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The Voice.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Yearly Subscription in Canada and U.-States, 25c. ; in Europe, 2 Shillings.

VOL. VII. CHELSEA, NOVEMBER, 1882.

NO. 11.

TO OUR READERS.

In two months 1882 will be at a close, and we shall have discharged our duty one year more towards our subscribers. All the masses so far promised have been celebrated, a grand union of prayer and good works has taken place; it has rejoiced the angels, and has undoubtedly obtained many blessings from Heaven. We have published our paper monthly, and, with the moderate subscription of 25 cts., we have managed to pay our indebtedness. Our success we must attribute to the very moderate charges of our printer, to the kindness of a few ladies in aiding us in the despatch, and to the large number of subscribers who pay faithfully. The first, however, to deserve our sincere thanks are our indefatigable agents, most sincerely do we wish them the blessing of God, and though we learn with sorrow the death of any one of them, still we feel a great satisfaction in saying mass for the repose of their souls. If we pay our way by the large number of our subscribers we must thank our kind agents for this good circulation. To their kindness we apply with confidence to obtain an early renewal for 1883. We are put to useless expense every year in sending thousands of

copies to persons who have moved, or died, or wish not to renew, and we fall short of January numbers to serve new subscribers. We renew the promise we made these last two years, and shall fulfil it as faithfully as before, but with still greater pleasure. This promise is to say a *novena* of masses for all our subscribers of 1883, the first to be said on one of the last days of January, and the remainder on the first days of February. We earnestly trust that all will have renewed their subscription before that date. We wish all to renew before the end of 1882, but no one will be excluded from the benefit of the *novena* who will renew before the first mass is said. For this and for new subscribers we trust as usual to the kind zeal of our agents.

OBITUARY.

One of our subscribers in Kingston, Ont., Charles Hanson, met with a very untimely and tragic death on the 7th of October. Through zeal for his employers' service he wished to remove a piece of machinery, sliding it down the staircase. He lost his footing and his hold, and the weight fell to the bottom of the steps resting on his chest; he lived for a few hours and received the last sacraments. Poor Charley, as he was called, was universally loved, and the men at the mill were horror-stricken, seeing him in such a condition. Quickly his chest was relieved of the weight, the doctor was promptly in attendance, but poor Charley's days were numbered, and his return home was very different from his leaving it. He had taken tea with his wife and her little ones, and had left his happy home in joy to spend the evening at the mill, but he was brought home to breathe his last midst the frantic cries of a bewidowed mother and her fatherless children. The esteem of his employers, the respect of his fellow-workmen and the admiration of his numerous friends and relatives

could not find expression for so much grief; all tongues were silent, all hands dropped with stupefaction and wished to quit work; only here and there was heard "poor Charley, poor Charley." This universal regret for so many admirable qualities showed itself practically by one of the grandest funerals ever witnessed in Kingston. He was a subscriber to "THE VOICE," and we ask prayers for his soul. R. I. P.

TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

(Written for THE VOICE.)

Mary, help of Christians,
I raise my heart to thee,
Gentle Queen of Heaven,
A mother be to me.

When the road grows weary,
And dry and parch'd the streams,
When life's storms heat o'er me,
And sad my spirit seems,

Then, O! Gracious Lady,
Protect me from the storm,
Spread thy mantle o'er me,
And save me from all harm.

Watch me while I slumber,
That 'neath thy gentle pow'r,
I'll not fear the dangers
That wraps the midnight hour.

Linger by my death bed,
Receive my dying sigh,
Wait then, dearest mother,
To claim me when I die.

JULIA FARLEY.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

They are falling, slowly falling
 Autumn leaves from off the tree ;
 And, my Saviour, they are calling
 My strayed spirit back to Thee.

What ! tho' leaves before me tristing,
 Tell that earthly beauties die,
 To another voice I'm listing—
 'Tis a voice beyond the sky,

Ever, ever sweetly saying,
 "Give thy lonely heart to Me,
 From My heart why art thou straying ?
 From My love why dost thou flee ?

On the cross died not I, thirsting ?
 Ran not full the purplish tide ?
 Ached my fond heart not to bursting,
 For thy sinfulness and pride ?

Day by day for thee I'm sighing,
 Waiting thee, in thy bright home,
 All thy wants with grace supplying,
 Yet from Me still dost thou roam."

'Tis the Saviour who is sueing
 For thy poor, weak, human love,
 Turn not from the plaintive wooing
 Of the pierced and bleeding Dove.

Ah ! the world is madly rushing
 Into sin's dark, giddy whirl,
 And the thunders madly crushing
 Satan's luring flags unfurl.

But the Autumn leaves are falling
 With sad rippling to the earth,
 And my senses soul entralling,
 Seeks a holier, heavenlier berth.

Higher flights forever winging,
 Tho' the leaves still earthward tend,
 Rapturous notes in gladness ringing,
 With the sighing Autumn blend.

FATHER BURKE IN GLASGOW.

The Children of Israel and Ireland.

Father Burke, having opened his lecture at night with the quotation—"Here ye O Israel! Thus saith the Lord. They shall be my people, and I, the Lord God, in the midst of them shall be their God"—proceeded to say that these words were found in the prophecy of Isaias, that they were spoken by a man filled with the Holy Spirit of God, and that they were addressed to a people the most privileged yet the most unfortunate that ever lived on the face of this earth—namely, the Jews. They were the most unfortunate people, for they had scarcely tasted the sweets of liberty and national freedom and greatness when they lost and never regained them. Their destiny was to go forth into many lands and to be the bondsman of the stranger. They scarcely knew what prosperity was, what comfort meant, yet in the midst of their trials and throughout all their great sufferings they were still the most privileged people on the earth, in this: that they were God's own people; that the only true God was their God; that, whilst the nations who acquired greatness and enjoyed prosperity bowed down before filthy idols, the Hebrew people alone kept the knowledge of the true God; and therefore, whilst heaven was closed to all the Gentile people around them, the gate of heaven was open to them because they were God's own people, and he, the Lord their God, was in the midst of them, and was their God. Now any one reading the history of the world since the coming of Christ our Lord and the proclaiming of Christianity must perceive a strange likeness between a certain modern race or nation of men and the Jewish people of old. There was on this earth a race on one side the most unfortunate and on the other side the most privileged and highly endowed of any people in the world. As a student of history he claimed this strange distinction for the race from which he sprang, and he held that the Irish people in their history for the last two thousand years were the most striking reproduction that Christianity has effected of the privileges and the glories on one side, and the calamities and misfortunes on the other which befell the people of God in the olden time. In the days of their captivity

the Jewish people were scattered in many lands, but whatever genius and intellect opened the way to power there the child of Israel was found to be

MORE THAN A COMPETITOR FOR HIS GENTILE RIVALS.

Even so in this race of theirs, scattered over the universal earth, the men who could find no place at home, the men who would find no play for their intellect, no room for the exercise of their powers, history told them that when they went into a foreign land—in the olden time in Spain, France, and Austria, and in their own day in the great Continent of America—the men who attained to the highest dignities, the men who had shown the greatest powers of government, the men who had climbed to the summit of every social glory and honor, were the children of that strange old sorrow-stricken race whose whole history seemed to be written in tears and in blood, the sons of poor, downtrodden, unhappy Ireland. Now he had come to speak to them on a subject that he loved to think upon and speak upon—that was, the national character of his people in so far as that character had been influenced and formed by their religion. The Church of God was more beholden to the Irish race than to any other people in existence at this moment for the spread the divine faith had made, and for the way the Catholic Church had made, in the world. He asked them if the national character was to be formed, where were they to find the elements of its formation if not in the individual men or women? Whatever influenced the individual influenced the nation, because the nation was only a collection of individuals; and, indeed, what was there under heaven that so determined a man's character and made him whatever he was as his religion? When, therefore, the student of history began to consider the national life, the purposes that influence, the motives that guide the public actions of any people or race, he must seek that reason in the national character, and he must seek for the formation of the national character in the national religion. The next proposition he laid down was this: that a man's character was generally formed whilst he was yet a child or a boy at school. People were what they were in virtue of the character that was in them, and that character was formed almost without their knowledge, and as in the individual they must look to the childhood and boyhood for the formation of character, so also in considering the national character of a people they must go back to early

history, to the childhood of the race, to the boyhood of the nation, and there find the elements that made the people what they were. That being the case, he asked them to consider when they came to reflect upon the character of the Irish people, and how far their religion influenced them and formed their character, they must go back to the teachings they received

FROM ST. PATRICK, THEIR APOSTLE.

That was a long way to go back. If the English wished to go back to the first days of the Christianity of their country they had only to go back to the seventh or eighth century, and the Danes or Germans to the tenth or eleventh century, but the Irish had to go back to the fourth century—that was nearly fifteen hundred years—to find that bright day when the sand of the Irish shore first received the footsteps of St Patrick, who came to preach the Gospel to the Irish people. Now St Patrick was only one of a great army of apostolic men who preached the Gospel to the various nations. In each succeeding age these men went forth, every wave of the tide of time brought a fresh supply of them, and even at this day the poor negroes of Africa were hearing from the lips of the Jesuit missionaries and others the Gospel for the first time. But there was a remarkable fact connected with this preaching, and it was this: that every man that ever was sent to preach the Gospel of Christ to a pagan people was obliged to seal his preaching by shedding his blood in martyrdom except one, and that one was St Patrick, who found the Irish people as ready to receive the Gospel as a child was to receive its mother's milk. Now when he perceived that a people, a nation, a race accepted in so exceptional and singular a manner the Gospel, was he not entitled to see how far that involved the national life? But he would invite their attention to two or three leading traits of that character as distinctly marking the Irish as a race from all other people, and as distinctly flowing from the teaching of St Patrick. First of all then, he took it that one of the most prominent features of the Irish national character was the devotion that the Irish people had had from the beginning, and he hoped and prayed would have to the end of time,

TO JESUS CHRIST AND THE BLESSED EUCHARIST.

The first proof was the zeal which the Irish race at home and abroad, in every time, had shown in building churches and sanctuaries to Jesus Christ. Nothing was more remarkable in Ireland,

than the old groups of seven churches which they found here and there. The churches had in these cases been multiplied by the people in the greatness of their love and the strength of their faith, that they might have Our Lord Jesus Christ present seven times where once would have been sufficient for others. Had that spirit faded away, had that national characteristic changed? No. The last fifty-two years, since the passing of the Emancipation Act, had witnessed their poverty, their misery, their native Parliament taken from them, their metropolis fail by the withdrawal of the nobility of the land. Their native industry was destroyed by the ruthless laws of William of Orange. Famine and desolation swept over the land, confusion and foolish attempts at rebellion brought down the heavy hand upon their people. Perhaps in the history of the world there was no country or no people who had suffered more during the last fifty-two years than the people of Ireland; and yet the day that saw them allowed the free exercise of their religion saw them forgetful of their poverty, forgetful of their persecution, forgetful of their misery, and they had built more churches than all the rest of the nations throughout the wide world. The Irish people were to be found scattered in exile in every land, and wherever they went they showed the same national characteristic. But there was another and more touching trait, and it was this: there was no people in the Church of God who up to the present time at least—for he trembled when he looked to the future; he trembled and shuddered and cast himself down before God and from his innermost heart asked him to take that life of his rather than let him see the Irish people change their religion or lose their faith—

HAD SHOWN SUCH A DEVOTION TO THE HOLY MASS.

The French, Italian, and, he regretted to say, Spanish Catholics looked upon the Sunday Mass as an easy matter; but the Irish Catholics at home at least would let neither storms nor misery keep them from Sunday's Mass. St. Patrick preached another doctrine that went far to form the character of the Irish people, and it was the devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Mother of God. The virtues of the Virgin Mother had been their ideal of the type of a woman; and the Irish woman for ages and ages had been the solitary light and brightest glory of an afflicted race, combining in herself a mother's love and a maiden's purity. Nowhere in the world would they find a womanhood so grand, so pure, so

strong, as the womanhood of Ireland. What wonder, with a womanhood so strong that, notwithstanding that they had been made hewers of wood and drawers of water, one of their attributes was strength, physical and intellectual and moral, asserting itself in a thousand ways and all derived from that maiden purity and motherly love that they met in the Irish race? Another doctrine that the great apostle drove deeply into the minds and hearts of the Irish people, and which asserted itself in the national character, was the love and veneration of children for their parents. The children of Ireland never forgot their parents, and wherever they were they even pinched themselves, were still poor, to assist them; or gave them, were rich, their proper position at the heads of their houses. St. Patrick also taught that death did not sever the golden chain of divine charity that bound the living to the dead; and it was that devotion to the dead that saved them, for one of the first things that Protestantism demanded of the Irish people was to forget their dead, to spit upon their graves, and they said "No; we will die before we do that," and so to-day the graves of Catholic Ireland were the most honored graves in the whole world. Was there any wonder then that he said without exaggeration that the words of the prophet might be applied to them as a race: "Thus saith the Lord, hear me, O ye Israel! ye are my people, saith the Lord God, and I the Lord God in the midst of you shall be your God for evermore?" Solemn benediction was then given.

SYMPATHY WITH CHILDREN.

A parent should try to sympathize with the various irregular growths of a child's nature. Sensitiveness as to peculiarities of dress is a very strong element, and it cannot be laughed down. The late Lydia Maria Child said that she believed her character had been permanently injured by the laughter of her schoolmates at a peculiar short-waisted gown which her mother made her wear to school. And a very sensible mother who would not allow her little daughter to wear a hoop to dancing school when hoops were the fashion, said that she was certain that by the mortification she had caused her and the undue attention which had been given to the subject, she had made love of dress a passion with the child. On all these questions a certain wholesome inattention is perhaps the

best treatment. Try to allow your child to be as much like his fellows as you can, and above all things do not make him too splendid, for that hurts his feelings more than anything, and makes the other boys laugh at him. The ragged jacket, the poor shoes, the forlong cap, the deciduous pantaloons which have shed the leaves of freshness—these are not laughed at, they do not move the youthful soul to ridicule. It is a lovely trait in the character of boyhood that poverty is no disgrace. But a velvet jacket, a peculiar collar, hair cut in a singular fashion, long hair especially,—these are cruel guide-posts to the young bully. He makes the picturesque wearer, whose prettiness delights his mother, suffer for this peculiar grace most fearfully.

OUR DEAD.

DEVOTION TO THE PASSION.

(*Father Faber.*)

Pain is a desperately difficult thing to bear: is bodily or mental pain the worse? But the soul made miraculously to feel the pain of sense, and this by God—this must be terrific. Will it ever happen to us? Yes, the most of us, probably to all, for a long time, and to such a degree that the very angels shudder at the vision of it.

Let us think of this. I. Of course the great thing is to be saved: yet purgatory presents most serious reflections. 1. Any terrible punishment hanging over us is a fear. 2. Its uncertain severity: yet all divine punishments are necessarily severe. 3. Thus death is not a rest, but the beginning of a punishment. 4. All little carelessnesses are laying up more fire for us. 5. Our own experience of the little charity there is for the holy souls; it is astonishing how little. II. It seems from revelations as if the length of purgatories were increasing. Why? 1. From want of daily penances. 2. From the increase of our personal comforts and luxuries. 3. From the worldliness of modern devout people. 4. From the quickness, multitude, and variety of our occupations. 5. From a singular want of discernment of God and His claims,

brought about by the atmosphere of heresy and unbelief. III. The Carmelite revelation about purgatory and devotion to the Passion. 1. The Passion should be obviously the standing, unintermitting devotion. 2. Only from the Passion can true contrition come, because only from it comes a real understanding of sin. 3. From it also comes the spirit of mortification and robust piety. 4. It supplies instincts and principles of a Christian sort more than any other devotion. 5. It is the best protection against the self-indulgent and self-dispensing spirit of worldliness. 6. How acceptable to our lady is devotion to the Passion.

1. Because it is the tenderest worship of Jesus, and so most like her own. 2. Because it roots the love of Him most deeply in us—which is her grand joy, her double love, yet single love, of Him and of us. 3. Because it is the continuation of her own Dolours, and of the worship they were to Jesus. 4. Because it enables us to understand her. 5. Because her Maternity of us came out of it.

The heart can have tears when the eyes have none. One tear of the heart over the passion of our Blessed Lord? how much of the cruel fire beneath the earth has it the power to quench—and how piercingly we shall one day moan for ever so little a quenching?

O beautiful region of the Church of God! O lovely troop of the flock of Mary! The beauty of those souls—the loveliness of their patience—the majesty of their gifts—the dignity of their solemn and chaste sufferings—the eloquence of their silence—the moonlight of Mary's Throne lighting up that empire—silver-winged Angels voyaging thro' the depths of that mysterious pain—sinless purity of the worship it all joins to God. O world, O weary, clamorous, sinful world! who will not break way, if he could, like an uncaged dove, from the periless toils and unsafe pilgrimage, and fly with joy to the lowest place in that most pure, most safe, most holy land of suffering and of sinless love?

A gentleman praising the personal charms of a very plain lady before Foote, the latter said, "Why don't you lay claims to such an accomplished beauty?" "What right have I to her?" was the counter question. "Every right," replied Foote, "by the laws of all nations—as the first discoverer."

AN AWFUL VISITATION OF ALMIGHTY GOD.

The Paris *Univers* quotes from *La Colonne* an awful instance of the sudden vindication of the outraged majesty of Almighty God upon ten unfortunate wretches. The journal in question states that on Good Friday thirteen Freethinkers of Boulogne assembled at a Masonic lodge for the atrocious purpose of enacting a parody of the Last Supper. Nine of these unfortunate men having, within a few days, been carried off by death, a tenth participator, who had enacted the part of our Divine Saviour, was, within a fortnight of the perpetration of the horrible sacrilege, seized with a frightful malady, and swept to his dark account in the course of twenty-four hours. The first victim was he who had enacted the part of Judas. On Holy Saturday (the following day) he was attacked by a disease producing almost instantaneous decomposition, and on Easter Sunday he was a mass of dead putrefaction.

THE "CATHOLIC RECORD."

This month we have clipped freely from the above journal, published in London, Ont., and were THE VOICE merely to re-echo the very instructive and interesting articles of the *Record*, we think it would be doing much for religion. Other papers there are that we highly esteem, they are doing the work of God, but there is none to our knowledge more fit for Catholic families than the one we mention. It was with no small amount of pleasure that we heard a gentleman in Montreal say to us the other day, "What do you think of the London *Record*? I think it is a most excellent journal, and the very thing required." "Yes," I replied, "every one up our way says it is the very best paper to meet the wants of society to-day." The *True Witness* is cheap, it is good, and we admire its usefulness, and we are delighted to know that it is in the hands of so many of our readers. But we gladly tell all who are taking no Catholic paper, that we know of none more able to interest, to enlighten and convince than the *Catholic Record* of London, Ont.

MISTAKES OF MOTHERS.

Thousands of mothers slave, grow premature old, forget and neglect their own accomplishments, and drag themselves about as mere appendages, something between a nurse and a housekeeper to a daughter too young to realize or appreciate the sacrifices made for her. It is every person's business to make morally, mentally, physically all of themselves possible, and this settling down at thirty-five and forty into an old woman and taking a back seat that the daughters may shine is a mistake, and defeats the very hand sought.

There's often altogether too much done for children, and the chief result is that of making them helpless, dependent creatures. Mothers to-day are saying, "I don't care for myself now, so that Effie or Nettie get their full quota of accomplishments," when, if that mother went on building herself up on the basis of her own matured experience, and ceased to sink and absorb herself so completely in Effie and Nettie, those with which she came in contact might be profited. Society needs matured women as live, potent factors, and the shining should not be let entirely to the fledglings. Were there time and space a word would be said here in this matter for the old man too, though he is more apt to take care of himself.

SOCIETIES NOT AS GOOD AS THE CHURCH.

The following terse and true rebuke to a so-called Catholic who, like many others, unfortunately consider their particular society above the Church, we copy from the *I. C. B. Union Journal*, and is good reading for these times:—

The secretary of a society located in a diocese in which beneficial societies are not allowed to give pic-nics, etc., writes us: "There has been a heavy drain on our treasury for benefits, and we are not allowed, according to our Bishop's rules, to have any pic-nics. But I am afraid we shall have to break through some of the rules before long, as a good society is as good as the Church, and ours has been a beneficial one sure."

Now this is a strange and sad language for a Catholic to use.

Yet, how clearly it shows the needs of the Church's watchfulness and care and of her warnings. The sentiment this writer expresses is one that the Church has ever had to combat and to warn her children against. Society members see the material good of these organizations. They get to love them too well and to regard these societies as of the first importance, and in this case, as in many others, above the Church.

The Church was established on Christ—founded by Him, sustained by Him. In it are our hopes of eternity through Christ's Sacraments, which she is the dispenser of.

Yet a society lover declares his adhesion to a beneficial society that a few fallible, sinful men established for a selfish though a worthy purpose. It has "visited the sick and buried the dead" let us hope in the spirit of Christian love, rather than in obedience to a legal obligation. As its funds have decreased by its charities to its own members, our informant is incensed at a Bishop who has prohibited such mutual benefit societies from making public appeals for help for their exhausted treasury. He would cast off the Church for the society. Not that he and his fellow-members may sustain the society in dispensing its charities, but that they may call in the general public and get them to contribute to the society. Setting aside the lack of true Catholicity, where is the manliness even of the society living off the public?

The "Journal" wants all professed Catholic societies to be of true and practical Catholics. It has ever inspired them to be loving, and obedient to the Church, and ever has, and ever will, rebuke such sentiments as tend to over-rating the usefulness of societies and carrying them beyond their proper sphere.

By such sentiments, which are made known to us in our own day, we can clearly know why the Masonic and other Orders were condemned.

They were once grand and most useful Catholic organizations. They had among them those who thought their Orders "as good as the Church;" and not even satisfied with claiming an equality with Christ's work, they even strove to gain the mastery over Her. The Church that has withstood the persecutions and assaults of centuries has, in fulfilment of her Divine Mission, cast these ungrateful and disobedient children from her, and has to-day to meet their assaults simply because she would not admit that these societies were her equals, let alone her masters.

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, 3; conversions, 6; spiritual favors, 2; temporal favors, 6; happy death, 5; special intentions, 2; temperance, 4; departed, 14. Also for the following subscribers departed:— St. John's, Newfoundland, March 2nd, 1882, James Cadigan; Lewiston, Maine, Sept. 27th, Daniel Brophy.

TO OUR READERS.

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

PRAYERS.

Sacred heart of Jesus. Have mercy on us.

Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. Pray for us.

Our Father and Hail Mary.

PRAYER.

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

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

Imprimatur, MARIANOPOLI, NOV. 6, 1878.

† EDWARDUS CAR., *Epis. Marianopolitanensis*.

"THE VOICE."

The Advantages of Subscribing to "The Voice" are Considerable.

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

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

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

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

What is the object of THE VOICE?

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

Propagate THE VOICE and you will obtain prayers for our proposed end.

To have a share in this good work and to partake of all the advantages above described, 25 cts. is not much. Catholics must do something for the spreading of their faith, let them therefore join in this grand crusade and request others to do so. It is a consolation to be able to say: The holy sacrifice is offered up twelve times in the year to obtain a happy death for me.

I am remembered in the Mass every morning,

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

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

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

Apply to,

REV. JAS. BROWN,

Chelsea, Que.,

ED. CHS.

Bishop of Montreal.

|
"Seen and approved,"

Imprimatur, J. THOMAS, Bishop of Ottawa.