred ministry in peace. He concludes in a solemn warning to all rulers to refrain from oppressing or warring against the pope, for, by doing so, they will incur the wrath of God."

"The testament of the King of Prussia is no standard for us to go by," replied Napoleon, coldly; "but nevertheless, I thank you for the evidence of your good-will."

"I beseech your majesty not to misunderstand the importance of the situation!" exclaimed the count, in great agitation. "The proposed treaty, which delivers the pope up to his enemies, will again bring ruin upon France. I am firmly convinced of the truth of that which Pius VII. uttered at Fontainebleau, and which your uncle afterwards himself acknowledged. France, by the invasion of the allied forces, was severely punished for its crime against the chair of Peter. Al-

mighty God is immutable, and a similar crime will have a like punishment. If France permits Pius IX. to be robbed, forsaken, left without defence, imprisoned, and even put to death, all of which cannot come to pass without the sanction of your majesty, then shall—"

He paused, and was silent.

"Well, what then!" asked the emperor.

"Foreign nations again invade and pillage France, and your majesty will share the fate of your uncle."

The face of Napoleon became as impassive as a block of marble.

"It appears that you do not realize the situation of affairs, Count Reithel!" replied Napoleon. "France is the mistress and ruler of Europe!"

"Sire, do not forget that the affairs of this life are always changing, and that God alone is the arbiter of our fate."

"I have heard enough! As I have said before, I thank you!"

"O sire, even at the risk of losing your favor, I renew my petition. Do not give the Holy Father up to his enemies! The God of old still lives! Remember the words of your uncle; neither grieve nor oppress the pope; for if you do, the avenging hand of the Almighty Protector will crush you!"

The emperor rose, and with an angry motion of his hand, dismissed the count.

"The old fool!" said he to himself. "If, by the combination of circumstances, my uncle was unsuccessful in the great work he undertook, shall I therefore fail? Why need I support the tottering chair of Peter, and thus injure my prospects? No; we live in a progressive age: the most venerable relics of the past are crumbling into pieces, and no prudent man would resuscitate that which is at its last gasp."

He sat for a while reflecting, and then began to write.

(To be Continued.)

Effie: Oh, my dear husbands, I can't consent to your going across the the ocean until—until your life is fully covered by insurance.

At a salon in Paris, before an admirable portrait of a gentleman well known for his rare qualities as a bore, a visitor said: 'That is a speaking likeness of X., isn't it?' 'Yes,' replied his companion, 'so speaking that you can hardly refrain from telling him to shut up.'

TEMPTATIONS OF THE POOR.

A true friend of the working classes writes as follows: "The newspapers from day to day have columns of sensational descriptions of fraudulent employes, cheating clerks or swindling cashiers. It is a very sad chronicle to read, and indicates a low tone of morality somewhere. But where is it? Are the employers free from blame? They demand not merely skilled labor, but intelligence, diligence, education and integrity, at a price not one whit above that paid to a smart carpenter or any artisan clever at his trade. I know at this moment a man capable of fulfilling all the requirements I have mentioned above, and he has been offered a post of confidence and heavy responsibilities in a large city house of business for \$12 a week. His wife is a lady, in the best sense of the word, and they have a family of children. Is not this offering a premium to dishonesty? The employers say, 'Well we can get plenty of men at that price; and so they can, in quantity, but in places of trust quality is also desirable; and by the records of the criminal courts it is a serious problem, how much money they save in the long run. Every unfaithful servant thinks that he, at any rate, can escape detection, until some day he is confronted with a policeman and the old story is told again—*un homme a la mer* and a family in dire distress. But do the employers recover their loss? Never; but they take another man at a low salary, and it happens all over again: I once saw a diction in some old French almanac; its meaning was, 'Good wages, make honest servants.' The morality is a little low in tone, but I think there must be a good deal of truth in it."

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EVANGELIZATION OF CENTRAL AFRICA.—It is not generally known to English readers, that years before the celebrated Livingstone had penetrated Central Africa, the intrepid Jesuits had braved all dangers, and carried the cross into the very heart of that country. Livingston himself records the finding of the ruins of a Jesuit Church near Lake Lyassa, where he thought he was the first European visitor.

We read in a London Anglican paper, that the mind of the Archbishop of Canterbury is cast in such a mould as to be incapable of recognizing any spiritual side to religion and any sanction more binding than a decree of the civil State. He therefore gets 17,000 pounds a year for believing nothing.

THE HON. GEO. SPENCER.

HISTORY OF A NOTABLE CONVERSION FROM THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Those who can recur in thought to events which took place half a century ago, says *The Lamp*, can well remember the sensation with which the appalling news was received that a scion of a noble house, a son of Lord Spencer, had left the Church of England for that of Rome; and it was with a kind of mysterious horror it was also asserted that this former clergyman was actually engaged in forming an association of prayers for the conversion of England. "Conversion from what?" it was asked. "From the pure doctrine of the Reformation to the errors of the Roman Catholic Church?"

As Mr. Spencer's was one of the earliest of the conversions which since then have followed with ever increasing rapidity, we will give a short account, taken from his own words, of the steps by which he advanced till he was at last led into the true fold.

About Christmas, 1822, the Hon. George Spencer was ordained deacon in the Church of England, being quite satisfied that all was right in that Church, though he had not taken much pains to study the grounds and principles of its establishment. When he entered upon active employment as a clergyman, he was naturally led to seek information more fully. He used to read and admire the Church liturgy, and often wondered how so beautiful a work could have been produced in the midst of such confusion and wickedness, as he was taught by Protestant historians, had accompanied all the proceedings of the chief actors in the Reformation. He had been brought up to look at the Catholic Church as a mass of error, and he little suspected that all that he admired in the English liturgy was merely an abridgement of the holy offices of the Roman Catholic Church. The lessons, Gospels and beautiful Collects of the Book of "Common Prayer" are all borrowed from the Roman missal, and the one litany comes from the same source.

Mr. Spencer used to seek out dissenting Protestant ministers in the hope of leading them back into the Church, but he found that each had something to say which seemed reasonable in favor of his own views and against the Established

Church, the system of which he could not satisfactorily defend for these ministers brought arguments against it which he could not satisfactorily answer.

His next difficulty was the declaration in the Thirty-nine Articles that no doctrines are to be believed that cannot be proved from Holy Scriptures, but as in order to establish them he was obliged to use arguments from reason, independent of the Scriptures, or to appeal to the general consent of Christians in successive ages, in other words, to the tradition of the Church; he felt that he could not again sign the Thirty-nine Articles unless this difficulty was removed. His superiors could not satisfy him, so he declared his resolution of not signing them again, felt free to seek the truth, though without the least idea that it was to be found in the Church of Rome. His friends would have dissuaded him from having communication with Roman Catholic priests, but he could see no reason for their being excluded from the scheme of re-union which he wished to set on foot. He expected to find them ignorant of true spiritual religion, mere formalists, and quite unable to defend what he then thought the absurdities of their creed; but to his surprise he found that he had been deceived, that they understood the tenets of their religion well, and could explain and defend them in a masterly manner, and he began to see that there was more in the Catholic religion than he had thought, yet he considered that it was erroneous and unscriptural on many points, and that he was right in remaining divided from it.

The first thing that materially changed Mr. Spencer's views was a correspondence which he kept up with an unknown person for about half a year. This person states that the devout and holy services he had witnessed in the churches when travelling abroad made him begin to entertain doubts about the English Reformation. Mr. Spencer thought to set him right by bringing forward what he thought the denunciations against the Catholic Church in the Apocalypse and other parts of Scripture. The correspondent confuted him, and he found that he had not taken his ideas upon this subject from Scripture itself, but from Protestant commentators, and determined henceforth to disregard them. Not till he went abroad to prepare for ordination did he know that his correspondent was a young lady who, on the point of becoming a Catholic, wrote to him and to other clergymen for further satisfaction. She became a Catholic and was on the point of being professed a nun in the Order of the Sacred Heart, when she died a holy and odifying death.

It was three years after this correspondence before Mr. Spencer embraced the Catholic faith. In 1829 he had made acquaintance with Mr. Ambrose Phillips, eldest son of the member for Leicestershire, whose conversion, at the age of fourteen, had very much surprised him, about seven years before he knew him. His character and conversation very much interested him, and he gladly accepted his invitation to spend a week at his father's house at Garendon Park. He cherished a secret hope that he should be able to induce his young friend to think more correctly about religion, though he had no great hope of being able to dissuade him from the Catholic religion altogether, nor did he much wish it, for he had become convinced that there might be good Christians in good faith.

He left home for Garendon Park on January 24, on Sunday night, having preached two sermons, his last, in his Protestant church at Brington, in Northamptonshire, of which he was a rector. The time at Garendon was almost entirely devoted to religious conversation, and he soon found that Mr. Phillips was well able to defend his ground, and that he himself was a learner instead of a teacher. In the course of time he found that he was contending with obstinacy rather than with candor, and made up his mind to look into the affair with a simple determination to follow the truth. The consequence of this was that he was soon delivered from all his doubts; instead of going home on Saturday to resume his works at Brington, he went with Mr. Phillips, on Friday to Leicester, where they dined and spent the evening with M. Castrick, an old French missionary, who had been stationed at Leicester for several years. The statements and reasoning of this good man came upon him with an authority and a conviction which he felt he must not resist, and before night he declared his submission to the Church of God.

Mr. Spencer made his abjuration of the Protestant faith in Leicester chapel on Saturday morning, the 30th of January. He at once offered himself to Dr. Walsh, who sent him to the English College at Rome, and on May 26, 1832, he was ordained for the English mission on St. Augustine's day, in the Church of St. Gregory.

Father Ignatius thanked God most sincerely for his conversion to the faith and his exaltation to the priesthood; but after God he thanked the Irish people. A gentleman from Quebec heard him express himself in the pulpit in Liverpool in somewhat the following words: "But next to God, I thank

you, my dear Irish friends, for my conversion. I had been accustomed to see you visit this country for the purpose of earning a few pounds to bring back to your families, and this, amid trials and difficulties, I was witness of the prejudice that existed against you, against your religion and against your nationality. I was witness of all this, but I was also witness of your unswerving firmness under all circumstances, and I said to myself, "the faith that supports these people must be Divine?" I enquired and the result was my conversion.

There was not the slightest doubt that he was extremely instrumental in bringing about the numerous conversions that followed him. His whole after-life was devoted to the conversion of others. For this he labored, suffered and prayed and even preached a regular crusade of prayers throughout Catholic countries, for the conversion of England. Whilst preaching in Ireland to obtain prayers for this object, he met with an occurrence characteristic of the Irish peasantry. A woman told him that she was faithful to say daily the prayers he asked them to say from the pulpit, and to which an indulgence was attached. The holy priest was delighted and thought that he had there an apostle for his cause. "That is very good, my good woman," he says; "and would you not get others to pray for England's conversion." Ah! your Reverence, said the woman, I could not do that; I say the prayer to obtain the indulgence for my own poor soul, but then I curse England for every prayer I say so that she may not get the benefit of it. Without doubt the good man could not restrain a smile and he lost a great deal of eloquence to enlighten her piety and to enflame her charity for the English people.

DOCTORS OF THE CHURCH.

"There are many doctors in the Church, few doctors of the Church," says Pope Benedict XIV. Doctors of the Church are men who have been remarkable not only for sanctity, but for the copious outpouring upon them of the spirit of wisdom and understanding, for eminent learning and the important services they have rendered to the Church in explaining the truths of faith and morals, whence they are called in the liturgy, her light—*Ecclesie sanctae lumen*—and the "Credo" is said at their Masses, as at those of the Apostles and Evangelists. There are nineteen Doctors of the Church, whose names

we give here below according to the date of their death :

- A. D. 368. St. Hilary, Bishop of Poitiers.
 373. St. Athanasius, Patriarch of Alexandria.
 379. St. Basil, Archbishop of Cæsarea.
 389. St. Gregory Nazianzen, Patriarch of Constantinople.
 397. St. Ambrose, Archbishop of Milan.
 407. St. John Chrysostom, Patriarch of Constantinople.
 420. St. Jerome, Priest (and some add a Cardinal).
 430. St. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo.
 450. St. Peter Chrysologus, Archbishop of Ravenna.
 460. St. Leo, Pope.
 604. St. Gregory, Pope.
 606. St. Isidore, Archbishop of Seville.
 1072. St. Peter Damian, Cardinal-Bishop of Ostia.
 1109. St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury.
 1153. St. Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux.
 1274. St. Thomas Aquinas, Priest.
 1274. St. Bonaventure, Cardinal-Bishop of Albano.
 1787. St. Alphonsus Liguori, Bishop of Sant' Agata de' Goti.
 1622. St. Francis of Sales, Bishop of Geneva.

MISCELLANEOUS.

OUR MISFORTUNES AND OUR HOPES.—The mysterious presentiments, which warn people of the approach of great events have not failed lately to make themselves felt by all classes of Christians. For a long time, this sort of prophecy, which we can neither wholly accept nor reject, announced some terrible calamities in store for us and at the same time consoled us by the promise of great and inestimable blessings; growing, as it were, out of our previous trials.

Whether it be a true revelation, or whether it be only a natural effect of that hope, which our faith and the long history of divine mercy, keeps ever alive in the christian soul, the general result of these presentiments is an unshaken belief that when all appears to be lost, then all will be saved.

The calamities have come upon us, they are increasing, and the time when all will appear lost cannot be far away. But still the promised blessings, that is the amendment of the lives of men—their return to faith, are looked for in vain. Rarely have we seen such insolent impiety, such fierce hatred against Christ and his Church. In spite of these frightful ex-

cuses we still continue to hope. We believe that all will be saved, soon perhaps, if not certainly later on, for faith will re-awake and with faith will come honor and reason and then we may see France—crushed France; take her place once more among Christian nations.

SCIENTIFIC STUDY ON THE OCEAN.—Henri Monnier was walking one day along the sea shore when he came to a couple who sat contemplating the immensity of the Ocean. "What a quantity of water!" said the husband: what a quantity of water—That is true, grumbled the dame, but you do not tell me the cause of the perpetual motion of the water, nor what causes the waves and the ebb and the flow of the tide?

Henri Monnier, hearing this debate thought himself justified in interfering in order to satisfy the curiosity of the fair parisian:

Permit me to explain, Madame; this movement is produced by the fish; these beasts you see are in continual motion; it is with their tails that they raise the waves. And then twice a day the fish retire a certain distance from the shore in order to give the fishermen a chance to catch them and the sea follows them because they cannot live without water.

Thanks, answered the lady enchanted with this beautiful scientific theory.

Every day we hear people who think themselves very clever, discourse on scientific matters with the intolligence and self confidence of Henri Monnier and they can always find some, credulous or ignorant enough, to believe in their utterly absurd and improbable theories.

THE FORTUNE TELLER.—Lately, a middle aged person wishing to get a glimpse into the mysteries of the future went to consult a fortune teller. After paying the required fee, fifteen cents, she asked to be told first something of the past.

That is easy to tell. You have been unhappy in your married life.

I was never married.

You have been deceived by your friends.

My friends have ever been true and faithful.

Well perhaps I am mistaken. You have travelled considerably.

I was never out of my county.

Well! Well! give me your hand. I will be able to read that better. You have recently lost some money.

That is true, said the woman, now thoroughly undeceived, I have lost the fifteen cents that I gave you.

PLEASANT EVENINGS.—Make the evenings pleasant mothers, if you wish to keep your husbands and children at home. A lively game, an interesting book read aloud, or, in musical families, a new song to be practised, will furnish pastime that will make an evening pass pleasantly. A little forethought through the day, a little pulling of wires that need not appear, will make the whole thing easy; and different ways and means may be provided for making the evening hours pass pleasantly, and a time to look forward to with pleasant anticipations. We visited one in a large family, where it was the duty of each sister in turn to provide the evenings occupation, and there was a pleasant rivalry between them, as to whose evenings should be the more enjoyable. As a natural consequence, the brothers were rarely from home.—*The Bathurst Record.*

PRESIDENT of the police court to a man who had stolen a fowl in the market said: "friend, why did you *take* that hen." "Because I had *taken* nothing all that day before and it was already five o'clock in the afternoon," was the answer.

PRESIDENT.—But why steal then? Ah! sure your honor it was hungry I was then."

PRESIDENT.—Oh! you mean eating.

PRISONER.—That's so, your honor. That's what I meant stealing is a bad thing, I never liked it.

PRESIDENT.—Will you ever steal again?

PRISONER.—I will not, your honor. Not if I can get plenty to take.

HARD WORK.—Of 950 missionaries sent to the far east by the Seminary of Foreign Missions, 24 were condemned to death in hatred of the faith by a pagan tribunal, and had the happiness of shedding their blood for Christ. Seven others, without being condemned were massacred by the infidels; 500 are still preaching the Gospel.

The result of their labors averages yearly: 10,000 baptisms of adults, 100,000 baptisms of children in danger of death, 650,000 native Christians attended to in the midst of idolators.

THE PIG'S ANSWER.—A goat browsing on a green sward approached a pigpen, and said to its occupant, "why do you stay in that horrid place when there's such a lovely place as this handy?" The pen is mightier than the sward," grunted the pig.

Raspberry Vinegar.—The following is a good recipe for raspberry vinegar: Pour over 1 pound of bruised berries 1 quart of the best cider vinegar; next day strain the liquor on 1 pound of fresh ripe raspberries, bruise them also, and on the following day do the same. Do not squeeze the fruit, only drain the liquor thoroughly. Put the juice into a stone jar and add sugar in proportion of one pound to a pint. When the sugar is melted, place the jars in a saucepan of water, which heat; skim the liquor, and, after it has simmered for a few minutes, remove from the fire, cover, and bottle.

There lives in Rockville, Indiana, a lady who has a number of the personal ornaments worn by General Washington. She is a relative of Col. Thompson, of Terre Haute. The Colonel's stepmother was General Washington's grandniece, and these have been handed down through her. They consist of old George W.'s knee buckles and shoe buckles, a dozen of wine cups, and other little curiosities of no considerable value intrinsically, but immense value in that they have the history which they bear.

THE WATCH.—At first the watch was as large as a saucer; it had weights and was used as a pocket clock. The earliest known use of the modern name occurs in a record of 1552, which mentions that Edward VI. had "one larum or watch of iron, the case being likewise of iron gilt, with two plummets of lead." The first great improvement, the substitution of the spring for weights, was in 1550.

A western editor speaks of his rival as 'mean enough to steal the swill from a blind hog!' The rival retorts by saying 'He knows he lies; I never stole his swill.'

A sailor put a saddle on hind part before. A bystander showed him his error. The sailor exclaimed; 'How do you know which way I am going to ride?'

A devoted husband says that the phonograph is simply a machine that 'talks back,' and he has had one of that kind in his house ever since he was married.

'My son, said an old lady, 'how must Jonah have felt when the Whale swallowed him?' 'Down in the mouth,' was young hopeful's reply.

EXPERIENCE.—I never knew a boy to "turn out" bad who had a sincere love for his mother.

Abdel-Kader called the printing-presses the cannons of thought.

THE FUTURE OF THE CHURCH IN AMERICA.

It is the good fortune of the Church, like her Divine Master, to be always engaged in a conflict. We speak of the trials and triumphs of the Church in the same sense that we use the words when speaking of Christ. When the world complacently thought it had it all its own way, and had conquered Christ entirely, the power of our Lord shone forth in a more resplendent manner than before. Christ sitting crowned with thorns by His own creatures ruled the world at the very time. Somehow or other, our Lord is always in a combat and always victorious. He is a combatant and a victor at one and the same time. His Church must resemble Him—nay, His Church must be a continuation of His life on earth. He was always surrounded by enemies who sought under various pretexts to take His life. The Church never will be free from attack; but she will in the future, as in the past, always conquer and stand. Protestantism has been a determined foe to the Church; she has used fire and sword, and persecution of every description, she has had recourse to misrepresentation and calumnies, she has employed ridicule and sarcasm, and all the time she, with all the power at her command, was carrying on this warfare, the Church has steadily increased in membership and influence. At the present time the force of Protestantism is nearly spent; it is waning and cannot live much longer. The countries which first left the Church have gone into infidelity except those who are fast returning to the Church. We are glad to see that wealth and learning have not entirely obliterated the truth of God in England, and that multitudes of England's best sons and daughters are entering the Church of their ancestors. But we apprehend that the great conflict between Catholicity and infidelity is to be fought on American soil. America is different from every other country in the world. People from every part of Europe, of all shades of religious and political belief and opinion settle here in America, and the more strange their belief the more likely are they to come to America, where they imagine they shall have greater liberty. Here they must be met with reason; they must be assailed by good argument and proved to be in the wrong. Catholics should be especially careful of their everyday life here in America, to give good example. If all Catholics lived to the teachings of the Church, the conversion of America would soon be accomplished. Our doctrines being

divine are able to bear the test of argument. Let our faith and morality be according to the teaching of the Church and we shall soon succeed.—*Catholic Citizen.*

REMITTANCES.

IN SEPTEMBER.

Mr. George Bell, Halifax, N. S.	\$6 00
Miss Isabella MacPhee, Long Island C. B.	0 75
Mr. B. J. O'Neil, Belleville, Ont.	0 50
Mrs. Mary Merrick, Harlém, Ont.	0 25
Mrs. P. Driscoll, Merrickville, Ont.	0 25
Mr. Donald McDonald, St. Raphaels, Ont.	1 25
Miss Mary S. Hughes, Huntington, Que.	1 00
Mrs. Mary Corcoran, Lewiston, Maine.	5 00

IN OCTOBER.

Miss Mary Tyo, Dundee, Que.	2 00
Miss Ann Jane O'Brien, W. Shefford, Que.	0 50
Miss Mary J. Smyth, St. John's N.F.L.D.	12 00
Mrs. T. R. Kitchen, St. John's N.F.L.D.	1 00
Mr. B. McNaughton, Coaticook, Que.	0 50
Mr. John J. O'Reilly, St. John's, N.F.L.D.	7 00
Mrs. Elizabeth Murphy, Carbonear, N.F.L.D.	20 00
Mr. Daniel McCarthy, Black Point, N.B.	2 00
Miss Maggie Murphy, Guelph, Ont.	1 n2
Mr. Theresa McCullough [per Mr. Loftus] Boston	3 00
Miss Margaret Killmartin, Kuowltown, Que.	1 25
Miss Murphy, St. Canute, Que.	2 00

FROM MONTREAL IN 1879

Miss Mary McGrath.	\$20 75
Mr. William Turner, Pt. St. Charles.	21 50
Miss Bella McDonald & Sister.	8 00
Miss Rachael Patterson.	4 00
Mrs. Gay, St. Etienne Street.	4 00
Miss Janet McDonald, American house.	3 25
Miss Annie Marshal.	3 00
Miss M.A. Cahill.	3 00
Miss Mary Vincent.	2 75
Mrs Jones. Colb. St.	2 50
Miss Hogan.	2 00
Mr. Barber.	2 00
Miss Mary Toner.	2 00
Miss Bella Swanston.	2 75
Miss Bridget Foley.	1 75
Miss Murphy, (with Mr. White, printer)	1 75

Mrs. McCready, Eleanor St.....	1 75
Mrs. Walsh (wid.).....	1 50
Miss Lizzie O'Neil.....	1 50
Miss M.A. Divine.....	1 50
Miss Casey, (child of Mary).....	1 50
Miss Maggie Coogan.....	1 25
Mrs. Sharkey.....	1 10
Mr. Samuel Neil.....	1 00
Mrs. Downs.....	1 00
Miss Lilly Wood.....	1 00
Mr. Lane, Bleury St.....	1 00
Miss M A. Clarke.....	0 75
Miss Bella Morton.....	0 75
Mrs. Campion.....	0 75
Miss Mary Hammel.....	0 50
Miss Katie Boyle.....	0 50
Miss Lizzie Courroy.....	0 50
Miss Eliza King.....	0 50
Miss Denning.....	0 50

We would be glad if our subscribers could pay their subscriptions during the month of January. It would save much trouble and secure to them the benefit of the masses from the beginning of the year.

PRAYERS REQUESTED.

Thanksgiving, 1; Temperance, 3; True Faith, 1; Conversions, 2, Perseverance, 1; Spiritual Favors, 6; Temporal Favors, 7; Happy Death 4; Departed 2.

Also for the happy repose of the following deceased members who died on the given date:—

Mr. John Murphy, aged 46 years, at Trinity Nfld., July 30th.

Miss Mary McDonald, daughter of Dougall McDonald in Montreal, Oct. 8th.

Mr. John McMillan, died in California, in Oct.

Mrs. John Roach, Merrickville, died July 10th.

Mrs. Ellen Tierney, and Mrs. Eliza McIntyre who both died in Halifax on the 29th of August last.

Subscribers dead in Lewiston, Maine:—

Chs. Doherty, John Hoar. Elizabeth Branagim, John Roach.

Mrs. Wm. Farley and Alice Knott, died in November, 1870.

IN MEMORIAM.

JOHN MURPHY, DIED JULY 30th 1879.

In the morning came the summons
From the Father's throne, above,
That our dearest friend was wanted
In that home of peace and love;
There forever more to dwell
With the God he loved so well.

O! 'twas hard! so hard to part with
One we loved through weary years,
One who shared in all our sorrow,
All our joys and all our cares.
Father, teach us in our loss
How to bend beneath the Cross.

Swiftly, swiftly, came the angel,
From the bright eternity,
Unloosed the fetters, burst the bonds,
And set the weary captive free.
Lead him o'er the golden strand
Into the bright eternal land.

With the cross he bore so patient,
Through life's pathway steep and lone,
Entered at the gate of pearl,
And laid it down at Heaven's Throne.
There, from the Father joyously,
Received the palm of victory.

Mary's hands are filled with roses,
She is twining flowers rare,
In the crown of dazzling splendor,
That awaits the pilgrim there.
He has followed in the footsteps of her son,
And, for the Cross, a Crown in Mary's home has won.

September 1st, 1879.

A. H.

In a letter to a friend a young lady states that she is not engaged, but she sees a cloud above the horizon about as large as a man's head.

'Why, Freddie,' said his mamma, 'you ought not to make such fuss. 'I don't fuss and cry when my hair is combed.' 'Yes,' replied Freddie, 'but your hair ain't hitched to your head, as mine is.'

“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 quarterly magazine in their families, *THE VOICE*, which is only 25 cts. yearly.

What is the object of *THE VOICE*?

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