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The Voice.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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ACROSTIC.

(Written for THE VOICE.)

Peerless flower ! its emblems tell,
About its form sorrows dwell ;
Sad the thoughts that in me rise,
Sad the scenes before my eyes.
It seems I hear that last sigh,
On the Cross of Calvary high,
Nails and hammer I descry.

Full above its petals red—
Like the crown that pressed His head ;
On its leaves five points, not more—
With five wounds his flesh was sore.
Emblems, petals, leaves and seed,
Red, an emblem of the deed.

JULIA FARLEY.

QUEBEC, Aug. 16th, 1882.

FLOWERS FOR THE ALTAR.

Gather bright and fragrant flowers,
 In the balmy month of May,
 Seek them in the garden bowers,
 For Our Lady's festal day.

Bring the Rose, so red and stately,
 Bending 'neath its perfume sweet,
 Sparkling o'er with early dew-drops,
 Lay it at her sacred feet.

For our Mother is the "Mystic
 Rose" that blooms in Heaven's sphere,
 And her love is genial sunshine
 To the pilgrim, exiled here.

And the Rose will tell our Lady
 Of her children's grateful love,
 For that Mother kind and tender,
 Guarding them, from realms above

Cull the fragrant calla Lily,
 In its beauty fair to see,
 Clad in robes of peerless whiteness,
 Emblem of her purity.

Purer than the falling snowflake,
 Than the Lily's spotless white,
 Purér than the glowing seraph
 Was thy soul, O Virgin bright.

Seek the little humble Violet,
 In its solitude concealed,
 Where it spends its life so peaceful,
 To no curious eye revealed.

For the meek, retiring Violet,
 Makes it e'er a faithful type
 Of the lowly Queen of Naz'reth,
 Mistress of the Hidden Life.

Mary, sweetest gift of Heaven,
 Lived unknown upon this earth,
 Scorned by men, though blessed by angels,
 Was our Mother's priceless worth.

Twine then Roses, Lillies, Violets,
 And upon each bright May morn,
 Bring a chaplet fresh and od'rous,
 Mary's alter to adorn.

Oh! May all her loving children,
 Planting in their hearts parterre,
 Cultivating flow'rs of virtue,
 With a fond and constant care.

Wreathe into a fadeless garland,
 Lillies white of purity,\
 Roses of undy'ng affection,
 Twined with sweet humility.

1848, IN EUROPE.

By JOSEPH K. FORAN.

In attentively contemplating Nature and its phenomena we notice that after every calm, when the heat and the atmospheric pressure have done their work, the clouds with their hail, rain and electricity having collected, there comes a shock that convulses the whole atmosphere, and extends its effects over whole countries. So it is amongst the peoples of the earth. Periodically the masses surge, and boil, and rise, animated by some inward spirit of revolt, and cause the thrones to shake, the crowned heads to totter, the nobles to tremble ; and having thus turned order and authority upside down, gradually sink back into the old state of things, and the world goes on as before.

The year 1848 was for western Europe one of those periods of revolution, rebellion and anarchy. To take a short glimpse at the history of that year in each particular country and state would require volumes ; however, let us glance for a moment at three countries, each of a different character from its neighbor, and behold

how spontaneously the earthquake of society burst forth in all its terror and strength. We will look at France, Italy and Ireland. We will not refer to the rebellions of the end of the 18th century, which were felt in each of those countries ; after a lapse of sixty years we find the spirit of Liberty again walking forth and the red cap replacing the diadem. Let us take the words of Charles Phillips, the great Irish orator ; in a few lines he presents a most glowing description of the "reign of Terror" in the land of the Gaul. As we cite from memory, the words may not be all exact, but if not, are very close to the original—"The microscopic vision of your blasphemers has not sight enough to contemplate the mighty minds that commenced the revolution. The wit, the sage, the orator and the hero, the full family of genius, were afforded to the nations exigency. She had a glorious cause, and all that human potency could allow her ; she relied too much on human potency, abjured her God, as a consequence killed her King, culled her polluted deity from the brothel, and the fall of the idol extinguished the flame of her altar. No age was venerated, no position respected, and when the prelacy and the nobility were extinguished, the mob-executioner of to-day became the mob-victim of to-morrow." The above referred to the first French revolution, when Louis XVI. was killed, but applies as a description to the second one. And France did all this in the sacred name of Liberty, though in the deluge of human blood she left not a mountain-top for the ark of Liberty to rest upon. But Providence was neither dead nor sleeping ; it mattered not that impiety seemed to prosper, that victory panted after the ensanguined banners, that her insatiate eagle as he soared against the sun, replumed his strength and renewed his vision, 'twas but for a moment, and in the very banquet of the triumph the Almighty's vengeance *blazed upon the wall*, and the diadem fell from the brow of the idolator.

Turn we to Italy ! Father Bresciani, an Italian author, gives a description of Vesuvius as follows, in an Italian magazine published some thirty years ago : "The sides of Vesuvius present a most delightful view to the spectator who stands near Partici or on the Torre del Greco. The eye never grows fatigued, nor does the mind ever become satiated with the grandeur of the scenery ; the heart overflows with the delight which those luxuriant heights everywhere breathe. The noble and delicate mind of the Sovereign Pontiff, Pope Pius IX., frequently contemplated the beauties of

those hills during the sad hours of his tedious exile, and from the terrace watched the tranquil sea, and scanned the circle of the gulf from Posilippo to Sorrentum. On the one hand he beheld the fertile shores, studded with villas and palaces, environed by well-cultivated lands ; on the other, groves of orange trees and cedars, vineyards of the choicest grapes, and orchards of the most delicious fruit crowned the declivities of the mountains. The softness of the climate, and the clearness of the atmosphere, the placid sea, the gentle breezes, the scent of the flowers and the splendor with which the groves of myrtle and laurel clothed the landscape even in winter, partly assuaged the sorrows of the Pontiff.

On the 6th February, 1850, upon the high summit of Vesuvius was seen a dense column of smoke, increasing rapidly and extending into the clouds. The profound caverns of the mountain began to send forth groans resembling the rumbling of distant thunder, the heavens were darkened, the sun grew dim, and the sea raged with the violence of the wind. The horses, with waving manes and ears erect, neighed and pawed the ground ; the dogs ran howling with terror through the streets of Ottiano, Resina and Bosco ; the birds with doubtful flight escaped to the mountain of Amalfi ; the ducks fled nosily from their ponds, and domestic fowls collected their young. The hollow sides of the mountain redoubled their thunder ; the smoke and ashes were driven in a tempest over the plain ; the heights staggered and the mouth of the volcano yawned ; rocks, flames and ashes came forth with a roar like the artillery ; the fiery torrent darted forth and red hot rocks were heaved up from the abyss of the crater. For three days and nights it thus continued. The smoke, driven by the wind, moved in masses over the bay and the mountains of Castellamore, then stretching over Sorrentum it extended to the hills of Amalfi, and over the broad bay of Salerno even to Pestum. The fiery lava, like another Phlegethon, descended flashing and blazing. The unfortunate people of Ottiano fled terror-stricken ; thousands perished, and whole districts, villas, palaces and towns were entombed."

The reader may ask, Why thus describe Vesuvius when speaking of political movements ? It is because this is a faithful picture of the internal state of Italy two years before the volcanic eruption. Italy, the beautiful, generous country ! How pressing thy invitations formerly extended to the pilgrim ! The traveller

could never sufficiently contemplate the magnificence of thy sacred ceremonies, the richness of thy scenery, the sweet repose of thy cities, the ardor of thy youth, the enchanting beauty of thy women, the valor, genius and refinement of thy people ! How wert thou so suddenly convulsed ? How did a volcano thus break forth in thy centre, scattering smoke and flames, and overwhelming thee in such immeasurable ruin ? Thou wert humbled in the dust ! Look in thy death-struggles on thy children ! A malignant influence corrupted and poisoned thy noble aspirations, and turned into ruin all that thou hadst with wisdom devised for the liberty and honor of thy people ! Long had the volcano been working in thy bosom, and in 1848 it burst forth in all its fury, overflowing the land 'h the lava-tide of impiety, before which all that was good, or venerable or sacred, perished.

Need I ask of Prudhomme, Ledru Rollin, Blanc, or Voltaire the cause of this fearful commotion ? Need I call on the spirits of Geoberti, Strobini, Kossuth, Lola Montes, Father Gavazzi, (who still lives), Mazzini, Campello, or Bratetta of Interlachen ? No ; I need but ask of Rossi, whose was the bloody stiletto that cut you down on the very steps of the Senate ? of Palma, whose was the carabine that laid you low on the gallery of the Quirinal ? But that word recalls me—the carabine. It took many years to charge that gun. Joseph II introduced the powder by oppression of the Church ; Voltarianism threw in the balls by filling the benches of the Imperial Parliament ; the cap was fitted on by a false policy which connived at evil for fear of increasing it, which was overreached by the ferocity of Helvetian radicalism, that occupied the chairs of the Universities. When, after all was ready, Illuminism cocked it by the hands of secret societies, and taking good aim, the blow came like a thunderbolt. The escape of Pius IX through the skill of Fillipanni and another tells the story of the climax. "Young Italy" desired to uproot religion and took every means to succeed. Under pretext of wishing to chase the Austrians from Italy they carried assassination into the very sanctuary, and a reign of terror and hell combined held the land. "Austria, old, haggard, decrepit thief—clothed with the costly blood Polan—trembled as she sheathed her sword and played the penitent within the Ferrara walls." The Carbonari, the Italian branch of the tree of Illuminism, triumphed by all the arts that polluted minds could suggest. But the day of reckoning

came ; Polissina perished in Lombardy, the Austrians last hold on Italy, of which was written—

“ Thou double-necked, double-crowned, dumb-bird,
Thy days in Italia are number'd ;
Cross the Po from the land of the Lombard,
Or we will fine you a crown.”

Lola Montes perished in America it is supposed ; Brabetta of Interlachen died howling like a demon in a prison ; and all have passed away with the print of God's anger upon them, and Italy is comparatively free to-day.

As it would take too much space to refer to Ireland in this number, let it await the November number, when we will have more room to do it justice, and to contrast the spirit of irreligion, impiety and barbarism that prompted France and Italy to rise in rebellion, with the spirit of maltreated justice that caused Ireland to strike for liberty the same year. The one struck against God and his authority, the other against the despisers of both.

GREEN PARK, AYLMER, QUE.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

Familiar Talk by a Catholic Priest.

Must civil government grant liberty of conscience to all without exception ! In answer to this question we hear an almost unanimous yell affirming that no government has the right to impose restrictions on the liberty of conscience, or to punish any one on account of his religion. In spite of this, I most emphatically assert that were the civil power to grant in all cases liberty of conscience or religious liberty, anarchy would soon result therefrom. The civil power is bound to protect the lives, property and morality of society, of the people, and to punish any external violation thereof. The principle of universal toleration is inadmissible in practice, because it is absurd, and either impracticable or destructive of society. On this subject Balmes says : “It has been attempted to establish in principal universal toleration, and refuse to government the right of violating consciences in religious matters ; nevertheless, in spite of all that has

been said, philosophers have not been able to make a very clear exposition of this principle, still less have they been able to procure its general adoption as a system in the government of states. In order to show that the thing is not quite so simple as has been supposed, I will beg leave to ask a few questions: If a religion which required human sacrifices were established in your country, would you tolerate it? No. And why? Because we cannot tolerate such a crime. But then you will be intolerant; you will violate the consciences of others, by prescribing, as a crime, what in their eyes is a homage to the Deity. By what right do you make your conscience prevail over theirs? If you prescribe the exercise of this atrocious worship, would you allow the doctrine to be taught, which preaches as holy and salutary the practice of human sacrifices? No; for that would be permitting the teaching of murder. Very well; but you must acknowledge that this is a doctrine with respect to which you have a right to be and are obliged to be, intolerant. You are aware, no doubt, of the sacrifices offered in antiquity to the goddess of love, and the infamous worship which was paid to her in the temples of Babylon and Corinth? If such a worship reappeared among you, would you tolerate it? No; for it is contrary to the sacred laws of modesty. Would you allow the doctrine on which it is based, to be taught? No; for the same reason. This, then, is another case to which you believe you have the right and the obligation to violate the consciences of others; and the only reason you assign for it is, that you are compelled to do it by your own conscience. Moreover, suppose that, some man, over-excited by reading the Bible, desired to establish a new Christianity, in imitation of Matthew of Haarlem or John of Leyden; suppose that their secretaries began to propagate their doctrines, to assemble together in bodies, and that their fanatical declaration seduced a portion of the people, would you tolerate this new religion? No; for these men might renew the bloody scenes of Germany in the 16th century, when, in the name of God, and to fulfil, as they said, the order of the Most High, the Anabaptists invaded all property, destroyed all existing power, and spread everywhere desolation and death. This would be to act with as much justice as prudence; but you cannot deny you would thereby commit an act of intolerance. What then becomes of the principal of universal toleration? You will say that the security of the state, the good order of society, and public morality compel you to act in this way. But do you

think that the men against whom you claim, did not also intend to protect those interests, by acting with that intolerance which is so revolting to you? It has been acknowledged at all times, and in all countries, as an incontestable principle, that the public authority has, in certain cases, the right of prohibiting certain acts, in violation of the consciences of individuals who claim the right of performing them; it is obliged to do so in the name of humanity, of modesty, of public order. Universal tolerance is, then, an error, a theory, which cannot be put in practice." To these remarkable words, let us add some reflections. If the civil power has not the right to restrict the liberty of conscience, how can the laws of this State make Mormonism and polygamy a penal offence? How can you punish Guiteau, or the crimes of the Communists and Nihilists? All these people assert that they follow their conscience, and you have no means to prove the contrary! And yet the security of society itself depends on their being punished! The civil power must therefore possess the right and obligation of punishing all external acts which interfere with the good of society, even if such acts are done under the pretext of conformity with the dictates of conscience; for such consciences being erroneous from *vincible ignorance* or malice, must be rectified? These people ought to know better, or be taught to know better!

The usual punishment for heretics in the Middle Ages was burning at the stake. This horrifies us who are accustomed either to punish atrocious murderers very lightly, or even to let them go scot free. Great crimes were then, fortunately for society, never left unpunished, and the punishments inflicted were of a severe nature. Now I have shown you the heinousness of the crime of heresy; it is therefore deserving of severe punishment. But the Church never punished with death, for she has always forbidden not only entrance into holy orders, but even their exercise to any one who has shed blood even legally! This very fact is sufficient to exonerate the Church of the accusation of burning heretics. History confirms this. The heretics in the Middle Ages were branches of the Manicheans, whose doctrines and practice were so abominable as to justify their proscription by all civil governments; even that of Diocletian inflicted capital punishment on them on account of the infamous practices of their worship. The heretics of the Middle Ages taught doctrines opposed not only to the Catholic faith, but also to the good of

society, and even sought to put them into practice. They hated marriage, but were addicted to incest and other abominations at their religious meetings; they strove to carry out Communism, and, refusing all obedience to civil law resisted it by force of arms, under the pretext of not being bound to obey such as were not in the state of grace, that is, members of their sects! And in all this they pretended to follow the dictates of their conscience! Were any set of men to attempt to teach, propagate and practice such abomination in this free country, we would soon see the whole militia rushing to arms, if required, at the call of the President, to put down such enemies to society. This would be proper; why? Because such principles and practices are subversive of the public good, and the government is bound to protect the liberty, life, property and morality of its people. Now what would be right in the nineteenth century in this free country, cannot surely be wrong in another age in another country. Hence the various governments in the Middle Ages did not exceed their duty in punishing with the greatest severity the abominable sects of the Albigenses, Waldenses, Cathari, Hussites and the like.

The inquisition was first established by Innocent III., the greatest of the Popes, to inquire into the doctrines and teachings of the Albigenses. It was composed of clergymen, as being alone competent to inquire into the doctrines of the accused and to declare them good or bad. If the accused were found guilty of the infamous Albigensian heresy, he was given the opportunity of retracting and promising to become a law-abiding citizen. If he did this, he was set at liberty; if he refused, he was handed over to the civil authorities to be dealt with according to the laws of the land. Consequently, the Inquisitors were no more responsible for the punishment of these heretics, than are our juries when they bring in a verdict of guilty against the accused. Nor was the civil power any more cruel in most rigorously punishing those heretics, who were guilty of such great crimes against society, than are now our criminal judges in pronouncing and our sheriffs in carrying out the sentence of capital punishment against those found guilty of murder, by the jury. We may here observe that in many things the Inquisition of the Middle Ages was superior to our criminal system. The Inquisitors were far more competent, conscientious, and upright men than are the majority of our jurymen in criminal cases; moreover, they always did their best to convert the accused not only from his erroneous doctrine,

but also from his criminal ways into a law-abiding citizen, and if they succeeded, they would set him free. Our jurymen can make no attempt to convert criminals, nor can they set the repentant at liberty. Hence the tribunal of the Inquisition was in itself more humane than our criminal courts.

* * * * *

We cannot discuss this subject without calling attention to the noteworthy fact that severe religious persecution existed in all of the original thirteen colonies from Great Britain, Maryland alone excepted, which was settled by Catholics. Listen to what the Protestant Bancroft says on this subject: "Its history (Maryland's) in the history of benevolence, gratitude and toleration. The Roman Catholics who were oppressed by the laws of England, were sure to find an asylum in the quiet harbors of the Chesapeake, and there too Protestants were sheltered from Protestant persecution." But what happened! Protestants flocked thither from all sides, and, when sufficiently numerous, they, viper-like, turned around and persecuted the Catholics who had given them shelter?—[*N. O. Morning Star.*]

CATHOLIC PRESS.

The patriotic Archbishop of Cashel, at a meeting in the County of Limerick lately, dwelt upon the gross injustice of sending Englishmen and Scotchmen to govern Ireland, of which most of them were quite ignorant. His grace pointed out that Ireland has now an English lord-lieutenant, an English chief secretary, a Scotch under-secretary, and an English assistant-secretary. "France," said the archbishop, "is governed by Frenchmen, Spain, by Spaniards, England, by Englishmen, and even Poland by Poles, and why should not Ireland be governed by Irishmen?"—[*New York Tablet.*]

"I suppose in the end you'll be marrying some idiot of a fellow?" said a suitor who had been rejected. "Excuse me," she replied: "if I meant to do that, I should accept your offer."

The Population of Russia has, according to the latest census, increased by 14½ millions within the last twelve years.

THE ENGLISH SPARROW.

Some Caustic Comments upon the Manner of Life of the Aforesaid Bird.

“What sort of a bird is this?”

“This is an English sparrow. He cannot carry off a lamb, like the eagle, nor is he provided with teeth and claws, like the tiger, but he leaves his mark all the same.”

“How did he get here?”

“A philanthropist brought him over from England.”

“What is a philanthropist?”

“He is a cross between a lunatic and an idiot.”

“What did he want to bring the sparrows to America for?”

“Because he hated the country and wanted revenge. It wasn’t enough for him that we have small-pox, yellow fever, cholera, droughts, floods, cyclones, and forest fires and grasshopper-plagues.”

“What are the chief merits of the sparrow?”

“His beautiful voice and lovable nature. His song is so much sweeter than a file rasping over cast iron that people have died after hearing it.”

“How does he employ his time?”

“In screaming, fighting, and voting early and often.”

“Where does he build his nest?”

“In the cornices of houses. If he could have the use of 1,000 trees rent free he would turn up his nose at the offer. He couldn’t damage a tree any, but he could make it necessary to paint a house every month.”

“Of what is his nest composed?”

“Of everything he can handle, except old oyster cans and empty beer bottles.”

“Does the hard-hearted citizen ever destroy their nests?”

“He does. When the family clothes-line or crow-bar or long-handled shovel is missing he pulls down a nest and recovers the lost article.”

"What does the poor sparrow do then?"

"He rebuilds."

"Can he be discouraged?"

"If his nest was pull down 15,000 or 20,000 times, he might commence to feel downhearted: but those who have routed him out 500 or 600 times have not seen him even change countenance."

"What other birds does he agree with?"

"The buzzard and the polecat. He is too proud to take up with every stranger who comes along. He has driven away our robins and bluebirds and larks and chickadees, and even the hens are looking for another opening."

"Would it be wicked to kill one of these sparrows?"

"Awfully wicked. The philanthropists would raise such a howl that the killer would have to skip the country. Besides, you can't shoot 'em, they won't be poisoned, and no one ever trapped one. A man down in Ohio thinks a blow with a barn-door might fetch 'em, but it is as yet an untried experiment."

"That is all for this time. Let us now lay away our books and sit on the steps and listen to the ravishing melody of the sparrow's evening song."—*Detroit Free Press.*

On Dec. 31, 1878, the distribution of the population of Egypt was as follows:—Cairo, 327,462; Alexandria, 165,752; Damietta, 32,730; Rosetta, 16,243; Suez, 11,327; Port Said, 3,854; other towns, 11,747; provinces 4,948,512; total, 5,517,627.

The decline in the value of land continues in England. A Yorkshire farm for which \$60,000 was refused a few years ago, has been sold for \$35,000.

The Prince of Wales is about the only married man of his age in London society who habitually goes to balls and dances. Few Englishmen are regular ball goers after 35.

There are 600,000 Catholics in New York.

THE PATTER OF THE SHINGLE.

When the angry passion gathering in my mother's face I see,
And she leads me to the bed-room—gently lays me on her knee,
Then I know that I will catch it, and my flesh, in fancy itches,
As I listen for the patter of the shingle on my breeches.

Every tinkle of the shingle has an echo and a sting,
And a thousand burning fancies into active being spring,
And a thousand bees and hornets 'neath my coat tail seem to
swarm,
As I listen to the patter of the shingle, oh, so warm.

In a sudden intermission, which appears my only chance,
I say : "Strike gently, mother, or you'll split my Sunday pants ;"
She stops a moment, draw's her breath, the shingle holds aloft,
And says : "I had not thought of that—my son just take them
off."

Holy Moses ! and the angels, cast thy pitying glances down,
And thou, O family doctor, put a good soft poultice on ;
And may I with fools and dunces, everlastinglingly mingle,
If I ever say a word, when my mother wields the shingle.

An eccentric old gentleman placed in a field on his estate a board with the following generous offer painted thereon :—"I will give this field to any man who is contented." It was not long before he had an applicant, "Well, my man, are you a contented fellow?" "Yes, sir, very." "Then why do you want my field?" The applicant did not wait to reply.

"Why is your hair so grey, mamma?" Mamma : "Well, because you're such a naughty girl sometimes." Infant Prodigy : "What a naughty child you must have been!" Mamma : "Why?" Infant Prodigy : "Because poor grandma's hair is quite white."

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, 6; happy death, 5; special intentions, 1; temperance, 4; departed, 13. Also for the following subscribers departed:—Chicago, Ill., July 31st, 1882, Martin Dunn aged 70 years; Upper Wakefield, Que., June 20th, 1882, Mrs. Thomas Kelly, and John Rourke who died May 23rd, 1882; Sak Bay, Mich., July 13th, 1882, Mrs. Abby Coffy; Kings Cove, Newfoundland, November 30th, 1881, at the age of 18 years, Miss Agnes Ryan; Springtown, Ont., July 29th, 1882, Eliza Trower; Dundee, Que., August 1st, 1882, Mary Moor aged 48 years.

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**?

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I am remembered in the Mass every morning,

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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.