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# The Voice

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## TO OUR READERS.

In our issue for November, we promised a Novena of masses for all who would have renewed their subscription for 1882. The Novena will begin on 28th January, and continue in February, till the nine are said. The first will be for the repose of all our subscribers departed, and in the intention of those who subscribed with a view to benefit the souls of their departed friends. The others will be said to ask the grace of a happy death for all our new subscribers, and other graces which they require.

We put this Novena as late as possible, so that every one may have a fair opportunity of renewing their subscription. We invite them not to delay till the last days, but to begin immediately to become subscribers for 1882, as many have already done. As soon as a subscriber pays any of our recognized agents, it is the same as if he had paid ourselves; we are well convinced that all our kind assistants will remit as soon as convenient. We trust that this Novena will be

valued by all our kind friends, and that it will obtain new ones for us. We invite our agents to make known these advantages of THE VOICE, in order to induce others to join the good work.

—:o:—

SONG OF SIMEON.

Oh let thy servant part in peace,  
According to thy word,  
Since he has seen the angel face,  
Of Jesus the adored.

My eyes behold the lovely flower,  
Within these walls appear,  
Now comes the long expected hour,  
Salvation draweth near.

Now God has sent the world a light  
A night of gloom to cheer,  
Death and darkness take their flight,  
The prophecies are clear.

Light of the Gentiles, Glorious Son,  
Thou camest forth from Heaven,  
Long promised since the world begun,  
To Israel art given.

Angels ever will caress,  
This Infant Christ you bear,  
And Heaven Eternally will bless,  
Thee, Joseph for Thy care.

Lo the sweet Babe descendeth here,  
To view some fall to rise,  
All Prophecies will yet be clear,  
Ere he resumes the skies.

Was ever panacea found,  
For all the ills we suffer here,  
Did it e'er grow on earthly ground,  
Poor mortals sufferers to cheer.

If e'er it grew the serpents wile,  
 Prevents us its sweets to know,  
 He, full of treachery and guile,  
 Laid the foundation of our woe.

The Portals of high Heaven were closed,  
 And death and darkness shadowed all,  
 But yet the just in peace reposed,  
 Awaiting the Redeemer's call.

He came and for our sins he died,  
 But first for our eternal food,  
 The Saviour of mankind supplied,  
 His glorious Body and His Blood.

This is the Heavenly Panacea,  
 Ambrosia and pure Nectar this,  
 Which feeds us on our sorrowing way,  
 To Realms of everlasting bliss.

## A SCOTCH CATHOLIC SETTLEMENT IN CANADA.

*(From the Catholic World.)*

"You will hear more Gaelic spoken in Canada in one week than you would hear during a month's sojourn in the Highlands!" Such was the astounding assertion made some time ago at a Montreal dinner-table by a Scottish laird himself of Canadian birth, and an extensive landowner in Ontario as well as in North Britain. And such is indeed the case. Along the shore of Lake St. Francis, and beyond, where the broad blue ribbon of the St. Lawrence is dotted with tiny verdant islets, among which loyal Canadians peep shyly across to the state of New York, dwell a sturdy race of men as truly Highland in heart and speech as when they left their beloved hills a hundred years ago. A nature, if loyal to one attachment will be loyal to all. These Highlanders have preserved their faith and have adhered to their language and traditions.

To visit the Gael in the home of his adoption you leave Montreal, going by rail westward for about two hours and a half, and arrive at Lancaster, the county town of Glengarry,

the home of the *Chlànadh nan Gael*. Glengarry is the most easterly county in Ontario, and is one of those into which the district of Lunenburg was divided in 1792. It is bounded on the east by County Soulanges, on the north by Prescott, west by County Stormont—also largely peopled with Scotch settlers—and on the south by the St. Lawrence.

The county comprises four townships: Charlottenburg, Lancaster, Lochiel and Kenyon. These are again subdivided into "concessions," and the concessions into lots. Lancaster, the county town, is in the township of Charlottenburg and lies on the banks of the Riviere-aux-Raisins. It is the outlet for produce from the inland villages, and the place of starting for stage coaches to different points. The roads here are atrocious, and the coaches 'rattle your bones over the stones' while taking you through a country so magnificent that you wonder why the dwellers therein do not *mend their ways*. In Charlottenburg are also the parishes of St. Raphael's, Martintown, and Williamstown. The township of Lancaster lies east of Charlottenburg, and was called the 'sunken township' on account of the first French settlers having considered it too swampy for habitation. Lochiel lies to the north and boasts of quite a rising town, Alexandria, containing seven hundred inhabitants, a high school and convent under the Sisters of the Holy Cross. Kenyon is north of Charlottenburg and is like the others, a country of magnificent agricultural development.

The counties of Stormont and Dundas are, if we except a few Germans, entirely Scotch, but are not Catholic, as is Glengarry. The pioneer settlers were from the valley of the Mohawk, whither many had emigrated from Scotland and from Germany before the revolution. When the proclamation of peace in 1783 deprived the Scottish soldiers who formed the Royal New York Regiment, under Sir John Johnson, of their occupation, nothing was left to them but to accept the offer of the British Government and settled on lands granted them in Canada West. Loyalty came more natural to their mountain instincts than policy, and they were in those days much more conscientious than practical. Each soldier received a grant of a hundred acres fronting on the river, and two hundred within the county on which he settled. That these people were for the main part Protestant is easily seen by the names which they bestowed on their villages, such as Matilda, Williamstown

Charlotte and Mariatown, which latter was, we are told, "called after Captain Duncan's daughter Maria." There were many Catholics in Sir John Johnson's regiment and they probably turned the first sod in what is now Glengarry; but the real influx of Catholic Highlanders did not take place until 1786 and 1802.

Throughout the last century religious persecution prevailed in the Highlands of Scotland, not in actual strife or bloodshed, but in the merciless bigotry and continued obstruction that comes so readily to those children of the world, who are wiser in their generation than the children of light. The old chieftains who had clung to their God and their sovereign were attainted, incarcerated in Edinburgh Castle or in the Tower of London, and their sons of tender age, removed from the influence of early associations, were the helpless pupils of the sanctimonious *dominies*, who banished from their young minds every ray of Catholic hope and joy, and sent them back to their country as strangers and sojourners—sometimes as fierce denouncers of the faith in which they were born.

Strong in loyalty and conservative to the heart's core, for years the powerful clan of MacDonald escaped unscathed. Descended from the mighty Somerled, Thane of Argyle, by his marriage with the daughter of Olaf, surnamed the Red, the Norwegian King of the Isles, this branch of *Siol Cuin* (the race of Conn) had accepted the faith of St. Columba, the royal O'Neill, and never wavered from his teachings. For centuries they had lived and died Catholics, and the bones of their chieftains had been

"Carried to Colme's Kill, the  
Sacred storehouse of their predecessors,  
And guardian of their bones."

In rugged Inverness, where the mighty houses of Clanranald and Glengarry, divided by Loch Nevis, held watch and ward over the heather-clad mountains and deep and dangerous arms of the sea; back through the braes of Lochaber to where the McDonells of Keppoch dwelt under the shadow of Ben Nevis; over the Sound of Sleat, by whose waters MacDonald of that ilk kept his enemies at bay, and westward to the wild rocks of the Hebrides, the clan Donald practised their faith. By dint of much caution and with great labor, these faithful mountaineers were fed with the sacraments of their church.

Priests' heads were then as valuable as were those of wolves in the days of Alfred, and if a *saggarth* was caught by 'the Reformed' woe to him! In spite of these dangers, young men escaped to the Continent, studied in the Scots' College, Rome and at Valladolid, in Spain, studied for the priesthood. After their ordination they would return to their beloved hills to brave death and save souls. Jesuits and Irish secular priests, outlawed, and with a price set upon them dead or alive, sought this remote field for their devoted labors.

Across the rough gray waters of the Gulf of Hebrides, in many a cave and sheltered nook of the Island of South Uist, the clansmen in their belted tartans, assisted at the Holy Sacrifice and received the Bread of Heaven. Like the Israelites, they 'ate it with heir loins girt and standing,' for the morning mist rolling off Benbecula might disclose to them a watchful foe and the waves of Minch, now trembling in the dawn of day might ere the sun climbed beyond the mountains' crest, bear on their bosom the boat of the Sassenach spy. If the spy were not well attended and strongly armed it would be worse for him, for meekness and gentleness were Christian characteristics not strongly marked in this race, and they acted literally on St. Paul's injunction to be *first* pure and *then* peaceable.' Their precept was, *Luathic do liambh agus cruadhich do Chuille* 'Quicken thy hand and harden thy blows.' An amusing specimen of this spirit is handed down from the prayer of a clansman before the battle of Sheriffmuir: 'O Lord! be thou with us; but leave it between the red-coats and us!'

At last some among this chosen people of God fell, lured by the inducements of the supporters of the Elector of Hanover, as they had persistently called his Britannic majesty. Not content with embracing Calvinism themselves, they endeavored to inoculate their people. One, indeed, tried an untoward application by means of severe blows from his *Bati-bui*—or yellow walking stick—with which he hoped to induce his tenantry to repair to the Protestant meeting-house. To this day Calvinism is spoken of by the descendants of those people as *Credible a bhat bui*—the religion of the yellow stick. The tyranny of these foes of their own household, combined with the poverty and wretchedness prevailing throughout the Highlands, caused many of the MacDonalDs and their Catholic neighbors to turn their thoughts to America, whence came alluring stories of plenty and peace. At home the country

had been drained to provide means for the insurrection which they hoped would put their exiled prince on the throne of the Stuarts. The ravages of the war laid their lands waste, the more progressive Lowlanders and the absentee nobles were turning the tenant-holdings into sheep-walks, inch by inch their birthright was leaving them, their dress was forbidden, their arms seized, their very language was made contraband; so, facing the difficulty like brave men, they determined to emigrate. In the year 1786 two ships sailed from Scotland to Canada filled with emigrants. The first left early in the season, but sprang a leak and was obliged to put into Belfast for repairs; resuming her voyage, she reached the American coast too late to attempt making Quebec harbor, and therefore landed her passengers at Philadelphia. The emigrants were lodged in a barracks evacuated by the troops after the proclamation of peace, but in the course of the Winter a third misfortune befell them; the barracks took fire and burned to the ground, consuming in the flames their worldly all. These poor pilgrims then went through to Lake Champlain in boats, and were met at Ile-aux-Noix by their friends who had already established themselves in Ontario. Who but Highland hearts would undertake such a journey for friends? At a bad season of the year, over slushy roads, when time was precious and horseflesh valuable, they started in capacious sleighs for their old friends and kindred, and drove them to the forest that was to be their home, housing and feeding them until their own log houses were erected.

The second band of emigrants before referred to had a much more prosperous voyage. They were from Knoydart and were under the leadership of the Rev. Alexander MacDonald, of the family of Scothouse, a cousin of the chief of Glengarry. He was a man of courage and strong will, and marshalled his flock with prudence and discretion. As the good ship *MacDonald* glided out of the harbor of Greenock the priest addressed his flock and put them under the protection of St. Raphael, the guide of the wanderer. A few moments later there was a wail of terror: the ship was aground. "*Sois air er glunean, agus dèanibh urnaigh.*"—"Down on your knees and pray"—thundered the priest, St. Raphael interceded, the ship slid off, and in the *Quebec Gazette*, 1786, is this entry:—

"Arrived, ship *MacDonald*, from Greenock with



emigrants, nearly the whole of a parish in the north of Scotland, who emigrated with their priest and nineteen cabin passengers, together with five hundred and twenty steerage passengers to better their case up to Cataragui."

Cataragui was the ancient name for Kingston; there, however, they did not go, but what is now known as St. Raphael's parish, some miles north of Lancaster. Here they fell to work, in spite of numerous hardships, to construct their houses, and also to build the pioneer church, called the "Blue Chapel." Of course church and parish were dedicated to their archangel guardian. In the year 1802 another very large party of emigrants arrived from Glengarry, Inverness-shire, who, settling near the earlier comers, gave the name of their glen to the whole district. During the Winter of 1803 the good priest of St. Raphael's fell ill far away from any comfort or from medical aid to soothe or to assuage his malady; he was deprived, too, of the services of a brother priest to administer the consolation of religion. His people rallied round him, and the strongest men came forward; they constructed a *leubath ghulain* and carried him upon it through the forest paths and over the snow mountains to Williamstown. Hence, when the ice broke up, he was taken in a canoe down Riviere-aux-Raisins to the mission at Lachine, where he died on the 10th of May, 1803. He was succeeded in St. Raphael's by a Father Fitzsimmons.

The chronicle of the emigrants in 1802 introduces one of the grandest figures in Canadian history—the Rev. Alexander (Allastair) MacDonald, or MacDonnell, later the first Bishop of Upper Canada. He was of the House of Glengarry, a branch of the clan Donald now generally recognized as inheriting the chieftainship of the whole clan. For services rendered to the house of Stuart they were rewarded by Charles II. with a peerage under the title of Lord MacDonnell and Arross. The Rev. Alexander MacDonald was born at Innishalaggan 1760, and studied at Valladolid.

About the year 1790 trade between the River Clyde and the North American colonies had been greatly injured by the proclamation of peace and the independence of those colonies, and the merchants of Glasgow and Greenock turned their attention to the importation and manufacture of cotton. This branch of industry grew rapidly, and in 1793 over eighty thousand people were employed in it. The great demand for

labor drained the agricultural districts and sent up the price of all kinds of provisions. The lairds, finding they could obtain so ready a market, determined that it would be more to their advantage to turn their mountain estates into sheep-walks than to allow them to be occupied by the numerous and poor clansmen, who were indifferent farmers and could scarcely obtain from the soil sufficient for their own maintenance. Accordingly the tenants were turned adrift; sometimes two hundred gave place to one south-country shepherd, or as the local phraseology expressed it, 'Two hundred smokes went through one chimuey.' These poor people were destitute and helpless; they had never been beyond the gray line of ocean that washes the rocks of the Hebrides and runs into the deep indentures of the Inverness-shire coast. The southern languages was to them an unknown tongue; to make or to take care of money was beyond their ken. The means of emigration was denied them. British cruisers had orders from the Admiralty to prevent the departure of emigrants from the Highlands of Scotland, and to press such able-bodied men as they found on board of emigrant ships. It was when affairs were in this pitiable state that the Rev. Dr. MacDonald came to the rescue. Leaving the scene of his missionary labors on the borders of Perth, he repaired to Glasgow, where he obtained an introduction to the principal manufacturers. He proposed to them that they should give employment to his destitute countrymen. This they were willing enough to do, but reminded the priest of two obstacles: one, their ignorance of the English language; the other, their profession of the Catholic faith. At that time prejudice against Catholics was so strong in Glasgow that they were always in danger of insult and abuse. It was hardly safe for a priest to reside among them; he would be subject to annoyance and assault, and as the penal laws were still in force, he would also be liable to be brought before a court of justice. Dr. MacDonald expressed his conviction that 'although the letter of the law was in force, the spirit of it was mitigated,' and declared that if the manufacturers would take the Highlanders under their protection he would run his chances of safety and take up his residence among them as interpreter and clergyman. This was agreed to, and from 1792 to 1794 the plan worked admirably. Then came the war with France. The manufacturers received a sudden check; many failed, and others at a stand.

The poor Highlanders were again out of employment and again destitute. Dr. MacDonald than conceived the plan of getting them embodied in a Highland corps under his kinsman called Allastair *Ruagh* (the red), the young chief of Glengarry. He assembled a meeting of Catholics at Fort Augustus in February, 1794, when an address was drawn up to the king, offering to raise a Catholic corps under the command of the young chieftain, who with Fletcher, the laird of Dunens, proceeded to London to lay it before the king. It was most graciously received; the manufacturers of Glasgow warmly seconded it, furnishing cordial recommendation of the Highlanders, and in August letters of service were issued to Alexander MacDonnell, of Glengarry, to raise the Glengarry Fencible Regiment as a Catholic corps, of which he was appointed colonel. The Rev. Dr. MacDonald was gazetted chaplain to this regiment, which did service in Guernsey and afterwards in Ireland.

*To be Continued*

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## THE RELIGION OF THE ENGLISH ARMY.

A somewhat curious Parliamentary return has recently been printed. It occurred to Major O'Beirne, the member for County Leitrim, that it would be interesting to know to what religious denomination each man in the British army belonged, and the return gives this information with respect to all men serving at home on September last. From this it would appear that the army consists of 62,860 members of the Church of England (or men who choose to call themselves such), 1,125 Presbyterians, 3,985 "other Protestants," and 20,872 Roman Catholics. The Household Cavalry, the Grenadier and Coldstream Guards and the Fifty-second Light Infantry, are the most conspicuous regiments for the number of Churchmen in their ranks, while in the Scots Greys and the Ninety-third and Seventy-ninth Highlanders the number of Presbyterians predominate. The Roman Catholics are equally to be found in the Irish regiments, the Fourth (Royal Irish) Dragoon Guards and the Eighteenth (Royal Irish) Infantry standing at the head of the list, while the Forty-seventh Lancashire and the One Hundred and Third and One

Hundred and Fourth—two of the old East India Company's<sup>8</sup> regiments—show a large proportion. The Forty-first (the Welsh regiment) has the largest number of Dissenters in the infantry, and in the cavalry, for some unascertained reason, the Twenty-first Hussars show the strongest muster of "other Protestants." Of the non-commissioned officers throughout the army, about 70 per cent. belong to the Church of England, 9 per cent. are Presbyterians, 5 per cent. Dissenters, and 16 per cent. Roman Catholics; and to show how nearly the religion of men corresponds to their nationality, it may be stated that 73 per cent. are English, 9 per cent. are Scottish, and 18 per cent. Irish.

—:O:—

### BEFORE AND AFTER MARRIAGE.

Before marriage the young girl will generally know or have some idea when the young gentleman will come to see her; she takes care to look neat and pleasing, waiting to receive him in a tastefully arranged room. And what of the youth? No matter how much "out of sorts" [as he is apt to term it] he may feel, he will dress in his best, look his very best, and start for the home of his lady love. They meet with a clasp of hands and a pleasant smile, have an agreeable evening's visit, then part with a kind good-night. I do not say this is wrong if there is true love in it, but how different from the home in after years. We too often miss the sweet face and pleasing appearance of the young girl in the wife. And the youth whose only aim was to please his lady love, now seems to have forgotten all the little courtesies and gentle attentions that are needed just as much in the husband as in the lover, to make home happy. He finds many other things to look after and often utters harsh and thoughtless words. You may see the wife of only a few months in a slovenly dress, hair uncombed, the house in disorder, and nearly time for her husband to come home. It is no wonder he is not happy, and may try to give a little advice sometimes. I make no excuse for her. She may have plenty to do, and more than she can accomplish; still she can, if she will, always look neat, and meet her husband with a smile.

Then, on the other hand, the wife may try to keep the

sweet girlish ways of other days about her, but the husband will think to himself. "Now we are married, Mary must not expect me to be the same as before. I have no time for love and loving ways, now there is so much resting on me as before. I have no time for love and loving ways, now there is so much resting on me as the head of the house." He takes no notice of the neatly-kept rooms, and the nice dinner just to his taste, and the loving wife who always meets him at the door with a smile of welcome home. He walks in with a frown on his face, saying, "I wish you would hurry, I have no time to stop for anything to-day," throws his hat in one corner his coat in another, scrapes his muddy boots on the newly-polished hearth, grumbles over his dinner, and then sits and smokes for perhaps an hour or more [yet he is in a hurry all the while], and "can't see how he can possibly stop," to bring in an armful of wood or a pail of water to help the patient wife.

And so the days go by, with never a kind word or a loving embrace, and the wife is no longer young, her face wears a sad expression, for in losing the love of her husband she has lost all, so dearly did she love him and so perfectly did she trust him. All too many are homes of this kind! And why? Where is the need? I would like if some one would tell me.

### WAIT.

Wait, husband, before you wonder audibly why your wife don't get along with household responsibilities 'as your mother did.'

She is doing her best, and no woman can endure that best to be slighted.

Remember the long, weary nights she sat up with the little babe that died.

Remember the love and care she bestowed upon you when you had that long fit of illness.

Do you think she is made of cast iron?

Wait—wait in silence and forbearance, and the light will come back to her eyes—the old light of the old days.

Wait, wife, before you speak reproachfully to your husband when he comes home late and weary, and "out of sorts."

He has worked hard for you all day—perhaps far into the night...

He has wrestled hand in hand with care, selfishness, and

greed, and all the demons that follow in the train of money making.

Let home be another atmosphere entirely.

Let him feel that there is no other place in the world where he can find peace, quiet, and perfect love.

—————:O:—————

## TO THE NEW YEAR.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

Hail to the new year! may its reign  
 Be free from sorrow, grief, or pain ;,  
 May blessings brighten day by day  
 And sunshine chase all clouds away!  
 With sparkling, crisp young *January* !  
 With *February* and its tears  
 (Some call it "*thaw*") let all our fears  
 Dissolve, and fade, as does the snow,  
 And speedily forget their woe.

And as for *March*, what more delight  
 For boys than when they send their kite  
 On its rough winds to ride and rise  
 Far o'er their heads to the blue skies!  
 And shy, sweet *April* ! who would think  
 That *such* a maid would laugh and wink  
 At tricks which please the youngsters so—  
 "*Fools*," born of *April* 1st, you know.  
 But wearying of *her* smiles and tears,  
 How glad we are when *May* appears!

Soon, laden with *her pink May-flowers*,  
 We turn to greet *June's* sunny hours,  
 And gather roses, day by day.  
 As that bright month goes on her way.  
 Next, the two months of ceaseless fun,  
 When children shout, "*Ho! school is done!*"  
*July* and *August* ! when the earth  
 To everything that's fair gives birth;  
 When glad "*vacation*" merrily  
 From lessons sets the children free!

Then quiet-browed *September* lays  
 O'er hill and field a mellow haze,  
 And warns us of the harvest near,  
*October* turns the foliage sere,  
 And heralds the *November* drar,  
 And then the wondrous Christmas time—  
*December's* choicest gift! It's chime  
 Rings merrily, that all may hear  
 Its welcome to the *glad new year?*

*The Churchman.*

### IN THE JAWS OF A LION.

I was out after porcupines, and was lying down one night near a porcupine's hole waiting for him to come out. I had no gun, but only my hunting knife and a large knob korrie with which to knock the porcupine on the nose; for that, as you know, kills him at once. I did not hear a sound until I found the grass near me move, and a lion got his paw on me and lifted me up. The brute pressed his claws into me, but luckily my leather belt prevented his teeth from damaging me, and he carried me by holding on to my belt and coat. If either of these had given away I should have been laid hold of in a far more rough manner. A lion is like a cat in one thing; he can hold a live creature in his mouth and not damage it, just as I have seen a cat carry a mouse. I know the nature of the lion well enough to know that if I struggled I should have my neck broken or my head smashed in an instant, so I did not struggle, but quietly drew my knife and thought what was best to do. I thought at first of trying to strike him in the heart, but I could not reach that part of him, and his skin looked so loose that I could not strike him deep enough, carried, as I was. I knew it would be life or death with me in an instant, so, turning myself a bit, I gashed the lion's nose and cut it through. The lion dropped me as I should drop a poisonous snake and jumped away roaring with pain. He stood for an instant looking at me, but I did not move, and he did not seem to like to carry me again. More than once he came up to within a few yards, licking the blood as it poured from his nose; but there I remained like a stone, and he was fairly afraid to tackle me again. I know a buffalo and an ox are very

sensitive about the nose, and a cat, if just tipped on the nose, can't stand it, so I thought a lion might be the same, and so it proved.—“*Among the Zulus.*”

FINDING THE TEXT.—A pious old lady who was too unwell to attend meeting, used to send her thick-headed old husband to church, to find out what text the preacher selected. The poor dunce was rarely fortunate enough to remember the words, or even the chapter and verse where they could be found; but one Sunday he ran home in hot haste, with a smirk of satisfaction on his face and informed his wife that he could repeat every word of the text without missing a single syllable. (The text was as follows; ‘An angel came down from heaven and took a live coal from the altar.’)

‘Well, let us hear the text?’

‘Know every word,’ replied the husband.

‘They are very nice words,’ continued the husband.

‘I am glad your memory is improving, but don't keep me in suspense, my dear.’

‘Just get your big Bible, and I will say the words for I know them by heart. Why, I said them a hundred times on my way home.’

‘Well now let's hear them?’

‘Ahem,’ said the husband, clearing his throat. ‘An Injen came down from New Haven and took a live colt by the tail and jerked him out of the halter.’

## PRAYERS REQUESTED.

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

True faith, 2; Conversions, 2; Spiritual favors, 3; Temporal favors, 3; Happy death, 10; Special intentions, 2; Departed, 4.

Also for the following subscribers departed.

Toronto, Ont., October 8th, 1881, Mrs. Cornish.

Kitly, Ont. Pennsylvania, September 1881, Mrs. Wm. Healy, also Mrs. Merrick, who died in 1879.

Haiifax, N. S. October 2nd, 1881, Lizzie McCarthy.

Dakota, Ont., 1881, Michael McDonnell, died by R. R. accident.

Glen Robertson, Ont., October 17th, 1881, widow Janet McDonald; also Duncan McDonald.



## "THE VOICE."

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*The advantages of subscribing to THE VOICE are considerable.*

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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, grants us the grace of a happy death, of closing our eyes to misery and sin, to open them in the purest bliss, what a blessing!

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

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

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

What is the object of THE VOICE?

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

Propagate THE VOICE and you will obtain prayers for our proposed end, not only your own prayers, but the prayers of others who will see and read your paper.

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

I am remembered in the Mass every morning.

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

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

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

REV. JAS. BROWN, *Chelsea, Que.*

"Seen and approved." ED. CHS. *Bishop of Montreal.*

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