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The Voice.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. VII.

CHELSEA, JUNE, 1882.

No. 6.

TO OUR READERS.

For our May number we published a list of articles to be raffled, for the plastering of our new church at Chelsea, and we promised to give the date of throws in our June number. The throws will take place during the bazaar, which will be held in Chelsea, on the 26th, 27th and 28th of June. We expressed our hope that some of our good agents and subscribers would give us a helping hand in this task, which is a very arduous one for a parish so small and poor. The work is of absolute necessity, as we may as well be without a church in winter as with the one we have. No heating apparatus, no amount of fuel can possibly make it comfortable in its present condition. The church is a beautiful stone building, and when plastered will be really comfortable for winter and summer, and this once done, we trust to be able to progress with our own resources and God's blessing without any further appeal to our neighbors. We would once more recommend to our

correspondents to give their address very plain. Their post office, and province at the head, and their own name at the end of letter. Some forget to sign their name or even to give post office address; some send lists of subscribers, but give not their own name, or simply put it amongst those on the list. It is impossible to answer such letters. Those who complain that they did not get their number of THE VOICE should always say what month they refer to, so that we may know what numbers to send. We would remind our Newfoundland subscribers that their postage stamps are utterly useless to us.

GOOD BYE.

(Written for THE VOICE.)

When hopes, sweet hopes with visions fair
 Our raptured eyes delight,
 And thoughts that are both good and grand
 Within the heart grow bright;
 How oft' from those we dearly love
 We'll part without a sigh,
 And as we take the proffer'd hand
 We lightly say good-bye.

When time has mellow'd all our thoughts
 And damped our ardent mind,
 And summer friends like fitting clouds,
 No traces leave behind;
 Ah! then how blest to have a friend
 On whom we can rely,
 And if from such we have to part,
 We sadly say good-bye.

But when life's battle, nobly fought,
 And life draws to its close.
 And in our Father's promised home,
 We fain would seek repose;
 Our crosses o'er the crown we claim,
 And as we mount on high,
 We smile on those we've loved on earth,
 And gladly say good-bye.

JULIA FARLEY.

Quebec April 17th 1882,

CATHOLIC MUSIC.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY BISHOP ELDER OF CINCINNATI
BEFORE THE CECILIAN SOCIETY'S ANNUAL ASSEMBLY.

(*From the Cecilia.*)

“All ye works of the Lord, bless the Lord. Praise and exalt Him above all forever.” (Daniel, iii. 57.)

The whole history of God's dealings with man, is a history of God giving man good things that should draw his heart to his Creator and man abusing the good things to satisfy his heart without God.

It was so with our first parents in the garden of Paradise. The fruits given them to enjoy were to fill them with gratitude to their benefactor, and the fruit they were forbidden to eat was to exercise their love, by giving it the merit of obedience.

And so in all ages since, God gives to us good things and beautiful things: and He gives us the appetites to enjoy them that thereby we may take pleasure in doing the duties of life and that these good and beautiful things may fill our hearts with thanks to Him that gives them, and lift up our souls to desire the possession of Him from whom all their beauty and goodness are derived.

But men, on the other hand, in all ages—imitating our first parents—fix their affections on these pleasures themselves as an end, instead of a means to gain the end. In the enjoyment of these gratifications they seek to be satisfied without God. They forget Him in the pleasure of his creatures; and to obtain these pleasures, they violate God's law, outrage His holiness, and turn His creatures and themselves to the service of His hateful enemy.

Indeed, all sin that is in the world may be reduced to this one sort of evil declared by St. Augustine: “*Iniquitas hominis hoc est: uititur fruendis: fruitur utendis.*”—This is the one folly and wickedness of man: he takes the means for his end, and sacrifices his end—the infinite beauty of God—for the sake of enjoying the means—the pleasure given him by creatures.

Now, beloved brethren, we need not wonder if this same contest between God's goodness and man's perversity is to be found in the heavenly gift of song.

Truly, a heavenly gift—in a deeper meaning than most of the gifts that gratify our senses. For, so far as we can judge, song seems to be of heaven.

Almost always when we are told of utterances in heaven, they are spoken of as song. Song, indeed, infinitely beyond our earthly conception of song. "For eye hath not seen nor ear heard—nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive what God hath prepared for them that love Him";—but it is always song. Song of the Cherubim and Seraphim—Song of the Four and Twenty Ancients—Song of the Four Living Creatures of Ezechiel—Song of the Blessed Souls. And when the Son of God came on earth made man for us—then was the song of heaven made audible to mortal ears, as the angels sang and the shepherds listened: "Glory to God on high and peace on earth to men of good will."

Song, then, is very emphatically a gift from heaven to lift our minds and hearts to God, and inspire us with such affections as will merit for us to take part with the angelic choirs in praising the goodness and beauty of Almighty God. And we must not wonder that man's perversity has abused this gift of God's goodness, and has allowed the gratification he finds in song to draw off his thoughts and his heart from God who gave it to him, has suffered it even to inflame his sinful passions, of anger or voluptuousness and to outrage the holiness of God by his excesses.

Of these sinful outrages I would not speak on a joyful solemnity like this. But of that lesser perversity which inclines men to allow their enjoyment of God's favors to draw off their hearts from God. Who gave them—of this, the occasion demands that I should speak, and speaking of it, ought not to disturb the joyfulness of the day, but rather add to it. For we are assembled on purpose to revive our sense of God's favor in bestowing the gift of song, and to do what lies in us to remedy that perversity of man; to bring ourselves and our brethren back to use it, according to its first design, as an instrument to the one end for which we all were made:—"to know and love and serve God in this world, and to be happy with him forever in the next."

We meet as disciples of St. Cecilia. In what we know of her life, it is one little incident that has led the faithful in all ages to regard her as patroness of sacred music. Little,—but a key-note to all the spirit of her life, using God's gifts to unite the soul with God.

At her own nuptial banquet, at which she was probably the only Christian present, they were singing their usual pagan songs, made for those occasions, no doubt with sensual strains and words not agreeable to Christian ears. And it is expressly recorded that Cecilia distracted her attention from those songs by singing to herself her Christian hymns; and so, in the midst of pagans who knew not God, by sacred songs, she kept her heart communing all the time with God, and no doubt, this helped to draw down the graces, which a few hours later, converted the pagan heart of her young spouse, preserved them both in holy virginity, and prepared them to pass in a few weeks from their virginal nuptials on earth to the nuptials of the Lamb in heaven, crowned with the lilies of virginity and the roses of martyrdom. And this is the key-note of our Society, for I glory in numbering myself among your members in the midst of the music of the world, made to gratify the ear. or if you please, to excite high emotions in the soul: but still such emotions as belong to human nature only, such emotions as higher minded pagans could enjoy equally with us, in the midst of this music, heard all around us in the world, and from the world too commonly invading our sanctuaries, our Society applies itself to the holy work of promoting the original purpose of God in giving us the faculty of song. It labors to advance the use of really sacred music, of music accompanying the Holy Sacrifice and the Sacred office, to make them more impressive to our senses, of music that aims not to satisfy the senses and make them contented with the enjoyments of earth, but to elevate and spiritualize them, to put our souls in communion with heavenly things, and make them yearn for the heavenly harmonies that sounds God's praises in eternity.

And as in the improvement of a garden our first care is to root out the weeds that occupy the ground, so we apply our first attention to removing the evils which all acknowledge to be found in the music with which our churches are commonly occupied.

These evils may be stated in general,—according to what has just been said—to be, whatever there is in our Church music that fails of the end for which God designs it,—fails to unite our thoughts and affections with the sacred offices, and to elevate them to meditation on heavenly things—

And, therefore, first of all, we labor to remove such music as directly and palpably contradicts those holy ends,—music that mutilates the sacred words consecrated by the use of, and guarded

by the positive commands of the Church. Under pain of sin, moral or venial, according to the circumstance, but always under pain of sin it is forbidden for priest or assistant wilfully to omit a single word of what the Church prescribes in her holy offices. And the sin is more grievous if the omission is made in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. What, then, should we think of compositions in which the author has entirely omitted various words, and sometimes whole phrases expressing the most sacred truths of our faith?

And yet some of the grandest of our popular composers have not scrupled to make such omissions. It has been publicly stated by one who knew, that of all the sixteen masses of the great Haydn only four are found to contain all the words correct.

In four of the other twelve the words are omitted which declare the Holy Ghost "proceedeth from the Father and the Son,"—that great essential truth without which the fundamental mystery of Christianity is left unasserted; the adorable Trinity.

And in two others—incredible as it may seem—not only the belief in the Eternal Son of God is left out, but the context of the words asserts that God the Father was made man and died for us.

Authority which I cannot question asserts this to be true of Haydn's Masses No 10 and No. 13.

I need not discuss the question whether these great geniuses are themselves to be condemned for such papable mutilation of sacred things, or how far the blame should rest on those who accepted and adopted the mutilated liturgy. Neither will I enter into judgment on the Choirs and the Clergy, who have unsuspectingly continued to make use of them. But this certainly, as a Priest of God and as a Bishop of His Church, a guardian of His Sacred Things, and most of all, of His Adorable Sacrifice on earth—this I am bound to say, that, after knowing this fact, it would be grievously sinful in any of us if we did not use all practical diligence to hinder in the future this mutilation of our tremendous mysteries, the miracle of divine love, by which our poor, sinful earth shares in the glory of Heaven, the real presence and oblation of the Son of God in the Sacrifice of the Mass.

And another of what I call the palpable violations of the ends of Sacred music—palpable—that can be seen and apprehended by everybody, even those who have not musical taste to judge of the various styles of music, another of these palpable violations is allowing the music to interrupt the Sacred Offices where the

Church does not wish to be interrupted, by compositions of greater length than is allowed by the Action of the Holy Sacrifice to which they belong.

Like the preceding evil, they are an illustration of St. Augustine's complaint: *fruitur utendis*. The strains of the music ought to be a means to aid the faithful in following the Holy Sacrifice. But the music is made to be the end of their enjoyment and, for the pleasure given by the music, the Holy Sacrifice is obliged to suspend action. What does that mean, dearly beloved? When the heavens are open, and the Eternal Son, His Sacred Heart overflowing with mercy, is awaiting the adorable words which are to bring Him upon the Altar, impatient to pour out His treasures of mercy upon the poor and needy souls around, behold! the King of heaven and earth must be delayed in his royal beneficence until the singers have completed what the composers have given them to sing.

Or perhaps the Priest at the Altar judges better not to delay. And then the King of Majesty comes down, but the crowd of singers for whom He comes, can give no attention, because it is all engaged by the sounds of human voices that fill their ears.

And so in other parts of the Holy Mass. At the Pater Noster, when Our Lord, already lying upon His altar, immolated for our sinful souls, wishes to rise His voice, through the mouth of His mortal Priest, and supplicate His Father for all the things we need, in that prayer which His own divine lips taught to man, again our Lord must humbly wait until the singers have first finished what the composer has given them to say, and after that, He is allowed to have his utterance.

Ah! my beloved, when these things are expressed in plain words, just as they actually occur, does it not make us tremble to think what irreverent liberties we have been taking with the Lord of all Majesty before whom the Cherubim and Seraphim veil their faces in awful adoration.

I say, the liberties that *we* have been taking. For I am not judging those who sing this music, nor taking advantage of this sacred place to utter sharp things, where they cannot be repelled. The singers who give their services to aid us in the sacred offices, and sing only what they find prepared for singing. It is not their fault, we guardians of the holy mysteries suffer abuse which they are not competent either to discover or correct."

How far it has been our fault, each one must answer for himself to God. But whether our blame for the past be great or little, the future is given to us to repair it, by laboring even at the eleventh hour, in this portion of the vineyard, not only to root out these and other evils so widely spread; but according to our opportunities, promoting the ends for which God gave us music, striving to have it such as will not arrest man's heart in the enjoyment of the strains but will lift it up to commune with God and His angelic choirs.

And now, my dear brethren, you active members of the St. Cecilia, I have set forth some of these palpable perversions of heavenly songs; you should expect me now to speak of higher things—of the beauties, the grandeur, the power, of such sacred music as is true in character to the name it bears.

Alas! much of this is beyond my reach. Blessed are you, who have already in this world the natural genius and laborious education, which enable you to distinguish so accurately the characters and the merits of all the delicate differences of music and fit you so eminently for this beautiful work of multiplying and executing the strains, which on earth most nearly approach to the sweet sounds of heaven. Mine must be the more lowly portion—to aid you according to my opportunities in propagating what God has given you the faculty to conceive and execute. But some words I can subjoin. Yet something on the excellence of Church music ever I can say. It needs not a special musical genius to bear testimony to the reality of music's power for elevating the soul not only to the highest of natural emotions, but far above nature into the regions of heavenly grace. It needs not a musical education to feel that there is a difference between music which pleases and charms the ear, or even softens the heart to tender sentiments, or braces the will to heroic efforts, and music that reaches into the Christian soul and draws forth supernatural sentiments penetrating to the throne of God.

Who is there that has not felt this in many of those simple and sublime strains which the Holy Ghost has inspired the Church to consecrate in her sacred liturgy? That *Pater Noster* to which I have already referred—who is there that has not felt its strong and gentle power to reach from the depth of the sinner's soul to our Father who is in heaven? A few years ago I met a lady, a convert, who had been brought almost entirely under influences opposed to our Holy Faith. On one occasion in her early years

she was led by accident, or rather by a loving providence, into a Catholic Church during the celebration of High Mass. She was there during only a portion of the Mass, but she heard a chant of some Latin words. She knew not what they were, but she felt as if they belonged to heaven; they remained fixed in her ear and her heart. Though for a long time after she either had not or did not use the opportunity to embrace the faith, yet those inspired strains were always a connecting link between her and God's Holy Church. And when at last by His grace, she received its full light and entered into the enjoyment of all its spiritual treasures, only then she found that the chant whose heavenly power so long had held her, was the *Pater Noster*.

And may I here mention a more recent illustration of the supernatural power of truly sacred music? In one of our cities a Passionist monastery is in close proximity to a public garden of amusement, where almost every night dances and revelry are continued for several hours. The Passionist Fathers, you are aware, under the guidance of St. Paul of the Cross, unite the labors of active missionary work with the austerity of the Fathers of the Desert. After their hard day's labor they retire early and then rise in the middle of the night to sing the Divine Office. But a few weeks ago we were talking with one of them about the annoyance they must suffer from the sounds of music and boisterous mirth in the neighboring garden, when he told us it was not without its consolations. Only a short time before, a poor soul had come to him to make his peace with God, and he related to him that it was one night after spending hours in revelry and dissipation in that garden, he was passing beneath the windows of the convent and he heard the chant of the fathers engaged in the Holy Office. The solemn strains fell on his ear like a voice from heaven. As he reflected how little real satisfaction he had got from those hours of dissipation, those voices singing the praise of God and supplicating him for mercy, brought strongly before him the contrast between the foolish butterfly life he had been leading and the solid and eternal good things for which God had made him. It sank down deep into his soul and laid the foundation of a new course of life, which with God's grace shall be built up for eternity.

Then, dearly beloved, there is a sacred music, different from secular music, no matter how artistic this may be. The highest emotions of human nature are still vastly below the emotions

called forth by heavenly grace. And the music that is directed however perfectly to awaken natural sentiments, yet does not reach the end for which God bestowed on us the gift of music. As all the natural beauties in the world can never fill our heart because it is made for God and only God himself can fill it, so all the artistic music cannot lift up our hearts to God, unless besides all human arts it is inspired with heavenly grace.

There is another great power in the true music of the Church to enliven our faith, and warm our love for God. It is the association in our memories between her sacred chants, heard every year on her various festivals, between them and the great truths and solemn events which these festivals commemorate. We all know how much the annual return of our festivals serves to keep these truths fresh in our minds. How Christmas warms our heart with the joyful remembrance of the Son of God becoming an infant for love of us. How Lent and Passion Time awaken mourning for our sins, and remind us of our need of penance. How Holy week brings before our eyes the sacrifice that Jesus suffered for our souls. How Easter swells our souls with exultation at his glorious resurrection, and the ennobling desire to share His glory in eternity. How the Feast of All Saints keeps up our communion with those who before us went through the labors, the temptations and the sorrows of this world and inspires us to follow them in the heavenly road of the Eight Beautitudes. How the commemoration of All Souls touches us with compassion for our suffering brethren and admonishes us to purify our own lives by holy works and penance.

This is the very means that God prescribed to the Jewish people to keep them reminded of His mercies and of their dependence on Him. He appointed annual festivals to commemorate His wonderful acts of protection in their behalf. And we see its power among ourselves.

For they who three hundred years ago pretend to reform His Holy Church, by abolishing her festivals, have now come to lose a great portion of their faith in the truths connected with these feasts; while the Catholic Church alone continues not only to teach them all with the same authority as the Apostles did, but she sees her children preserve their knowledge of them. And still more these truths continue to live in her children's hearts, and constantly to influence their lives, their character, and their daily actions.

But, dearly beloved, they would do all this a great deal more than now, if all the chants connected with these commemorations were faithfully repeated every year, and if they added their sweet association to her other influences. We all know the power of songs, especially of popular songs with simple airs, to make truths familiar, and animate men to strong resolves and earnest deeds. All men have seen and perhaps felt their influence in times of war and of political contests: to make men positive in their convictions and resolute in their actions.

But to adhere to our own more sacred topic. How much of the sweetness of Christian joys is associated in our hearts with the strains of *Adeste Fideles*.

How much of the solemnity of Holy week, with the *Stabat Mater* and the *Tenebrae*!

How much of our Holy remembrance of departed souls and of our thoughts of death, with the *Dies irae* and the Requiem Mass.

But the Church has countless riches of these chants, that are lost to many of us, because we do not hear them regularly sung. At Easter, the *Victimne Paschali*; at Pentecost, *Veni Sancte Spiritus*; at Corpus Christi, the *Lauda Sion*. And then, the Vesper Hymns of Lent and Advent, and of our many festivals. Every Feast and every Sunday of the year has something peculiar to itself—both in the words and in the music the church has given to them.

A MISSISSIPPI PILOT'S STORY.

SOME FACTS ABOUT ALLIGATORS AS THEY WERE
IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

(*From the Vicksburg Herald.*)

The passenger, who was going down the big river for the first time in his life, secured permission to climb up beside the pilot, a grim old grayback, who never told a lie in his life.

"Many alligators in the river?" inquired the stranger after a look around.

"Not so many now, since they got to shootin' 'em for their hides and taller," was the reply.

"Used to be lots, eh?"

"I don't want to tell you about 'em, stranger," replied the pilot, sighing heavily.

"Why?"

"'Cause you'd think that I was a-lyin' to you, and that's sumthin' I never do. I can cheat at keerds, drink whiskey, or chaw poor terbacker, but I can't lie."

"Then there used to be lots of 'em?" inquired the passenger.

I'm most afraid to tell ye, mister, but I've counted 'leven hundred allygators to the mile from Vicksburg cl'ar down to New Orleans. That was years ago, afore a shot was ever fired at 'em."

"Well, I don't doubt it," replied the stranger.

"And I've counted 3,459 of 'em on one sand bar," continued the pilot. "It looks big to tell, but a Government surveyor was aboard, and he checked 'em off as I called out."

"I haven't the least doubt of it," said the passenger, as he heaved a sigh.

"I'm glad o' that, stranger. Some fellers would think I am a liar, when I,m telling the solemn truth. This used to be a paradise for alligators, and they were so thick that the wheels of the boat killed an average of forty-nine to the mile!"

"Is that so?"

"True as Gospel, mister! I used to almost feel sorry for the cussed brutes, 'cause they'd cry out e'en most like a human being. We killed lots of 'em, as I said, and we hurt a pile more. I sailed with one Captain who allus carried a thousand bottles of liniment to throw over the wounded ones!"

"He did?"

"True as you live, he did. I don't 'spect I'll ever see another such a kind Christian man. And the alligators got to know the Nancy Jane, and to know Captain Tom, and they'd swim out and rub their tails agin the boat an' purr like cats, an' look up and try to smile!"

"They would?"

"Solemn truth, stranger! And once when we grounded on a bar, with an opposition boat right behind, the alligators gathered around, got under her stern, and jumped her clean over the bar by a grand push! It looks like a big story, but I never told a lie

yet, and I never shall ; I wouldn't lie for all the money you could put aboard this boat."

There was a painful pause, and after a while the pilot continued ;

"Our ingines gin out once, and a crowd of alligators took a tow line and hauled us forty-five miles up stream to Vicksburg."

"They did?"

"And when the news got along the river that Capt. Tom was dead, every alligator on the river daubed his left ear with mud as a badge of mournin', and lots of 'em pined and died."

The passenger left the pilot-house with the remark that he didn't doubt the statement, and the old man gave the wheel a turn and replied :

"Thar's one thing I won't do for love nor money, and that's make a liar of myself. I was brung up by a good mother, and I'll stick to the truth if this boat don't make a cent."

TORTURING BY ELECTRICITY.

The Killers of the Czar were put to merciless torture by electricity, in presence of Gen. Melikoff. The torture inflicted by electricity is of two kinds contraction of the muscles at rapidly recurring intervals and by burning with sparks. The torture of old days, when not done by fire or compression, where the straining and tearing asunder of the muscles. Of this kind were the rack, scavenger's daughter, and the cages of Louis XIV., in which a man could not stand up or lie down. The electric shock exactly reverses these conditions. It produces an enormously rapid contraction in the Body of the muscles at very short intervals. The degree of pain produced is about the same. The force of the electricity has to be nicely graded, as a too powerful shock would numb or kill a man. The other method is by condensing a number of intermittent sparks on the flesh. This burns the skin, and at the same time produces contractions of the muscles, If put to the side of the jaw it would make every tooth ache. The idea of torturing criminals by electricity is a British invention, and was suggested about four years ago, by an English mechanical journal, in commenting upon the execution of criminals by electric shocks instead of hanging. The English

writer wanted to do away with the cat-o-nine-tails, which is administered to garroters and other criminals of certain classes, and use the electric battery, as he somewhat grimly expressed it, so as to produce absolutely indescribable torture (unaccompanied by wounds or even bruises), thrilling through every fibre of such miscreants. There was an American inventor who had a design for inflicting this species of punishment. He fitted brackets of iron on the arms and thighs of the criminal, and placed in them wet sponges. When connected with a current of electricity the shock would by this system pass through the legs and shoulders, and avoid the vital parts of the body. No man could bear such torture. Any man would confess under it; would confess anything to escape the agony. The question would be what dependence could be placed on it.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Never judge a man by his clothes. His tailor may have a suit against him.

The phrenologist is governed more by his feelings than any man in any other business.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Jones says that he used to be proficient in half a dozen languages, but since he was married he is not even master of his tongue.

One by one the men take courage,

One by one they married get.

Still the ladies say—and truly,

There are those “who ought to”—yet.

“How’s business been with you, Brown?” asked his friend Pingrey. “Not very lively,” said Brown. “But you have made something, I suppose?” “Oh, yes! I made an assignment.”

Student (not very clear as to his lesson)—“That’s what the author says, anyway. Professor—“I don’t want the author; I want you.” Student (despairingly) “Well, you’ve got me.”

“There is nothing like settling down,” said a retired merchant confidentially to his neighbour. “When I give up business, I settled down and found I had a comfortable fortune. If I had settled up I should not have had a cent.

A young lady—a sensible girl—gives the following catalogue of different kinds of love: —“The sweetest, a mother’s love; a woman’s love; and the sweetest, longest, dearest love, a “love of a bonnet.””

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, 5; temporal favors, 4; happy death, 54; special intentions, 5; temperance, 10; departed, 13. Also for the following subscribers departed:—Montreal, Miss Mullins; Toronto, Ont., April 12th, 1882, Mrs. A. C. Jenkinson; Venosta, Que., Terrance Kealy and Mrs. Kealy; St. Columban, Que., April 20; Miss Maggie Caine, teacher; St. John's, Newfoundland, August 15th, 1881, James Joseph Murphy.

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*.

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