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The Voice

A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. V.

MONTREAL, OCTOBER. 1880.

No. 4.

TO OUR READERS.

We sincerely request our readers to attend to the intentions that are recommended to their prayers at the end of "The Voice." They are very numerous and some of them are very urging and more so than we can give the public to understand. We know that if some of our good subscribers would witness certain distressing cases that are recommended to us, they would pray fervently and beg prayers for relief. With this confidence we beg your prayers, also an occasional communion for the intentions recommended in "The Voice." We would likewise ask of all to say frequently the little prayer printed on small slips fit for prayer-books. This prayer is to obtain a happy death, by asking this grace constantly all will be better prepared to receive that special favor that is asked for by the monthly masses. The more "The Voice" is propagated the more urging demands we receive for prayers and we sincerely rejoice to see our good work so prosperous and so many good people understanding the importance and necessity of united prayers. In order to coincide with this desire, this holy craving, and to encourage still more our good work, we have resolved to offer a favor to all our subscribers for 1881 and this is a novena of masses.

Last January in order to give ample time to every one to renew his subscription and to enjoy the benefit of the January mass we delayed saying it till the end of the month. We will do the same next January and will continue to say the February mass and others so as to have a novena of 9 masses. The other monthly masses will be as usual.

The first of these 9 masses will be said on the 30th of January and the last on the 7th of February. The first will be for all the subscribers who died during the preceding year, the others to obtain a happy death for all our subscribers and other favors which they desire to obtain whether they be made known to us or not. So we hope that all our subscribers will be united to us during these 9 days, at the holy altar, in intention and desire.

We trust this will be gratifying to our old friends and that it will obtain other subscribers and give a new impulse to our good work. It will certainly save us a great deal of trouble and expense; of trouble, because all

our subscriptions coming in at once, we shall have much less correspondence during the year; at expense, because we shall know how many copies to get printed; hence we shall be pleased to get in as many as possible before Christmas, so as to know better how to regulate the January number.

Many of our kind agents have asked us for "The Voice" in French. We were afraid of the labour and expense and so far delayed the French edition, but at last our French copies are ready and we would ask our kind agents to put them in circulation as much as possible and thus to enlist the sympathy of French Catholics in our crusade of prayers. Our aim is to reach Heaven and to bring others to walk in the way thereto.

A PLEASANT TRIP.—It is quite a rare thing for the editor of "The Voice" to travel by land or water. But such was our pleasure on the 7th of September to be taken off on a sudden, by a dear fellow-clergyman as pleasing and condescending in travelling as he is dignified and attractive in ordinary life. Our trip only lasted three days, but it was three days of relaxation and rest. We returned quite refreshed, because for three days we had met with nothing unpleasant and annoying, but much that was pleasing and consoling. The delightful and picturesque scenery on our way from Montreal to Portland only prepared us for things more consoling to the heart of a priest; such as old friends, schools, progress of religion. At our arrival in Portland we made our way direct to the episcopal palace where we met with the most unfeigned kindness and affection by the Right Rev. Dr. Healy, Bishop of the diocese. Our heart felt keenly this kind reception, that sincere desire to please and serve an old friend as he so complacently called us; we were pleased also with his princely palace, his magnificent public hall and especially with the beauties of his cathedral, but nothing affected us so much as his Lordship's promising schools taught by the sisters and under the immediate control of his Lordship. The apartments are very roomy and furnished with every accommodation and facility. There are eight classes attended by about 500 children. These good children were very interesting, neat and clean, candid and mannerly, and sang beautifully. The school is free and all are urged to be assiduous.

Evidently his Lordship is the father here, every child seems to know him and to be known by him. The love of the Bishop for these dear children forcibly reminded us of our younger days when 30 years ago the same Dr. Healy was our professor in Montreal College and was loved by all, which is much to say of a professor of college boys of various nationalities!

His Lordship kindly took a walk with us through the city and, at his suggestion we paid a visit to another old fellow student, the good and respected Father Brady pastor of Biddeford, close by Old Orchard Beach. Father Brady is a good man, somewhat advanced in years and declining in health and it was our pleasure to discover that Father Brady is highly respected by a large circle of friends, Catholics and Protestants and he has lived to see Religion make grand progress in his parish. Formerly the Catholics were in a very great minority and now they form an overwhelming majority. We left dear Father Brady with a desire and a hope of seeing him again.

Note.—A very considerable part of this number of "The Voice" is selected from that excellent weekly, "The Catholic Record" of London Ont.

THE GRANDFATHER'S DIRGE IN HIS 74th YEAR.

Lamented babe the tuneful Muse,
 Inspired by thee will not refuse,
 To chant a funeral song ;
 'Tis grief that strings the tuneful wire,
 'Tis sorrow tunes the sounding Lyre,
 To waft the sighs along :
 Thy span of life alas too brief,
 Was long enough to cause the grief,
 Which falls upon the mind.
 In thee we viewed a perfect child,
 Lovely, gentle, meek and mild,
 The sweetest of thy kind.
 For God had given thee a face,
 So fair, so pure that we could trace,
 Thou wert for Heaven designed.
 With such God fills each vacant seat,
 Whence fallen angels formed retreat,
 And that by force resigned.
 For babes like these He chose a place,
 Where glorious messengers of grace,
 In heavenly joy repose.
 These messengers are always sent,
 To inspired mortals who repent,
 God's mercy to disclose.
 Descending from their heavenly spheres,
 They catch the penitential tears,
 Composed of fear and love.
 From contrite hearts they bear the sighs,
 Returning to their native skies,
 To reach the throne above.
 Then to the Godhead they declare
 The pure sincerity of prayer,
 Poured forth by men below.
 And thus their sins being wiped away,
 By the clear gleam of God's bright day,
 They're made as pure as snow.
 Then to the children they relate,
 Their mournful parents' atject state,
 And bid them intercede.
 Tho children's prayers are then revealed,
 And all their parents' pangs are healed,
 For God records their deed.
 Thou child revered and most beloved,
 By all thy friends the most approved,
 Amongst thy young compeers .

for me upon earth. There is no sin, no sorrow, no sickness where I am going. Nothing but peace and joy and the sight of God in that better land where the blessed are expecting me. I must not make you weep. I will not have you grieve. Rejoice with your child; for I see them even now, my holy advocates, St. Anthony and St. Vauplerius. They are coming to fetch me away. Dearest mother, I will pray for you. Evangelista will love you in heaven as he has loved you on earth, and you will come to him there.'

The dying boy then remained silent for a few moments. Then a sudden light illumined his face; his features seemed transformed. Raising his eyes with a look of rapture, he exclaimed, "Here are the angels come to take me away. Give me your blessing, my mother. Do not be afraid. I shall never forget you. God bless you and my dear father, and all who belong to this house. Blessed be the name of the Lord." Then crossing his little arms on his chest, he bowed down his head, a last smile passed over his face—"she had her meed, that smile in death," and his young spirit passed to the regions of endless bliss.

A touching prodigy, well adopted to cheer the heart of our saint, took place that very day in the house adjoining her own. A little girl, who had completely lost the power of speech, at the very moment that Francesca's son had expired suddenly raised herself up in her bed, and exclaimed several times in a loud voice, and in a state of evident rapture, "See, see! how beautiful! Evangelista Ponziano is going up into heaven, and two angels with him!"

Francesca wept over the loss of her dearly-beloved child, but did not grieve for him. How could she have done so? He was in bliss; and had only preceded to that heaven for which she was day by day preparing. Nor was it a time for the idle indulgence of sorrow. Want and sickness were turning Rome into a charnel house. Wild voices were screaming for bread on every side. The streets were encumbered by the victims of contagious disease; their frantic cries and piteous moanings re-echoed in each piazza and under every portico. Old men were dying surrounded by the corpses of their children; mothers pressed to their milkless bosoms their starving infants. Others crept about bereft of their family, and haunting like pale ghosts the scenes of their past happiness. No carriages shook the public ways. The grass grew in the deserted streets; one mournful equipage alone slowly pursued its course through the doomed city, gathering as it passed the dead at every door;

and when the dreadful cargo was completed, bearing it away to the crowded cemetery. The ruin of private property, the general penury occasioned by the cruelties of Ladislas, and the sacking of Rome by his soldiers, had cut off almost all the resources of private charity. Anxiety for self, and the fear of contagion, had worked so deeply on the mind of the multitude that many persons abandoned even their near relatives and friends when they were attacked by the plague. Nothing but the charity which is of divine not of natural origin could meet such an emergency, or cope in any degree with the awful misery of those days. Francesca bereaved of every thing but her one little girl, and lodged with Vannoza and Rita in a corner of their dismantled house, had no more at her command the resources she had formerly possessed for the relief of the poor. A little food from their ruined estate was now and then supplied to these lonely women; and they scarcely partook of it themselves, in order to bestow the greatest part on the sick and poor. There was a large hall in the lower part of the palace which had been less injured than any other portion of the building. It was at least a place of shelter against the inclemencies of the weather. The sisters converted it into a temporary hospital; but of the shattered furniture that lay scattered about the house, they contrived to make up beds and covering, and to prepare some clothing for the wretched creatures they were about to receive. When all was ready, they went in search of the sufferers. If they found any too weak to walk, they carried them into the new asylum; there they washed and dressed their putrefying sores, and by means which saints have often employed, and which we could hardly bear even to think of, they conquered in themselves all repugnance to sights and employments against which the senses and the flesh rise in rebellion. They prepared both medicine and food; watched the sick by day and by night; laboured incessantly for their bodies, and still more for their souls. Many were those who recovered health through Francesca's care, and many more who were healed of the worst disease of the soul,—a hardened impenitence under the just judgment of God. She had the art of awakening their fears, without driving them to despair; to make them look upon their sufferings as a means of expiation (that great secret of Catholic consolation), and bring them by degrees to repentance, to confession, to the practise of long-forgotten duties, and of those Christian virtues which her own example recommended to their hearts.

The example which the ruined and bereaved wives of the Ponziani had given kindled a similar spirit among the hitherto apathetic inhabitants of Rome. The magistrates of the city, struck at the sight of such unparalleled exertions where the means were so slender, were aroused from their inaction, and in several parts of the city, especially in the parishes of St. Cecilia and of Santa Maria n Trastevere, hospitals and asylums were opened for the perishing multitudes. Often and often Francesca and Vannoza saw the morning dawn, and not a bit of food of any description did they possess for themselves or for their inmates. They then went out to beg, as they had done before; but not merely as an act of humility, nor dressed as heretofore as became their rank, or in those places only where their names secured respect, and generally a favorable answer; but in the garb of poverty, in the spots where beggars were wont to congregate, and the rich to bestow alms, they took their stand, and gratefully received the broken bits that fell from the tables of the wealthy. Each remnant of food, each rag of clothing, they brought home with joy; and the mouldiest piece of bread out of their bag was set aside for their own nourishment, while the best was bestowed on their guests.

In our own time, in our own rich luxurious city, there is a counterpart to these deeds of heroic charity. There are young and well-educated women, who in their homes never lacked the necessaries or the comforts nay perhaps the luxuries of life, who do the same; who receive into their abode the aged, the maimed, the crippled, and the deformed; lodging them in their best rooms, and themselves in cellars or garrets; tending them as their servants, and feeding them as their mothers; begging for them from door to door the crumbs from the tables of the rich, and carrying along their basket, rejoicing when it is heavy, even though their arms ache and their cheeks grow pale with the labor; like Francesca, feeding upon the remnants of the poor feast where the poor have sat before them.

Francesca was insulted in her career of mercy through the streets of Rome, when civil war and anarchy were raging there in the wildest epoch of lawless strife and fiercest passion; and the gentle sisters of the poor, the servants of the helpless, who have abandoned home and friends and comforts, and, above all, *respectability*, that idol of English mind, that wretched counterfoit of virtue, for the love which they bear to Christ in His suffering members, have been insulted and beaten

in the streets of London in the face of day, and only because of the habit they wore,—the badge of no common vocation,—the nun's black dress, the livery of the poor. This parallel is consoling to them, perhaps also to us; for is not Francesca now the cherished saint of Rome, the pride and the love of every Roman heart? And may not the day come when our patient, heroic nuns will be looked upon as one of God's best blessings in a city, where luxury runs riot on the one hand, and starvation and misery reign on the other? Will not the eye follow them with love, and many rise up to call them blessed? Their course is like hers; may their end be the same!

The historians of our saint relate that on one of the occasions above alluded to, when her only resource was to beg for her sick charges, she went to the Basilica of San Lorenzo without the walls, where was the station of the day, and seated herself amongst the crowd of beggars who, according to custom, were there assembled. From the rising of the sun to the ringing of the vesper-bell, she sat there side by side with the lame, the deformed, and the blind. She held out her hand as they did, gladly enduring, not the semblance, but the reality of that deep humiliation. When she had received enough wherewith to feed the poor at home, she rose and making a sign to her companions, entered the old basilica, adored the Blessed Sacrament, and then walked back the long and weary way, blessing God all the while, and rejoicing that she was counted worthy to suffer for His dear sake.

Not long ago, for a few short years, in Francesca's city, there was one who bade fair to emulate the virtues of the dear saint of Rome; but as she was rapidly treading in her footsteps, and her name was becoming every day more dear to the people amongst whom she dwelt, death snatched her away. Her memory remains, and the poor bless it even now. May God grant us such in our own land! Saints are sorely needed in these busy, restless, money-loving times of ours; as much as, or more than, in the wild middle ages, or the troubled centuries that followed.

Francesca possessed a small vineyard near the church of St. Paul without the walls; and in that time of scarcity, when every little resource had to be turned to account for the purposes of charity, she used to go there and gather up into parcels and fagots the long grass and the dry branches of the vine. When she had collected a certain number of these packets, she laid them on an ass, and went through the town,

stopping at various poor dwellings to distribute the fruits of her labours. On one of these occasions her donkey stumbled and fell, and the wood which she was carrying rolled to a considerable distance. Francesca was looking about her in considerable embarrassment, not able to lift it up again, when a Roman nobleman, Paolo Lelli Petrucci, a friend of her husband's chanced to pass by. Astonished at seeing her in such a predicament, he hastened to her assistance; and she received it with as much serenity and composure as if her occupation had been the most natural thing in the world.

By this time her virtues were destined to receive a wonderful reward, and God bestowed on her the gift of healing to a miraculous degree. Many a sick person given over by the physicians was restored to health by the single touch of her hands, or the prayers which she offered up in their behalf. More than sixty of these cases were all attested at the time of her canonisation. Francesca was profoundly sensible of the blessedness of this gift, and grateful for the power it afforded her of relieving the sufferings of others; but at the same time her humility prompted her to conceal it as much as possible. She endeavoured to do so by making up an ointment composed of oil and wax, which she applied to the sick, whatever their disease might be, in the hope that their recovery would always be ascribed to its efficacy. But this holy subterfuge did not always succeed. The physicians analysed the ointment, and declared that it possessed in itself no healing qualities whatsoever.

One day, upon entering the Hospital of the Trastevere, Francesca found a poor mule-driver, who had just been carried in, his foot having been crushed by the fall of a scythe; it was in such a horrible and hopeless condition, that the surgeons were about to amputate the limb. Francesca, hearing the cries of the poor wretch, bent over him, exhorting him to patience; and promising him a speedy relief, applied some of her ointment to his mangled foot. The wounds instantly closed, the pain vanished, and a short time after the mule-driver returned to his customary occupation.

Some days afterwards, the two sisters were returning home from the basilica of St. John Lateran; and passing by the bridge of Santa Maria, now the Ponte Rotto, (the same ancient little church opposite to the Temple of Vesta), they saw extended on the pavement a man whose arm had been severed by a sword-cut; and unable to procure medical assistance, the poor wretch had lain there ever since, in exercising tortures,

which had reduced him to the last extremity. Francesca, full of compassion for his miserable condition, carried him with Vanozza's aid into her house, put him in a warm bath, cleansed his wound with the greatest care, and dressed it with her ointment. In a short time, and without any medical assistance, the covered limb was restored to usual position, and a complete recovery ensued.

The bowl in which San Francesca compounded this miraculous remedy is preserved in the convent of Tordi Specchi. During the novena of the saint, when the doors are thrown open to crowds of devout persons, it stands on a table in the entrance-chamber, and is daily filled by the nuns with fresh sweet-smelling flowers—violets, primroses, anemones, and the like. The visitor may bear away with him some of these fragrant remembrances, and cherish them for her sake, the odour whose virtue will last as long as the seasons return, and the spring brings back to our gladdened sight those

"Sweet nurslings of the vernal skies,
Bathed with soft airs and fed with dew."

A still more wonderful miracle than these occurred about this time. Francesca and her faithful companion Vanozza had been visiting several churches in that part of Rome which goes by the name of the *Rione de Monti*. Passing before a mean-looking dwelling, they heard the most heart-rending sobs and cries. Stopping to enquire into the cause of this despair, they found a mother frantically weeping over the body of a child, who had died a few hours after its birth without having received baptism. Francesca gently reproved the woman for the delay which had endangered her son's salvation; then, taking the little corpse into her arms, she uttered a fervent prayer, and in a moment gave back the baby to its mother, fully restored to life and health. She desired her to have it instantly baptised, and then made her escape, trusting that she should remain undiscovered; and indeed the woman whose child she had been the means of saving had never seen her, and wondered awhile if an angel had visited her in disguise; but the description of her dress, and the miracle she worked, convinced all who heard of it that the visitor was no other than the wife of Lorenzo Ponziano.

Compassionate to others, Francesca was mercilessly severe to herself; her austerities kept pace with her increasing sanctity. She was enabled to carry on a mode of life which must have ruined her health had it not been miraculously sustained. She slept only two hours, and that on a narrow

plank covered with nothing but a bit of rough carpet. The continual warfare which she waged against her body brought it more and more into subjection to the spirit; and her senses were under such perfect control, that natural repugnances vanished, and the superior part of the soul reigned supremely over the meaner instincts and inclinations of the flesh. Such was her spiritual proficiency at the early age of twenty-nine.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

A MAGNIFICENT ADDRESS ON "THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND."

WHAT CATHOLICS MEAN BY PRAYING FOR THAT OBJECT.

HOW IT MAY BE BROUGHT ABOUT—BY THE GROWTH OF THE CHURCH.

Cardinal Newman recently visited London, and while there addressed the members of the Catholic Union on the interesting subject of the Conversion of England. We append a report of his address.

Cardinal Newman said—When I say to you, gentlemen, that the question to which I shall ask your attention bears upon the subject of the conversion of England to the Catholic faith, you will think, perhaps, I am venturing without necessity upon difficult and dangerous ground—difficult because it relates to the future, and dangerous from the offence which it may possibly give to our Protestant brethren. But a man must write and speak on such matters as interest and occupy his mind. At the time when you paid me the great compliment of asking me to address you, you were aware who it was you were asking. You were aware what I could attempt and could not attempt and I claim, in consequence—and I know I shall obtain—your indulgence in case you should be dissatisfied, whether with my subject or my mode of treating it. However, I am not going to consider

THE PROSPECT OF THIS COUNTRY BECOMING CATHOLIC,

but to inquire what we mean when we speak of praying for its conversion. I cannot, indeed, say anything which will strike you as new, for to be new is to be paradoxical; and yet if I can bring out what is in my mind, I think something may be said upon the subject. Now, of course it is obviously an act of both simple charity and religious duty on our part to use our privilege of intercession on behalf of our people—of charity, if

we believe our religion is true, and that there is only one true religion; and of strict religious duty in the case of English Catholics, because such prayer has been expressly enjoined upon them by ecclesiastical authority. There is a third reason, which comes to us all accompanied with very touching and grateful reminiscences. Our martyrs in the 16th century and their successors and representatives in the times which followed, at home and abroad, hidden in out of the way nooks and corners of England, or exiles and refugees in foreign countries, kept up a tradition of continuous fervent prayer for their dear England down almost to our own day, when it was taken up as if from a fresh beginning. It was a fresh start on the part of a holy man,

FATHER SPENCER OF THE PASSION,

himself a convert, who made it his very mission to bring into shape a system of prayer for the conversion of his country, and we know what hardships, mortifications, slights, insults, and disappointments he underwent for this object. We know, too, how in spite of this immenso discouragement, or rather I should say by means of it (for trial is the ordinary law of Providence,) he did a great work—the visible fact of the conversions that have been so abundant among us since he entered upon his evangelical labor, coupled as it is with the general experience which we all have in the course of life of the wonderful answers which are granted to persevering prayer. Nor must we forget, while we bless the memory of his charity, that such a religious service was one of the observances which he inherited from the Congregation which he had joined, though he had begun it before he was one of its members; for

ST. PAUL OF THE CROSS.

its founder for many years in his Roman monastery, had the conversion of England in his special prayers. Nor, again, must we forget the great aid which Father Spencer found from the first in the zeal of Cardinal Wiseman, who not only drew up a form of prayer for England for the use of English Catholics, but introduced Father Spencer's object to the Bishops of France, and gained for us the powerful intercession of an affectionate people, who, in my early days, were considered this side the channel to be nothing else than our natural enemies. The experience, then, of what has actually come of prayer for our country in this and the foregoing generation is a third reason, in addition to the claim of charity and the duty of obedience, for steadily keeping up an observance which we have

inherited. And now, after this introduction, let us consider what it is we ask for when we ask for the conversion of England.

DO WE MEAN THE CONVERSION OF THE STATE,

or of the nation, or of the people, or of the race? Of which of these, or of all of these together; for there is an indistinctness in the word "England?" And again; a conversion from what to what? This too, has to be explained. Yet I think that at all times, whether in the sixteenth century or the nineteenth, those who have prayed for it have mainly prayed for the same thing. So far our martyrs and confessors, and their surroundings of the sixteenth, seventeenth and nineteenth centuries, are at one with each other; but so abstract an object is hardly all they prayed for. They prayed for something concrete, and so do we; but as times and circumstances have changed, so has what is possible, desirable, assignable changed as regards the objects of their and our prayers. It must be recollected that the sixteenth and the following centuries have been a period of political movements and international conflicts, and with those movements and conflicts, and their issues, religion has been intimately bound up. To pray for the triumph of religion was in times past to pray for the success in political and civil matters of certain Sovereigns, Governments, parties, nations. So it was in the fourth century, when Julian attempted to revive and re-establish Paganism. To pray for the Church then was to pray for the overthrow of Julian. And so in England, Catholics in the sixteenth century would pray for Mary, and Protestants for Elizabeth. But those times are gone; Catholics do not now depend for the success of their religion

ON THE PATRONAGE OF SOVEREIGNS,

at least in England, and it would not help them much if they gained it. Indeed, it is a question if it succeeded here in England even in the sixteenth century. Queen Mary did not do much for us. In her short reign she permitted acts, as if for the benefit of Catholics, which were the cause, the excuse, for terrible reprisals in the next reign, and have stamped on the minds of our countrymen a fear and hatred of us, viewed as Catholics, which at the end of three centuries is as fresh and keen as it ever was. Nor did James II. do us any good in the next century by the exercise of his regal power. The event has taught us not to look for the conversion of England to political movements and changes, and in consequence not to

turn our prayers for it in that direction. At the time when the priests were put to death or forced out of the country if they preached or said Mass, there was no other way open for conversion but the allowance or sanction of the Government. It was as natural, therefore, then to look for political intervention, to pray for the success of dynasties, of certain heirs or claimants to thrones, of parties, of popular insurrections, of foreign influence on behalf of Catholic England, as it would be preposterous and idle to do so now. *I think the best favor which Sovereigns, Parliaments, municipalities, and other political powers can do us is to let us alone.* Yet, though we cannot, as sensible men because times have changed, pray for the cause of the Catholic religion amongst us with the understanding and intention of those who went before us, still, besides what they teach us ethically as to perseverance and disappointment, I think we may draw two lessons from their mode of viewing the great duty of which I am speaking—lessons which we ought to lay to heart and from which we may gain direction for ourselves. And on this I will say a few words; and first, they suggest to us that in praying for the conversion of England we ought to have, as they had, something in view which may be thrown into shape of an object, present or immediate.

AN ABSTRACT IDEA OF CONVERSION—

a conversion which is to take place some day or other, without any conception of what it is to be and how it is to come about—is, to my mind, very unsatisfactory. I know, of course, that we must ever leave events to the Supreme Disposer of all things. I do not forget the noble lines,

"Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice."

But the great precept does not interfere with our duty of taking pains to understand what we pray for—what our prayer definitely means; for the question is not what we shall get, but for what we shall ask. The views of our predecessors were clear enough; on the other hand, a want of distinctness is not only unjust to our object, but it is very likely, very apt to irritate those for whom we pray, as if we had some secret expedients and methods against them, or else as if we were giving expression to a feeling of superiority and compassion for them, and thus betray ourselves to the resource alone left to men who have been beaten in argument. Certainly those who prayed for the accession of Mary Tudor or Mary Stuart to

the throne of England did not lay themselves open to this charge. They were definite enough in their petitions, and would have been quite satisfied with ordinary acts of Providence in their favor, such as are the staple of the world's history. And this is the point as to which, I think, they give us a second lesson for our own profit. I consider, then, that when we pray we do not ask for miracles, and that this limitation of our prayers is neither a prescribing to Divine mercy nor any want of faith. I do not forget the displeasure of the prophet Eliscus with the King of Israel, who smote the ground only three times with his arrow instead of more times. "If thou hadst smitten five, six, or seven times," says the prophet, "thou hadst smitten Syria, even to utter destruction; but now three times shalt thou smite it," but in this case there is no question of miracles. Nor will it be to the purpose to refer to the parable of the importunate widow, for that has nothing to do with miracles either,

WHAT I WOULD URGE IS THIS :

the Creator acts by a fixed rule, which we call a system of laws, and ordinarily, and on the whole, He honors and blesses His own ordinance and acts through it, and we best honor Him when we follow His guidance in looking for His presence where he has lodged it. Moreover, what is very remarkable, even when it is His will to act miraculously—even when He oversteps His ordinary system—He is wont to do honor to it while overstepping it. Sometimes, indeed, He directly contradicts His own laws, as in raising the dead; but such rare acts have their own definite purpose, which make them necessary for their own sake; but for the most part His miracles are rather what may be called exaggerations, or carrying out to an extreme point, of the laws of Nature, than naked contrarieties to them; and if we would see more of His wonder-working hand we must look for it as thus mixed up with His natural appointment. As Divine aid given to the soul acts through and with natural reason, natural affection, and conscience, so miraculous agency, when exerted, is in many, nay, in most cases, a co-operation with the ordinary ways of physical nature. As an illustration, I may take the division of the waters of the Red Sea at the word of Moses. This was a miracle, yet it was affected with the instrumentality of a natural cause, acting according to its nature, but at the same time beyond it. "When Moses," says the sacred writer, "had stretched forth his hands over the sea, the Lord took it away

by a strong and burning wind blowing all the night and turned it into dry ground." The coincidence that it happened at so critical a time, and in answer to prayers, and then the hot wind's abnormal and successful action—all this makes it a miracle, but still it is a miracle co-operating with the laws of Nature, and recognizing them while it surpasses them. If the Almighty thus honors his own ordinances, we may well honor them too; and, indeed, this is commonly recognized

AS A DUTY BY CATHOLICS IN MEDICAL CASES,

not to look to miracles until natural means had failed. I do not say that they neglect this rule in regard to their prayers for conversions, but they have not it before their minds so consistently and practically. For instance, prayers for the conversion of given individuals however unlikely to succeed, are, in the case of their relations, friends, benefactors, and the like, obviously a sacred duty. St. Monica prayed for her son; she was bound to do so. Had he remained in Africa he might have merely exchanged one heresy for another. He was guided to Italy by natural means, and was converted by St. Ambrose. It was by hoping against hope, by perseverance in asking, that her request was gained, that her reward was wrought out. However, I conceive the general rule of duty is to take likely objects of prayer, and not unlikely objects, about which we know little or nothing. But I have known cases when good Catholics have said of a given Protestant, "We will have him," and that with a sort of impetuosity, and as if, so to say, they defied Providence, and which have always reminded me of that doctrine of Hindoo theology represented in Southy's poem—that prayers and sacrifices had a compulsory force on the Supreme Being, as if no implicit act of resignation were necessary in order to make our intercession acceptable. If, then, I am asked what our predecessors in the faith were they on earth, would understand now by praying for the conversion of England, as two or three centuries ago they understood by it the success of these political parties and the measures with which that conversion was bound up, I answer that they would contemplate an object present, immediate, concrete, and in the way of Providence, and it would be, if worded with strict correctness,

NOT THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH, but the growth of the Catholic Church in England. They would expect, again, by their prayers nothing sudden, nothing inconsistent with the free will of our countrymen, nothing out

of keeping with the majestic march and slow triumph of truth and right in this turbulent world. They would look for the gradual, steady, and sound advance of Catholicity by ordinary means, and issues which are probable, and acts and proceedings which are good and holy. They would pray for the conversion of individuals, and for a great many of them, and out of all ranks and classes, and those especially who are in faith and devotion nearest to the church, and seem, if they themselves did not defeat it, to be the object of God's election; for a removal from the public mind of prejudice and ignorance about us; for a better understanding in all quarters of what we hold and of what we do not hold; for a feeling of good will and respectful bearing in the population towards our Bishops and priests; for a capacity in the educated classes of entering into a just appreciation of our characteristic opinion, sentiments, ways, and principles; and in order to effect all this, for a blessing on our controversialists, that they may be gifted with an abundant measure of prudence, self-command, tact, knowledge of men and things, good sense, candor, and straightforwardness, that their reputation may be high and their influence wide and deep; and as a special means and most necessary for our success, for a larger increase in the Catholic body of brotherly love and mutual sympathy, unanimity and high principle, rectitude of conduct and purity of life. I could not have selected a more important subject to bring before you, but in proportion to my sense of its importance is my consciousness that it deserves a treatment far superior to that which I have given it. I have done as well as I could, though poor is the best.

LORD RIPON.

AN ANSWER TO BRITISH BIGOTRY AND IGNORANCE BY A
LIBERAL ENGLISHMAN.

(From the London Spectator.)

“That the selection of Lord Ripon for the Viceroyalty should occasion surprise is natural enough. The public has never quite understood why Lord Ripon has been so often selected for high office, and has incurable belief, Cardinal Newman notwithstanding, that any Protestant who becomes a Catholic has been ‘caught’ by the priests, and must be somehow or other, in some corner of his mental faculties, a little weak. The prejudice, as a general prejudice, is absurd, and

as regards the individual, there is just this body of evidence to be considered. Some thirty of the ablest men in England have during thirty years selected Lord Ripon for office, have approved his promotion, and have lamented his retirement from active politics. The man himself became a Catholic in the zenith of his powers, at a moment when every possible inducement, political, family, and friendly, would have dissuaded him from such a step—when it was fatal to his career and when the church he joined had made her latest and hardest demand upon her votaries. And then, when that church, all over England swerved to the Tories, he, though so convinced of her spiritual claim that he resigned at her bidding his great position in the Masonic Order, remained a staunch and consistent Liberal. Are those the signs of a weak or incompetent man? Further, four or five at least of the ablest and most experienced statesmen in England, with the Queen at their head, must all have joined to select for a most difficult office, at a most difficult time, a statesman whose strength or weakness they thoroughly knew; who could bring them, as a Catholic, no popular support; who was as sportsmen say, “out of the running” for high office; and who had found a seat for the one Liberal of considerable political rank left out of this new Cabinet. It is simply impossible that the appointment could have been made for any reason except a conviction that it was the right one to make, or accepted by a Peer whose rent roll from lands alone is given in Domesday Book at £32,000 a year, on any but patriotic grounds. The appointment has been made because the Ministry wanted Lord Ripon in Calcutta, and we think we can perceive why they wanted him. No man succeeds in India like the man who is at once judicious, firm and detached. The whole history of his life shows Lord Ripon firm to obstinacy, his judiciousness is unanimously acknowledged by his colleagues, and the very note of a Catholic convert is detachment. He has had to consider everything, in politics and society, as well as religion, twice over, and once from a perfectly new and unexpected stand-point. As to the faith itself, it does not matter in India. There is no Ultramontane question there, except the old fight between the Portuguese and Propaganda, with which the Viceroy has nothing to do, and neither Musselmans nor Hindoos have any relation to Rome. There is no Established Church, and all Ecclesiastical patronage among the body of military chaplains, who alone are paid by the State, is left to the four Diocesans. That the new Viceroy's personal position may for a moment be painful

on account of his faith is undoubtedly true. Speaking broadly, a large majority of the Indian officials belong to two decided schools of religious opinion. They are either Agnostics of different types, or Evangelicals of very determined views, and both will regard Catholic Viceroy with a certain suspicion; the former because they think Catholicism foolish, the latter because they cannot believe Catholics to be capable of governing without a dominant *arriere pensee*. That unpleasantness will, however, vanish in a week, if the Viceroy succeeds. Anglo-Indians are two constantly in presence of clashing creeds, and too well aware how little any creed is a guarantee for efficiency, to be permanently influenced by the creed of any ruler, and with the first considerable measure the fact that Lord Ripon is a Catholic as well as a Viceroy will be forgotten.

EXECUTION OF GEORGE BENNETT.

George Bennett was executed, for the murder of Hon. George Brown, in the yard of Toronto Gaol, recently. He met his fate calmly but firmly, and died fortified with the Sacraments of the Catholic Church. Rev. Fathers Egan and Sheehan—his spiritual advisers—were constant in their attendance on the doomed man; and the manner in which he conducted himself, from the day on which the dread sentence was pronounced until it was carried into effect, shows that the ministrations of their holy office were fruitful of happy results. The Reverend gentlemen accompanied the condemned man to the scaffold. Arrived on its platform, he stepped to the front and addressed those assembled in the gaol yard as follows:—

Gentlemen, I am going to die, but I wish to say to you that I am innocent of this crime in any sense. I do not think there is anything more that I can say at this time. I could not control the act by which the Hon. George Brown came to his death, and it was done at an excited moment. He likely suspected I was going to use the revolver when he saw me put my hand out to reach it. Perhaps thinking so he readily grasped at it, and thereby caused the shot by which he met his death. I do not know of any other means by which it could have been occasioned. I was standing quite close to him; as close as this I guess [indicating by a motion of his hand the distance between himself and the bar], and when he saw me take it from my pocket he made a grasp at it and it

went off. I am going to meet my God, and it would be very foolish for me to die upon this scaffold with a lie upon my lips. I quite understand the position in which I am placed. I am talking to you as in the presence of my God. What I say to you are facts, and I have no interest in telling you anything else. It makes no difference to me when I am in my grave what people may say of me. If I had done this thing I would acknowledge it like a man. The blood does not trickle in my veins that would deny a thing like that if I had really done it. I am not false at heart, nor am I a coward. It would be a wrong thing for me or any other man to go into Mr. Brown's office and there deliberately take his life in the manner in which I did. There has been a false impression about this affair given to the public, I have no doubt; I could not control the act by which he came to his death. Mr. Brown was an honorable man, and a most popular man throughout the whole world wherever he was known. He has gone to his death through an oversight on my part. It was a foolish thing for me to have drawn the revolver, but I was in liquor or I would not have done it. I could not control the event. I went there purely on a matter of business, and my business was very simple and very plain. The result was as it was. I am prepared to die.

Bennett then took his position on the trap, the hangman bound his ankles and covered his face with the black cap, the Sheriff gave the signal, and in a few moments he was launched into eternity. Life having been pronounced extinct by Dr. McCollum, the medical attendant, a jury was empaneled by Dr. Wright coroner, and the customary form of holding an inquest, and returning a verdict upon the cause of death was gone through. Shortly afterwards the receptacle for the body a plain black coffin with silver ornaments, was brought and the body was placed in it. The remains were interred in the gaol yard.

The following were among the papers left by the prisoner:—

WARNING TO YOUNG MEN.

TORONTO GAOL, July 22, 1880.

The sands of time are continually crumbling beneath our feet, and we are now drawing towards that awful moment which marks the boundary between time and eternity. In general we know not the day nor the hour; but when by man the day, the hour, and the place are fixed, then the mortal

must seriously reflect on the past, the present, and the dark mysterious problem that lies before him. It is appointed for men once to die, and after that the judgment. I must soon present myself before the bar of that judgment which alone is just, to give an account of my stewardship. Now, I behold the earth which at one time I would have been sorry to leave, now I see how false are the charms of the world, how powerful its attractions, how dreadful its allurements how sweet its honey appears though it has the sourness of vinegar. In the days of my childhood I was brought up in the Catholic faith, and though for years I have, to my grief, wandered like a stray sheep from the precepts, wise counsels, and frequenting the sacraments of the church, yet I wish to die in her bosom, and my greatest consolation at the last moment is to be fortified by the sacraments which Christ has left in His Church. Too soon, alas, I lost my best friends, my dear parents, who would no doubt, have brought me up in the fear and love of God, and in the practice of approaching the sacraments. The result was that I soon fell an easy victim of evil associations. Among my now companions I learned to regard the practice of going to confession as an intolerable slavery, but in abandoning its restraining influence I fell into a slavery of a different kind—the slavery of passion and sin—and my career downwards was very rapid. Now that I am on the brink of eternity, how vain and wicked do the false maxims of bad companions appear to me. These who have boasted of liberty and free thought and who would banish away the thought of God, of a future life, and man's responsibility, what do they offer instead to heal the wounds of society, to heal the wounds of a simple soul and make it resolve on a better course? Nothing but false maxims and the pleasures of sin without restraint or remorse. If I had attended my religious duty I would not be here to-day occupying my present position. The confessional would have saved me from the tyranny of passion, would have broken up the occasion and would have prevented the habit of sin to become a second nature. I was taught all this in my boyhood. I was made fully aware that one who approaches the sacraments must resolve on leading a good moral and Christian life. I abandoned the sacraments and am reaping the bitter fruit. I courted the vain pleasures of life, and became acquainted with sin. I went about from day to day with a weight of trouble on my heart that was eating my life away. Through my late misfortunes I shaped my course alone. I felt that I had been grievously wronged by man, and every day some additional

cause would arise to fan the flames already making a hell within my breast. If before this feeling obtained control of me I had unburdened myself in the tribunal of penance, of the load of sin and trouble which I was unable to bear alone, and obtained the wise counsels of one in whom I could confide, things would be different with me. Instead of doing this I brooded over it alone, and endeavoured to drown my feelings in the current of human pleasures, and without such counsel to aid me, or the grace of God to guide me, I came to grief, I have no motive in appearing before the Judge of the living and the dead with a lie upon my lips. It would serve no purpose here, and would injure me hereafter; and with a full consciousness of the position in which I am placed, I say I never intended to injure Mr. Brown. He never deserved it from me, and I am morally innocent of the crime for which I am doomed to die. I have enough besides that to atone for to the justice of God. I am resigned to my doom, and would offer now, if I had one thousand lives, in atonement for my sins.

I freely and from my heart and soul forgive my enemies and all who have injured me, as I hope that God in His great mercy will forgive me my offence against Him. The sun which rises in the horizon hastens his course and pursues the light and the light solicits the light of day. The rivers flow on to the ocean as if the ocean which is their centre ought to give them repose. The winter deprives the trees of their foliage in order to give us a lesson on death. I am no longer attached to earth by any tie or affection. I have resigned all my desires into the hands of God. The sentiments of the world which are now dead to me have taught me a lesson of death. The rivers flow into the sea, the seasons of the year follow one another in invariable order, oh! great God, I must now give an account. Thy judgments make me fear, but thy infinite mercy makes me hope. I cast myself into his arms and implore pardon. Good people pray for me; may God have mercy on my soul.

TORONTO GAOL, July 23rd, 1880.

I here express my sincere thanks to the officials of Toronto Gaol. I have received from them the kindest attention and utmost civility in contributing to my wants during my confinement here. It is remarkable the discipline that is exercised in the discharge of the various duties to be performed, and the caution, promptitude, and dispatch which accompanies all work done within the building. The persistent watch-

fulness with which innocent and guilty alike are regarded when once beneath the shadow of this roof, makes Toronto Gaol a credit to the city and the country at large. I have found Mr. Green a kind, shrewd, and observant man; nothing can escape his notice. The manner in which the business of the place is conducted is worthy of all praise. Farewell, Toronto Gaol.

GEORGE BENNETT.

THE ARMENIANS.

Armenia where a famine is now raging—there is always famine in some part of the East—is the original seat of one of the oldest civilizations. It has had different boundaries in different centuries, but its present area is estimated at 90,000 square miles, and its population at 2,000,000. Although long subject to the despotism of the Turks and Persians, the Armenians have preserved their nationality, both physically and morally; their religion, and, despite the loss of most of their ancient culture, a higher civilization than that of their conquerors. Christianity appears to have been introduced into that country as early as the second century. The form of theology called Armenianism ascribes only one nature to Jesus, and holds that the Spirit comes from the Father alone. Concerning what is known as the seven sacraments, they believe that a person at baptism must be sprinkled three times, and also dipped three times; that confirmation must be united to baptism; that the Lord's Supper must be commemorated with pure wine and leavened bread, and that extreme unction should be given to ecclesiastics only, and immediately after instead of before death. They believe in the worship of saints, but not in Purgatory; they excel the Greek church in the number of their feasts, but have fewer religious festivals. Service is usually held in Turkey at night; mass is celebrated in the old Armenian language, though the preaching is done in the new. The head of the church, whose title is *Catholikos*, lives at Etahmiadzin, a monastery near Erivan, capital of Russian Armenia, whither every Armenian must make at least one pilgrimage in order to be sure of salvation. Turkish persecution has driven many Armenians from home. In Hungary, Transylvania and Galicia they number 10,000; they are very common throughout Asia Minor, and in the neighborhood of Constantinople reach 200,000. They are, indeed, scattered all over Asia and Europe, and are to be found in the United States, and are often the shrewdest merchants.

POLITENESS AT HOME.

A boy who is polite to his father and mother is likely to be polite to every one else. A boy lacking politeness to his parents may have semblance of courtesy in society, but is never truly polite in spirit, and is in danger, as he becomes familiar, of betraying his real want of courtesy. We are all in danger of living too much for the outside world, for the impression which we make in society, coveting the good opinions of those who are in a sense a part of ourselves, and who will continue to sustain and be interested in us, notwithstanding these defects of deportment and character. We say to every boy and to every girl, cultivate the habit of courtesy and propriety at home—in the sitting room and the kitchen, as well as in the parlor, and you will be sure in other places to deport yourself in a becoming and attractive manner. When one has a pleasant smile and a graceful demeanor it is a satisfaction to know that these are not put on, but that they belong to the character, and are manifest at all times and under all circumstances.—*Catholic Columbian*.

MARRIED HAPPINESS.

Both husband and wife must put constraint upon their tempers if they desire wedded happiness. Neither should try to reform the other, so to speak, but learn to accept things as they are. It is not harder for the wife to study her husband's tastes and fancies, to attire herself to please his eye, to arrange the home with neatness and taste than for the maiden to do the same for her lover. Nor is it harder for the husband to consider the wife's feelings, and gratify her reasonable wishes, than for the lover to humor every whim and provide for every fancy of his lady-love. And let him show his appreciation of her efforts, and be not to blame and slow to please, or even simply indifferent. The amiable temper, the graceful manner, the careful toilet, and maidenly delicacy which charmed the lover will not be less lovely in the wife; and the gentle, manly bearing, the tender courtesy, and the respectful attention of the lover are not less sweet from the husband. Married happiness often depends upon what may at first sight seem trifles, but which are important items in life's complete sum.

THE TEACHING OF CHILDREN.

What should children be taught to believe in order that when they grow up they may find that later experience does not alter what they learned when young? We must teach them that, beyond what they must see and feel and touch, there is something greater and better which they can neither feel nor see nor touch. Goodness, kindness to one another, unselfishness, giving up their own inclination—these are the best things in all the world. It is true that goodness and kindness have no faces that we can kiss, no hands that we can clasp; but these are certainly there, in the midst of our work or play. And this goodness and kindness which, except in outward acts, we cannot see, is something which existed before we were born. It is from that we have all the pleasant things of the world, the flowers, the sunshine, the moonlight—all these were given us by some great kindness and goodness which we have never seen at all. And this goodness and love are that great Power from whom all things come.

WHAT WILL RUIN CHILDREN.

To have parents exercise partiality. This practice is lamentably prevalent. The first born or last, the only son or daughter, the beauty or the wit of the household, is too commonly set apart—Joseph-like.

To be frequently put out of temper. A child ought to be spared, as far as possible, all just cause of irritation; and never to be punished for doing wrong by taunts, cuffs, or ridicule.

To be suffered to go uncorrected to-day in the very thing for which chastisement was inflicted yesterday. With as much reason might a watch which should be wound back half the the time, be expected to run well, as a child thus trained to become possessed of an established character.

To be corrected for accidental faults with as much severity as though they were done intentionally.

The child who does ill when he meant to do well merits pity not upbraiding. The disappointment of its young projector, attendant on the disastrous failure of any little enterprise, is of itself sufficient punishment, even where the result was carelessness. To add more is as cruel as it is hurtful.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Catherine McCready, Born in the year 1819; Died on August 4th, 1880;

"THE VOICES" has lost another of its old friends and first supporters, Mrs. McCready, the sincere Christian, the true lady, the good mother.

Mrs. McCready was born in the town of Cavan, Ireland, in the year 1819.

She was the daughter of Patrick Gallagher blacksmith and of Dorothea Ward.

Catherine Gallagher was married to Mark McCready at the age of 16, on the 10th of May 1835, and became the mother of eleven children 2 sons and 9 daughters.

Five years after her marriage Mrs. Catherine McCready began her useful career as instructor of youth. This she followed almost without interruption until her last illness, a period of 39 years. After a previous examination both herself and her husband were advised by the Right Reverend Doctor Brown, Bishop of Cavan to take part in teaching in the National school. Here these two religious spouses devoted themselves zealously to a labor of love. Not only *did they* develop, in the minds of their pupils the principles of natural knowledge, but they were careful to feed their souls with the truths of salvation and to elevate them by the love of things eternal. As Mrs. McCready had hours devoted to the use of the needle and other habits of industry, so she had her time set apart for catechism and the practice of singing hymns, especially to the Blessed Virgin, whom she ever cherished.

There was no branch of charity within the sphere of Mrs. McCready to which she was a stranger, no misery or poverty that her kind ladylike heart did not feel and seek to relieve. Lord Farnham of the County Cavan and Lady Farnham had frequently to come to her rescue and many a poor person's passage did they pay to Australia and other lands of hope at the solicitation of their charitable friend. These poor exiles, as fortune favored them in these better climes, sent back presents, thanks and blessings to the christian heart that had felt for them.

In 1857 Mrs. Mark McCready resigned teaching, received a handsome compensation from Government and resumed business for six years.

In 1863 Mrs. McCready came to Canada her husband having gone some years before her. There she again gathered the little ones around her for primary and religious instructions, whilst her husband received tuitions for the higher studies of latin and greek. As they advanced in years their family required more attention, fortune favored them less and Mrs. McCready's charitable disposition became less apparent, though in no way diminished. Many a good mother can look back with fondness to day, and gratefully acknowledge the precious favors they received from her in youth. Neither should we imagine that by attending to others she neglected her own children. Few children indeed reflect more credit on their parents than those of Mrs. McCready. They were all the objects of her fervent prayers and wise admonitions, never humbled by rough talk,

never driven to excess by violent passions, never terrified by curses, never brutalized by unwise castigations. In Mrs. McCready the child could ever detect the heart of a loving mother, the priest, enlightened and sincere piety, every one the lofty feelings and attractive manners of a true lady.

Her husband paralyzed on the 29th of June 1876 lay helpless during the four last years of her life. Here her devotedness was admirable and heroic. Her faithful attendance on her husband, and other household cares and her constancy in teaching had completely exhausted her strength and she became the victim of her energy. The few last months of her life was spent in cruel agony and for consolation she looked to God, to his priest, to his sacraments. On the 4th of August 1880 she breathed her last in the arms of her beloved children, ardently desiring to receive once more the Adorable Eucharist, the only food she had longed for and had so frequently partaken of during her protracted sickness. On the Saturday after her death she had a respectable funeral service in St. Ann's church, whence her mortal remains were taken to their resting place.

Children of Mrs. McCready, grieve not, but remember the virtues of so good a mother, her meekness, her mildness, her patience. In your mother's soul there was nothing mean, nothing low, nothing violent, nothing unworthy of a truly christian lady. Continue to be worthy of her and long to be with her in the splendor of the Saints, enjoying the beauty of Jesus Glorified, who is the light, happiness and glory of the holy City of God.

May she rest in peace!

IN MEMORIAM.

FREDERICK RYAN, DIED MAY 29th 1880
aged 13 years and 6 months.

In the morning came the message
From the heavenly home above,
That our dear little friend was wanted
In that home of joy and love.

And his friends they had to part with
One they cherished and loved so well;
Oh the grief of his dear parents!
None but God alone can tell.

Who was it by his bedside stood,
The sighs and tears she tried to smother,
And to conceal each falling tear?
It was his tender hearted mother.

Oh sister dear, gently said:
I soon will be in peace,
My eyes are growing very dim,
I scarce can see your face.

He clasped his hands in silent prayer,
 His head he lowly bent,
 He asked the prayers of all his friends
 And closed his eyes in death.

Dear Freddie, whilst in this world
 Flowers was your constant crave,
 But the many friends you have left behind
 Will plant them o'er your grave.

Farewell, dear Freddie, at thy tomb
 Thy gentle voice is silent now,
 No more we'll hear its merry sing
 Or soothing words in time of gloom.

A FRIEND.

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, 2 ; Conversions, 4 ; Spiritual favors, 7 ; Temporal favors, 17 ; Happy death, 4 ; Special intentions, 1 ; Departed, 16.

Also for the following subscribers departed.

Bathurst, N.B. May 18th 1880, Ann Baldwin.

Bathurst, N. B. March 11th 1880, Walter Barron, aged 20 years, brother of one of our best little agents whose kind heart keenly feels the loss of her brother.

Alexandria, Ont. March 17th 1879, William Smith, aged 38.

Trinity, Nfld. June 11th 1880, John Connolly.

Moncton, N.B. March 25th 1880, at the age of 25, Miss Margaret Mahany.

Moncton, N.B. June 15th 1880, at the age of 22 years and 3 months, Elizabeth Ann McNeill. Deceased was the daughter of one of our kind agents ; she lived a very innocent life and has left acquaintances under the impression that she is gone to be a bright star in the kingdom of her father.

Lismore, N.S. March 7th 1880, Mr. Robert Chisholm.

Montreal, May 1880, Isabella Brayson.

Escott, Ont. August 4th 1880, Mrs. Ann Lynch, born Brady.

Pembroke, Ont. July 4th 1880, Maria Ann Gorman. The deceased lady was 27 years of age and very remarkable for her christian and sociable virtues.

Bonavista, Nfld. May, 24th 1880, Frederick Ryan aged 13 years and 6 months. Deceased was the son of Michael Ryan, he was a very good boy and the youngest of three brothers.

Montreal, August 4th 1880. Mrs. Catherine McCready, aged 61 years and 2 months.

Kitley. Ont. August 30th, Mrs. John Morrissey, much respected for her charities and many good works.

Kitley, Ont. April 28th 1880, Philip Lowman, brother to our zealous agent Miss M. A. Lowman.

St. John Nfld. Subscribers of Miss M. J. Smyth, David Power, Randal Greene and Edw. Morris.

REMITTANCES.

JUNE.

Miss Mary Wiseman, Cobourg, Ont.....	13 00
Miss Mary Tyo, Dundee, Ont.....	7 00
Mrs Taylor, Lowell, Mass.....	1 25
Miss Maggie Kelly, Osburgh, N. Y.....	5 00
Mrs. B. Maheu, Corunna, Ont.....	1 00

JULY.

Miss Maria Burke, Markham, Ont.....	0 50
Rev. A. McGillivray, Lismore, N. S.....	1 00
Miss Mary M. Loughran, Quebec, (from March).....	6 00
Mr. Pat. Doyle, Doyle Settlement, N.B.....	1 75
Miss Annie Chisholm, Lismore, N. S.....	4 02
Mr. Edward Lefebvre, Chichester, Que.....	1 00
Miss Maggie Kelly, Oswego, N. Y.....	2 00
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