

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

|                          |                          |                                     |                          |                          |                          |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|-------------------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 10X                      | 14X                      | 18X                                 | 22X                      | 26X                      | 30X                      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 12X                      | 16X                      | 20X                                 | 24X                      | 28X                      | 32X                      |

# The Voice

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

---

---

*Yearly Subscription in Canada and U. States, 25c. ; in Europe, 2 Shilling.*

---

---

VOL. VII.

CHELSEA, JANUARY, 1882.

No. 1.

---

---

## TO OUR READERS.

---

The New Year, 1882, is fast dawning and with pleasure we can wish our kind agents and all our subscribers a happy New Year. Well do our agents especially, deserve these compliments of the season, and if the New Year is a blessing to all, most sincerely do we wish the God of all mercy to bestow His choicest gifts on those who have been so kind to us. We do not ignore the trouble that many have in obtaining subscribers, neither do we overlook the kindness of a large number who receive all the copies themselves, in order to save us trouble, and then carefully see each of their subscribers properly served. Much trouble and expense could be spared us by all our subscribers, if they would renew their subscriptions at the beginning of the year. It would save us trouble by enabling us to acknowledge all receipts at once, instead of writing all the year round. It would save us expense in preventing us from printing more papers than we will require. It is true that many subscriptions are not due in January, but to each subscriber it makes but little difference in what month he pays, since it is only 25 cents a year, whereas to us the early payment is of much advantage. Those, however, who do not pay till their year is up, will not be deprived of the Monthly Mass, but the Novena of Masses which is to begin on the 28th of January, will be exclusively

for those who will renew their subscription before that date.

We made our little paper monthly for 1881, and our circulation has increased by 1,000, we trust that this year it will increase 1,000 more, and that at this period next year, we will be able to report 6,000 of a circulation. May God bless our kind agents who re-echo our VOICE so successfully !

——:o:——

## AVE MARIA.

Hail Mary whose graces profusely abundant,  
Flow pure from the River of Glory Above,  
Inexhaustibly ebbing and flowing redundant,  
In millifluent tides swell the Ocean of Love.

The Lord who moved chaos from waters extending  
And molded the atoms in one glorious ball,  
In union together, in harmony blending,  
Is with thee and loves thee supremely 'bove all.

Blessed art thou amongst all the blest Christians,  
Oherubim, Seraphim, Angels, and Powers,  
Above all Apostles, Evangelists and Teachers,  
To praise and admire and invoke thee is ours.

Trillions blest, is the fruit of thy womb, purest Mary,  
The Lord who presides over heaven and earth,  
Who cheers the forlorn and strengthens the weary,  
Thrice blest is the Womb which gave Jesus his birth.

Holy Mary, fond Mother of Him who created  
The heavens and earth by his Almighty power,  
Pray that a share of His mercy be meted,  
To our sinful souls, at our death's awful hour.

Glory be to the Father forever most glorious  
And to His long-suffering, crucified Son,  
Who triumphed over death and ascended victorious,  
And to the Holy Spirit three persons in one.

## A SCOTCH CATHOLIC SETTLEMENT IN CANADA.

(Continued from December.)

An anecdote is told of them at Waterford which shows the honest simplicity of their nature and their ignorance of worldly wisdom. When they entered the town, billet-money was distributed among them. Before night the order was countermanded; they were ordered to New Ross. Being told of this, each honest Scot returned his billet-money! While they were quartered in Connemara, two young men named Stewart were brought by the commanding-officer before a drum-head courtmartial, whereupon a private stepped out of the ranks, recovered his arms, saluted his colonel, and said:

“Ma dhoirtear diar di fhuil nan Stuibhartich an a sho a noe, bi stri s’anchuis”—“If there will be a drop of the Stewart blood spilt here to-night there will be trouble.” “Go back to the ranks, you old rebel,” was the answer; but the Stewarts escaped scotfree. The colonel at this time was not Glengarry, but his cousin Donald MacDonell, who was afterwards killed at Badajos at the head of the “forlorn hope.”

The regiment was disbanded in 1802, and the men were again as destitute as ever. Their chaplain then set out for London, and entered into a negotiation with the Government in the hope of obtaining assistance to further their emigration to Canada. This plan was opposed, and the Government offered to settle them in Trinidad. Dr. MacDonald, however, persevered, and at length procured from Mr. Addington, the Premier, an order to grant two hundred acres of land to every Highlander who should arrive in the province. After enduring extreme opposition from Highland landlords, governors and members of Parliament—even from the Prince of Wales, who offered them land in Cornwall—the devoted priest obtained the desire of his heart and saw his beloved people sail for Canada in 1802. As has been before said, they named their new home after their native glen, and every head of a family called his plantation after the farm he had possessed among the grand old hills of Inverness-shire.

It must not be thought that all the Catholic settlers were MacDonnells (or MacDonalds). Among those of 1784 we find the name of Frazer, McLennan, Hay, Rose, Glasford and

others, among the bands of 1786 were Grants, McIntoshes, McWilliamses, McDougalls, McPhees, McGillises, McGillivrays, McGuaigs and Campbells. Those of 1802 were more than half MacDonalds.

In 1804 Dr. MacDonald followed his people to Canada. He proceeded first to visit the Rev. Roderick (Rory) MacDonald at the Indian mission of St. Regis, then went to Kingston. During this time the people of St. Raphael's had taken a dislike to Father Fitzsimmons and clamored to have him removed, probably because they saw a chance of having his place filled by their beloved pastor of old days. Father Roderick, from St. Regis, reasoned with them by letter, but in vain. At last a sturdy clansman, John MacDonald, surnamed "Bonaparte," pushed his way from St. Raphael's to Quebec in midwinter, 1805, and laid his petition before Bishop du Plessis, who came to Glengarry in the Summer of the same year and appointed Dr. MacDonald parish priest of St. Raphael's.

The people's joy was very great at having their beloved priest with them once more. They gathered from near and far to bid him welcome. The little "Blue Chapel" was filled to overflowing; devout worshippers knelt along the aisles, on the doorsteps, and out on the short, crisp grass of the woodland meadows. When the notes of the *Tantum Ergo* rose on the air they pictured the Benediction service in their former home, where they had knelt on the heather of the beloved glen, through whose mountains their clear wild music had so often sounded that hymn of adoration, borne along the rippling waves of the Garry to float over the waters of dark Loch Ness and echo amid the wild hills of Glen More. The "Blue Chapel" was soon too small for the parishioners, and Dr. MacDonald went home to Scotland in 1819 to procure assistance toward the erection of a larger church. During his absence he was elected Bishop of Upper Canada. He returned in 1820, bringing with him from Glasgow a stonemason, who set about building the present parish church of St. Raphael's. The bishop was consecrated in Montreal in 1820, and was received in Glengarry with a great display of rejoicing. After remaining there for two years he removed to Kingston, which place became his home, the diocese having been divided and Bishop Power appointed Bishop of Toronto. Bishop Gaulin, coadjutor to Bishop Macdonald, was assistant priest of St. Raphael's after 1812, as the bishop was constantly

travelling. Bishop MacDonald organized his immense diocese, bought land, built convents and churches, also founded at St. Raphael's the College of Iona, a portion of which was built in 1818 for a public school; the western part was added for ecclesiastics in 1826. Here he taught him-self, aided by professors whom he obtained from Montreal. Fourteen ecclesiastics were ordained from this primitive seat of learning. The bishop's house built in 1808, is a spacious stone mansion capable of accommodating many persons, and fronting on a large garden laid out in 1826 by a gardener whom he brought out from Scotland. The bishop seems here to have found rest and solace among his flowers. He founded the Highland Society and encouraged among the people the preservation of their nationality. In a pastoral still extant he expresses himself very strongly against "those radicals who aim at the destruction of our holy religion," and strives to inculcate on his people a spirit of moderation and gratitude to the Government, who had certainly befriended them better than had their own natural chieftains at home. When he crossed the Atlantic in 1819 the bishop endeavored to interest Cardinal Wilde in his Glengarry colony, and it is said, wanted him to visit Upper Canada, his Eminence being then not even a priest, simply a very wealthy widower.

In 1840 the Venerable Prelate went home to Scotland for the last time, and visited an old friend, Father Gardiner, in Dumfries, in whose arms he died. Mortal illness seized him before he reached the end of his journey, and his first words of greeting were: "Dear old friend, I've come home to die with you." His remains were brought to St. Raphael's, then removed to Kingston in 1860. Thus passed away one of the grandest men whom God ever sent to hew for his people a path through the wilderness.

Among those who came out in the ship "MacDonald" were one John MacDonald, of the MacDonalds of Loupe, and Anna McGillis, his wife, with three children. The three multiplied to nine before many years past, and of these two sons entered the church; the eldest Elias (Angus), joined the Sulpicians and passed forty years as a professor in the Montreal Seminary. He then retired to Glengarry, where he lived to the age of eighty, universally beloved; then returned to Montreal to breathe his last in the Seminary of St. Sulpice, a kinsman of his exhorting him in

his own native tongue. Two brothers and two sisters died, aged respectively, ninety-eight, eighty-two, seventy-three, and sixty-seven years; there are now living in Cornwall two brothers and one sister, aged eighty-eight, eighty-one, and seventy-eight years. The second son, John, studied for the priesthood, and soon after his ordination was an assistant at St. Raphael's thence he was removed to Perth, where he suffered many hardships for ten years. He was Vicar-General of Kingston and parish priest of St. Raphael's for many years, and died at Lancaster on the 16th of March, 1879, in the ninety-seventh year of his age.

This latter was a man of very determined character and somewhat stern in his treatment of his flock, who one and all obeyed him as little children. It was no uncommon thing in those days to see a man with a sheep-skin on his head or a wooden gag in his mouth—a penance awarded by Father John. A pulpit was a conventionality that he scorned; he always addressed his people while walking to and fro behind the Communion railing. If any luckless wight incurred his displeasure he was pitilessly and publicly rebuked, though sometimes the worm turned. For instance:

“John Roy MacDonald, leave this church.” Dead silence. “John Roy MacDonald, I say *leave this church*.” John Roy MacDonald rises and goes slowly and solemnly out, stepping carefully over the far-apart logs that did duty for a floor.

Father John proceeds with his sermon, when creak, creak, creak, back over the logs comes John Roy MacDonald and calmly resumes his seat.

“John Roy Macdonald, did I not tell you to leave this church?”

“Yes, Maister Ian, and I will be for to go out of the church for to please you, and now I wass come back for to please myself!” It was not the ancient Scotch custom to call the priest *father*; hence Father John was always spoken to and of as Maister Ian.

Through great and manifold hardships have these people worked their way to comfort and ease. Coming from a life of freedom, and in many instances careless, idleness, in a sea-girt home where a wealth of fresh fish was always to be had for very slight exertion, agricultural labor was almost unknown to them. In Canada they found themselves obliged

to work hard and in the face of disheartening obstacles. Their new home was in many parts either swamp-land or else sandy and full of stones; the stones had to be picked up and made into walls to divide the farms, and the swamp-land drained and reclaimed. Often they had to lay roads of logs across the marshes and jump from one log to another, carrying on their backs bags of grain to be ground at Williamstown, where Sir John Johnson had erected a mill. Williamstown is to-day a thriving place, with a fine convent and as pretty a church as there is to be found in Canada. All these obstacles they surmounted as became the hardy mountaineers they were, and from their ranks came some of the celebrated characters of Canadian history, such as the first Speaker of the Upper Canadian Parliament, which met at Niagara, September 17th, 1792—Colonel John MacDonell, of Greenfield, for many years member for Glengarry and Attorney General. He was colonel of the Glengarry Fencibles raised for the War of 18' 2, and was killed while serving under Brock at Queenstown Heights.

Simon Frazer, of the house of Lovat, descended from Mrs. Frazer, of Kilbrocky, (the best female [Scotch] Gaelic scholar of her time, who instructed the Jesuit Faquarson in that language and was one of the means of keeping the faith from extinction in the Highlands), was born in Glengarry; he became a partner in the Northwest Company, and on one of his exploring expeditions discovered the Frazer River.

From St. Raphael's came the family of Sandfield MacDonald, of which the late Hon. John Sandfield MacDonald was the eldest son. He was one of the most brilliant politicians of his time, and Premier of the Canadian Government. His brother, the Hon. J. A. MacDonald, one of the Crown Ministers of the late Liberal or *Grit* Government, was Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario for five years.

Among the places of interest to a Catholic stranger in Canada West, there is none more delightful than St. Raphael's, where so many historic memories meet and touch, and, interwoven with the faith that is in them, live on in the hearts of the people. It is difficult of access; so are most poetic places now-a-days. You leave Lancaster in a "Black Maria," that groans and creaks and bounces over the road in a way that will test your nerves. Your driver is a yellow-haired Gael with a tendency to moralize on the evils of intemperance; but as he speaks the wind wafts over his shoulders his breath, tainted



with an unmistakable odor of John Barley-corn. As you leave Lancaster a wayside workshop strikes your eye, neat, white, and dapper. From its eave depends a sign; you expect at the most an intimation that festive baggies and neat jaunting sleighs are made within; but no: "*A large supply of elegant coffins always on hand!*" This singular *memento mori* sets you thinking until you come to the end of your seven-mile drive and dismount at "Sandfield's Corner," your oscillating conveyance going jolting on to Alexandria. You follow in the wake of a barefooted small boy whose merry black eyes proclaim him an interloper and a Frenchman. Along the side of the old "military road" you go under elm trees of giant height until you reach the quaint old hamlet dedicated to "Raphael the healer, Raphael the guide." Village there is none; only a post-office and store, an inn, a school-house, two cottages, with the church, presbytery, and college. The former stands on the brow of a hill and is remarkably large and lofty for a country church. On a chiselled slab over the door you read:

TEAG DE.†  
IIIDCCXXI.

Entering you are struck by the bareness of the vast roof, unsupported by pillars or galleries. The sanctuary is formed by a screen dividing it from the passage that connects the sanctuaries. Behind this screen is a white marble slab bearing the inscription:

On the 18th of June, 1843,  
the Highland Society of Canada  
erected this tablet to the memory of  
the Honorable and Right Reverend  
ALEXANDER MACDONELL,  
Bishop of Kingston,  
Born 1760—Died 1840.  
Though dead he still lives  
in the hearts of his countrymen.

Under the floor at the gospel side of the sanctuary lie the mortal remains of the good and Rev. Father John. Upon the main altar a statue of the patron of the church, St. Raphael, the "human-hearted seraph"—imported from Munich by the present parish priest, Father Masterson,—looks as full of beauty and compassion as even Faber has portrayed him.

The side alters have also fine statues of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, and the church throughout gives evidence of tasteful care. In the graveyard there are many old tombs, of which the inscriptions are defaced by time. One of the oldest bears the date of 1828, and on it the passer-by is requested, "In the name of God," to pray for the soul of Mary Watson, spouse of Lieut. Angus McDonell, Glengarry Light Infantry. Near the church there was a building called a convent, but the bishop never succeeded in obtaining nuns for the mission. The enclosure across the road is occupied by the presbytery and college, now used as a chapel in which Mass is said daily, and in which, when the writer first saw it, the descendants of the mountaineers were repeating the rosary on a golden May evening. The building is small, and has, of course, been greatly altered, all the partitions having been removed to render it fit for use as a chapel. The garden of the bishop is still a mass of bloom, and in its centre walks stands a moss-grown sun-dial, whereon we trace:

"R. J. McD. 1827."

—a relic of *Maister Ian*. From the wall of one of the rooms in which he lived the grand old bishop's portrait looks down on his people. It shows a man of commanding figure and noble and benign aspect, withal bearing a striking resemblance to the pictures of Sir Walter Scott. The church, house, college and garden have been much improved by Father Masterson, who succeeded Father John, after being his assistant for many years.

The people of Glengarry seem to live on very good terms with their Protestant neighbors, and tell with pleasure of Father John's custom of reading the Bible aloud to those of them who wished him to do so. The bishop was revered by all sects, and when he received visitors of state in Kingston the wife of the Protestant minister used to go over to do the honors of his house. All through the country the farms are equal, if not superior, to any others of the Dominion, and are graced by magnificent trees. The roads are bordered with beech, ash, birch, tamarack, maple, butternut, spruce, willow, and pine, while the elms in every direction offer studies for an artist in their rugged and graceful curves. These elms were the staple commodity for export, and the year in which the people found no market for their wood was one in which their

sufferings were extreme; they still speak of it as "the year of elms." A small river called the Beaudette winds through the country. On each side of it are marsh-lands, covered in places with low-sized bushes; water scenery is certainly wanting in Glengarry.

The Highlanders are grave and serious, clannish as of old, standing by each other *guaillean ri guaillean* "shoulder to shoulder" in all disputes. The old antipathy between the clans is still in some instances cherished. It is a well-known fact that a young lawyer of Glengarry, who is, in the opinion of many, heir to the title and chieftainship, actually refused, some time ago, to accept an invitation to dine with the Marquis of Lorne, declaring that a MacDonell could not and would not be the guest of a Campbell of Argyle!

The national dress is rare now and only comes out, like the bagpipes, on state occasions. The girls, in spite of Father John's penances, have cultivated their decided talent for dancing, but there is generally none of the gayety and careless amusement so common among the French-Canadians. Hospitality is a predominant characteristic of the Highlanders—a hospitality so generous, sincere, and hearty that, having experienced it, you will be ready to say with Burns:

"When death's dark stream I ferry o'er—  
A time that surely shall come—  
In heaven itself I'll ask no more  
Than just a Highland welcome."

A. M. POPE.

—:0:—

THEY DIDN'T TAKE HIM.—When Carter, the Lion King, was exhibiting with Ducrow at Astley's London, a manager with whom Carter had broken an engagement issued a writ against him. The bailiffs came to the stage door and asked for Carter. 'Show the gentleman up stairs,' said Ducrow. When they reached the stage, there sat Carter composingly in the great cage, with an enormous lion on each side of him. 'There's Mr. Carter waiting for you, gentlemen,' said Ducrow, 'go in and take him. Carter, my boy, open the door.' Carter proceeded to obey, at the same time eliciting, by private signal, a tremendous roar from his companions. The bailiffs staggered back in terror and rolled over each other as they rushed down stairs.

## MISSIONS OF NORWAY AND LAPLAND.

(We judge that the simple narrative, given below, will be more eloquent and effective, than any words we could add).

The most northern inhabitants of Europe (Laplanders), whose country is as a region of icy mountains, are the most generous and *the poorest in the world*. Many dwell in tents or huts, made of planks or of turf and poles; their clothes are made of skins and their food is chiefly fish; some subsist on reindeer. Everything freezes there in the Winter, which lasts nine months, with three months of darkness.

In Norway the chief subsistence is the exportation of wood, which was stopped some two years ago, and this has caused so many thousands of Norwegians to emigrate to America, and if they were able to pay the fare, perhaps 100,000 Scandinavians would emigrate this year to Chicago.

Norway was converted by King St. Olaf and Irish-English priests in the Tenth and Eleventh Centuries, and since then Norwegians have continued to be among the best Catholics in the world. In the Sixteenth Century they became Lutherans, almost without knowing it. They continue to be very religious and still retain many Catholic ceremonies in their "Mass" and believe to have priests and sacraments, etc., as well as the Catholics.

Morality is very good in Scandinavia, except in some large cities. The laws and customs are still those of the Middle Ages, that is, very Christian. They never deceive or steal; never have law-suits. They have had no real war for a thousand years. Shops and hotels are not open on Sundays, and the people frequent their own or the Catholic Churches instead. Dances and theatres are also almost stopped those late years.

More than twenty years ago the Redemptorists Fathers opened the Missions of Norway, which they have since left to other priests, and which have been extended over all the country; and there are now 15 priests, 8 small churches, 10 students, 8 teachers, 1 convent with 50 to 60 poor orphans and 100 pupils and a small hospital.

The Storting has recently, unexpectedly, given full religious liberty; thus, Catholics, can now obtain any office in the Government. Catholic priests are very much respected

and they are sometimes invited to the public gatherings; they have also funeral processions through the cities, and the Sisters wear their religious dress there. Sometimes, when there are semi-official demonstrations, such as church or school dedications, the consuls and Government officers assist in their official costume. Sometimes the Lutherans contribute to Catholic buildings, as was the case for the hospital at Copenhagen, and they exempt these buildings from taxation. There are now a great many conversions even among the high classes. A priest opened a new Mission, and after a few months he had 50 to 60 conversions; these and many such facts prove that the time for the conversion of Norway is near.

—:0:—

### NIGHT AIR.

“Beware of night air!” This is one of Aunt Su-an’s solemn speeches. “Close the windows when the sun goes down.” This is another.

The other night, when she was drawling out the first of these favourite saws, I said to her:

“My dear aunt, what can a man breathe at night, if he doesn’t breathe night air? He couldn’t breathe air, could he, Do you mean he should get a houseful of day air, shut up tight? and breathe it over and over all night? My dear aunty did you ever go into a bedroom where two persons had slept with closed windows? Now, aunty, you have a sharp nose; what do you think of that sort of air to feed the blood and brain! Three persons out of four suck in their poison all night, and next morning complain of dullness and headache. Aunty, did you ever sleep out of doors?”

“I should expect to wake up dead if I did.”

“My dear aunt, the young birds, lambs, fawns and all the rest of the tender, delicate young creatures sleep out, and do nicely, but they soon die of consumption if we bring them into our furnace or steam heat. Why, aunty I saw while in California a family of parents and five children living under a live oak tree, where they had stayed for three years with no other cover than a tree, not even a tent. It was an intelligent

New England family; they left Massachusetts wretched from scrofula and bronchitis. When I saw them they were in fine health."

I believe a great French author, when he says:

"You may eat bad food, wear bad clothing and never wash yourself; but if you breath pure air day and night you will never suffer from scrofula. Impure air is the sole cause of scrofula.

Aunt Susan, I believe this is true. If you live out on the open plains, in an ocean of pure air, you may dine on hot sale-ratus biscuits and fried salt pork, and never have scrofula, bronchitis or consumption."

Aunt Susan ended the discussion by saying:

"Sleep out in the street if you wish to; I prefer a good bed in a nice room; sleep with pigs or the cows if you wish to: I prefer a nice bed in a nice room: sleep with the pigs or the cows if you like it; I prefer to sleep in bed like a Christian."

Aunt Susan is partly out. It is better to sleep in a good bed than out in the street, or with pigs. But it's a sad slumber to sleep without an open window.

————:o:————

PROMPT REPLY.—The rise of the O'Reillys in Spain form an interesting anecdote. At the close of the Seven Years' War (1762), forming as it were, an episode of that great contest, hostilities commenced between Spain and Portugal. In the regiment of Ultonia, which fought on the Spanish side, was an Irish officer, whom on being left for dead on the field of battle, the followers of the camp were as usual, about to dispoil, when he cried out that he was the Duc d'Areos. The hope of a reward in the shape of ransom saved his life; but on his return to Madrid, he was ordered into the presence of the duke's widow, and interrogated why he had presumed to usurp her husband's name. "Madam," replied he, "if I had known a more illustrious one, I would have sought its protection." The presence evinced, both in assuming the name in the hour of danger, and in his apt reply to the haughty Countess, ensured him this lady's special favor, and her influence secured his rapid advancement in public life.

## WIT AND HUMOR,

Revised axiom—To err is human, to forgive unusual.

It is easier to rectify whiskey than the ways of those who drink it.

Men are born with two eyes, but one tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they say.

“You are not fond of money for itself?” “Oh, no,” said Jay Goldburg, “I am fond of it for myself.”

KEEPING HIS WORD.—A bachelor dropped in the other evening to see a married friend whose wife was away from home on a prolonged visit. He found him smoking desperately at a cigar near a foot long. ‘Why,’ gasped he, breathlessly, ‘where on earth did you get such a preposterous cigar as that, Charley?’ ‘Had it built by contract,’ was the response. ‘You see,’ continued the smoker explanatorily, ‘I promised my wife before she went—bless her heart—that I wouldn’t smoke more than six cigars a day. Promises to wife are sacred, you know, and I mean to keep mine if I have to get cigars as long as a lamp post.’

—:o:—

## BISHOP BEDELL ON EDUCATION.

Bishop Bedell, in the Church Congress said:—Christian education must begin and be carried out to its best fulfilment in the family. The mother and the father are the true teachers. A deaf mute preacher had given him a valuable suggestion on this subject. In interpreting the parable of the prodigal son, he said that what brought him home was—not the husks and swine—but his early parental instruction. To educate the intellect without the development of the moral faculty is to train up a devil. To educate the moral affections by neglecting the intellect, is to create a fanatic. True education is the leading out of our faculties in harmony.—*Church Work.*

## 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, 2; spiritual favors, 3; temporal favors, 3; happy death, 10; special intentions, 2; departed, 4.

Also for the following subscribers departed:—Mrs. Cornish, Toronto, Ont; Mrs Wm. Healy and Mrs. Merrick, Kitley, Ont; Michael McDounell, died by railroad accident, Dakota, Ont; Widow Janet McDonald and Duncan McDonald, Glen Robertson, Ont; Daniel Kelly, Oswego, N.Y.

—:O:—

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. It, 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 conversion of Protestants to 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 Protestants 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, not only your own prayers, but the prayers of others who will see and read your paper.

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.*

“*Seen and approved.*” ED. CHS. *Bishop of Montreal.*

*Imprimatur, J. Thomas, Bishop of Ottawa.*