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## THE CATHOLIC FAMILY.

### ITS INFLUENCE IN FORMING A GREAT MAN—THE CASE OF COLUMBUS AS AN ILLUSTRATION.

From the Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

Even in the case of self-made men—as they are styled—early education and the surroundings of childhood exert a life-long influence. They imprint on the character certain indelible marks, which later contact with the world can never entirely efface. A man may rise superior to the associations of boyhood, or he may sink down to a level far beneath them. Yet there will be found in him, in nine cases out of ten, certain qualities which are to a great extent the sources of his failure or his success and whose origin may easily be traced back to the family-circle or the schoolroom.

Careful training is necessary in every station of life ; whereas wealth, a fashionable circle of acquaintances, a thorough education in merely secular branches, in a word, all the most favorable opportunities can never supply the void which has been left by neglecting to form the character of the child to habits of virtue

and industry. This work of formation must be one of love, of tact, of prayer, of unceasing, untiring attention. It is therefore the work of the parent, not of servants or strangers.

Here it is that the humble home of the practical Christian peasant or mechanic, where the mother herself assumes the care of her own children, so often gives to the world noble, true-hearted men, whose integrity and perseverance make them worthy of our esteem and friendship, and not unfrequently raise them to positions of honor and trust in church and state. On the other hand it is not uncommon to find amongst those who have been brought up by governesses and tutors in regal palaces, knaves, libertines, and useless do-nothings, whose very existence is a burthen to the nation and a scandal to religion.

The case of Columbus forms no exception to the general principles which we have been laying down. Irving, indeed, says of him: "He was one of those men of strong natural genius, who appear to form themselves; who from having to contend at the very outset, with privations and impediments, acquire an intrepidity to encounter, and a facility to vanquish difficulties, throughout their career. Such men learn to effect great purposes with small means, supplying the deficiency by the resources of their own energy and invention. This from his earliest commencement, throughout the whole of his life, was one of the remarkable features in the history of Columbus. In every undertaking the scantiness and apparent insufficiency of his means enhance the grandeur of his achievements."

This however does not contradict the theory which we have been advancing. The "strong natural genius" of our hero would never have made him *all* the man that he was, had it not been moulded and strengthened and supplemented by the powerful aids of a thoroughly Christian training, before it was set adrift to steer its own course on the sea of life. His wonderful energy; his systematic habits of order; his cheerful, kindly temper; his solid, unswerving piety; his unaffected courtesy; his devotion to religion and humanity; his spirit of constant prayer which was the life and guide of his great enterprise; all these had been fostered, if not created in his soul, by the lessons which he had received at his mother's knee.

The family circle in which the future discoverer passed his early years must have been a happy one. Harmony, mutual love and mutual forbearance, frank, out-spoken familiarity and sympathy between the parents and the children, were surely amongst

its most striking characteristics. We can easily infer this from the peculiarly tender affection which in after years, Columbus manifested for his relatives as well as for his old home in the Via Mulcento. The devotion which he showed towards his parents in particular, has in it something exquisitely touching, which can hardly be expressed in words. It was full of all that openness and confidence, that unquestioning spirit of obedience, and that perfect abandonment of expression, which lend such a charm to the love of little children. An example of his deep sense of filial duty will not be out of place here.

About the year 1476, Columbus came from Portugal to Italy in search of patrons for his scheme of discovery. His mission was unsuccessful, as the reader knows. He determined, therefore, to return to Lisbon as soon as possible, after having first visited his relatives at Savona, whither they had retired in 1469 from Genoa. The meeting was a joyous one, yet not unmingled with sorrow. He found his parents infirm, and harassed, once more, by pecuniary difficulties. Their fortunes had not prospered during the five years of his absence in Portugal, and the sums of money which he had sent from time to time out of his own scanty purse had been barely sufficient to satisfy the demands of their creditors. Through motives of delicacy they had not informed him of their trouble; and he himself never suspected it, for he had left the family in a condition of comparative ease before setting out on his last expedition.

He was at this time full of his great scheme of discovery. It was the constant food of his thought by day and of his dreams by night. He considered it as an inspiration from heaven, and he felt certain of its ultimate success; and hence he longed most anxiously to enter at once on its accomplishment. But the promptings of his affection as well as the voice of filial duty—for in Columbus all the emotions of the heart were supernaturized—pointed out to him the path he should pursue.

He at once relinquished his dearly-loved project, and took upon himself the management of his father's affairs, working at the loom, during the day, like an ordinary journeyman. The evenings he devoted to drawing maps and copying books, which he carried to Genoa, where they brought extraordinary prices on account of their fidelity and the rare excellence of his penmanship. He labored thus for over a year. During this time he acquired, by his untiring industry, a sum of money sufficient to

ensure his parents a decent competence for the remainder of their days. Then bidding the aged couple a tearful farewell, he tore himself away from them to continue the great mission with which he felt that God had charged him.

In after years when fortune and fame began to smile on him, he was never forgetful of the parents to whom he was so deeply indebted. He wrote to them, he shared with them the fruits of his success, he named after them some of the loveliest spots in the new world which he had discovered, He loved to speak of his father and mother, and of the humble home of his boyhood, even when in the midst of the proud Spanish grandees who thronged the magnificent court of Ferdinand and Isabella. He never allowed himself to be influenced by that miserable morbid vanity which makes some men wish to hide their antecedents and almost to disown their poor but upright parents who gave them birth and education. How often do we not meet in this great and glorious republic of ours, this land of liberty and equality, this land which has adopted as the corner stone of its political principles the axiom that all men, provided that they be virtuous, are each others peers—how often, I say, do we meet men suddenly grown rich or influential, who would scarcely dare to appear in public with the father or mother to whom, under God, they owe all that is good in themselves. Even in his old age, when he was broken down by his long and wearisome labors, and by the persecution of an ungrateful world, Columbus loved to dwell in imagination with parents to whom, during life, he had been so dutiful a son. Although they had for years been sleeping, side by side, beneath the green turf of a Genoese churchyard, his love for them seems to have been as tender as it was when he tore himself away from home for the first time—a weeping lad of fourteen years—to sail in the galley of his uncle.

The mutual love which existed between Columbus and his brothers was not less remarkable. It was almost womanly in its tenderness. Men marvelled at it—if we may believe the old chroniclers—and thought it worthy of admiration, even in that age of Christian chivalry, when, rough as the times were, brothers were not uncommonly as romantically devoted to brothers as sisters are to brothers now-a-days. Columbus once said, in exhorting his eldest son, Don Diego, to fraternal affection: “Ten brothers would not be too much for you. Never have I found better friends at my right hand or my left, than my brothers.”

“THE LION OF THE FOLD.”

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FATHER TOM BURKE'S PANEGYRIC OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS ARCH-  
BISHOP OF TUAM—HIS SPEECH BEFORE THE KNIGHTS OF  
ST. PATRICK, ST. LOUIS, MO.

“Knights of St. Patrick, I am a friar, and one of the friar's vows is obedience (laughter and applause). Acting upon that vow a great big six-foot-four of a friar in Ireland was once known to eat the whole of a roast goose because he was told to do it (laughter and applause). ‘It can't be done, ma'am,’ said he to the farmer's wife. ‘You will have to do it, your reverence,’ says she. ‘Well, ma'am,’ says he, ‘I was brought up to obedience, and I will try.’ The voice of ecclesiastical authority calls upon me to speak, and I thought I might resist because this is not exactly an ecclesiastical meeting (laughter), but when the mailed hand of the leader of the Knights is lifted up (great laughter), and from out that visor of a good-humored face, the voice comes telling me I am in order, I said to myself, in the language of the old monk, ‘The Lord Abbot may be wrong, but surely when the Baron comes in with him, he must be right’ (laughter). Well, gentlemen, you have received with acclamations of honor and joy the memorable name, and I wish, in return for the manner in which you have received the name of the great Irishman, the best reward that I could wish you—that he were here himself to charm you with his eloquence in responding; but the old man is far away in the midst of his people, and it is indeed a pleasure and a joy to me to speak in response to that dear and venerable name. Dear to every Irish heart wherever that heart throbs, venerable shall it be, when the future historian of Ireland shall come to chronicle that grand character of a life over which seventy-three, aye, eighty, winters have passed, and have found a man always faithful to his country in the exigencies of the hour, a heart that never grew old in its love for Ireland; a mind that never lost its acumen in the pursuit of all that was truly for the interest of his country, and a man who to-day, blanched with the winters of nearly a century, is still as fervent as a youth of twenty in his love and aspiration for dear old Ireland (great applause).

“What does the name of John McHale, Archbishop of Tuam, bring before you? It brings before you the image of a man crowned with glorious and beautiful gifts of Irish genius and

Irish intelligence. Gifted with a hereditary faith which no man of his race or of his name ever yet resigned or gave up; standing upon the stage of our national history as priest and as bishop, whilst the nation was yet lying, bleeding and fainting, after the last desperate struggle of 1798 (great applause). John McHale as a priest, comforted the poor, failing, impulsive, generous Irishmen who were brought to the scaffold under a mockery of justice, because they dared to hope in the last final effort of their country (great applause). From that early date up to the present year of grace, 1872, that man has stood before us, and his life prolonged to Ireland and her people. His was not a private life, the joys and sorrows of which were screened from the public eye. His was a heart consecrated unto the altar which he served and unto the country from which he drew his lineage. The people of his faith and of his blood have been witnesses of his life, and is it not a grand and proud thing to say that neither the friend who fought with him, nor the foe who assailed him, can now touch the honor and the unblemished reputation of the old man bending under the weight of his years (great applause). He stood and heard the last echoes of the voice of Henry Grattan, and John Philpot Curran, as they thundered in the cause of Ireland in the defence of the last vestige of their and of her freedom. He saw the giant arise whom God sent as another Gideon, as another Jephthah, as another Samson to his people. His episcopal hand was laid upon the head of the youth who grew into the mighty man whose claim and demand for justice thundered with the voice of eight millions of Irishmen at the gates of the English parliament, as the prayer of a saint storms at the gates of heaven—Daniel O'Connell (great applause).

“Two men in Ireland prepared the way for that glorious uprising of our nation that ended in the emancipation of the Catholics, and prepared the way for that great act of justice which Gladstone has done in our day, the disestablishment of the church (great applause). These two men were Theobald Matthew, the apostle of temperance, who taught Irishmen to be sober, and, in their sobriety they found an *omni paterbe*, and an invincible strength (great applause); and John McHale, who, standing at the head of the episcopate, of the priesthood, of the genius of Ireland—first by the authority of his position, first by the power of his intellect, first by the greatness of his heart, upheld with a mighty hand every man that ever yet put up his voice from a true

heart in favor of old Ireland (great applause). Well did the Liberator call him 'the Lion of the fold,' for like an aged lion—aged yet strong in the energy of his years—aged yet terrible in the voice that he sent far through the forest glade—so for fifty years has the Archbishop of Tuam lain right athwart the designs of every enemy of Ireland, and at the sight of his eagle eye, and at the sound of his terrible lion-like voice, and at the shaking of his aged mane, every man that ever lifted his hand against Ireland recoiled in terror, for there was a lion in the path (prolonged applause).

"The days of victory passed away, and in the day when O'Connell gained the triumph of Ireland by peaceful, intellectual, and, as my friend Governor Reynolds has said, powerful agitation, founded upon eternal right, justice and reason, and not in the mere brute force of arms, but in the polished arms that come from the armory of God—the sword of the word (great applause)—in that day Ireland set her first wreath upon the brows of her great Tribune, and then turned with eyes glistening with tears of love, and placed her second crown upon the hoary brows of the great Archbishop of Tuam (great applause).

"God sent forth his angel of famine upon the land. Death and ruin stalked from end to end of Ireland; the children cried for bread, and Oh! God, there was no hand to break it; the heart of Ireland's great Tribune could not bear it, it turned away and he laid his weary head at the foot of the Alps, and there, his heart broken, he yielded his spirit to God, but the lion remained. The man who loved his people as no man ever yet loved the Irish race remained; and what bore him through that terrible day in which I first had the honor of loving and knowing him, what upheld the lion's heart, when the people he loved were dying around him? The love that upheld Mary at the foot of the cross when her natural grief and sorrow would have killed her. The love that came from heaven above sustained him, and John of Tuam outlived the famine of '46 (prolonged applause). He is an aged man to-day with the instincts of Irish ingenuity, Irish brain and Irish faith; he can look back to-day upon an Episcopate of fifty years. For fifty years he has worn the mitre and wielded the crozier in Ireland, and there is not a man in Ireland who can point to a religious or political mistake in that life! (Applause.) He never made a mistake in the great cause of education; he never made a mistake in the great cause of per-



mitting the Government of England to have hand, act or part, or little finger on anything connected with the Irish Church (great laughter). He always said, 'We are here and able to do our own business.' Never has he made a mistake in his patronage of a public character; he has never taken the wrong man by the hand. Grown old to-day the Celtic blood that has flown in those veins for eighty years, flows as fresh and as vigorous and as free as ever. At this very time twelve months, just one week before I started for America, I spent eight days in the company of that venerable man, and every morning at six o'clock, rain or shine, there was the aged Archbishop, his white hair falling like the untrodden snow over his shoulders, observed in prayer at the foot of the cross before the altar of the Cathedral of Tuam (applause). Well do I remember having preached one day in his presence, not without fear and trembling, and returned with him clad in my Dominican habit into his house, and the old man, sitting there in the corner of his room, he pulled out his old Irish harp, and flinging open his purple soutan, and shaking his old head, he drew his trembling aged fingers over those strings, and with his grey eye uplifted in inspiration and mild with tears, he applied his whole heart to the accompaniment of that harp, and it seemed to me as if I had beheld Brian the brave and immortal, as he sat in his tent on the morning of Clontarf, and invoked the god of battles by the sound of his Irish harp." (Applause.)

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LOUISE LATEAU—THE LATEST ACCOUNT OF HER  
LIFE.

(*From the Catholic Times.*)

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A few weeks ago it was the privilege of the writer to have the opportunity of visiting Louise Lateau, the humble ecstasica of Bois d'Haine, Belgium. There may be a considerable number of very well informed readers perfectly acquainted with the wonders that occur in the modest cottage of Louise Lateau, but, owing to the want of any popular work on the subject, the bulk of our countrymen are totally unaware of those marvels of grace which are manifested so close to our own doors.

The first question one expects to hear, and one which I myself have put to those who had seen Louise Lateau, will be, "Are

these wonderful manifestations genuine? Is there no deception?" From the learned and astute gentlemen of whom I inquired—men who have seen jugglery in all its forms and in all climes—the answer was clear and emphatic. It was their opinion that, under the circumstances, deception was impossible.

Very early on the morning of Friday, the 14th of October, I arrived at Manage, a little town in the Province of Haineault, between Mons and Charleroi. Bois d'Haine is about two miles distant from Manage. On my way I met a poor workingman of whom I made inquiries. With innate politeness and good breeding the poor man led the way through some by-paths till we got on the high road, whence he pointed out the cottage of Louise Lateau and the village church farther on. As I passed the neat, though modest and even poor cottage, I marvelled how God, according to His unfulfilling promise, had used the weak and lowly to confound the mighty ones of the earth. At six o'clock Mass was said in the village church by the venerable Curé, M. Paul Niels, so well known to all visitors. After Mass, tickets being given to those who applied to see Louise Lateau, preparations were made to carry the Blessed Sacrament to the ecstática. The function of torch-bearers fell to four gentlemen: the first was a Dutch gentleman; the second, a merchant from Namur; the third, Brother Sulpice, formerly Superior of St. Joseph's College, Dumfries; and the fourth was the writer. The Blessed Sacrament was borne by a Curé from Namur, assisted by M. Neils. As our little procession marched along, headed by the sacristan, bell in hand, it was very touching to an English Catholic to see how the peasants and the working-people whom we met, or whose houses we passed, reverently paid homage to Our Divine Lord. After eight minutes' walk, having crossed a railway line, the cottage of Louise Lateau is reached. M. Niels at once proceeds to place in Louise's room as many as can be packed into it. The less fortunate have to remain in the ante-chamber, but as the door is kept open they manage to see pretty well all that takes place.

In this little room, remarkable only for its simplicity and cleanliness, lay Louise Lateau, so singularly favored by Heaven. She is now in her thirty-first year, and has been confined to bed by her sufferings the last two or three years. She has not taken any food or drink during the last ten years and a half, nor has she slept any during that period. Till her sufferings compelled her to remain in bed she took an active part in all the ordinary household work.

Being favorably placed for observation, I watched with a lively interest the scene before me. The first object that caught the eye was Louise, her eyes and mouth firmly shut, and her breast heaving in a most alarming manner, just like a person in agony. After the usual prayers, the priest approached with the Sacred Host and Louise opened her mouth gently. As soon as the Host touched her tongue her mouth closed suddenly, all signs of breathing or consciousness instantly disappeared. She was now in ecstasy. The Curé removed the white cloth which covered her arms and they were now seen resting on the coverlet, the blood flowing from the stigmata on the back of the hands. Many prayers were recited aloud by the Curé, those present taking part in them. During this time all who were anxious to carry away a souvenir of their visit touched the bleeding hands with religious pictures or handkerchiefs, which were thus stained with her blood.

It may be well to remark that this was the seven hundred and fourth Friday that Louise had had the bleeding stigmata of Our Lord, as had the seraphic St. Francis and several other saints. The stigmata appeared on Louise Lateau for the first time on the 24th of April, 1868. At present Louise's stigmata appear like blisters, which increase in size till about midnight on the Thursday, then they burst, and the bleeding begins. The blood continues to flow all Friday, and the wounds heal of themselves. Most minute details as to the character of these stigmata, their rupture, etc., are given in Dr. Lefebvre's splendid medical work, entitled "Louise Lateau," and which has been translated into English by Dr. Northcote.

Before leaving the house another glance round tends but to confirm the impression made by the genuine simplicity and modesty of the good people. Adeline, Louise's sister, is sitting in the ante-chamber (the principal room in the house) sewing. Beside her are two sewing machines, one of which was often covered with the blood of Louise when, by way of trial and experiment, she was ordered to continue her work on the Fridays. Rosine, the eldest sister, I am informed in reply to my inquiry, is out working *à la journée*. We then all leave the humble abode of Divine favors, to return at 2 p.m. But then we shall see the ecstasica during an hour, and be less crowded, as no ladies will be present.

It was my honor and privilege to share the hospitality of the good Curé of Bois d'Haine all that day, and thereby the opportunity was afforded me of noting several facts hitherto unpublished

and not generally known concerning Louise Lateau. I was thus enabled also to read many criticisms on the saintly ecstasica which M. Niels is not afraid to keep on his table. These range from the exceptions taken by a Redemptorist Father to some of the phenomena, to the frantic ravings of a Dr. Charbonnier, of Brussels. This impious man winds up one of his diatribes by declaring that, rather than throw in his lot with the miracle-loving God of the devout, he would prefer to share his faith with the honest, matter-of fact devil! May the poor fool live to regret his delicate choice! And this is but a specimen of the blasphemous rhetoric with which the *liberal* press of Belgium greets the name of the inoffensive and saintly village girl.

The Curé from Namur, who had carried the Holy Communion to Louise that morning, told me privately that he could not say *he* had given her the Holy Communion. It seemed to him that the Sacred Host had left his fingers of itself when he was about to place it on her tongue. M. Neils stated that she had thirty or forty ecstasies each day, and it was his own private opinion that during those ecstasies her soul was united to God and her body was then like a corpse, soulless. He attributed her sufferings in good part to the repugnance the soul felt to return to the body. It is a noted fact in the life of Louise Lateau that she suffers very much when any calamity or scandal afflicts the Church. Many wonderful instances of this are related in her life by Henry Von Looy, showing that the seizure of Rome in 1870, the atrocities of the Commune, etc., were faithfully mirrored in the sufferings of this holy victim, although she was, humanly speaking, completely ignorant of these events.

At 2 p.m. we started from the presbytery, the good Curé had preceded us. In deference to the oft-repeated request of Louise, that she might be freed from the embarrassing visits of numerous persons from every quarter of the world, the Bishop has ordered that the visitors shall be admitted only after the ecstasy is begun, and leave before it is over, so that Louise is unconscious that she is still the object of so much observation. When we arrived at the cottage our number had increased to about fifteen. There were six or seven priests, some from the vicinity and some from a distance. The laymen included a doctor from Brussels and two French gentlemen. At about 2.10 the Curé came to the door of the cottage, invited us to enter, and arranged us in the little room in the most advantageous manner. The doctor was seated on a

low chair at the side of the bed, near the head, so that he was in the most favorable position for observation. The writer was placed next him, and had to kneel the greater part of the time to give those behind him an opportunity of seeing. When we entered the room we could scarcely repress an exclamation of surprise. There was Louise, but her eyes were now very wide open. Her head was slightly turned to the right, and her eyes seemed fixed on some distant object in the direction of the remote corner of the ceiling. Her countenance bore a mixed expression of pain and wonder, as if she witnessed something awful and surprising.

Some of the ordinary phenomena were then produced. The Curé invited a young gentleman present to move his hand before Louise's face—no result. He then asked a priest to do the same, and the awe-struck expression gave way to a smile. Blessed rosaries, medals and, above all, reliquaries were now brought near the ecstasica, and although often wrapped up in an unrecognizable way, the blessed objects never failed to make Louise smile and extend her bleeding hands towards the holy object until she touched it. I carefully noted these surprising effects, and can describe them no better than by comparing the effect of a blessed object on Louise to the effect of a loadstone on a piece of iron. When the blessed object was withdrawn Louise fell back on the bed like a corpse. Yet withal the eyes were never removed from the one spot. The priests present recited Vespers and Complin, and during all the time the smile, the raising up of the hands, showed how the prayers of the Church had the same wonderful "electrical" effect on the ecstasica as the blessed objects.

All payers produce visible effects on her, and many have been the trials in all languages, from that of the North American Indian to that of the Maori, but the poor, illiterate girl is never deceived. Her smiles challenge the prayers, even when mixed up with secular discourses. During the recital of the Divine Office the Doctor was not idle. He examined the wounds on the back of her hand and also the wounds on the palms, which likewise bled a little. He felt her pulse also several times and invited me to remark how cold her hands were; they were indeed as icy cold as if they belonged to a corpse. During the "Magnificat," in which by the raising of her hands and the smile on her countenance she seemed most sensitive to what was going on, the doctor pinched one of her fingers with all his might, but of course Louise

did not feel it, although the doctor pointed out to me the marks left by his nails.

Dr. Lefebvre in his work describes a multitude of experiments which he made during the ecstasies, but all to no purpose, as Louise's body is completely insensible. Later on the doctor caused some surprise by presenting to Louise his purse, on which was printed in large gilt letters "porte-monnaie." What was still more surprising, Louise smiled and put up her hands to touch it. Every one was eager to know what was the cause of this unlooked-for phenomenon, and M. Neils asked him if he had any blessed object in his purse. The doctor then opened it, and from the midst of his money produced two venerable little blessed medals. The Curé of a neighboring parish caused a large covered object with a white cloth to be brought in. Judging at first from its shape and size, I took it to be a sugar-loaf, but when held near Louise she expressed extraordinary symptoms of pleasure and joy and sat upright in order to touch it. The Curé then informed us that it was the statue of his Lady Chapel, to which in her early days, Louise had great devotion. When this covered-up statue was removed Louise fell back like a dead body and her countenance instantly resumed its expression of sorrow. Many have been the experiments to show with what delicacy the ecstasies recognize the blessings and prayers of the Church. One of the commonest is to present a medal or a rosary which has never been blessed—Louise is insensible to its presence. If it be now taken away, blessed privately, and then presented, she smiles and seeks to touch it.

As has been already stated, medical men have entirely failed, with all the means at their disposal, to restore Louise to consciousness during her ecstasy, but the merest word or sign from her spiritual superiors—that is, the Bishop or Curé—never fails to cause the ecstasy to cease. What is strangest is that this authority can be exercised from any distance and can be delegated to any person. Wonderful instances of this marvellous obedience to legitimate authority—no matter by whom exercised—can be seen in all the works that have been published about her. However, this recall to consciousness is seldom practised now, as it causes her to suffer, and she has already passed through years of trials and experiments in the hands of eminent learned men.

Suddenly, and without any premonitory sign, Louise stretches out both arms in the form of a cross. Her head turns con-

siderably to the left, but she still keeps her head fixed in the same direction as before. Her mouth half opens, and her whole countenance expresses the most lively horror, fright and consternation. During her ecstasy she has been following the Passion, and she now sees Our Lord expire on the Cross. "It is three o'clock! leave the room!" exclaims M. Niels; all obey, for in a few minutes Louise shall have regained her consciousness. It is worthy of note that this phase of the ecstasy has occurred exactly at three o'clock every Friday from the very beginning.

Amongst those who had witnessed these consoling and faith-strengthening phenomenu there was but one opinion concerning the consummate virtue and holiness of Louise Lateau; and when one is acquainted with the holy and self-sacrificing life of the "good Louise," it is not possible to look on her otherwise than as a saint.

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## 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, 6; spiritual favors, 4; temporal favors, 4; happy death, 53; special intentions, 3; temperance, 10; departed, 13. Also for the following subscribers departed:— Thomas Murphy, N.F.L.D., December 11th, 1881, at the age of 26 years; Mrs. Nicholas Walsh, Margaret Willsin, aged 81, Aug. 24th, 1881, at Bay Bulls, N.F.L.D.; Thomas Murray, aged 72, October 20th, 1881, St. John's, N.F.L.D.; Mrs. Michael French, aged 37, January 5th, 1882, St. John's, N.F.L.D.; Betsey O'Reilly, aged 26, February 5th, 1882, Front River; Ann Mulroney, Aug., 1881, Stoko, Ont.; Margaret McKenzie, February 2nd, 1882, Antigonish Harbour, N.S.; Mary Lynch, February 11th, 1882, Douglas, Ont.; James Carney, Toronto, Ont.; Mrs. Tuyford, Hamilton, Ont.; Matthew Ryan, Chelsea, January 12th, 1882.

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— Recommend what is right rather than oppose what is wrong. The best way of affecting the expulsion of evil is by the introduction of good.—*William Jay.*

## MAPLE SUGAR TIME.

[Written for the "VOICE."]

Up ! with the early dawn,  
 To the woods, far away,  
 Over the frosted lawn,  
 Drive out the horse and sleigh,  
 To the woods, far away.  
 For 'tis sugar time, what fun,  
 Now the maple sap will run,  
     From the frosted trees ;  
 List to the voices ringing.  
 The work is now beginning,  
     They're busy as bees :  
 In the woods far away.

Bring your hatchets along,  
 To the woods far away,  
 And join the merry song,  
 On this lovely spring day,  
 In the woods far away,  
 For every tree we must tap,  
 To draw out the luscious sap,  
     From the frosted snow ;  
 We will make the woods resound,  
 And pert echo ring the sound.  
     As onward we go ;  
 Through the woods far away.

Stir up the blazing pine,  
 In the woods, far away,  
 By the fire we shall dine,  
 And warm ourselves to-day,  
 In the woods, far away.  
 Let us keep the boilers full,  
 For sweet taffey we shall pull,  
     When the sap is boil'd,  
 We will throw it on the ground,  
 And then, every one around,  
     That has with us toil'd ;  
 At latire, pull away.

JULIA FARLEY.



## OBITUARY.

## A CHILD OF MARY.

Mary Lynch was one of these pious young women whose life is angelic and whose death is precious before God. Her virtues were attractive and commanded imitation ; her death was such as to fill all with consolation and hope. She was a member of the pious confraternity called the " Children of Mary," wherein the united examples and prayers of each have produced so much good among young persons, saved many from shipwreck and led many to a happy death. In Miss Lynch, the society has lost an edifying member, but as her death has only brought her nearer to God and made her more pleasing in His sight, so will her prayers be more efficacious for those whom she loved. For four years the poor child suffered with consumption whose cruel pangs only left her when Mary came smiling to welcome her home. She died in Admaston, Douglas, Ont., on February 7th, 1882.

## 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*.