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JULY.

July the 2nd is the feast of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin. On this day the Blessed Virgin having conceived the Infant Jesus in her chaste womb hastened to visit her cousin St. Elizabeth, because she had understood from the Holy Ghost that she miraculously conceived a child. It was St. John the Baptiste. Elizabeth was enlightened on the mystery of the Incarnation and on the eminent dignity of Mary, she exclaimed:—"Whence is this to me that the mother of my God should come to me?" Mary declaired her own nothingness and pronounced her noble hymn:—"My soul doth magniry the Lord etc."

The third of July is the fourth Sunday after Pentecost and the feast of the Precious Blood. But in the diocese of Ottawa it is the solemnity of SS. Peter and Paul. The 26th is the feast of St. Ann the mother of the Blessed Virgin. It is a very solemn feast in all this province though the solemnity is postponed till the following Sunday.

The principal historical events of this month are: July 3rd the foundation of Quebec city, by Champlain in 1608. The 4th, the foundation of Three Rivers by De la Violette under the direction of Champlain in 1634.

The 6th, execution of Sir Thomas More, chancellor of England. He was beheaded under Henry VIII. in 1635 for refusing to take the oath of supremacy. On the 14th, 1870, Papal infallibility was declared by the Council of the Vatican.

On the 28th 1856, died St Ignatius founder of the order of the Jesuits.

THE ROOKS.

The rooks are building on the trees ;
 They build there every Spring,
 "Caw, caw," is all they say,
 For none of them can sing.

They're up before the break of day,
 And up till late at night ;
 For they must labor busily
 As long as it is light.

And many a crooked stick they bring,
 And many a slender twig,
 And many a tuft of moss, until
 Their nests are round and big.

"Caw, caw!" Oh, what a noise
 They make in rainy weather!
 Good children always speak by turns.
 But rooks all talk together.

How many nests are on the trees,
 Hud up at what a height!
 There are a thousand rooks, and yet—
 I never saw them fight.

For they are friendly birds, and each
 Is to his neighbors known :
 They never touch each other's things,
 But let them all alone.

I wonder if we ever heard
 Of little girls and boys
 Who quarrelled more than rooks, and make
 A more unpleasant noise ?

I wonder if we ever heard
 Of children who would touch
 The things they ought to let alone—
 I wonder very much.

The subject for conversation at an evening entertainment was the intelligence of animals, particularly dogs. Says Smith : "There are dogs that have more sense than their masters." "Just so," responds young Fitznoodle. "I've got that kind of a dog myself."

SUCCESS OF CATHOLIC TEACHING.

Father Lacomme, a Jesuit missionary in Eastern Africa.

Continued from our last.

Now what are the results which Catholic civilization in its true sense produces on such a people as that? The labors of the Jesuits of Paraguay and their success are historic. Are they exceptional? We know they are not, and the Jesuit of this century can do for the eastern African very much what his brother of an earlier century did for the South American. If you need information, read this little sketch from the same letter which gives the preceding extract:—

A few days since we held in our colony a family festival, where religion as well as gaiety and simplicity presided, as it is right on these days of rejoicing. We formed four new Catholic homes, which thus crowned an education of several years, and gave a new reinforcement to the mission. Of these four couples, two were Malagese and two Makouas. The last poor children kidnapped from the bosom of their families and their country by the Arabs, have had the happiness to fall into our hands, thus escaping, as by a miracle, from a long servitude, where they would have found it very difficult to know our holy religion, and to be saved; but with us they have found the liberty of the children of God, education, religious instruction, and, at length, a Christian family. Science does not shine brilliantly among them, but they are good farmers, and they will be, I hope, excellent Catholics. The two others who are Malagese, are endowed with more intelligence than the Makouas. They have also a certain primary instruction which is not to be contemned; they are even clever at instrumental music. Moreover, both have a trade which will procure for them an easy existence, at the same time doing good service to the country. On their part, the Sisters have brought up these young women very well, who are all good dressmakers. Those who know how small is the furniture of the Malagese will imagine that we have not been at much expense to establish these households; they would think that a small hut, two earthen pots, a mat, a few yards of linen and a little rice to begin life, would be all that was necessary, because such is, usually, the only fortune of their compatriots; but in this case it is not so, because these children have been

brought up under other conditions. In participating in our civilization, they believe they have a right to its advantages according to their position, and they would consider themselves a little neglected if they were not at first placed in a certain degree of comfort. There is also a fear that in returning to their first condition, they would, at the same time, be forced to return to the habits and feelings of indifference which are only too prevalent among other Malagese. It was therefore, necessary to give them a small but good cottage, a small wardrobe, some furniture, which we have taken care they should make for themselves, and a small portion which will be given to them according to their wants. Thus a complete home is provided, and then without too much anxiety they will set to work to earn their daily bread, and to preserve by their labor the position which has been made for them.

These nuptials, since we must call them by that name, have drawn many people, as you may understand. Here Christians and pagans, relations and friends of the newly married, dressed out in their best, mixed with and formed the cortege, all desirous to do honor to those who on this day entered their ranks, and who were now to take a part in their life. The ceremony was made as solemn as possible. The organ or rather the harmonium, did not cease to play during the whole mass; but what was more edifying was to see all those approach the holy table who were the objects of this ceremony, and also many of their relatives and friends. When the ceremony in the church was ended, the cortege proceeded to the "Catholic Camp" where they were expected in the hall, adorned with the leaves of the cocoa-nut. After the usual congratulations and a short rest, came the dinner, which was very appropriate to the circumstances. A rich Malagese would, on such an occasion, kill one or several oxen, but we were more moderate, and yet all were satisfied. All were assembled when suddenly an expression of joy arose throughout the assembly, —the 'betsabetsa' made its appearance. The 'betsabetsa' is the usual drink at all Malagese festivals. The parents would not believe that they had treated their friends properly, if each one had not moistened his lips with this liquor, a true nectar to them, but to us rather insipid. All participated with joy and moderation. Soon after another source of pleasure. The Malagese musicians had arrived, armed with their violins and tambourines. They came to amuse the assembly

with their pretty though eternal symphonies. A hundred times one may hear them play the same pieces, and they are always listened to with pleasure, so industrious are they to vary their harmony. In these various ways the day passed, and it terminated religiously by the evening prayer in the chapel of the Catholic camp, according to the every day custom. On the next day I had the consolation to hear many competent persons say that all had passed off very well. A European, expressing the opinion of several others, said; "What a splendred result you have obtained! It is astonishing to see how much you have done in thus forming these young people!" As to ourselves, without thinking of the past or of the joy of the present, we are solely occupied with the future, and we ask of God, with all our heart, the perseverance of these children, whom we have brought up in His name and for His glory, Thanks to the aid of the Holy Childhood, thanks to the pious liberality of its associates.

—:O:—

SAINT PALLADIUS, B. C.

Apostle of the Scots.

The name of Palladius shows this saint to have been a Roman, and most authors agree that he was deacon of the church of Rome. At least St. Prosper in his chronicle informs us, that when Agricola, a noted Pelagian, had corrupted the the churches of Britain with the insinuation of that pestilential heresy, pope Celestine, at the instance of Palladius the deacon, in 429, sent thither St. Germanus, bishop of Auxerre, in quality of his legate, who, having ejected the heretics, brought back the Britons to the Catholic faith. The concern of Palladius for these islands stopped not here; for it seems not to be doubted, but it was the same person of whom St. Prosper again speaks, when he afterwards says, that in 431 pope Celestin sent Palladius, the first bishop, to the Scots then believing in Christ. From the lives of SS. Albeus, Declan, Ibar, and Kiaran Saigir, Usher shows that these four saints preached separately in pifferent parts of Ireland, which was their native country before the mission of St. Patrick. St. Ibar had been converted to the faith in Britain; the other

three had been instructed at Rome, and were directed thence back into their own country, and according to the histories of their lives, were all honored with the episcopal character. St. Kieran Saigir (who is commemorated on the 5th of March) proceeded St. Patrick in preaching the gospel to the Ossorians and was seventy-five years of age on St. Patrick's arrival in Ireland. Hence it is easy to understand what is said of St. Palladius, that he was sent bishop to the Scots believing in Christ; though the number of Christians among them must have been then very small. St. Prosper, in his book against the *Author of the conferences*, having commended pope Celestin for his care in delivering Britain from the Pelagian heresy, adds, that "he also ordained a bishop for the Scots, and thus, whilst he endeavored to preserve the Roman island Catholic, he likewise made a barbarous island Christian." Usher observes that this can be understood only of Ireland; for though part of North-Britain was never subject to the Romans, and the greatest part of it was then inhabited by the Picts, yet it never could be called a distinct island. It is also clear from Tertulian, Eusebius, St. Chrysostom, and others, that the light of the gospel had penetrated among the Picts beyond the Roman territories in Britain, near the times of the apostles. These people, therefore, who had lately begun to receive some tincture of the faith when our saint undertook his mission, were doubtless the Scots who were settled in Ireland.

The Irish writers of the lives of St. Patrick say, that Palladius had preached in Ireland a little before St. Patrick, but he was soon banished by the king of Leinster, and returned to North Britain, where they tell us he had first opened his mission. It seems not to be doubted that he was sent to the whole nation of the Scots, several colonies of whom had passed from Ireland into North Britain, and possessed themselves of part of the country, since called Scotland. After St. Palladius had left Ireland, he arrived among the Scots in North Britain, according to St. Prosper, in the consulate of Bassus and antiochus, in the year of Christ 431. He preached there with great zeal, and formed a considerable church. The Scottish historians tell us, that the faith was planted in North Britain about the year 200. in the time of king Donald, when Victor was pope of Rome. But they all acknowledged that Palladius was the first bishop of that country, and style him their first apostle. The saint died at Fordun, the capital town of the little county of Mernis, fifteen

miles from Aberdeen to the south, about the year 450. His relics were preserved with religious respect in the monastery of Fordun, as Hector Boetius and Camden testify. In the year 1409, William Scenes, archbishop of St. Andrew's and primate of Scotland, enclosed them in a new shrine enriched with precious stones. His festival is marked on the 6th of July in the Breviary of Aberdeen and the Scottish Calendars; but in some of the English on the 15th of December. Scottish writers, and calendars of the middle ages, mention St. Servanus and St. Ternao as disciples of St. Palladius, and by him made bishops, the former of Orkney, the latter of the Picts. But from Usher's chronology it appears that they both lived later.

It is easy to conceive how painful and laborious the mission of this saint must have been; but where there is ardent love, labor seems a pleasure, and either is not felt or is a delight. It is a mark of sloth and impatience for a man to count his labors, or so much as to think of pains or sufferings in so glorious an undertaking. St. Palladius surmounted every obstacle which a fierce nation had opposed to the establishment of the kingdom of Jesus Christ. Ought not our hearts to be impressed with the most lively sentiments of love and gratitude to our merciful God, for having raised up such great and zealous men, by whose ministry the light of true faith has been conveyed to us.

THE ARCHANGEL.

BY MARGUERITE CLEVELAND.

St. Michael.

"Michael, the Great Prince that standeth for the children of thy people."—Dan. xii., 1.

When it pleased the Almighty to select from among the nations of the earth one people to become peculiarly his own, he appointed St. Michael to be leader over his chosen people, and when the power of the synagogue was permitted to cease, and to be replaced by the power of the Church, so that the Christians became the people of God, then Michael, who had been the great prince of the Hebrew people, became the prince and leader of the Church militant in Christendom, and the

guardian of redeemed souls against his old adversary the Prince of Hell. (Rev., xii., 6, 7.) In the story of Hagar, in the wilderness, it is Michael who descends to her aid. In the sacrifice of Isaac, it is Michael who stays the hand of Abraham ; and it is the same great angel who leads the Israelites through the wilderness. He it is also who descends to deliver the three children from the fiery furnace. The worship paid to St. Michael, and which originated in the far East, is supposed to have been adopted by the Oriental Christians in consequence of a famous apparition of the archangel at Colossæ, in Phrygia which caused him to be held in special veneration by the people of that city, and perhaps occasioned the particular warning of St Paul to the Colossians. Of all the recorded apparitions of St. Michael, the following is perhaps the most famous. In the sixth century, when Rome was nearly depopulated by a pestilence, St Gregory, afterwards Pope, advised that a procession should be made through the streets of the city, singing the service since called the Great Litanies, He placed himself at the head of the faithful, and during three days they traversed the city, and on the third day, when they had arrived opposite to the mole of Hadrian, Gregory beheld the Archangel Michael alight on the summit of that monument, and sheath his sword, dripping with blood. Then Gregory knew that the plague was stayed, and a church was there dedicated in honor of the archangel, and the tomb of Hadrian has since been called the castle of St Angelo.

In all representations of St. Michael, he is young and beautiful, but severe in youthful beauty," as one who carries on a perpetual contest with the powers of evil. He is the Angelic Paladin, armed in a dazzling coat of mail, with sword and spear and shield. Thus we see him standing by the throne of the Madonna, or worshipping at the feet of the Divine Infant.

DEATH OF A CENTENARIAN.

On the 24th of January, 1881, another of Canada's oldest settlers and citizens breathed his last at River Beaudette. Thomas Rogers, the name of the lamented centenarian, had attained a venerable old age, the span of his life counting in 103 years. He was born on the 25 of December, in the year 1778, in the Parish of Aughalaburchet, Fermanagh County, Ireland.

The first forty years of his career were passed in his native land, through which he travelled extensively. Animated with a pure love of his country he took an active part in the stirring events which characterized the latter part of the last century and the earlier years of the present one. This love never faded through this long life, and when in 1818 he emigrated to Canada he continued to manifest a warm interest in the welfare of the land he left behind him. On landing in this country he directed his steps towards Toronto, which was then but a mean assemblage of log cabins under the name of Little York. He had not yet pitched upon a spot to his liking, for he travelled to Kingston and thence to Williamstown, Glengary, where he remained until 1824, and where he had gained the respect of all the inhabitants. In the year 1825 he removed to River Beaudette, in the County of Solanges, which he finally determined to make his permanent residence. Three years afterwards he married Miss O'Reilley, and from that date his life was an unbroken chain of peace, happiness and prosperity. He devoted his time, energy and intelligence to agriculture and did an extensive farming business. One of his desires and anxieties was to procure education for the children of the surrounding country. At that time there was neither private nor Government schools. In conjunction with a few of the old residents he established and supported a parish school for a number of years. Mr. Rogers was a general favorite with all his neighbors, and esteemed and beloved by all who came in contact with him. He was of a very affable disposition, and was a most interesting delineator of the events of the past hundred years. He maintained the perfect use of all his senses and faculties to the last. His habits were frugal and temperate, and his physical appearance and condition were always vigorous and robust. He died amid regrets of his numerous friends who accompanied his body to its last resting place in the Catholic cemetery of St. Zotique.

—:O:—

It has been said (by a Frenchman) that in singing the Spaniard weeps, the Italian complains, the German bellows, the Dutchman howls, and the Frenchman *sings*.

NIAGARA.

The Cataract of Niagara has been well called "nature's high altar." The water, as it descends in white foam, the altar-cloth; the spray, the incense; the rainbow, the lights on the altar. One must cry out: "Great is the Lord, and admirable are His works. How great is Thy name through the whole world. Let us adore and love Him with our whole hearts and our whole souls." As the pilgrim passes over one of the bridges that span the islands he will see torrents of water rushing madly, as it were, from the clouds, the only background to be seen; and he is reminded of the cataracts of heaven opened, and the earth drowned on account of sin. Here the soul, overawed with terror, might exclaim: "Come let us hide in the clefts of the rocks, in the wounds of Jesus Christ, from the face of an angry God." New beauties are constantly discovering themselves at Niagara. The eye, wandering from beauty to beauty, compels the soul to salute its Maker, "As always ancient and always new."

WHOSE FAULT?

(From the Lake Shore Visitor.)

It is nothing novel now to see a Mr. or Miss Kelly, an O'Toole, or McCarty attending regularly at an Episcopal or or Presbyterian Church. Old Father Sullivan for years pounded the desks of country schools in this locality as a local Methodist preacher, and did his utmost to teach the way of the Lord according to Methodistic principles. It frequently happens too, that servants are found whose countenance are of the purest Milisian cast and whose brogue would indicate either foreign birth or immediate decent from a scion of the Green Isle, who go to place of worship where their forefathers would be ashamed to be found. Children of Irish Catholic parents baptized in the Chatholic faith, are lost to their religion and are found mid strangers in a strange land. To what are we to attribute this change, or rather loss of faith? In many no doubt the change was made when young. The parents passed away and left their offspring to the cold charity of the world. Protestants gave them a shelter or perhaps a home, and in return robbed them of a boon or gift more precious than

life itself. Could the ancestors of the Protestant O'Sullivans O'Tooles, McCartys, and hundreds of others but see their child, ren or grandchildren kneeling or sitting in a Protestant meeting house, how happy they would feel can be more easily imagined than told. Many a child is lost to the faith through the carelessness of parents. Coming from a land where they knew but of one true church and that almost the only one, they soon learned that here they could choose for themselves and be more happy in appearance, admired in society by being liberal in their religious notions. One church was about as good as another in America and the Protestant was in every way far more prosperous than the struggling Catholic. The old man did not love his faith. He kept within the traces by going to his duty once a year, and died barely crowding his bones into a consecrated ground. But the example told upon the children. They never saw father or mother regularly attend at mass on Sunday. They never knew them to approach the Sacraments save at Easter time, They always heard them speak slightly of church and holy things. Heard them ridicule the pious practices of others, and thus the young, taught by the old, soon began to think that the Catholic faith was nothing better than a mere sham.

The opportunities offered for hearing mass or being present at instructions were not taken advantage of and at home religion had no place. Old folks then are somewhat to blame for the loss the Church has suffered here. Nor should the blame be entirely thrown upon the priests. They can do but little good when the home influence has a tendency to counteract the effect of their instruction. Then, when we hear of a Mac or an O' occupying a pulpit or a pew in a church other than Catholic, we may conclude that that man was stolen from the faith which he should by right profess, or was led astray by foolish careless parents.

“Mary Jane have you given to the gold fish fresh water?”
 “No, ma'am; what's the use? They haven't drank up what's in there yet.”

Mamma is scenting her handkerchief. Little Emmy, aged two, holding up her tiny square cambric, lips out. “Div baby's pooty handcups a drink, mamma.”

A FRIEND IN NEED.

BY HARRIET E. S. CRESSY.

“‘Over the hills to the poorhouse!’ There, that is just my case,” said old Mrs Williams, taking off her glasses and laying aside the paper that contained the poem alluded to.

“Not quite so bad as that,” replied the neighborly friend whom she addressed.

“Well, I expect it will come to that; next month I have got to be toted down to my daughter’s in Jersey. You know I stay two years with Betsy here, and then two years with Emily. I have done that ever since my son moved off West. He said at the time he went I could go with him, but he knew that would be impossible with my feeble health, so it was safe to make me the offer. When our farm was sold in Jersey he took the money, came here to New York State, bought a farm—the one adjoining this where Betsy now lives—and had the deed made out in his own name. He had no right to do it, of course, and why the girls and I allowed him to is now a mystery to me, for they should have shared equally with him, and I been allowed the use of a third; and then my two boys in California should have had something. But we were all so foolish as to allow that selfish Cal to get it into his own hands. The girls got married, or I cannot say how they would have got along, and I am left on their hands.”

“Don’t he send you any money to help yourself with?”

“No, not a cent; he has got a wife that would prevent his doing that if she could, even if he were inclined to. She treated me shamefully the little time I lived with her before they moved West. She little realized or cared how hard I worked to help earn the property she was then living on. With house-work, dairy, six children—one of whom died when he was twelve years old—to take care of, never having any hired help within doors, but one or two hired men to cook for a good part of the year, I generally had plenty of work to do. For months together, in spring and summer, I arose at four o’clock in the morning, and was so hurried through the whole day that I could not find time to sit down long enough to comb my hair until nine in the evening, and after that hour I often had about an hour’s work to do before I could retire. We always had a good deal of company, and a schoolmarm and schoolmas-

ter to board five or six weeks each during the year, for it was then the fashion for teachers to board around, particularly in the rural districts. I know I thought it something of a tax to put up teachers' and children's dinners so many weeks in the year, and what I remember as one of my worst tasks was going around into the cold rooms in winter—for we never kept but one fire—and making up five or six beds. It is almost a wonder the little children did not freeze sleeping in those great cold rooms; but I did my best to try to keep them comfortable, going around to their rooms every night and tucking up the bedclothes until they were fairly grown up. My husband used to tell me I made a slave of myself for my children; but I did it with a free will, and would do the same again if I were to live my life over again. When my little boy died I know I nearly mourned myself to death: and then how glad I was I had always tried to make him happy and comfortable. And then, when the other two boys went off to California, I was glad I had always been so good and motherly to them. They were young, one sixteen and the other eighteen. It seemed almost like burying them to let them go; but their father thought it might be the best for them in the end. But he did not live long enough afterward to know whether they were successful or not, having died in less than a year after they went. They have now been there six years, have both married, and write that they do not much more than make a good living.

"Don't they ever send you any money, either?"

"No, they don't know, but I have plenty to be comfortable, as I have never written to them about Cal's unkind behavior."

"I should write and tell them all about it, Mrs. Williams, for I should say he is the greatest scamp outside of prison walls."

"Only selfish, Mrs Blandon, that is all," replied the poor old lady, tears gushing from her eyes.

"Well, do your two California boys write you kind and frequent letters?"

"They do not write very often, having families of their own to care for, but write kindly, though not as I do to them."

"I am glad I never had any children, Mrs. Williams. I believe my money serves me better."

"If you had them you would find them inexpressibly dear to you."

"No doubt I would, but I would want them all girls. I believe a daughter is a daughter all her life; and a son is a son till he gets him a wife."

"My daughters are very kind to me" said the old lady.

"And their husbands?" asked Mrs. Blandon.

"Well, Betsy's husband is a good sort of a man, you know and is kind in his way. But the one in Jersey, Emily's husband, would rather I were anywhere else than there; ten to one if he speaks to me after I get there; but I have to go, or else 'over the hills to the poor house.'" Here the poor woman burst out crying. "But Emily liked to have me with her, and I think I do her a great deal of good by taking care of the children, and doing the light work, but he—well, I suppose it would be better if I were dead and out of the way, and I sometimes think the end is not far off."

"I hope it is a good ways off," said her friend, "and now that I have heard your story, which is really a pitiable one, I will make you an offer. You know, Mrs. Williams, I am quite alone, with the exception of the servant girl I keep, and am sufficiently well off to give somebody a home; and now if you will come and live with me the ensuing two years, instead of going back to Jersey to encounter sour looks, you shall be perfectly welcome. Indeed, I will consider it a favor to have you with me, as I am in want of your genial company, and it was always my nature to want some one around me to pet a little."

Mrs. Williams caught hold of the lady's hand and raised it to her lips, so delighted was she at the proposal made to her. "I will come," she said, and try to give you as little trouble as I possibly can. Oh! thank you—thanks.

"Do not mention the word trouble again in connection with your coming. I am not sure but it is wholly selfish on my part; I want your company."

"Well, I will try to be as agreeable as an ignorant old woman like me can be."

"All but the ignorant, Mrs. Williams; you are as good company as I want."

The terrors of her tour to Jersey now over, the old lady was the happy of happiest. Betsy, too, was pleased at the thought of having her mother so near her. Mrs. Blandon lived in a pleasant, grand old house, luxuriously furnished, for she was wealthy. The grounds in the summer, with their flowers fountains, gravelled walks, quiet lawns, and singing birds,

seemed like a paradise to old Mrs. Williams's former way of living. Then, hearing no words but the kindest, besides having been promised shortly after she went to live with Mrs. Blandon that she always should have a home with her, she was constantly in a frame of mind to offer thanks to God for giving her so good a friend. Thus, after raising up her children, a stranger proved the greater friend to her.—*N Y Tablet*.

Cheering letter of His Lordship the Bishop of Ottawa.

We felt very much flattered with the complimentary letter received from his Lordship, the amiable bishop of Ottawa, and we give it below with the greatest satisfaction. As it encourages us, so, we trust, it will give a new impulse to all our kind and zealous agents. It is in the nature of good works to be met with indifference and opposition, but when supported by God's representatives we can smile at the storm and expect success.

OTTAWA, May the 31st. 1881.

Rev. J. Brown, P. P. Chelsea.

Rev. and Dear Sir,

I must compliment you on the good work done by your monthly magazine "The Voice." Cheap religious reading is undoubtedly good for our Catholics. Therefore you deserve praise for having supplied that want with much ability.

Wishing you increased success,

I remain,

Rev. and Dear Sir,

Your humble servant

† J. THOMAS, Bp. of Ottawa.

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, 1; Conversions, 1; Spiritual favors, 1; Temporal favors, 2; Happy death, 10; Special intentions, 0; Departed, 2.

Also for the following subscribers departed.

Cornwall, Ont. 1880, Mrs. George Nicol.

Duffins Creek, Ont. April 11th 1881, George O'Leary. Also Mary his deceased wife.

Moncton, N. B. April 1881, Mrs. Fleckes.

Port de Grace, Nfld. February 8th 1881, Constantine O'Riely, aged 26 years.

Condon, April 10th 1881, Bridget Kharnon, beloved wife of John McNeney, born in the parish of Amisheen, cty Manahan, Ireland, aged 79 years.

Madison, N. Y. May 24th 1881, Miss Burns.

Communications duly received from; Miss Annie Hoskins, Trinity Nfld, May 29th.