

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.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- 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
- 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.
- Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

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 pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- 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

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
		✓			
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

The Voice.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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

VOL. VII. CHELSEA, SEPTEMBER, 1882.

No. 9.

NO CATHOLICS AMONG THE NIHILISTS.

Count Tolstoy, the new Russian Home Secretary, hates two kinds of people with all the hatred that a Tartar is capable of. These two descriptions of persons are Catholics and Poles; and considering that pretty nearly all Poles are Catholics, it stands to reason that these ten million unfortunate subjects of the Czar's come in for a double share of his Excellency's antipathy. When the Count was at the head of the Ministry of Education, Poland certainly felt the full weight of his displeasure very severely; but in his new position his likings and dislikings, as far as nationality and creed are concerned, have less bearing on his actions, and besides, he meets with numerous opportunities of satisfying himself how utterly unwarranted are his prejudices. Take the following notice which we translate from a Russian official return:

“In the months of May and June 644 persons were arrested on the charge of conspiracy against the Sovereign and against the welfare of the State. Among these 644 persons, all classes, professions and sexes are represented; but not a Catholic nor a Pole is to be found among them.”

We have repeatedly directed attention to the fact that the Catholics, and as a consequence, the Poles, are the most loyal of the Czar's subjects; and the burdens of Count Tolstoy's office would be immensely lightened if the Catholic faith were to become the faith of all the people of Russia. That would be the end of Nihilism.—London Universe.

AUTUMN.

How bright are the tints that are spread o'er the trees,
 The lawn has a carpet of soft golden leaves,
 The brooks wear a frown on their surface so clear,
 And the winds sadly whisper Autumn is here.

The blue sky is burnished with purple and gold,
 Each point of the landscape new beauties unfold,
 The bird's song is sadder as if it would say,
 My season is over and I must away.

Bright golden Autumn I love thee the best,
 When valleys and mountains are gorgeously drest,
 I look not for odors from sweet scented flow'rs,
 Nor sigh for the laughter that's fled from the bow'rs.

JULIA FARLEY,
 QUEBEC, July 13th, 1882.

No 19 Ramsay St.

 AT REST.

In the Chapel of her Order, wrapped in her Robe of Grey,
 With her Vows and her Crucifix, clasped in her hands,
 The Sister of Charity lay.

The Conquering Messenger beckoned her hence,
 He breathed on that placid brow,
 And the hands, once so busy, were folded and still,
 They can rest from their labors now,
 And the feet that were wearied, to follow her Lord,
 From dawn till the day grew dim,
 Now peacefully rest in the sleep of the blest,
 Awaiting the summons from Him.

From Him, for whose sake earth's sorrows and cares,
 Were met with the joy of a bride.
 And the years of her life she has gathered and laid
 At the feet of the "Crucified."

In that haven, from shipwreck, sweet refuge of love,
 She has gathered His Cross to her heart,
 Earth's brightest illusions, unheeded passed by,
 "She hath chosen the better part."

Sister of Charity, humble and lowly,
 Thine aim, was to walk, in the path that He trod,
 Seeking the sinful, the sorrowful, weary,
 The poor and despised, but to lead them to God.
 Sister of Charity, loving and tender,
 To the Lambs of His flock, that He gave to thy care,
 Thy life's work, to teach them, to shun every danger,
 And lead them to Him through the sweet voice of Prayer.

AGNES BURT.

Written for the *Voice*,
 Montreal, August 15th, 1882.

AURORA BOREALIS, OR HUMANITY.

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

On the evening of the 5th August (1882) I was abroad in the country. The hour was ten, and the harvest moon had not yet appeared above the horizon. The night was clear, warm, beautiful; millions of stars bespangled the firmament, millions of planets revolved harmoniously in space. Along the west a few cloudlets hovered, the south was inky dark and the east was slightly tinged with a silvery glow. My attention was drawn towards the north, where one golden shaft of light shot up from behind the distant hills until its point touched the plough. Soon it was accompanied by another similar beam, then another and another until fully thirty gilded spears pointed towards the zenith. Along the horizon, beneath those shafts of fire, there appeared a deep phosphorescent glow which gradually ascended, and as the brilliant beams comingled, became a brighter red and then blood-like crimson. Here and there, like the troughs of great breakers, a sombre purple hue divided the more brilliant colors. Soon all the varieties of the rainbow, multiplied a million times, assumed a thousand different forms. At first like a vast canopy it appeared

to overhang the north, then undulating majestically, it seemed like a curtain suspended between us and some glorious vision of the spirit-land. Pinned to the firmament at either end by a diamond cluster constellation, it dropped its miles of prismatic fringe until almost touching the hill-tops. You would think that the hand of the Creator was now turning for human children the wheel of the great kaleidoscope of the universe. And, with the Laird of Abbotsford ;

“I knew by the streamers that shot so bright
That spirits were riding the northern-light.”

I have seen the sun-set when the grandest dreams of Angelo were surpassed in the west. I have seen the flush of the dawn on the eastern hills. I have contemplated the heavens by night and said with McCarthy :

“What earthly temple such a roof can boast,
What flickering lamp with the rich star-light vies,
When the round moon rests like a sacred host,
Upon the azure altar of the skies.”

I have seen the tempest, when the storm-god had unchained the elements and amidst the flash and boom of heaven's artillery, rushed to the destruction of a whole valley : I have heard of the earthquake in its shocks of ruin, the ocean in its fury ; Vesuvius has belched forth and its lava flowed over the cities of old—but I am sure, that in none of these exhibitions of nature, is the power, the goodness, the omnipotence, the omniscience and omnipresence of the Almighty to be seen as forcibly and as truly grand as in the contemplation of that great natural phenomenon of our hemisphere, the Aurora Borealis.

Such was the panorama I gazed upon a few weeks ago. However, there are always thoughts and reflections suggested by such scenes and I said to myself “how like the world, what an image of humanity this spectacle exhibits !”

Dear reader, have you ever paused in the mid-stream of life, and looking around you and behind, meditated upon the events that are going on and those past? Have you ever thought of the faults, the follies, the vices and consequent misfortunes that are interwoven with the virtues, joys and blessings of life? Stay then for a moment, and gazing upon the picture of life, see how all that applies to the human family at large, also applies in a smaller scale to each individual. The crimes of nations are but the amplifications of the sins of individuals—the virtues of peoples

are only the enlargement of the virtues of each particular person composing them.

See humanity living happy and free in the golden day of Eden happiness. Sin creeps in and the sun of earthly bliss has gone down forever. It is night, dark night, the night of Death. The silver orb of Redemption has not yet arisen in the sky. The few planets of the prophets, patriarchs and good men alone twinkle in the firmament. When behold, like mighty shafts of flame, the north is illumined by those conquering heroes that shoot their brilliancy even to the very zenith. Soon behind them comes the crimson flush of destructive war, the purple depths of crimes, the brilliant, changing, fleeting, restless, fading, but at times dazzling glow of worldly grandeur and pomp. It waves over the firmament of antiquity ever changing and undulating. It is a splendid vision to contemplate—but only to the eye of the utopian theorist of this earth. It fades away before the glorious dawn of Christianity. It is all like a dream, gone like the northern light, leaving no trace behind, leaving no glow even upon the very sky where it so brilliantly shone. And if the history of the peoples of ancient days are gone like the glimmer upon the night sky, so the story of each of those children of pagan days has passed away leaving no trace behind. The lives of a few "great men may remind us we can make our lives sublime, and departing, leave behind us footprints on the sands of time." Thus the glory, the pomp, the renown of two thousand years are buried in oblivion's sealed tomb. Look now into the future, in a few hundred years to come all the splendor of our nineteenth century shall have vanished—with our crimes and follies we shall have interred the pomp of our civilization. And each of us, in particular, long, long before that day will have faded from the scene like the last shimmering of that light. We will leave no trace, no mark behind us. A perishable tomb-stone, or at best, a monument that a few successive tides of time will destroy, may mark for a few years our resting place and tell to the "cold-eyed many" that we once existed. And all the splendor of our most brilliant careers shall have vanished.

Reader, is all to perish thus-wise? Must each generation and each individual composing part of it wave along the night sky and ere the morning of its or their aspirations shall have dawned, disappear like the Aurora Borealis? No indeed, there is another life worth living for. Its pomp never passes, its splendor never

dies, its bliss never fades. It is not a thing of the past (for us), it is a dream of the future. A dream in order to be realized, we have but to observe three grand things, 1st know our duty, 2nd perform the same, 3rd point it out to others as far as we know how. Dear reader, strive to so act that these three little precepts may be fulfilled, and if you successfully do so, your life may fade away like the light of the north, but your future, eternal will be like the sun, lasting, fixed, brilliant.

Greenpark, Aylmer Que.

CHILDREN SAVED BY A DOG.

A Letter to a Friend.

LACHINE, May 15th, 1882.

MY DEAR ABBIE,

When you left us after the Christmas holidays the old farm house seemed inexpressibly dull. Father and mother missed your pleasant, cheerful company very much; our merry sleigh-drives, skating and snowshoeing parties seemed divested of more than half their fun. Even Rover, our gallant four-footed attendant, misses you, for he goes to your bedroom door, pushes it open and looks all round as if searching for some vestige of your presence. I pat his curly coat and tell him you will be here in the Summer. He is such a wise dog, I firmly believe he understands all we say to him.

If I remember rightly, did you not promise to spend August and September with us, in company with your sister Katie, Minnie Brandon and Jennie Chartrand? I am counting the days and hours until that time comes, and hope nothing will occur to prevent our joyful re-union.

I cannot refrain from telling you what a brave and gallant thing Rover did, not many days ago. On the river-side, not far from our farm, stands an old boat house, in which are left for safe keeping, the skiffs and canoes that are not in immediate use. Sometimes, through carelessness, the door is left open and the little ones of the neighborhood take possession of it for a play-house. Up to the date of the event in which our brave dog

played so prominent a part, no accident had occurred to cause fear for their safety. But on that day a cry ran through the village: Rose Marie and Etienne DeSoto were missing. They had been among the revellers of the morning's play, but where were they now? Their little playmates were unable to give an accurate account to their agonized parents as to when, and with whom they had been last. Kindhearted neighbors turned out to aid in the search. One tiny skiff was missed from its moorings and that fact pointed to the probable fate of the brother and sister. All Lachine was out on the river, that is all that could get boats, in the vain and hopeless search.

It was almost sunset, and they had been missing since ten o'clock in the morning. The mother's wild and tearless agony I will not attempt to describe; but the remembrance of it I will never forget. Her husband was among the searchers on the river.

Different times during the afternoon Rover came up to me, put his paws on my knee and looked in my face with such a strange, wistful expression that it struck me the dog might be useful in aiding to find the children. I had heard and read of such things about dogs. Susie Fraser was with me and we flew, rather than walked to Madam DeSoto's house, accompanied by Rover, and asked for some articles of dress the children had last worn. I held them for the dog's inspection, telling him "go fetch them," a phrase or command always given him when we sent him for some of our stray farm-yard pets; he sniffed them in a manner that made my heart bound, and with two or three great leaps he was off down the high road to the boat-house, sniffing and smelling each little craft, one after another. Then out on a long wharf to the extreme plank that ran forty or fifty yards into the river, where he gave out a peculiar cry that made our hearts thrill; surely the dog's instinct was truer than ours. If we only had a boat that would keep out the water, a couple of us girls would be quite able to manage any one of the ordinary sized crafts that were afloat and with Rover for pilot. Who could for a moment doubt our sanguine hopes of finding the missing little ones? Surely anyone that looked at the noble animal standing out on the extreme end of the wharf, and listened to the peculiar cry that came from his trembling throat, would infer what he meant "I will find them."

Another keen and rapid investigation of the boats convinced us

of the folly of going on the river in any of them, as none of them would take us half a mile until they would fill and sink.

Oh! if kind Providence would only send some of the many pleasure seekers that frequently make it a point to land at our wharf, we girls might persuade the owners to lend us their boat for a short while. As if in answer to our unspoken prayer, a tiny, dainty shell of a skiff shot in, right up to where we stood, and as its occupant stepped on the wharf we recognized an old friend of papa's, Mr. McNaughton. "Hi, girls, what's the commotion about, all the village seems astir, and you yourselves look as white and scared as if you had seen the flying Dutchman." While telling him in breathless haste about Rose Marie and Etienne's disappearance, and begging the use of his skiff, which was instantly granted, neither of us had noticed that Rover had very unceremoniously taken possession of the stern, and was whining and barking his impatience to be on the move. As soon as we put out in deep water the dog leaped overboard and struck a line for what seemed to us the mid-channel. That gained, he turned and headed for a little island, covered almost to the water's edge with low clumps of trees and brushwood. Like a hunter in the trail, he leaped in among the bushes, barking almost joyously on us to follow. I felt as if the joy of the moment would suffocate me, for although we did not see the children, yet I knew Rover so well in all his moods, that I felt almost certain of their safety.

Susie Fraser and I had barely time to beach our skiff and fasten it to one of the strongest bushes, when Rover re-appeared with Rose Marie's straw hat in his mouth, which the excited animal laid at my feet, careering round and round as if all his dog-wit had left him. It was well for us that we had presence of mind to make fast our skiff, else we might have had to pass the night with nothing between us and the sky.

Yes, there they were, the missing darlings, clinging to our shaggy pilot's wet coat, who every now and then gave an affectionate lick with his great red tongue, first to one then to the other. Very unsatisfactory was the account they could give. They said they came in the boat they were playing in and that she was full of water very quick and that they were wet wet. This, indeed, their clinging little garments told. But what seemed the mystery, and ever will remain one, is, how these helpless little children could manage to direct their frail, water-logged craft and know how to leave it with their lives; unless we come to this conclu-

sion : "Our Father in Heaven watches over the helpless and has them in His care." As for their boat, they said she went and left them and that they went up among the bushes on the island to look for some one to take them home, and that they were tired and' hungry "and will you take us back to mamma."

Mr. McNaughton had procured a boat as we had done, borrowed it from some of the passers, and followed after us, but not having Rover for a pilot, he made a longer detour, so that we were almost back with our precious freight when he perceived us.

Can you picture the mother's joy when she held her darlings to her heart, the kisses she showered on each curly head, her prayers and blessings for each of us? And Rover too, came in for his share. Many a kiss and hug did his dogship get from mother and children, which he took for his due, and returned with his great big red tongue, slobbering them all over.

One by one the boats that had been out on the search returned and the story had to be told them, and doggie enjoyed the rehearsal as much as ourselves. The father's boat was the last in, and I leave you to imagine his great joy in finding his household darlings there before him. Great tears rolled down his sun-browned cheeks as, with a child clasped in each arm, he essayed to speak his thanks. By this time, I think, all the village was out ; such talking and laughing, rejoicing and congratulating, I never heard before.

As the slanting rays of the setting sun fell on the landscape, flooding with golden light and glory the fields of hopeful grain and tingeing our ground and beautiful river with the exquisite roseate hues of heaven, the villagers rose to their feet, for the angels' bell rang from the tall steeple of the parish church.

Dear Abbie, I think if our dissenting friends could understand with us the gratitude with which we paid the accustomed evening salutation to the Mother divine, surely they would admit that the Mother's heart in heaven felt for the mother of Rose Marie and Etienne, and that the heart of her blessed Son graciously pointed out the way and means to return the missing children to their parents. I assure you that Rover is quite an object of admiration to the little folks here, and when a boating party or a pic-nic excursion is proposed, the first question asked, is, "will farmer

Law's big black Rover be there," for he is such a wise pet of a dog. And now I hope before the summer days glide away, that we shall enjoy many a merry frolic in the woods and on the river. I sincerely hope that nothing will happen to prevent our joyful re-union, and you may be certain that we will secure our black four-footed attendant on all our excursions.

Yours truly,
M. L.

SCENES DURING THE FAMINE.

Rev. Father Kenny is the parish priest of Moycullen. Moycullen is six miles from the city of Galway. Father Kenny has been a priest in that parish for the last thirty-seven years. He distinctly remembers the dreadful scenes of the Irish reign of terror there. "In that district," he says, "the famine continued with almost unabated severity from the year 1847 to 1852. Before the famine there were about eight hundred families in the parish; now there are not more than half that number."

When he was asked to what cause he attributed this decrease, he said, "To death from sheer starvation, or the diseases attendant upon starvation, and to the numbers that were forced to fly from destitution into the workhouse."

Father Kenny tells that he witnessed scenes during the famine years that "were enough to make one's blood run cold." He saw men, women and children die in scores from hunger and the famine fever. He saw poor tenants, unable to pay their rents, turned out of their cabins by the landlords, and die without food and without shelter by the roadside. He once gave as many as thirty persons the last Sacraments of the Church in a single day. Often, coming from church, or from sick calls in the parish, Father Kenny saw the corpses of persons who had fallen down dead with hunger on the roadside. Once, he says, he saw "a son carrying the corpse of his father, like a sack of oats, on his back, to bury it without shroud or coffin, to a neighboring churchyard!"

The good old priest tells a sadder story still. A father died in his cabin, leaving two sick children. The little orphans were already familiar with the horrors of this reign of terror. They

dug a hole to bury their father in, just outside of the cabin door! Then they tried to carry the corpse to this grave beneath the eaves, but they were not strong enough to carry it. So they rolled it to the door, but they were too weak to lift it over the threshold, when Father Kenny came along and saw them giving up their desperate work in despair?"—James Redpath.

A KENTUCKY CONVERT.

A Grand Master of Masons becomes a Catholic and dies in peace

Dr. Brian R. Young, who died about two weeks ago in Elizabethtown, was, in many respects, a remarkable man, and his conversion to the Catholic Church, about six years ago, was a surprise to his friends, and especially to the Kentucky Masons, whose Grand Master he had once been. He was a man of high intelligence and great strength of character; and the moment he had made up his mind that it was his duty to join the Catholic Church, he sent a message to his friend, Father Disney, of Louisville, requesting him to come out to his home and baptize him.

In the immediate neighborhood, scarcely anyone except the pastor of the Colesburg congregation, knew that Dr. Young had any intention of becoming a Catholic. They all knew his sterling worth and intelligence, but they did not dream that for a long time he had been quietly studying the doctrines of a Church which, early in life, he had perhaps regarded, as in some way or another, opposed, hostile it might be, to Republican institutions.

The old gentleman had been for some time under instruction, and among other things, he had been told by the pastor of Colesburg, that, having been once a Mason, it was his duty to give up all connection with an order which was, by name, condemned by the Church. This he willingly assented to; and later on, when the Rev. Father Disney came out to Colesburg to baptize him, he again formally renounced Masonry, as incompatible with the religion in which he was about to be baptized.

When any one who belongs to a secret society condemned by the Church, becomes a member of the Church, he must, as a matter of course, give up absolutely and unconditionally his relations with that society. If he were not to do so; if he were to

express his intention of still continuing in his membership of the secret society in question, he could not be admitted into the Catholic Church. The law is equally binding on all. There can be no exception, be he Lord Ripon or Dr. Brian Young. Otherwise there would be the farce of a man's being a member of the Catholic Church, and at the same time excommunicated by the Church because he was a Mason. He would be neither in the Church nor out of it; neither fish nor flesh, nor yet good red herring. The Catholic Church is not a church of compromise.

About three years after his baptism at Colesburg, Dr. Young removed to Elizabethtown, where he spent the remainder of his life. During this period he frequently received the Sacraments at the hands of his pastor, the Rev. Father Cook, who was most assiduous in his care of this venerable convert to the Faith; and, that the Doctor might, in his old age, be freed from all perplexing anxieties about the means of support, Father Cook obtained, through the Rt. Rev. Bishop McCloskey, permission for him to reside during the rest of his life at the Institution of the Little Sisters, at the corner of Tenth and Magazine streets in this city. Here the good Sisters would have nursed and tenderly cared for him, but the Doctor missed the familiar faces of his friends, and, after having remained with the Sisters a very short time, he returned again to Elizabethtown.

To the last he was faithful to the practices of the religion which he had embraced, and often spoke of the consolation which it afforded him. As death drew near and he saw that he was soon to run his final race, he devoutly received the last Sacraments, and expressed an earnest wish that the funeral ceremonies should be in accordance with the rites of the Catholic Church. His desire too, that his body should be laid by his wife, in the cemetery of the town, was sacredly respected.

THE TEMPORAL POWER.

Besides M. Emile Olliver's pamphlet on the Roman question, another such production, bearing the significant title of "A Project of Pacification at Rome," has made its appearance in the French metropolis. The publication of two such *brochures* at this particular time, coupled with the frequent and earnest discussion

by the press of the status of the Papacy, shows that this is to-day one of the vital questions in European politics. Speaking of the eventuality of the Pope's departure from Rome, this latter pamphlet declares that the departure of the Pope is neither impossible nor improbable in view of the approaching assembly in the Eternal city of a congress representative of irreligion and revolution, disguised under the specious appellation of free thought. It now appears, however, that the proposed meeting of the disciples of free thought in Rome has been prohibited by the government. The *Gazetta d' Italic* declared on this subject that it was decided at a recent cabinet council that for grave reasons of polity and public security, the congress of free thinkers will not be permitted to meet in Rome. The same journal, in reviewing two late pamphlets, written in Italian, on the question of the temporal power of the Pope, one from a Catholic, the other from a liberal standpoint, has devoted three able articles to the discussion of the question. In the second of these articles, the writer applies himself particularly to an examination of the extent and mode of sovereignty claimed as necessary for the Sovereign Pontiff. The clerical writer, in the *Gazetta*, maintains an attitude of extreme reserve on this point, but always employs, when dealing with this portion of the question, the significant term 'temporal sovereignty,' an expression, in our estimation quite explicit and easy of popular comprehension. What the advocates of Papal independence wish to establish is the necessity of the temporal power of the Papacy for the free exercise of its spiritual functions.

The liberal writer, according to the same journal, expressly declares his purpose to abstain from pronouncing in favor of any one of the solutions of the difficulty which he indicates as possible, and all having for basis the re-establishment of the temporal power, given as a reason for his abstention that the choice of any such solution rests with the Pope himself or with the whole Catholic body, with the approval of the Pope. He, however, expresses the opinion that the Holy Father himself as the fullest latitude to define the limits of his sovereignty, which might, according to the exigencies of the times, consist either of absolute dominion or a mere protectorate. But the *Gazetta* shows from Catholic authority, that a protectorate could not meet the ends of a real temporal sovereignty in guaranteeing the liberty and independence of the Pope, and further declares that the freedom necessary for the Supreme Pontiff is a freedom of fact, a freedom

of right, a freedom self-evident and unquestionable. "It must," he says, "be a freedom of fact, that the Pope may have a real exercise of it; of right, that no one can deprive him of it; self-evident, that the Catholic world may not suspect that the voice of the Sovereign Pontiff reached it, affected by any possible undue influence or falsification. No mode, therefore, of temporal sovereignty, failing to answer this triple requirement, could be accepted by any Pope whatsoever." The *Gazetta* then proceeds to deal with the various solutions of the Roman problem offered by the liberal pamphleteer. The proposal of a protectorate vested in the Pope being universally regarded as fantastic and impracticable, that of a Papal sovereignty over the city of Rome and a portion more or less extensive of adjacent territory and politically united either to Italy, consolidated under a monarchical form of government or to Italy divided into a number of federated republics, is reviewed. The *Gazetta* condemns both of these proposals for the reason that neither a monarchical or republican federation could result both from armed intervention. The only remaining practicable solution of the difficulty is that Italy, while preserving its present constitution and political unity, should restore to the Holy Father temporal sovereignty over the city of Rome. This is, in fact, the only solution of this grave political and social problem that can give the Sovereign Pontiff that real, rightful and self-evident freedom which his position absolutely requires. The discussion now going on in the continental and peninsular press on the subject, will, we firmly believe, serve to bring this point into full prominence, and prepare the public mind for the re-establishment of Papal sovereignty on a basis that will remove danger and uncertainty from the Italian public mind, while affording satisfaction to the friends of social order and stability not only in Italy but throughout the world.

The plumber, unlike the water pipe on which he thrives, never busts up.

Hanlan claims to be of Russian extraction. He is certainly a Row-man-off.

Why are balloons in the air like vagabonds? Because they have no visible means of support.

It is bad luck for thirteen persons to sit down together at a table, especially if there is only dinner enough for twelve.

PRAYERS REQUESTED.

We ask the prayers of our pious subscribers for the triumph of the Holy Catholic Church, for the conversion of all who are out of the Church, and more especially for the following intentions:

True faith, 3; conversions, 6; spiritual favors, 2; temporal favors, 3; happy death, 5; special intentions, 1; temperance, 4; departed, 13. Also for the following subscribers departed:—Beverly Farms, Mass., August 3rd, 1882, James Ford; Cantley, Que., Miss Lawlor; Boston, Mass., July 2nd, 1882, Mrs. Annie Wogan.

TO OUR READERS.

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

PRAYERS.

Sacred heart of Jesus. Have mercy on us.

Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. Pray for us.

Our Father and Hail Mary.

PRAYER.

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

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

Imprimatur, MARIANOPOLI, Nov. 6, 1878.

† EDWARDUS CAR., *Epis. Marianopolitanensis*.

"THE VOICE."

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

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

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

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

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

What is the object of THE VOICE?

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

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

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

I am remembered in the Mass every morning,

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

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

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

Apply to,

REV. JAS. BROWN,

Chelsea, Que.,

ED. CHS.

Bishop of Montreal.

"Seen and approved,"

Imprimatur, J. THOMAS, Bishop of Ottawa.