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The Voice.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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

VOL. VII.

CHELSEA, AUGUST, 1882.

No. 8.

TO OUR READERS.

Our raffle took place on the 26th, 27th and 28th of June, as announced in our June number. The success far surpassed anything that could be expected in a small parish like Chelsea. We hasten to acknowledge that \$200.00 were received from our friends of THE VOICE, apart from the valuable articles sent by many of our kind agents. Special thanks are due Mr. Philip Hennessy, of Beverly Farms, Mass., whose zeal and success enabled him to send us the highest remittance. Useless to say, that the warm and substantial sympathy of our friends from without, not only gave great pleasure to our own parishioners, but also influenced them with zeal, inspired them with confidence, and thereby secured their success. Nothing would give an idea of their gratitude to the parishioners of St. Ann's, Montreal, for the generous collection we took up in that Church. And when we told them that the bills came showering into the collection plate from smiling faces, one gave utterance to a beautiful catholic feeling and said: "Oh! then, Father, it will be worth twice the amount to us."

This was precisely our own feeling whilst taking up that collection. It is the right feeling, it is the spirit of Christ, for God loveth the cheerful giver, and will bless his gift. A. Wright M. P., whose happiness, in this world is to do good, was princely in his donations, and liberal in filling the hands of the ladies in the bazaar room. He well deserved to win the beautiful plough, given by Mr. Evans of Montreal, but was too generous to keep it. Oh! how we wish Heaven's blessing upon good Mr. Wright and his generous Lady. Earthly wealth and temporal honors can never satisfy such noble souls; He, who created them, is alone able to fill them. We wish to apologize for leaving unanswered several letters from kind friends; such was the multiplicity of our correspondence, that reply became impossible. The greater number of winners were at a distance, from Chelsea, and at this we rejoiced. The silver urn was won by Mr. Donovan, Oswego; the picture of St. Patrick by Mr. Whalen, Bridgeport, N. S.; the writing-desk by Mr. Handrick, Cascades, P. Q.; gold ring by John Holahan, Ottawa; the doll by Patrick Reynolds, Chelsea. We cannot mention all the winners, but we must remark, that fortune would have it, that boys should win the girl's articles, and it was still more remarkable that these winners were perhaps more proud than girls would have been. Such is the charm of victory's palm. In vain did the less fortunate boys say: "I would be ashamed to look at it; I swear I would never touch it; I would rather win nothing." In vain did the girls say: "Oh! give me that; what do you want of a baby's robe; sure you are not going to keep that doll!" The winners understood no such language; their faces beamed with joy, but not a blush was visible. We believe, that all absent winners have been notified, and that the greater part have received their prizes. We regret to say, however, that the winner of quilt number ten, Miss Bagotte, and the winner of the glass lamp, Mr. Mild, cannot be found, their respective addresses are lost, and we desire information. We now begin the plastering of our Church, trusting that Providence will send the small sum still required.

MORNING ON THE IRISH COAST.

[The incident which prompted the writing of the following lines was related to the author by a friend on his return to America from a visit to Ireland. On the voyage over the American gentleman made the acquaintance of an old Irishman, who, in his frank and candid way, told him that he had been thirty years in the States, and that he was then going home to spend the evening of his life amid the scenes of his boyhood. The old man's deep anxiety to see Ireland once more made the author's friend take a special interest in him. The night before the boat reached the Irish shore they both remained on deck, and as the dawning broke they were rewarded for their weary vigil by beholding the dim outlines of the Irish coast. The sight awakened the old man's slumbering enthusiasm, and his first impassioned exclamation was "The top o' the mornin' to you, Ireland, alanna!"]

Than-a-mo-Dhia! but there it is!
 The dawn on the hills of Ireland—
 God's angels lifting the night's black veil
 From the fair, sweet face of my sireland;
 O Ireland! isn't it grand you look,
 Like a bride in her rich adornin',
 And with all the pent-up love of my heart
 I bid you the top o' the mornin'.

This one brief hour pays lavishly back
 For many a year of mourning;
 I'd almost venture another flight
 There's so much joy in returning—
 Watching out for the hallowed shore,
 All other attractions scornin';
 O Ireland! don't you hear me shout
 I bid you the top o' the mornin'!

Ho, ho! upon Cleana's shelving strand
 The surges are grandly beating;
 Kerry is pushing her headlands out
 To give us the kindly greeting.

Into the shore the sea-birds fly
 On pinions that know no drooping
 And out from the cliffs with welcome charged,
 A million of waves come trooping.

O kindly, generous Irish land,
 So real and fair and loving,
 No wonder the wandering Celt should think
 And dream of you in his roving!
 The alien home may have gems and gold,
 Shadows may never have gloomed it,
 But the heart will sigh for the absent land
 Where the love-lights fresh illumed it.

And doesn't old Cove look charming there,
 Watching the wave's motion,
 Leaning her back up against the hills,
 And the tips of her toes in the ocean?
 I wonder I don't hear Shandon's bells—
 Oh, maybe their chiming's over,
 For it's many a year since I began
 The life of a Western rover.

For thirty summers, *asthore machree*,
 Those hills I now feast my eyes on
 Ne'er met my vision, save when thou rose
 ' Over memory's dim horizon.
 E'en so, 'twas grand and fair they seemed
 In the landscape spread before me.
 But dreams are dreams, and my eyes would ope
 To see Texas' sky still o'er me.

Oh, oft upon the Texan plains,
 When the day and the chase were over,
 My thoughts would fly o'er the weary wave
 And around this coast line hover!
 And the prayer would rise that some future day
 All danger and doubting scornin',
 I might help to win for my native land
 The light of young Liberty's mornin'.

How fuller and truer the shore-line shows—
 Was ever a scene so splendid!
 I feel the breath of the Munster breeze—
 Thank God that my exile's ended!
 Old scenes, old songs, old friends again,
 The vale and the cot I was born in!
 Oh Ireland! up from my heart of hearts
 I bid you the top o' the mornin'.

THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

(Written for the August number of THE VOICE.)

St. Lawrence! kingly river, what legends o'er it dwell,
 They slumber in each hollow, and on its billows swell,
 They breathe o'er its fair landscape, and lend a pleasing charm
 To sunny bays and inlets, to homesteads bright and warm.
 When forests in their quiet and pristine grandeur reigned,
 E'er the sons of sunny France, its silver waters named,
 Their chiefs in glowing language, gave laws with potent power;
 Or smoked their calumet in peace through many a fair hour.
 The wild deer of the forest, came at the early dawn
 And drank its crystal waters, not dreading hounds or horn.
 Maples bent their lovely boughs and dipped their verdant leaves,
 And trembling aspens quivered above its ruffled waves.
 Gem of pristine beauty, in primeval grandeur drest,
 No sounds of busy traffic disturbed its quiet rest,
 Till bounding o'er its bosom in all their native pride,
 Armadas of gallant France sailed up its waters wide,
 And valiant men from the decks looked on the passing scene,
 Of mountains, vales and river, of islands robed in green,
 Unfurled their brave old banners and waved them in the breeze,
 And raised the christian emblem they'd brought from o'er the seas.
 And cried to name this river, the honor let us pay
 We'll call it for St. Lawrence, because this is day.*
 Then moor'd their sturdy vessels and anchor'd in the tide
 Where now, "St. Charles river" by peaceful homesteads glide.

*10 August.

QUEBEC, June 14th, 1882.

JULIA FARLEY,
 No. 19 Ramsay Street.

KNOCK.

Were There Apparitions and have There been Miraculous Cures There.

Sister Mary Francis Clare, the Nun of Kenmare, writes :

Did the apparitions which are said to have occurred at Knock really take place ?

Have there been any cures there which may probably be called miraculous ?

These are two most important questions.. They may be answered from a purely human point of view, or from a purely supernatural point of view. But first let us say that we submit entirely and without reserve to whatever may be the decision of the Church on this subject.

There is a certain class of persons who put evidence from them which they ought carefully to weigh and consider, because, they say they will wait until the Church decides the question. But the Church decides on evidence—the Church decides on facts. Take the case of Lourdes. If every one said, “We will not believe the testimony of Bernadette, she is only a poor, ignorant girl,” the miracles of Lourdes would have been lost to the Church and to the world, because no one would have gone to Lourdes to pray for cures.

Those who, whenever they hear on reasonable evidence that a supernatural manifestation has occurred, hear the message and visit the place, are actually helping the Church. It is quite certain that miraculous cures are rarely obtained unless they are asked for, and that the asking for and obtaining of miraculous cures must precede the decision of the most marvellous of the miracles obtained at any shrine or sanctuary have been those first obtained, as if God would specially reward the faith of those who came first to the place He had so honored. We may also believe that the reward of those who are the first to assist, from a temporal point of view, will also be the greatest.

Now, what evidence is there for the truth of the apparitions and miraculous cures at Knock ?

First, there is the evidence of from fifteen to twenty respectable men and women, amongst them being the family of the Byrens ; a near relative of theirs was the predecessor of Archdeacon Cavanagh, as parish priest of Knock.

The evidence of any one of those who saw the first apparition

would be taken without question in a court of justice. Why, then, should their evidence be questioned in these matters ?

Next, their evidence is corroborated by that of Archdeacon Cavanagh. It is true he did not see the first apparition, but he knew the people well amongst whom he has lived and laboured for many years, and he does and could not doubt them. But there is also the evidence of Archdeacon Cavanagh, which I am permitted to publish now, on his authority, and in his own words (in a new work on Knock, which will soon be ready for publication). Archdeacon Cavanagh has again and again seen apparitions in the church at Knock and in his own house. That supernatural lights have been seen by two other persons at least in his own house the present writer has full proof.

The Very Rev. Cannon Moynahan, of the Diocese of Nottingham, England, has written a letter to me for publication, in which he gives an account of the marvellous movements of the eyes of the statue at Knock, and of a cure which he witnessed with hundreds of others.

The Rev. J. Sherridan, P. P., has given me a verbal account of an apparition which he saw at Knock.

Six persons of education and respectability have given me verbal accounts of what they saw at different times. None of the above mentioned know each other, or have any personal conversation on this, or, indeed, on any other subject. A Christian Brother, who witnessed some of the most marvellous of the Knock apparitions, has given me a full account of what he saw for publication.

The testimony of so many and such respectable witnesses puts the fact of the apparitions beyond all human question.

Next, the miraculous cures at Knock

The evidence of these would occupy a large volume. I believe they will be found to have far exceeded in number, and even in weight, those which occurred during a similar period at Lourdes.

The following medical certificates are all I can find space for here. They will fully satisfy any honest-minded inquirer.

Besides the following, I have in my possession at present several hundred letters from persons of all ranks of life, and from all parts of the world, who have been cured either by a visit to Knock or by the use of the Knock cement.

It is not as widely known as it should that the whole subject is before an Ecclesiastical Commission appointed by the Archbishop

of Tuam. As in the case of Lourdes, so in the case of Knock, some time will probably be allowed to elapse before the Church will place the devotion on the same basis as the devotions of other shrines of the ever Blessed Mother of God. In the meantime the faithful can avail themselves of the many and great graces which are being obtained every day at this favored shrine.

The medical certificates referred to above first mentioned the cure of Miss Elizabeth Duffy, sixteen years of age, of Belfast. The doctor, J. Campbell Quinn, says: "Believing, as I did, that necrosis of the bone undoubtedly existed, I am confident that no medical treatment, change of air, or good food could have brought about a cure so rapidly, or indeed at all; and I am forced to the conclusion, though sceptical about miracles, that the all-powerful intercession of the Blessed Virgin has operated upon Elizabeth Duffy in a wonderful cure while at Knock.

Dr. Geoffery McCarthy, of Kenmare, certifies "that he knew John Fitzgerald, of Sneem, to be a cripple of four years at least. He went to Knock and returned in a few days able to walk without the aid of crutches, the leg being about one inch and a-half short." This must have been a miracle, as it could not have occurred so suddenly, or at all, without the aid of a surgical operation.

Dr. Conry, of Kilkelly, had well nigh despaired of the life of Ellen Waldron, fourteen years of age. He adds: "in my opinion this instantaneous recovery is due to a miracle, as is stated by the father of the girl, who applied to her body on the 6th of July, sacred substance from the chapel of Knock."

With regard to Mr. Fitzgerald's cure, the case is within my own knowledge, and perhaps one of the most remarkable of the Knock cures.

I have at present a certificate of the cure of a woman born deaf and dumb.

As many questions have been asked in regard to my own cure. I can only say that my case was a most complicated one, as I suffered from both rheumatism and an internal disease. The medical certificate of my cure will be placed before the Ecclesiastical Commission. For obvious reasons I can only give a short extract from one of them.

Cork, November 18, 1881.

Your case was an extremely bad one, and if ever a human being deserved a miraculous interposition, your virtues and labors in the

cause of creed and human being deserved a miraculous interposition, your virtues and labors in the cause of creed and humanity are paramount. When I last saw you at Kenmare, you certainly were in a most crippled condition, from which I despaired of any relief from medical art. Your cure is outside our experience. I am, dear sister, yours very sincerely.

M. O'KEEFE, M. A., M. D., D. C. S.

Professor of Materia Medica and Lecturer on Medical Jurisprudence in the late Queen's University, Ireland; examiner in same University.

Since the above case was written, the case had been very carefully examined by two of the first doctors in Dublin, and they freely admit the miraculous nature of the cure, which has proved far more remarkable than was at first anticipated.

AN EVENING IN QUEBEC.

(WRITTEN FOR "THE VOICE")

I sat one evening, not long ago, upon the Terrace in Quebec. It was a beautiful evening, such as only a Canadian summer can present; "an evening that Florence might envy, so light was the lemon-hued air." All around me the scene was varied and beautiful. Hundreds were promenading to and fro—beneath me the old lower town with its Canadian "Wall Street." The sun in crimson splendor was sinking behind the distant Laurentians and shedding rays of dying light upon the heights of Levis, beyond and nearer upon the triple-spired dome of Laval. The broad St. Lawrence widened out until it gleamed like a liquid ring of gold around the emerald isle of Orleans. Far off through the distant gorges of

"Mountains cracked,
And sundered by volcanic fire,
Sung Montmorenci's cataract,
Fit chord for such a granite lyre."

In the harbor dozens of wealth-laden vessels rode at anchor and ploughing round the point came the magnificent "Parisian", one

of the finest transatlantic steamers. As she neared the old custom-house, the gun was fired, and as the echo died away over the distant hills, I felt the curtain of the past roll up before me and the panorama of former days came out before my vision. No longer was I seated in the modern *Keok* but the elms were waving their branches above my head. The crowd had disappeared and I could see, here and there, a wary Indian dart through the primeval wood. The Citadel was no more; in its place stood Stadacona's lofty rock. I saw no longer the steam-ship; but a mariners barque came round the island, and with a lily flag at its prow, it steared for the bay where the St. Charles meets the St. Lawrence. The passengers were no emigrants, they were pilgrims of other days, with the cross in one hand and the sword in the other, coming to plant the seeds of civilization upon the soil and to light the torch of christianity amongst the inhabitants. And I asked myself, whence come those seeds, and where sprung that light? There effects can be seen clearly in the contrast I have made—but yet, we ask what were their origins? The seeds of civilization were planted in the infant days of the world. They sprang up in many forms, whether amongst the chosen people of God in their white tents of the desert, or upon the shores of that sea that wash the golden clime where Athens once was mistress of the world, or again by the banks of the yellow stream, that rushes through the seven hills where the greatest empire of the world flourished, or still later by the bay that reflects the spires of Constantinople, or advancing further towards the banks of the Seine where Paris "the city of the world" has flourished—or, in fine, by the Thames that rolls 'neath the towers of London. By this time the west of Europe was reached, but a grand world, a new continent lay beyond the Atlantic, and in the hands of those passengers came the germs of that great civilization to be planted, and nourished, and protected upon the Easternmost point of this land. What a mighty progress it has since made. Has it not, in two hundred years, grown as powerful on this side, as it did in two thousand years on the other side of the vast ocean? Whence came that light of Christianity which since its dawn has ever illumined the path of civilization? It flashed, through the clouds of paganism, upon the summit of Golgotha nearly twenty centuries ago. It gleamed, and in the redeeming miracle of its crimson hue, the gates, forever closed, flew open, and in a white robe the Angel of Resurrection pointed to an empty tomb and to a new life for mankind.

That light "entered the dark groves where the pagans taught the mysticisms of the stars, it tipped with splendor the summits of the monuments of ages, crowning those storied works of a buried time with holy light of heaven, it fell upon the harper's soul and wedded his song to truth," it glimmered in the depths of the Catacombs, whether in the virgin's lamp or the taper upon the altar, it came forth, amidst the crash of a mighty empire, to shine upon the lofty cross that surmounts the stupendous dome of St. Peter's, it came in the hands of Augustin to teach the Saxon; in the hands of Patrick to convert the Celt—and now it comes, pure and unchanged as when it first was lit, in the hands of yonder passengers, to light, to vivify, to enable, to purely purify a people sunk in darkness, and to bathe the land in a sea-glory. Such are the gifts which reached our soil. Behold the miracle of their workings! The cannon fires from the Citadel, the sound awakens me from my reverie! I gaze around me and the wild-woods are no more, the children of the forest have gone towards the setting sun, the stream is crowded with grand ships, the steam, the electric spark, the press are all at work, the houses of commerce appear on all sides, the hum of a glorious civilization is around and about me. I stood up and turned to leave, when a friend, touching my arm, drew my attention to the beautiful picture before us. The moon was now up, and her silver beams fell upon the spires of Laval, and lit the dome of the old Basilica, and shone upon the ghostly gray walls that enclose the children of Ste. Ursule, and finally tipped the belfry of the Church of Notre Dame of Levis and died away, as if divided, between the temple of two steeples at Beauport and the distant church of Orleans. Such was the effect of that golden light upon our land! Returning home I thought upon the wonders of God's ways, and how grateful, we upon this happy soil should be to find ourselves the objects of so much care, love, and good on the part of that Providence which reaches from end to end, that speaks in the thunder and in the breeze, at his *fiat* we are what we are.

JOSEPH K. FORAN.

GREEN PARK, AYLMEY,

29th June 1882.

THE STATE CHURCH IN RUSSIA.

The Russian correspondent of the *Journal de Bruxelles* has addressed that paper a very interesting letter concerning the return of the Slav-race to the unity of the Catholic Church. The correspondent presents a recital of facts full of interest to the whole Catholic world. He states that the Encyclical of Leo XIII., dated September 30, 1880, on the cultus of Saints Methodus and Cyril, the pastoral of Mgr. Strossmayer on the same subject, bearing date the 28th of January, 1881, and the Slav pilgrimage to Rome on the 5th of July in the same year, have naturally brought under consideration and discussion the question of the return of the Slavs to the Catholic Church. In the Austrian dominions these Greek schismatical bishops have declared against union with Rome, as also the Servian journal the *Zastava*, but the other prelates of the Greek Church in the Austro-Hungarian dominions have kept close silence on the subject. The Russian bishops have also observed silence on the matter, but the press of the country, viewing it more from a political than a religious standpoint, have shown themselves hostile to any scheme of union. An anonymous writer in a Russian journal recently addressed a very remarkable letter which appeared in a Russian paper, to the proctor of the Holy Synod, a man well-known for his piety and christian zeal. This writer takes strong ground in favor of union. He draws his arguments mainly from Bishop Strossmayer. He points out very forcibly that the Greek and Roman churches are in possession of a priesthood of Apostolic origin, that for many centuries they formed but one body, that this period was the most brilliant in the history of the Church, especially that of the East, witnessing the condemnation, by Council after Council, of the most formidable heresies that have ever afflicted the christian world, that there were clearly defined and established doctrines common to both churches to this day. He maintains that the points of difference between the two churches now are mainly traceable to questions of discipline, upon which it were easy to arrive at an understanding, and does not consider that the doctrine of the procession of the Holy Ghost, as taught by the Roman Church, would offer any very serious obstacle to union. He justly declares the question of Papal supremacy to be the cardinal point of difference between the two churches, but clearly demonstrates that the Papacy

is the centre of unity, and that without it, as shown by the history of the schismatic church itself, there can be no unity. The Papacy, he declares, has survived every onslaught of its enemies, and will last till the end of time. He condemns the nationalism of the Greek Church and shows it to be lifeless and inactive. This letter must attract a large amount of attention, and cannot fail to produce a deep impression on thoughtful minds of all classes in Russia. The best direction the Slav movement could take would be towards Catholic unity, an eventuality, we hope, before many years to see realized.—*Catholic Record.*

To Hide the Hole.

There is in France a priest, who for years was a village curate and shared his slender income in equal halves with the poor. His cassock, which had been mended about a hundred times, showed a large hole at the neck which baffled all the efforts of the seamstress to patch it, the worn out cloth tearing at every new stitch. Some years ago the venerable curate received a visit from his Bishop, who complimented him highly on the splendid instruction of his flock. "But, Reverend Sir," continued the Bishop, with a gentle rebuke, "your cassock is well worn at the neck; you should have it mended or buy a new one." "Monseigneur," modestly replied the priest, "there are so many unfortunate people in my parish that my cassock must last yet a little longer." "That does not matter," said the Bishop, "this is not tidy." A week afterwards our good pastor received the cape of a canon of the Cathedral Chapter, with these words written by the Bishop: "*Pour cacher la déchirure, to hide the hole.*"

"De'il a Scotchman in His Kingdom."

Long years ago, in times so remote that history does not fix the epoch, a dreadful war was waged by the King of Scotland. Scottish valor prevailed, and the King of Scotland, elated by his success, sent for his prime minister, Lord Alexander.

"Well, Sandy," said he, "is there ne'er a king we canna conquer noo?"

"An' it please your majesty, I ken o' a king that your majesty canna vanquish."

"An' who is he Sandy?"

Lord Alexander, looking reverently up, said "The king o' heaven."

"The king o' whaur, Sandy?"

"The king o' heaven."

The king of Scotland did not understand, but was unwilling to exhibit any ignorance.

"Just gang your ways, Sandy, and tell the king o' heaven to gie up his dominions or i'll come mysel' and ding him out o' them; and mind, Sandy, ye dinna come back to us until ye had dune our bidden."

Lord Alexander retired much perplexed, but met a priest, and reassured, returned and presented himself.

"Well, Sandy," said the king, "hae ye seen the king o' heaven and what says he to our bidden?"

"An' it pleas your majesty, I hae seen ane o' his accredited ministers."

"Weel, an what says he?"

"He says your majesty may e'en hae his kingdom for the mere asking o' it."

"Was he sae civil?" said the king, warming to magnanimity. "Just gang your ways back, Sandy, and teil the king o' heaven that for his civility the de'il a Scotchmon shall set foot in his kingdom."

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, 7; spiritual favors, 1; temporal favors, 5; happy death, 5; special intentions, 1; temperance, 2; departed, 13. Also for the following subscribers departed:—Point-Rock, Ont., April, 1882, Mrs. John Walsh; Quebec, April 18th, 1882, Catherine Moore; St. John's, Newfoundland, James Joseph Murphy; Quebec, April, 1882, Michael Dugal; Prescott, Ont., June 1st, 1882, Lizzie Mooney, aged 25 years; Holbrook, Mass., May 25th, 1882, Mr Richard Barry; Parish of Colis and St Mary, Meath, Drogheda, Ireland, April 14th, 1885, James Tallan.

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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