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# The Voice

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VOL. V.

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No. 2

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BY MARY EMILY PLUNKETT.

(For *The Voice*.)

From this world of care and sorrow  
Weeping nights and toilsome morrow,  
In the silent church-yard blest  
Enter weary heart and rest.  
Morn here comes with dewy fingers,  
Evening lovingly here lingers,  
And mysterious brooding night  
Here unvails her orbs of light.

Mossy grave-stones, old and hoary,  
Tell some long forgotten story,  
Here a grave has sunken deep,  
While the cross bends as in sleep.  
See the trees no longer keeping,  
Their brown leaves are softly sleeping,  
Like some child that tired with play,  
Slumbering, casts its toys away.

Wood and vale no more are ringing  
With the merry voice of singing,  
Far along the gloomy sky  
Silently the swift birds fly;  
Like the dearly loved departed,  
Who has left us broken hearted,  
Speed they to a fairer home,  
Where chill winter ne'er may come.

See yon ivied chapel gleaming  
Through the trees, while music streaming,  
Through the ever open door,  
Its rich tide doth sweetly pour.  
Where the priestly chant is blending,  
Heartfelt prayer to heaven ascending,  
Prayer for all the dear ones blest,  
Who within the church-yard rest.

Here fond hearts that parted weeping,  
 Side by side in death are sleeping :  
 There, before the close of day,  
 Guileless children come to pray ;  
 There 'tis sweet to end all sorrow  
 Weeping nights and toilsome morrow,  
 There upon earth's soothing breast,  
 Let me sweetly, gently, rest.

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TO OUR READERS.

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We congratulate the large number of our readers who renewed their subscription in good time, in October and January. The reason we wish all to renew in these two months, is to save trouble, to know to whom we should send the January number and to include them in the January mass. This year we said the mass on the last day of January so as to give time to all to renew.

We most heartily thank our kind agents for the great trouble they have taken again this year in our good work. There are many of our agents to whom we owe special thanks, not merely for the number of their subscribers, but also for the difficulties they have to contend with, and again for the good agents they obtain for us. Our good faithful friend of Boston, Dear Mr. Hennessey, deserves our special thanks in every respect. He has 200 subscribers and has secured for us many a good and efficient agent. What good can be effected when so many lend a helping hand, but how good works do linger when they meet with apathy and indifference.

May God bless all good Catholic hearts who are filled with energy to do good.

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## THE NAPOLEONS AND THE POPES

OR

### THE FALL OF THE ENEMIES OF THE CHURCH.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

##### NAPOLEON III. OVERTHROWN AND IMPRISONED.

Five years later, Count Retbel was sojourning with his friend Ditmour, at his Villa of Bellevue, not far from Sedan.

Napoleon had declared war against Germany.

The majority of the French people firmly believed that they would be victorious in the approaching contest, but the aged count shook his head mistrustfully.

"We will not conquer—it is impossible!" said he, sorrowfully. "France and her emperor have loaded themselves with grievous crimes, and the avenging justice of God will overtake them."

"I do not understand you, dear Rethel," replied Ditmour. "Our soldiers rush with enthusiasm into battle; they expect, in a few weeks, to cross the Rhine, march in triumph towards Berlin; and yet you prophesy misfortune and defeat!"

"I have my reasons, dear Bernhard, for doing so. Napoleon will share the fate of all princes who oppress, persecute, and despoil the vicar of Christ upon earth.

"Ah! you again recur to that conversation between Pope Pius VII. and Napoleon I. at Fontainebleau, which made such a deep impression upon you when a youth," exclaimed the lively, good-humored lord of the villa. "I do not deny that Almighty God broke the scepter of the first Napoleon, because he kept the pope imprisoned, and desired to use the Church as a political agent; but does it necessarily follow that Louis Napoleon will meet with a similar fate? You have become morbid on the subject."

"The God of old still lives, Ditmour!" earnestly replied the count; "and as surely as the Most High is immutable in His essence, as surely as God is the Supreme Protector of St. Peter's chair, so surely also will His arm crush the crafty enemy and oppressor of the Holy See."

"Judgement should then fall first upon Italy and her king."

"No, my friend! Italy will perish miserably, and her king with her; they will reap what they have sown. Victor Emmanuel, however, is not the instigator of the revolutions in Italy, of the spoliations of the patrimony of St. Peter, but Louis Napoleon, emperor of France."

"According to my opinion, Louis Napoleon has not sinned as much against the pope as his uncle," said Ditmour. "The present emperor has even protected the pope; will he be punished for having done so?"

"Protected! Good heavens, do you allow yourself to be deceived by the outward appearance of things?" exclaimed the painfully agitated count. "Louis Napoleon has done more injury to the Papal See than did Napoleon I., who, it is true, imprisoned the holy father, but he used open force. Napoleon III., however, acts in a cunning, artful, and intriguing manner. His deceitful course is the real cause of the father of Christendom being deprived of his dominions. Ques-

tion your memory! Has not the official organ of Napoleon maintained for years the impossibility of the continuance of the temporal power of the pope! Has not the emperor himself written a work in which he advocates the restriction of the papal possessions to a large garden and a palace? Has he not, with the strong arm of France, given aid to the conspirators against the liberty of the pope? Hence Louis Napoleon is nothing less than the abettor and upholder of the robber-king of Italy, the despoiler of churches, and it is he who has deprived the pope of his freedom, On account of this crime he has incurred the wrath of God, and all France with him."

"You are not altogether wrong!" replied Ditmour, after some reflection; "for since Louis Napoleon signed the treaty with Italy, which withdrew from Pius IX. the protection of France, the star of the empire has been on the wane."

"I assure you, Ditmour, that I besought his majesty, at that very time, not to make the treaty," said Rethel, "but all in vain! The emperor does not believe that Almighty God is the Protector of the Church; but it will soon be made manifest to him, that unbroken in power, and full of wrath against the oppressors of His Church, the God of old still lives!"

"Suppose that Louis Napoleon does deserve punishment; how can an All-Just God make a whole country responsible for the sin of its emperor?" asked Ditmour.

"A nation often resembles its ruler," answered Count Rethel. "France if she had chosen, could have forced the emperor to govern in a Christian manner; but France has permitted all manner of injustice. A small portion only of the empire protested in vain against religious degeneration; but who, by his actions, was the chief promoter of infidelity and immorality? who, but Louis Napoleon? He allowed every license to a press which is just as impious and wicked as was the press of the self-styled philosophers of the first Revolution. And is he not responsible for the demoralized condition of the army? For, according to the present system in vogue, no officer who publicly fulfils his religious duties receives promotion. In the army there exists a spirit of absolute infidelity, and almost paganism. In short Louis Napoleon has degraded and ruined France. Is this not a virtual persecution of the Church? It has long been evident to me that open, cruel persecution does less injury to religion than does secret, artful intrigue, and Louis Napoleon's government has given me a striking proof of it. France has fallen very low;

she has gone astray from the paths of religion, and for doing so she will be punished, for the God of old still lives!"

"As you have three sons in the army, your belief in the coming disaster must make you doubly unhappy," said Ditmour; "but have courage, have confidence in the bravery of our soldiers, and in the skill of our generals."

"Bravery and skill are unavailing when the Most High rises in judgement," sorrowfully replied the count. "If Germany would send into the field an army of boys against us, we would be defeated. You smile! But wait and see!"

The gloomy forebodings of the count were fulfilled; the Germans achieved brilliant victories at Weissenburg, Woerth, and Saarbruecken, and bloody battles were fought and won near Metz. The German armies were then concentrated around Sedan. A furious contest began. The thunder of many cannons rent the air, and made the earth tremble. The Villa of Bellevue, being in the vicinity, was exposed to eminent danger, and its owner became alarmed. Count Rethel, however, did not seem terrified, but was very sad and resigned.

"The will of God be done!" said he. "I will place my dear sons under His powerful protection, and may He awaken my poor country to life!"

On the morning of the 2d of September, Ditmour was surprised by the entrance of a French officer, who announced to him that the Emperor Louis Napoleon had decided to meet the King of Prussia at the Villa of Bellevue.

"His majesty will be here at ten o'clock," said the messenger and, mounting his horse, he rode off at full gallop.

Ditmour rushed into the apartment of Count Rethel. "What do you think has happened?" he exclaimed, in the greatest consternation. "The emperor has notified me that he intends to have an interview here with the King of Prussia. What shall I do? I am not prepared to receive such guests. The soldiers have consumed all my provisions, the last bottle of champagne is gone. Dear friend, give me your advice!"

The count remained quiet; the startling news did not rouse him from his dejection.

"Dear Bernhard, whom do you wish to entertain? For whom make preparations?" he asked calmly. "For the emperor? Believe me, an emperor has no wants in the hour which puts a seal to his downfall and imprisonment."

Ditmour seemed petrified with astonishment. "O my God, my God, here in my house!" he cried wringing his hands. Shall the Emperor of France surrender his sword to the proud

conqueror? What a disgrace, what a misfortune!" And covering his face with both his hands, he wept bitterly.

"Be composed, dear Bernhard!" said Count Rethel. "It has been so decreed; the event which is soon to take place is not only remarkable, but it is even supernatural; for a judgment of God is about to be executed. Yes, the God of old, the Protector of St. Peter's chair, is still living!"

A carriage was now seen approaching the villa, surrounded by a staff of richly dressed officers. Leaning upon the arm of a general, Napoleon alighted from the carriage. He wore the uniform of a marshal, and appeared to be suffering and depressed; he had really grown old in one night. Ditmour received his distinguished visitor, and bade him welcome. Napoleon thanked him with scarcely a perceptible nod of the head. Broken down in body and soul, he was about to retire to his apartment, when he suddenly stopped at the sight of a tall and venerable form.

"Is it really you, Count Rethel?" asked the Emperor, with unusual animation.

"It is I, sire!"

"You followed my uncle into exile, and even to prison." And pressing his hand to his forehead, he was silent.

"Oh, your majesty!" exclaimed the count, carried away by the excitement of the moment, "I am overwhelmed by the truth of those scriptural words: 'It is a dreadful thing to fall into the hands of the living God!'"

"It is so, count; you do right to remind me of them, for you never concealed the truth from me, however bitter, even when I was at the height of my power. It is so—it is indisputable! If I had listened to your intercessions in behalf of the pope, I would not now be here. The warning of my uncle is fulfilled: 'If you grieve or oppress the pope, the avenging arm of the Almighty Protector of St. Peter's chair shall crush you!' My sad fate is a new evidence of this truth!"

These last words were spoken by the emperor, as if to himself; he stood awhile and proceeded towards an inner chamber, where he awaited the arrival of the conqueror.

A few of the officers of the imperial household were assembled in the court-yard, and their countenance betokened their inward depression. Louis Napoleon would sometimes appear at the window, his face giving evident signs of the disturbed condition of his soul.

The hour appointed for the interview had passed. Can it be that the conqueror will not come? Four hours had

elapsed, and to the emperor it seemed like a painful eternity, when, precisely as the clock struck two, hussars wearing the uniform of the Prussian army were seen approaching. Music was heard in the distance; and, amid the hurrahs of a vast concourse, the royal visitor appeared, accompanied by a brilliant suit of princes and gentlemen.

Louis Napoleon left his apartment for the purpose of receiving the king. Both monarchs shook hands, and in silence entered the villa, about which lay the quiet of death, albeit surrounded by a body of armed men. All were impressed by the solemnity of the scene. Even the face of the stern Count Bismarck showed signs of emotion; for all felt that a powerful ruler had been suddenly overthrown and imprisoned, the influence of whose policy had misled Europe for years.

With a low, sad sound the wind rustled through the fir-trees of the park, and the presence of God's judgement was felt by many much more vividly than they chose to acknowledge.

After some time the door of the room opened, and the king crossed the threshold. The defeated emperor accompanied the king to the steps; there he stopped, and it could be plainly seen that he had been weeping.

Mounting his horse, the victorious William of Prussia soon disappeared from sight, and Louis Napoleon shortly after took his departure.

"I wish that the whole world could have seen this spectacle!" exclaimed Rethel, as he stood at the window, "for they would now behold the once powerful Emperor of France, Louis Napoleon, a prisoner, overthrown and crushed by the avenging hand of God!"

## CHAPTER V.

### THE PROPHECY OF COUNT RETHEL.

Peace was concluded between Germany and France, and an exchange of prisoners had been agreed upon.

Count Rethel inhabited a villa a few miles from Paris. On every side there were evidences of terrible devastation; fields that had at one time been highly cultivated, were now trampled under foot, and the ruin of houses made the scene still more desolate. The chateaus and villas of the wealthy Parisians were now a sad spectacle. Luxury, vanity, love of display, and refined sensuality had once filled their homes with everything that could satisfy the taste and passions of a degenerate people. Sins were committed there which cried out for a



punishment as severe as befell Sodom and Gomorrah, and the judgment of God overtook them, not in the form of a rain of fire, but in the curse of war. All gayety had ceased, the majority of the citizens of Paris had fled to foreign lands, while others were starving in the streets of the once beautiful city, or else obliged to eat the flesh of dogs, horses, and rats. The German soldiers, who had taken up their quarters in the chateaus, were at first astonished at the splendor that everywhere prevailed; but they were compelled, by the severity of the winter, to use as fuel the most costly and elegant furniture; they stretched their wearied limbs upon soft cushions, turned the gilded saloons into stables for their horses, and laughed aloud when they saw the amazement of the animals as they looked at themselves in the lofty mirrors. The modern Sodom was almost a barren waste; and not only did the shells of the victorious Germans fall upon the doomed city, but the projectiles, also, of the French insurgents; until at last the fiendish mob, in a spirit of mad frenzy, sought to destroy the city by fire.

In all this abomination of desolation, Count Rethel recognized the avenging hand of God.

"The Lord never changes!" said Rethel. "He who banished our first parents from Paradise, who cursed the earth on account of sin, who destroyed a wicked world by the deluge. He who overthrows kingdoms, and scatters whole nations by the breath of his nostrils, has also admonished France that he is still living. He permitted the Philistines to overrun Israel, and He has allowed the Germans to conquer France. O France, my beautiful country, wilt thou turn a deaf ear to the warning? Wilt thou not see the finger of God in thy chastisement, and return to the Lord?"

In such terms would the count often give vent to his grief; for of the three sons who had fought for the honor of France, only one had returned from the battle-field. The awful calamities that had fallen upon his native land had sorely afflicted him, and in proportion to his anguish, was also his hatred against the Prussian soldiers, whom the French papers described as barbarians, incendiaries, and as ruthless murderers and tyrants. The new German empire also awakened his dislike, for to him it appeared like a constant threat against the independence of France; he became melancholy, and a smile seldom or never lighted up his aged features.

Suddenly a change came over him. The journals contained news from Germany, which seemed to rejoice him greatly.

He read of a new religious body, who had rejected the doctrine of the infallibility of the pope, and who styled themselves the "Old Catholics." They were regarded with favor by the government of Germany, which had already suppressed Catholic journals in Lorraine and Alsace, because they had protested against any injury being done to Catholic interests.

One day he requested his son Charles to accompany him to Tivoli, a place of resort which was regularly frequented by German officers.

"To Tivoli, father?" asked his son, in astonishment. "You forget that the Germans meet there every afternoon."

"For that very reason I wish to go," replied Count Rethel. "I desire to learn with certainty something of the highest importance."

Arrived at Tivoli, they sat down before a table in the garden where several German officers were holding a spirited discussion. The old count, who spoke German perfectly, took part in the conversation, but he prudently concealed his real sentiments and soon introduced the subject of the new German Empire, as opposed to the Catholic Church.

"There is no question of the fact," asserted a colonel, "that in high government circles it has been proposed to establish a new German National Church. The pernicious influence of Rome must be crushed."

"I agree with you!" replied a major. "Romanism has been the curse of Germany. In the Middle Ages, the German emperors were constantly waging war against despotic popes. In the new empire, these disputes will be stopped simply by Germany renouncing Rome."

"How can this be possible?" asked the count, in surprise. "In Germany there are many millions of Catholics; will they allow themselves to be separated from the head of their Church?"

"The Catholics must obey," sternly answered the colonel. "A strong government can do everything, and the German Empire is strong enough to establish a Church, and I hope that it will do so."

"Count Bismarck is a far-seeing, prudent statesman," said the count laughingly. "In all combats with the Catholic Church the most powerful rulers have been defeated, without exception, for the last eighteen hundred years. Bismarck will not commit such a grievous political error as to war against the Church."

The officers smiled incredulously.

"I do not know what are the intentions of the Imperial Chancellor," replied a captain of cavalry, "but religious skirmishes have already commenced in the new German Empire. The government protects the ecclesiastical professors who were excommunicated by the bishops. These excommunicated professors continue to teach the Catholic youth, despite the prohibition of the bishops and the pope, whose infallibility they deny. The government pays regular salaries to these suspended priests who have denounced the pope. I regard this as more than a declaration of war; it is already an assault on the outposts."

"It certainly is!" exclaimed the count. "But are these reports correct?"

"You can depend upon them," replied the colonel. "All the German newspapers mention the fact."

"Here is one that I have just received," said the major. "There is no doubt," he exclaimed, "that in some of the states of Germany the combat against the Church has already begun. What will be the end?"

"The victory of Germanism over Romanism!" answered the colonel. "The papal power in Germany will be overthrown and uprooted. In ten years the Emperor will be the head of our national Church, just as the Czar is in Russia. Hypocrites and papists have had their day; they can emigrate or be converted, and the German National Church will satisfy all religious wants, which will be very few among the intelligent class of the present age."

"If I am not mistaken, Napoleon I, cherished the same idea," said the count. "He also desired to separate France from Rome, and establish a National Church. But an accident prevented the execution of the imperial plan: Napoleon was overthrown and died in exile. Thus it happens, gentlemen, that at this very moment there are bishops, priests, and Catholics in France, and a pope in Rome."

"In the time of the first Napoleon, affairs were different from what they are now," said the colonel. "In our day, however, things are much more favorable for the execution of the design in Germany. On all sides there is felt the need of a religion which will keep pace with the present advanced state of civilization. Hence it is that Germany protests against papal usurpation, and the Pope of Rome declaring himself infallible, who thus strives to tyrannize over the conscience of every Ca-

tholic. The revolt is general, and the hour suitable for Germany to separate herself from Rome."

"All this is new to me, and highly interesting!" said the old count. "What idea have the Germans concerning the infallible teachings of the pope?"

"A perfectly correct one!" answered the major. "The infallible pope can make as many new dogmas as he pleases; he can issue the most ridiculous mandates, and insist upon their being received as divine truths, and by means of anathemas and excommunications he can compel all Catholics to believe every absurdity."

"Don't forget the pretensions of the pope to depose princes who do not govern according to his wish, and refuse to obey his commands," added the colonel. "If it pleases the pope to declare war upon any Protestant nation, every Catholic soldier must join the papal army."

"And then the Peter-pence that poor Catholics have to pay, and which the pope extorts from them," said the captain of cavalry. "No one is allowed to refuse these papal exactions, for every order of the infallible must be fulfilled as though it were a conscientious duty."

The count heard with astonishment these explanations of papal infallibility, and he could hardly suppress his laughter.

"I find the hatred of the good Germans very natural, if what they say of him is only true," said he.

"And I do not understand how this old Romish priest can, in the face of the present advanced state of civilization and enlightenment, presume to lay claim to such power," exclaimed the colonel. "He does not consider himself bound to respect the rights of any government or people; he acts like a new God."

"Do you believe, sir, that the State is to be worshipped as though it were a new God?" asked the count.

"With the idea of 'God' I by no means wish to unite all manner of religious superstition," replied the colonel. "Every school-boy knows that there is no such God; I only maintain that the State alone possesses the highest power in all things, and that it has, therefore, the right to establish a new religion, which will correspond with the exigences of the time; and that is a national church."

"Agreed, sir," said Rethel. "When the old God is deposed in Germany, it follows necessarily that the religion of this old God must be abolished. But if the State-power becomes the new god of the German Empire, it will have also

the right to found any State religion it pleases, exactly in accordance with the taste and wants of the good Germans. Gentlemen, I never dreamt that such progress had been made in Germany?"

The officers felt very much flattered, for they did not understand the keen satire contained in the reply of the count.

"The victory of Germanism is complete!" proudly exclaimed the major. "German strength and German intellect triumphs everywhere, not only on the battle-field, but in all other matters."

"How is it then, gentlemen, that the German soldiers in the late war gave such open proofs of their religious belief?" asked the count. "On many occasions their piety was remarkable. Their astonishing successes, their brilliant victories, were always ascribed to their moral and religious qualifications. It was said that our army was defeated because the men were impious, demoralized, and infidel, and the German army were victorious because it was God-fearing."

"That is a mistake," said the colonel. "Religion had nothing to do with our victories. I will not deny, however, that the lower classes in Germany are yet very strongly tinged with superstition; but the National Church of the future will, no doubt, eradicate the disease from their ignorant minds."

"That is to say, if the ignorant people, as you style them, will consent to exchange the religion of the old God for that of the new State-god," retorted the count good-humoredly. "But I fear that the great Bismarck himself will not be able to drive the majority of the people into a National Church. Hence it would be a useless expenditure of labor and money; for an intelligent people, according to your doctrine, are not in need of any church, and the faithful people will remain true to the old God. But, gentleman," he continued seriously, "you surely do not imagine that the old God will suffer a rival? His lightnings will strike the National Church to the ground, and His frown will bring destruction upon the kingdom that rebels against His sovereignty."

The officers seemed very much perplexed and amazed at the remarks of the aged count, who now rose and entered his carriage.

The count's son had not understood a word of the conversation, which had been held in German. He was astonished at the animated discussion between his father and the German

officers, and his surprise attained its height when he heard his father speak even with cheerfulness.

"I do not understand, father," said he, "how you can rejoice at the persecution of the Church."

"I grieve that the Church should be persecuted, dear Charles," replied Count Rethel, "but I rejoice for this; if the German newspapers contain the truth,—if the officers have a correct idea of the spirit that actuates the Emperor and his ministers,—then the new German Empire will declare war against the Almighty Protector of the Catholic Church and the Papal See, and the same hand which has destroyed all the enemies of the pope and the assailants of the Church, will crush the mighty German Empire. The fools! Do they perhaps think that the Most High will make an exception in favor of the German Empire? They imagine that they can effect what for eighteen hundred years the most powerful rulers have failed to accomplish,—the destruction of the Church of God, and of His vicar upon earth! The old God is still living! Go on, proud Germany, go on! Assault the rock of Peter, oppress the Church, and the decree of thy ruin is pronounced! God will keep the promise which he has made, to protect the pope and the Church. The gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

The carriage halted at the count's villa. The intense excitement under which he had labored was very injurious to a man of his age, for he was now seventy-three years old. On the following morning he felt ill, and lost no time in sending for the priest, after which he summoned his family to his bedside, and requested Charles to read the conversation between Pius VII. and Napoleon I. at Fontainebleau, and which he had written down, word for word. The dying man listened attentively.

"My children," said he, in a faint voice, "labor with your whole strength for the spiritual and religious regeneration of France. Bow down in obedience to the commandments of God; never forget that the old God still lives,—the only Lord of creation, who holds in His hands the fate, not only of individuals, but also of whole nations. Serve Him with fear and trembling, whose throne is heaven, and whose footstool the earth."

His white head fell back upon the pillow. Count Joseph Rethel was dead.

## BAPTISM OF A YOUNG AFRICAN.

The heroic charity, which gave birth in olden times to so many religious orders, instituted especially for the redemption of captives among barbarous nations, is not yet extinguished in the Holy Catholic Church; it inflames in our days many generous souls who say to themselves: "If the pirate of Algiers, Tunis and Morocco no longer infest the seas, nor carry off the inhabitants of the coasts of Spain and France, there are still in the heart of Africa multitudes of slaves. We must try to rescue them from their wretched lot. A venerable priest, Father Olivieri, undertook this work of humanity. But after having bought a number of these poor slaves in the public markets of Jaffa and Cairo, he was suddenly called from this life to receive the reward of his labors; other priests, however, were soon found willing to consecrate their lives to the service of these poor unfortunates, and even tender and delicately nurtured females came forward, and, with hearts burning with charity, offered to sacrifice themselves and their fortunes for the redemption of those wretched beings. A truly pious lady member of one of the most honorable families of Nantes, founded, under the auspices of Pius IX., a religious society, one of whose principal objects was the ransom of negro slaves.

In a book containing the history of several of the ransomed children we read the following words: "They are flowers of the desert that this pious society has transplanted into the garden of the Church." It is one of these desert flowers that we are now about to present to our readers, a young African, whose baptism has been lately solemnized. Her name is Fatima; she was born, it seems, somewhere in the eastern part of Africa; in what country cannot be precisely ascertained. Her father was a Mahomedan; and as the religion of the Mussleman authorises Polygamy; he had two wives, one white the other black; two of his children were white, the other two black.

The white woman had been dead for many years, when the Geiadas, that is bands of armed robbers who roam about the country stealing children to sell to slave-dealers, invaded the humble household. The father and mother tried to save their helpless little ones from the clutches of those barbarians, but at last finding that resistance was useless, the father threw himself on his knees and begged them to leave him, at least his white children. The robbers seized the two black children, little Fatima and a brother older than herself. Fatima re-

members yet this scene of desolation: "When my black mamma saw the wicked men carrying us off, she cried very much, and taking earth she sprinkled it on her head." A remarkable vestige of the ancient custom of covering the head with ashes when in sorrow. "I will die," she moaned, "I cannot live without my children." The children were thrust into bags and carried away. What has become of the brother? His sister does not know. As for herself, she was sold four times to masters, each one more cruel than the other. At each sale a mark was cut in her face with a sharp instrument; the four scars are yet distinctly visible, two on either cheek. Besides this, she was ill-treated in every conceivable way, the whip and the knife were both used unsparingly, and she bears upon her body traces of the numerous wounds that she received.

At last, fortunately for her, she was brought to Jaffa, where a religious, probably Father Olivieri, bought her for four hundred francs. From Jaffa she was conducted to Alexandria, and placed with the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, until a ship should sail for Marseille. From Marseille she was taken to Annecy, where there is the mother house and the noviciate of the religious of the Immaculate Conception. After having stayed there some time, she was transferred to Quinpelt, where the Society has another establishment. Fatima may be, perhaps, eleven or twelve years of age; she has only been in France fourteen months; yet in that short space of time, she has learned to speak French with tolerable fluency. She has also shown wonderful quickness in learning the catechism and all that is taught her concerning religion. Here is a touching proof of her simple faith: After her baptism she did not know how to express the happiness she felt; then her eyes filled with tears. Some one asked her why she was crying:

"I am happy; I will go to heaven; but my father, my mother, I will never see them any more."

"Do not be grieved, my dear child, God is so good. He may one day give them back to you."

"Oh," she cried bursting into tears; "they will go to limbo with the children not baptised, and I will go to heaven; I will never see them; I, who can never forget them, who love them so much!"

This interesting child awakens the sympathy and affection of all who knew her. She begged to be baptised with much earnestness and prepared for the reception of this great Sacrament with the most scrupulous care.



A number of persons had been invited to assist at this touching ceremony, and the new and elegant Chapel of the Retreat where it took place, was filled with distinguished visitor. Fatima was baptised Mary Josephine.

The bishop himself officiated. It is not necessary to describe here the rites which the sacred liturgy prescribes for the baptism of adults; they are in our days, but little different from what they were in the first ages of the Church; that is, the Church, before baptising those who have come to the age of reason and who can speak for themselves, takes means to assure herself of the liberty, the instruction and the dispositions that adults bring to the reception of this first Sacrament. One might have feared that little Fatima would be disconcerted by this imposing assembly, by the presence of the Bishop, by all this magnificence so new to her. But, no; she was calm and recollected, and seemed to be entirely absorbed by the great act that was being accomplished. She answered every question without the least embarrassment, and, throughout the entire ceremony, appeared quite self-possessed.

When all was concluded, the visitors, and indeed, all who had been present, gathered around the young neophyte. Then might have been witnessed a sight rare and singularly touching, affording a striking proof of the change that can be wrought by a truly religious feeling and fraternal charity. Notwithstanding the difference of race and color, they saw in the little African, in the poor negress, an angel of innocence, a sister in Jesus Christ. A number of the ladies present embraced her affectionately, even the children held out their little arms; some of them, it is true, looked rather frightened at the sight of the black face framed in its snow-white headdress.

What must have been the feelings of this poor child on thus finding herself the object of all these affectionate demonstrations! What a contrast between the barbarous treatment of her Mahomedan masters and the kindness and sympathy shown to her by this Christian and Catholic people! Without speaking of the spiritual joy which filled her heart, and which she seemed unable to sufficiently express, how much happier must she have felt, humanly speaking, under the mild and holy influence of the law of Jesus Christ, which she had embraced.

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What is the difference between a celebrated song by Lord Byron, and a tallow candle? One is: "Maid of Athens," and the other is made of grease.

## THE OMELETTE OF THE TRAVELLING AGENT.

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A worthy priest, Father Lacordaire, was dining one day at a hotel in a provincial town. Not far from the priest sat a young travelling agent, a very self-satisfied looking personage and completely without that reserve which is such an essential mark of good education.

It was Friday, a fast day, and therefore a precious occasion for travelling agents who dine in hotels, to show the public how much they are above, what they are pleased to call, vulgar prejudices. After several observations, more or less witty, concerning fast days, bigotry, superstition, etc., the young man who had been glancing furtively at the priest now and then, became impatient at the little effect his words seemed to produce on him and resolved to address him directly. Passing a dish of omelette, out of which he had taken the best portion himself, he said in scoffing tones: "It is my principle, sir, only to believe what I understand, is that not reasonable?"

"Sir," answered Father Lacordaire politely, as he helped himself to the remains of the omelette that the other had been good enough to leave him, "do you understand how fire, that melts butter, iron and lead, has hardened these eggs?"

"Well, really, I don't understand that," answered the travelling agent, surprised at this singular question.

"Neither do I," said the priest, "but I see with pleasure that does not prevent you from believing in omelettes."

The travelling agent, abashed at the turn the conversation had taken, had nothing more to say during the journey.

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## BENEDICTION OF THE MOST HOLY SACRAMENT.

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It is evening, and the church is full of people. Vespers are just over, but the congregation do not depart; on the contrary, they seem composing themselves more devoutly to prayer. Already many are on their knees, and all eyes are looking one way. Lights are breaking forth on the altar, amid the flowers, like stars coming out in the heavens on a clear night. Soon it will be one blaze of splendor.

The priest appears in his vestments with his attendants; he goes up to the altar—an increase of awe and happiness is visible on the countenance of the people. He opens the door of the tabernacle, and instantly sinks upon his knees. And see! upon the altar something bright is standing, shining in

gold and precious stones. Meanwhilo the orgau is playing, and the people as with one accord are singing, and as they sing they keep their eyes intently fixed on the bright object before them. It would seem as if they could not pay it homage enough; for now the priest reverently takes it in his hand, and solemnly places it on high before the altar, and there it stands, like a king enthroned to receive the homage of his people. The priest descends the altar steps, and again kneels and bows almost to the ground. Then, on his knees, three times he incenses the holy thing, and clouds of sweet perfume rise and envelop everything around, and float into the body of the church.

But the music changes, and the notes become sweeter and more joyous; the people continue singing and praying, and seem to be addressing someone they love very much, and who they are sure, are listening to them.

And again the music changes, and then follows a more subdued and solemn song. When this is finished, the priest stands up, sings a prayer and then a veil is put over his shoulders, and he ascends the altar-steps, and reaches up and takes the glittering object in his hands from amid the candlesticks, and as all is hushed, save the silvery sound of a little bell, and the people bow their heads, he holds up the Holy Thing and makes with it the sign of the cross over the kneeling multitudes. Then there bursts forth a hymn of thanks and praise, and all is over.

Now what—who is this that has been the object of such fervent adoration? Why were the people so still, and why did they bow their heads, and what took place during that solemn silence?

My friend, you have been present at the Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament. Jesus Christ Himself has been lifted up and set on high, to be worshiped and adored; and during that solemn silence, when the sign of the cross was made over us, it was He that blessed us. We prayed that He would bless us, and He did. Benediction is but another name for blessing; and the object on which every eye and (we will hope) every heart was fixed, was the Most Holy Sacrament—Jesus Himself present in His Most Holy Sacrament—Jesus under the form of bread. He was in the centre of that golden vessel, and to Him, not to it, our prayers and homage were directed. The lights, and the flowers, and the incense, and the vestments, and the music, and the singing were all in His honor. It is true that we called upon the Blessed Virgin



to pray and intercede with her Divine Son, whom she beholds in His glory, while we see nothing but the sacramental signs; but He was the one object of our worship; we looked to Him; we never took our eyes off Him; while we begged Him, by the love He bears His holy Mother, to cast a gracious eye upon us.

If you say that you do not understand how it can be, I reply that you are not required to understand it; but neither do you understand how Jesus could be at once both God and Man, and yet you believe. If you say that you cannot see Jesus present under the form of bread, and therefore cannot believe that He is present, I ask you whether you do not believe that He is in heaven, because you cannot lift up your eyes, and like St. Stephen, behold him there: and whether you have forgotten that Jesus Himself said, "Blessed are they that have not seen and have believed"—John xx., 29. We cannot tell how Jesus, whole and entire, could pass through His rocky sepulchre at the resurrection, or could enter the room where His disciples were assembled when the doors were shut, neither can we tell how He is present, whole or entire, in each particle of the Blessed Sacrament. But as surely as God cannot lie, so surely shall we not be deceived in believing both these mysteries. Could Jesus have spoken more plainly than He has spoken? "This is my body," "This is my blood," Matt. xxvi., 26, &c. "I am the Living Bread which came down from heaven. If any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever, and the bread that I will give is My flesh for the life of the world"—John ii., 51. And when the Jews, like Protestants, nowadays, "strove among themselves saying; how can this man give us His flesh to eat?" He did but repeat in plainer words, what He had already said: "Amen, amen, I say unto you, except you eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His Blood, you shall not have life in you."—ver. 54.

It may be useful to notice here a text which is frequently cited from the Acts of the Apostles against the doctrine of the real presence of our Lord in the Blessed Eucharist.

Christ, it is said, not only "passed into the heavens," but St. Peter has declared that He would never leave that abode until the last day: "Whom heaven indeed must receive until the times of the restitution of all things" (iii., 21). If, then, He is to be retained in heaven until "the restitution of all things," how can He be present in different places in the Blessed Eucharist? We reply that Christ remains in the

heavens as His permanent dwelling-place in that visible and corporeal mode of presence with which He "was taken up into heaven!" He is there in His natural though glorified state, and as He will be seen on His return with clouds of glory (Acts i., 11; Matt. xxiv., 30; Apoc. i., 7). His presence in the Holy Sacrament is not similar in its mode, nor does He leave, for a second, the local heaven where "He sitteth at the right hand of God."

There is, therefore, no bringing of Christ out of heaven, in the ordinary sense of the word "bring," but there is a new act and mode of the presence of the Body and Blood which are upon the Christian altar simultaneously with the presence of Christ in heaven in his own natural and non-Eucharistic form, which undergoes there no change, either local or of any other kind. This is the true answer to the objection; but it may also be observed that to affirm that Christ never leaves the heavens, even for a brief period, is an assumption not provable from the scriptures.

Our Lord was certainly seen by St. Paul on his way to Damascus, and was apparently so near as to be heard and spoken to, the light from His presence blinding St. Paul with its effulgence.

"He was seen by me," says the Apostle; and the vision was evidently similar in kind to that of others who had beheld Christ with their bodily eyes. "He was seen by Cophas, \* \* \* by more than five hundred brethren at once, \* \* \* by James, then by all the Apostles, and last of all he was seen also by me" (1 Cor., xv., 8). "The God of our fathers hath pre-ordained thee that thou shouldst see the Just One, and shouldst hear the voice from His mouth!" (Acts xxii., 14.)

On another occasion in Jerusalem, the Lord standing by him said, "Be constant" (Acts xxiii., 11). Had not St. Paul beheld the actual body of Christ, like the rest of the Apostles, his testimony would not have been that which he claimed it to be—the evidence of an eye-witness (1 Cor., xv., 15). "Have not I seen Christ Jesus?" (ix., 1). "Christ," writes St. Thomas Aquinas, "by ascending once into heaven obtained for Himself and for us perpetually, the right and dignity of the celestial abode; but it is no derogation to that dignity if Christ, by a certain dispensation, sometimes descends in His body to the earth, either that He may show Himself to all, as in the judgement, or to some individual specially, as to St. Paul! (Sum. iii., g. lvii. ar. 6. ad. 3.)

Whether on the latter occasion Christ quitted the heavens locally, or was in two places at once, is doubtful; but that Scripture does not exclude the fact, or possibility of the first supposition, is absolutely certain.—*Kilkenny Journal*.

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In the library of Georgetown University may be seen a copy of a very remarkable engraving, which refers to the institution of the Most Holy Eucharist. In it our Saviour is seen distributing the Adorable Sacrament to His Apostles, His lips uttering the words, "This is My Body." On the right Luther offers the Communion, saying, "In this is contained My Body." On the left Calvin does the same and declares: "This is the figure of My Body." At the bottom of the picture the artist has placed query, in prominent letters, "Whom shall we believe?"

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### A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

Some years ago the portress of the House of the Good Shepherd of Philadelphia was summoned to the door at night-fall, to a young girl in great distress, who asked to see the Mother Superior. The applicant was shown into a reception room, and seated before a grating, behind which a white robed nun appeared, asking her errand.

Just then a full choir of voices from the penitent's chapel accompanied by the solemn tones of an organ, was heard. The music affected the girl deeply, and she bowed her head against the grille and sobbed aloud. The nun endeavored to soothe her, asking her if she was troubled.

"Ah, Sister," said she, "evening after evening that music has reached me in the street outside, calling me to leave my sinful life, reminding me of my childhood, when I sang those very hymns in joy and innocence with my schoolmates. For a long time I have hardened my heart against the pleadings of the music, but I can no longer resist it, and I have come to ask you to take me in the house."

"Alas! my poor child," said the Sister, "there is not an unoccupied bed in the house."

"Oh, Sister, do not send me away; you do not know all that I have had to overcome to bring myself to apply to you, and if you reject me I have no hope; no virtuous family will receive me among them, and if you send me away to-night, God must indeed have forsaken me."

The nun was silent; her thoughts were busy in devising some means of help for this poor desolate woman. The girl concluded that there was no hope for her.

"Sister," said she, "have you noticed for several weeks a silver half dollar in your contribution box every night?"

"Yes, my child; and I thought it very strange, for such an offering is very unusual among the small coins in the box?"

"Well, Sister, I was the giver, and often I had to go hungry after giving it; but I was comforted by the thought that the sacrifice would please God, obtain grace for me to apply to you, and at the same time move your heart to receive me, when you saw how much I was in earnest."

"Indeed, my child, it is not in my power to send such a petitioner away; I will give you my own cot rather than abandon you."

This touching incident is but one among many connected with the institution of the "Good Shepherd." The Sisters have abandoned home and friends; they have sacrificed every human feeling to imitate the Good Shepherd in seeking out the sheep that was lost, and lying soiled and wounded by the wayside; but without the co-operation of the public their sacrifice will benefit very few. Ye fathers and mothers, whose hearts are gladdened and consoled by your loving children, give to the Lord a thanks offering, by aiding the Sisters of the Good Shepherd in their Christ-like work of reclaiming the children of your and their Heavenly Father, many of whom have gone astray because they have been deprived of the guardianship of their earthly parents.—*N. Y. Freeman.*

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### THE APPARITIONS AT KNOCK, COUNTY MAYO, IRELAND.

From the reports of eye-witnesses and of persons of high respectability it would appear that God wished to confirm the faith of the Irish people and to console them in their distress.

The first of these apparitions took place on the 21st of August last.

The second was seen on Friday the 2nd of January.

The third on the 5th of January on the eve of the Epiphany.

Those who had the happiness of witnessing these beautiful apparitions were respectable intelligent and pious people, who may be seen and spoken to as they live near the church.

The Apparition was first seen on the 21st of August 1876, during the Octave of the Assumption of Our Blessed Lady, at 7.30 P. M. on the gable end of the church, or rather the gable of the sacristy, which was behind the church. After closing the church the care-taker perceived a white light on the wall outside. She took no notice of it, but half an hour after, her attention was called to it by an other parishioner who called out that the Blessed Virgin and two saints were standing at the south gable of the chapel. Shortly several persons, men, woman and children were gazing rapturously on the wonderful sight. The figures appear quite distinct and round, and an old woman ran up to clasp the feet of the Blessed Virgin in her arms.

They beheld the Blessed Virgin with a beautiful crown of dazzling brightness on her head, and wearing a white cloak, her hands uplifted and eyes raised to heaven, as if in prayer. On her right hand, and with his head inclined towards the Virgin Mother, stood St. Joseph, and so distinct was the apparition of the holy saint that even his whiskers of grey were observed by the wondering and awe-stricken people. There also appeared an altar surrounded by a most brilliant light, and on the altar a snow-white lamb, a cross reclining on the back of the lamb. To the right of the altar, and on the Blessed Virgin's left, appeared St. John the Evangelist, a book in his left hand, his right raised, as if reading or preaching from the book, and on his head a mitre which the people describe as being like that worn by the Archbishop. The altar and the figures were surrounded by a bright light, while over all there seemed like stars twinkling. The night was both dark and rainy, and notwithstanding that the people present got drenched with the rain that fell during the two hours the apparition was visible, the figures were not touched or affected by the rain or darkness, and the portion of the gable before which the apparition was remained perfectly dry as if there had not been a drop of rain.

The second apparition on the second of January 1880 was still much more remarkable, inasmuch as it was seen by four persons in broad day-light at 12 o'clock noon and this time it was witnessed by the parish priest of Knock, the venerable Archdeacon Cavanagh, a clergyman remarkable for his great piety and the austerity of his life. Opposite that portion of the gable where the apparition of the Blessed Virgin stood, arose a graceful column of exquisite workmanship, having at its base two beautifully carved figures;



at a height of about eighteen inches, or two feet from the ground, there was a rich cap or moulding from which the column tapered to a considerable height, and all was surmounted by a statue. Beyond this and at regular distances were three smaller columns of equally beautiful workmanship, and then an altar, while the continuation of the gable beyond the altar seemed as if variegated with light and shade.

The third apparition on Monday, eve of the Epiphany, was seen by a number of persons, amongst whom were two members of the Royal Irish Constabulary. There appeared a bright light at the same portion of the gable where the apparition had already been witnessed there was seen in the light like a statue of the Blessed Virgin, and around the spot appeared stars and moving bodies of angels hovering above. "All that we have written," says our informant, "we have heard on the spot, and any one has the same opportunity of seeing the people and hearing for themselves. When we arrived there on Tuesday a number of people were at the church, and praying on the spot now rendered sacred by the apparitions. Already have the lame and the blind made pilgrimages to Knock, and evidence of their presence, and the effects of their visit, may be seen in at least one crutch, a number of sticks, statues, and vases, as offerings of the pious faithful. One young man who had been for nine years the victim of hip disease, who had lost the use of his leg from the hip down, and during that long time could only go along with the use of a crutch and a stick cane, and his crutch may now be seen there, he having no longer any use for it. This poor fellow has written to Father Cavanagh, telling him of his cure, and stating that he is the wonder of his own neighborhood since he returned and walked amongst his friends. A little girl, ten years of age, who had been blind from her birth, was brought to Knock by her father and mother, and recovered her sight before she left, the dust of the cement of the gable having been rubbed to her eyes. Several other miraculous cures have been effected by the application of the cement, which has been taken away in great quantities by pilgrims. To a height of nearly ten feet the cement has been scraped off the gable by pious visitors whose faith in its miraculous effects is most confident. Crowds of people from the surrounding country and the neighboring counties daily visit the spot, which has now become famous, and is certain to

become more and more so every day. The evidence is before the authorities of the Church, who have not yet pronounced on the matter."

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## INDULGENCES GRANTED FOR TEACHING AND LEARNING THE CATECHISM.

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Paul V. in his Constitution *Ex credito nobis*, October 6, 1607, "in order to animate the faithful the more diligently to teach and to learn Christian doctrine," granted the following Indulgences:

I. The Indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines, to all masters of schools who, on feast days, shall take their scholars to be instructed in Christian doctrine, and shall themselves instruct them in it; and to those who, on working days, explain Christian doctrine in their schools, 100 days Indulgence.

II. The Indulgence of 100 days to fathers and mothers every time they instruct their children and domestics in Christian doctrine.

III. The Indulgence of 100 days to all the faithful every time they employ themselves for half an-hour in teaching or learning Christian doctrine.

IV. The Indulgence of three years, on all the feasts of the Blessed Virgin, to the faithful of every age who are accustomed to assemble in school or church to learn Christian doctrine, provided they confess on the said feasts; and the Indulgence of seven years to those who, being of age to communicate, shall on those days receive the Blessed Sacrament.

V. The Indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines was added to these Indulgences by Clement XII., by a Brief, June 27, 1732, to all the faithful every time that, having confessed and communicated, they assist at catechism or doctrinal teaching, or catechise, or teach Christian doctrine.

VI. He granted also a Plenary Indulgence, after Confession and Communion, to those who have the pious custom of assisting at or teaching Christian doctrine, on the Feast of the Nativity of our Lord Jesus Christ, on Easter Sunday, and on the feast of the Holy Apostles SS. Peter and Paul.—*Australia "Record."*

The rate of taxation in Rome is now three times greater than it was when that city was ruled by the Pope.

## THE LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR.

Possibly in no Catholic charity, says the *Catholic Universe*, is the hand of God more visibly manifest—directing its foundation and guiding its efforts—than in that which is recognized as the religious community of the Little Sisters of the Poor. It is a romance of the love of God—the history of their birth and life; but we cannot here enter upon the circumstances. Suffice it, they live for the aged poor; basket in hand, daily they encounter the mortifications of mendicancy—begging from door to door for their helpless charge.

Founded in 1840 by Father Le Pailleur, in St. Servan, on the sea-coast of Brittany, where two young girls, Marie de la Compassion and Marie Therese, some twenty and eighteen years of age, respectively, and an elderly spinster, Marie de la Croix, made their first essay that year in the simple lodging of Fanchon Aubert, their first charge, an old blind woman of eighty. The Little Sisters of the Poor now number over twenty-five hundred Sisters, with more than one hundred and fifty houses in France, Alsace, Belgium, Italy, Spain, Algeria, England, Scotland, Ireland and the United States, where there are fed and sheltered over 20,000 of God's poor. The House of Novices in the Tour St. Joseph, near Becherel, France, at present contains over 500 novices, from every part of the world, learning to serve as humblest mediators the poor whom God shall send them. From 1840 to 1879—the hand of God is surely visible in such a Christian increase.

In our city we enjoy the prayers and living charity of a house of this congregation. Ten Sisters and the Mother Superior ("Good Mother") have charge of a "Home for the Aged Poor," and every day, Winter or Summer, rain or shine, some of the good Sisters, basket in hand, are seen on our streets, seeking from all a mite for their poor, and gladly accepting the slightest contribution—even and particularly discarded apparel or remnant of the table—which they gratefully receive, and which their deft, kind hands soon turn to account as comfortable clothing or plain, yet wholesome, nourishment for the destitute whom they serve.

For themselves they ask nothing, these Sisters. They own and can own nothing but the habit they wear, and not even that. Their food is what is left when their charge has been served. If there is enough for their poor, and yet not enough for themselves, they go to bed hungry. This is no extraordinary happening with the Sisters of this congregation, and, when it happens, the rule is as we state it—the poor first themselves last or not at all.

A French paper relates the following incident:—

The day after the bloody battle of the 22nd December, a number of military waggons might have been seen coming and going from the Tuilleries bearing in numbers of wounded from the field.

The evening before, while the honorary litter-bearers sat tranquilly smoking in their cosy quarters, one hundred and fifty Brothers of the Christian Doctrine were out under the fire of the enemy gathering up the wounded and bringing them under shelter.

One of the Brothers was shot through the heart; another, grievously wounded by the bursting of a shell, was carried in dying.

It was now the day after. At six o'clock in the morning an old friar, seventy years of age, came to Doctor Ricord, who was tending the wounded, and said that he had been sent by Brother Philip, their director, with one hundred more brothers to join those already there.

The doctor looked at the old man with his white hair, thin and furrowed, but kindly and benevolent face, and seemed deeply touched by such heroic conduct.

"How is your wounded Brother?" he asked simply.

"Worse, Doctor, worse; we have no hope of saving him."

Moved by a sudden impulse, the Doctor threw his arms around the venerable old man and said in a voice trembling with emotion, "Permit me to have the honor of embracing you; you and your brethren are worthy of all praise, such nobility of soul and heroic self-sacrifice I have seldom witnessed. We thank you in our name and in the name of France!"

Are not such words worth more than a cross of the legion of honor?

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## REMITTANCES.

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### DECEMBER.

Miss Murphy, St. Canute, Que., \$12.00; Mrs. Murphy, \$1.00....	\$13 00
Mr. John O'Reilley, St. John's, Nfld.....	13 00
Mrs. B. McNaughton, Coaticook, Que.....	1 50
Mr. John S. Driscoll, Commanda Creek, Ont.....	2 50
Mr. J. McDonald & R. McDonald, Lingan, C.B. N.S.....	5 50
Mrs. A. Dumas, Chatham, Ont.....	1 00
Miss Annie Hoskins, Trinity, Nfld.....	2 00
Miss Mary J. Murray, Railton, Ont.....	0 50

Emily P.O.—Ont-Mr. John Jos. Scully, 4 75, Pat. Downs, 1,00.....	5 75
Mr. John Cass, Ottawa, Ont.....	0 60

## JANUARY.

Miss Jane Power, Charlottetown, P.E.I.....	10 00
Rev. Sister M. Cecilia, ( Children of Mary S'ty.) Charlottetown, P. E.I	1 00
Miss Mary McDonald, River Resin, Ont.....	3 00
Miss Anastasia Cooney, Bridgeport, Ont.....	5 50
Mrs. Patrick Callaghan, Markham, Ont.....	1 25
Hastings, Ont. Miss Mary McGrath, 4 00, R. Tierney, 2 25.....	6 25
Mrs. Margt. Cassidy, Burleigh Falls, Ont.....	3 00
Mr. Patrick Kennedy, Bagot, Ont.....	16 00
Mrs. Margt. Kilmartin, Knowlton, Que.....	2 25
Miss Lizzie McPhee, Victoria Mines, C.B. N.S.....	2 50
Mr. J. W. Chisholm, St. Andrews, N. S.....	1 15
Mr. Dan. McCarthy, Black Point, N. B.....	1 00
Miss Mary Merrick, Harlem, Ont.....	1 05
Miss Annie McGuire, Boston, Mass.....	2 00
Miss M.A. Dorgan, Bay Mills, Michigan.....	0 50
Miss Annie Bulger, Elgin, Ont.....	2 27
Mr. Patrick McCann, St. Catherines, Ont.....	1 50
Miss Mary Cummins, Toronto, Ont.....	3 00
Quebec, Que. Mr. James Trumble 7.50 ; Miss Mary M. Loughran, 9,00	16 50
Mrs. M. Fenelon, St. John's, Nfld.....	2 00
Mr. Archibald McDonald, Little Glace Bay, N.S.....	3 25
Mr. A. W. Davidson, Tracadie, N. B.....	1 25
Miss M. A. Dumaresq, Tracadie, N.B.....	1 00
Mr. Patrick. Doyle, Doyle Settlement, Ont.....	3 70
Miss Lizzie Warner. Halifax, N.S.....	3 00
Miss Mary Ann McAnany, Victoria Road, Ont.....	4 00
Miss Annie Doyle, Kars, Ont.....	2 75
Mrs. Mary P. Doran, Pembroke, Ont.....	6 25
Miss Annie Slavin, Oates, Ont.....	20 00
Miss Cath. M. Lavin, Manotick, Ont.....	3 50
Miss Roseann Mullen, Brompton Falls, Ont.....	1 75
Mr. Joseph Gillogley, Reaboro, Ont.....	3 00
Mr. Donald McDonald, St. Raphaels, Glengary, Ont.....	8 25
Mrs. Bridget Ryan, Hamilton, Ont.....	6 00
Mrs. Cath. McGaughbren, Paterson, N.Y.....	4 00
Miss Annie McQuillan, Richmond, Que.....	3 00
Miss Mary Kearse, Picton, Ont.....	0 50
Mrs James Fagan, Huntington, Que.....	0 50
Miss Maggie Brophy, Kingston, Ont.....	5 00
Miss Teresa M. Phillips, Burke Centre, N.Y.....	4 25

## FEBRUARY.

Mr. Wm. McLean, Dunmore, N.S.....	3 55
Douglas, Ont. Miss Katie Foran, 3 00 ; Mr. John McEachen, 0 50.	3 50
Mr. P. H. Devreux, Jaquet River, N. B.....	1 25
Miss Ellen Carson, Stoko, Ont.....	3 55
Mr. Mich. Doyle, Doyle, Ont.....	0 50
Miss Kate McDonald, Cashions Glen., Ont.....	3 25

Mr. John D. McMillan, Dalkeith, Ont.....	2 25
Mr. Patrick Frawley Allumette Island, Que.....	2 00
Mrs. John Douavan, Quebec, Que.....	3 00
Miss Mary J. Murray, Enterprise, Ont.....	1 00
Miss Lizzie Lynch, Escott, Ont.....	1 25
Mrs. S. W. McNeill, Moncton, N. B.....	5 00
Miss Rose McQuillan, Sherbrook, Que.....	1 50
Mr. Phil. Hennessy, Boston, Mass.....	50 00
Mr. John Quail, Monckland, Ont.....	8 00
Mrs. John Savage, Prescott, Ont.....	17 80
Miss Janette McDonell, Morrisburg, Ont.....	1 00
Mr. Angus McFarlane, St. Andrews, N. S.....	2 00
Miss Mary Barron, Bathurst, N. B.....	6 00
Mr. Alex. D'Aout, Hogansburg N.Y.....	1 00
Miss Maggie Murphy, Guolph, Ont.....	2 50
Mrs. B. Bennett, Courtright, Ont.....	2 25
Mr. John Lundy, Edwardsburg Ont.....	1 00
Miss Lizzie Small, London, Ont.....	2 00
Mr. Peter Mulott, Alexandria, Ont.....	7 00
Miss Maggie Kelly, Oswego, N. Y.....	3 00

## P R A Y E R S R E Q U E S T E D .

Thanksgiving, 1; Temperance, 9; True Faith, 2; Conversions, 16; Perseverance, 2; Spiritual Favors, 27; Temporal Favors, 29; Happy Death, 31; Special intentions, 2; Departed, 14r

Also for the following subscribers departed.

Kars, Ont. November 23, 1879, Mrs. Doyle mother of Miss Annie Doyle, our kind assistant.

Lindsay, Ont. Feb. 13, 1879, Mrs. Catherine Heenan.

Brewers-Mills, Ont. Nov. 16, 1879, Mrs. Patrick Mangan.

Railton, Ont, in August 1879, Miss Rebecca Conway.

Quebec, Nov. 21, Mrs Peter Como, and Ellen O'Connell, Dec. 27, 1879.

Ogdensburg N. Y., Calus Fournier.

Locheil, Glengary, Ont. Nov. 27, 1879, James Ryan aged 40 years.

Calabogie, Ont. from the County Limerick, Ireland, Michael Egan, pray for him he died friendless.

Douglas, Ont. July 24, 1879, Francis Foran.

Hamilton, Ont., James Dillet, Mrs. Dillet, and Rosy McBrine.

Victoria Mines, N.S. Jan. 16, 1880, Daniel McPhee, father of our two kind assistants, Miss Bella & Lizzie McPhee.

Pembroke, Ont. last fall, Samuel McEachen.

Mosquito, Nfld. Jan. 25, 1880, Mrs. Arthur Thomey, mother-in-law of our very efficient agent in Carbonear and very much respected for her charitable dispositions towards the poor and many other ladylike qualities.

Carbonear, Nfld. Nov. 1879, Thomas Finn.

Harbour Grace, Nfld. Jan. 1880, Mrs. John Keefe.

Prescott, Ont. Nov. 24, 1879, John Murphy.

Courtright, Ont. Oct, 30th 1879, James Toner & Nov. 4th Francis Toner.

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

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

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

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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.

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I am remembered in the Mass every morning.

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

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