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The Voice.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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

VOL. VII.

CHELSEA, MAY, 1882.

No. 5.

TO OUR READERS.

We now publish the May number of our modest periodical. It is the month of May. The whole church is honoring Mary this month and all good catholics are expected to have a little altar or, at least, a picture or statue of Our Lady in their house before which they should say some pious prayers daily this month. To our readers we would suggest three Hail Marys for intentions remembered in "The Voice." Many worshipers will be brought to God this month through a desire to honor Mary; and many sinners will be prayed for and brought to God this month by prayers offered to God in honor of Our Blessed Lady. All Catholics love Mary. Let them show their love to her this month by performing religious duties in her honor. Let them be more faithful to God and man in order to please Mary.

How many children are blest to God for saying their prayers piously to please their mother. Thus many catholics will be blest by God for acts of virtue performed in honor of Mary.

This month we publish a list of articles to be raffled at the end of June in the Town Hall of Chelsea for the finishing of our church. The building is a new stone church, but the parish is too small and too poor to plaster the ceiling and the cold stone walls. We find it impossible to heat the church in its present condition, and the severe cold we suffered last winter has convinced us of the necessity of plastering it this summer. If any of our kind agents or subscribers could obtain a few throws for us on any of the articles on the list, it would assist us very materially. Among so many kind friends we doubt not but we shall receive lists of names from some; many will send us their own private throw whilst others will regret that they are not able to assist us. We ask to have these names and addresses plainly given. For each name we shall throw ourselves and we shall communicate with the winners. After the raffle we shall offer up a mass for all who have assisted us in our good work.

TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

[Written for The Voice.]

Hail morning star, Orient light,
 The hope of Adams' fallen race,
 But Virgin Mother, honoured queen,
 An angel styled thee, "full of grace."
 With thy fair name is sweetly twined,
 The mystic rose, the heav'nly gate,
 Whose grandest portals open wide,
 To rich and poor, nor long to wait.
 The tiny bark on ocean cast,
 Sinks 'neath the pressure of the wave,
 But trusting hearts called on thy name,
 The oceans' star, the pilot brave.
 Sweet name, that lingers in each heart,
 And twines around the very core,
 When all on earth, looks bleak and dark,
 And joy seems fled for ever more.
 Then Mary let me be thy child,
 To me a mother ever be,
 To thy protecting arms I'll fly,
 When storms assail, or threaten me,

Quebec, March 16th, 1882.

JULIA FARLEY.

RAFFLE FOR THE CHURCH OF CHELSEA.

PLEASE HELP US TO FINISH OUR CHURCH.

Our friends, who would give or obtain throws on any of the articles mentioned in the list, would oblige us very much. Our church is new but unplastered, and it is so very cold in winter as to render divine service practically impossible; hence we are compelled to make supreme efforts to have it plastered this summer. The drawing will take place at the end of June. In our June number of *THE VOICE* we will precise the date. If friends, in whom we trust, receive lists sent by us they will not be surprised.

Articles to be Raffleed for the Finishing of the Church of St. Stephen, of Chelsea.

Throw.

- | | |
|--|------|
| 1. A very nice plow, gift of Mr. Wm. Evans, seedsman, Montreal, value \$18.. | 0 50 |
| 2. A large silver urn, value \$60.. | 0 50 |
| 3. A lady's writing desk, given by Rev. Father Brown, worth \$10 | 0 25 |
| 4. A quilt from Mrs. T. H. Paddon, worth \$5.. | 0 25 |
| 5. A gold ring, donated by Miss Katie Blake, valued at \$5 | 0 25 |
| 6. Oil chromo from Mrs James Hogan, purchased for \$3 | 0 10 |
| 7. A crochet tidy and 10 yards of crochet lace, from Miss Ellen Hogan, value \$3.. | 0 10 |
| 8. Four Berlin wool mats, from Miss Minnie Hogan, value \$1 | 0 05 |
| 9. A large, gilt-framed picture of St. Patrick, cost \$3 | 0 10 |
| 10. A quilt from Mrs. Martin Welsh, jun., worth \$3.. | 0 10 |
| 11. A set of glass, from Mrs. Wm. Duffy, worth 2\$ | 0 10 |
| 12. A large mirror, from Mrs. Philip Mulvehill, price \$2.. | 0 10 |
| 13. "Life of Christ," from Mrs Michael Leahy, cost \$2 | 0 10 |
| 14. Silver butter-knife, from Miss Minnie Deane, price \$1 | 0 05 |
| 15. Two vases, from Miss Maggie Crilly, cost \$1 | 0 10 |
| 16. Two vases, From Mrs. Patrick McGuire, cost \$1.. | 0 10 |
| 17. Two vases, from Miss Mary Murphy, cost \$1 | 0 10 |
| 18. Two vases, from Miss Julia Young, cost \$1 | 0 10 |
| 19. A pin-cushion, from Miss Jane Crilly, cost \$1 | 0 10 |
| 20. A pin-cushion, from Miss Welsh, worth \$1 | 0 10 |

21.	A glass lamp, from Mrs. Thos. Young, cost \$1	o 10
22.	Tidy, from Miss Ellen McGuire, value \$1	1 10
23.	A quilt, from Miss Mary Daly, value \$3	o 16
24.	Two vases, from Mrs John Stapleton, value \$1	o 10
25.	Two candlesticks, from Miss M. Felly, value \$1	o 10
26.	Crotchet tidy, from Miss K. Kelly, value \$1	o 10
27.	Alarm-clock, from Miss Julia Mulvehill, value \$4	o 10
28.	Wax doll, very nice, from Mrs. James Sheahan, value \$3	o 10
29.	Glass pitcher, from Mrs. John Young, value 50cts.	o 05

A BOY SNAKE CHARMER.

Stories told by travelers in places where venomous reptiles abound, of snake conjurers, are usually received *cum grano salis*, but there is a little boy residing in this city who can out-do any of the alleged tricks of Indian serpent charmers. so great is the influence. he appears to possess over rattlesnakes, black snakes, moccassins, vipers, boas, turtleheads, copperheads and others of the crawling family, always regarded as mortal enemies to man. A *Press* reporter in search of a cigar, entered R. R. Cill's store on Second street, and having procured a supply of the flagrant weed, was about leaving when a little girl came in carrying a box containing a mouse. She put it down on the counter, and was handed a penny in exchange by Mr. Cills.

"I buy a good many mice and rats during the day," said he, in reply to the inquiring gaze of the reporter, "sometimes as many as fifty to a hundred; but then I have a good many snakes to feed."

"Snakes!" was the ejaculation.

"Yes, come and look at them."

The reporter accepted the invitation, and walked into a small room at the back of the store, round the walls of which were a number of cases fronted with glass, containing any number of snakes.

"Them's rattles. Here you have turtleheads, pretty; ain't they?" said their enthusiastic proprietor. "That's a kingshead or cannibal snake, the only one left of seven, father, mother and five brothers and sisters."

"What became of the rest?"

"All represented there. They fed on each other. The father fell a victim to the appetite of his wife, and she was eaten by one of her sons. The latter was swallowed by his sister, and she by her brother, and so on till that fellow only was left. He breakfasted off a water-snake this morning almost as long as himself, so he's a bit sleepy, but my boy will wake him up."

"Here, Willie!"

A delicate-looking youth about seven years of age came running into the room. Such a pretty boy, with large, dreamy eyes and a mass of sunny brown hair combed over his forehead. Obedient to a sign from his father, he pushed aside the glass covering of the case, and, inserting his tiny hand, pulled out the wriggling monster and began to caress it by stroking its head.

"I can't do much with him," said the boy. "I like the rattles and turtleheads the best."

Putting the cannibal back into its lair, he went over to a large case, in which some twenty turtlehead snakes, varying in length from three to eight feet, were busily engaged in twisting themselves and each other into knots. The boy opened one side of the case, and, seizing a snake with each hand, put them round his neck.

"This one's Barnum and that's Baby, see how they kiss me," said the little fellow as the reptiles rubbed their mouths against his lips and cheeks. Barnum was a beautifully marked creature, pure white belly and back with black and white spots. He measured about eight feet, and the centre of his body was as thick as a man's wrist. Baby was five feet long. Without removing the two others, the boy again put his hands in the case and brought out three more full-sized fellows, which he placed about his waist. "This is Jack, and that's Nellie, and here's Bill. They know me and they would never hurt me." It made the newsman shudder as he watched the snakes crawling and twisting over the boy, while a dozen more heads protruded from the case, pointing their forked tongues at the lad as if trying to join in the fun.

"Those snakes could crush my son to death if they liked," said Mr. Cills, as he also took three or four of the reptiles and allowed them to wriggle about his body, "but they would never think of doing him harm. With the exception of Baby, all those turtle-heads were brought to me by a sea captain from the West Indies. Baby was hatched from an egg that lay in the barrel which formed their travelling carriage. He was four inches long

when he was born, and now he's over four feet and a half, all grown in five months. He's my son's favourite. They were pretty fierce when I got 'em, but I burnt all their mouths and that tamed them."

"How do you mean?"

"Why I took them in turns. Turtleheads have teeth, not fangs, and are supposed for that reason not to be poisonous by naturalists. I consider all snakes more or less venomous, so to usually cure them of that habit before I play with 'em, I heat a poker red-hot, then I put the snake on the ground and irritate it, and when it makes for one of my fingers I watch my opportunity and shove the hot iron down its throat. Snakes treated in that way seldom try to bite a human being again. Every one of those fellows in there has been treated thus. I kept them separate until their mouths were well and then I or my boy stroked them a little each day until at last we could do what we liked with them. They appear to take kindly to this climate. I had several more, but showmen purchased them from me. I got from \$20 to \$25 a pair for them. They eat rats, sparrows, mice, young squirrels and rabbits, which they crush and swallow on the boa-constrictor principle.—*Philadelphia Press.*

The most Catholic monarch in Christendom, Alfonso, of Spain, and his noble Queen recently gave a beautiful mark of true Catholicity. A *Herald* correspondence from Madrid, dated Jan. 22nd, says: In common with many people who happened to be in the Ratiso park at the time, I saw a very unusual and touching sight on Tuesday. The King and Queen were taking a drive, when just at the entrance to the park they met a parish priest carrying the Viaticum. Their Majesties at once alighted and followed with the equerries and servants, the whole party carrying lighted tapers, and the King walking bareheaded. The priest led them as far as a humble house in one of the lower Madrid suburbs, near the bull ring, where a man lay dying of small pox. Their Majesties waited patiently while the Sacraments were administered, and having left alms for the sorrow-stricken family of the deceased, walked back with the priest to the church, this time followed by hundreds of people of rank whom they had met on their way, and accompanied by the blessings of the bystanders.

A PRECIOUS LEGACY.

We feel the very heartiest pleasure in giving publication to a letter from the Rev. Thomas MacHale, nephew and executor of the will of the late illustrious Dr. MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam, to His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, conveying to Dr. Lynch the pleasing information that he has forwarded to him the chasuble worn on solemn occasions by the deceased Archbishop of Tuam, with the corresponding Dalmatic and Tunic. This is, indeed, a legacy of which not only Toronto, but all Ontario and Canada has reason to feel proud. The late Dr. MacHale has left a name in Irish history that will live as long as the Irish race. Any thing, therefore, associated with his long and glorious career, especially as priest and pontiff, will ever be cherished and revered by Irishmen and the sons of Irishmen no where with more heartfelt devotion than in Canada. The following is the letter of Father MacHale to His Grace of Toronto :

ST. JARLATH'S,

TUAM, February, 4, 1882.

MY DEAR LORD ARCHBISHOP—I have forwarded to your Grace, for the use of your cathedral church, the chasuble worn on solemn occasions by the late Archbishop of Tuam, with the corresponding Dalmatic and Tunic. This legacy is only a very feeble expression of the Archbishop's deep gratitude to the warm-hearted and patriotic Archbishop of Toronto, and to the noble and generous clergy and people of all America.

Let me add that these vestments were used over half a century ago by the Roman Pontiff, Pius VIII.

I have the honor to remain,

Your Grace's faithful servant,

THOMAS MACHALE.

Most Rev. Dr. Lynch, Archbishop of Toronto, Canada.

—*Catholic Record.*

An advertisement reads: "Wanted—A young man to be partly out-door and partly behind the counter;" and the *Cleveland Leader* asks: "What will be the result when the door slams?"

GOOD LITERATURE.

As there is no greater poison in families than bad reading, so there is no greater source of blessings for parents and children than good reading. Nevertheless, even in the best of families there is a certain reluctance for good reading. This is only natural, it is the effect of original sin which has left in us a tendency to neglect good things, and whatever is virtuous must be practiced in opposition to this tendency. To be virtuous is to combat our vicious inclinations and the great and constant duty of parents is to teach and assist their children to perform this daily task. This they should do, not only by word and example, but also, by providing for their children, means of improving themselves. Amongst these means good reading holds the most prominent rank. To read the holy word of God and other good books is a virtuous practice which should be enforced, but this practice is made easy by introducing good religious papers into the family. Besides, "The Voice" which is only twenty-five cents yearly; other larger and more interesting periodicals should be provided. "The True Witness" is a most excellent weekly, and we can send it to any one for \$1.00 yearly. There is also the "Catholic Record" published in London, Ontario, under the patronage of the Right Rev. Bishop Walsh. A weefly, of greater interest and instruction and more suitable to catholic readers, could not be published in the English language. The subscription is \$2.00 yearly. It is not one cent above its value, and if it contained nothing but romance and useless fiction its circulation would be large; but catholics who under value catholic papers do not deserve to have such a blessing in their family. We regret, however, that the price cannot be reduced, this can only become possible by a large increase of circulation and we rejoice to see that this really good catholic periodical is daily more appreciated.

"BAD LITERATURE."

The N. Y. *Sun* thus condenses the fact in the Waynesville murder case :

"Willie Anderson was one of the brightest and most popular boys in Waynesville, Ohio. He worked in a printing office, went regularly to Sunday School, and had no pernicious habits, except

that of reading an inflammatory sort of fiction. The romances of robberies peculiarly interested him, and he talked a great deal with his companions about the wonderful adventures that he found described in dime novels and boys' story papers. He lived with his mother, aunt and cousin, the latter being a little girl, of whom he was very fond. It is now remembered that she was the heroine of his youthful imagination. One day Willie asked his employer to let him sleep in the shop for a week, saying that his house was crowded with visitors. Permission was readily given, and he did not go home for a week at all. The house had during that time been closed, and the neighbors conjectured that the family had gone away on a visit, but they finally entered and found the dead bodies of Mrs Anderson, her sister, and niece. They had been killed with a hatchet as they lay asleep. Willie fled immediately; but he had no money and was put off a railroad train at Plainville, where he committed suicide with a pistol. * * * Nobody doubts that Willie was the murderer. A motive can hardly be conjectured, and it may be that he was incited only by bad literature.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Why is a selfish friend like the letter "p?" Because, though the first in pity, he is the last in help.

Has the "tide of events" anything to do with the "current of public opinion?"

A "no rent cry" can be heard every time a boy is whipped for tearing his clothes.

The yarn spun by the sailor sometimes becomes the thread of a story by a novelist.

An early closing movement—A bulldog's mouth when taking hold of a burglar's leg.

A bare-foot is a good tacks collector; but the owners groans as the iron enters his sole.

It isn't because a woman is exactly afraid of a cow that she runs away and screams. It is because gored dresses are not fashionable.

TO "THE VOICE."

From yonder blue hills, where Chelsea's olden village nestles, there comes a soft, sweet whispering VOICE; and in its tones we hear many, many glowing truths and noble maxims. It speaks to us of science, and in the same breath tells us of faith and morals. At one moment it speaks in the language of lofty prose, at the next it woos the feelings in the liquid measures of the muse. It seems to have one grand object in view, and that object is none other than the culture and education of the people. Splendid are the ends and just are the means employed to attain it.

In the Babel confusion of a thousand tongues, it would seem, at first, that the VOICE would be unheeded and perchance unheard. But, not so; simple though it may be and weak, yet its notes are heard where the thundering of great organs never finds an echo. In its circle and sphere it has a sway and it can do much, very much good both to society and religion, in its own way. This VOICE preaches morals, and dictates monthly a code of citizenship, which, if followed up, would benefit the country, socially, morally, and religiously. With these few remarks upon the mission of the VOICE, we desire to express a few ideas upon a subject of most vital importance to society and fatherland, and we would borrow a few notes of the VOICE to lay those ideas before the public.

The subject is "Citizenship," and it gives rise to many questions, a few of which we will now ask, and then strive to answer them as well as we know how. The first question that presents itself to the mind is this: What is a citizen? and then naturally we would ask, What are the duties of a citizen, and how should he fulfil them?

To this short article we will content ourselves with answering, as briefly as possible, those two questions.

"What is a citizen?" A citizen is a member of the great human family, therefore a member of society, consequently a portion of the state. Though humble his rank may be and lowly his walk in life, yet he is as important to society and to the country as even the highest personage in the land. Society is like a building, each stone in the *fabrique* is necessary in order to sustain the whole. Deep are the foundations, beautiful are the ornaments that adorn and embellish it; still, were we to take away one little stone from the wall, the foundations would fail to preserve the edifice, and the ornaments themselves would come down with a crash.

Few really know the value of citizenship and the important part they unwittingly play in the drama of existence. But if it is an honor to be a citizen of any country or of the world, that honor demands a tribute, and that tribute consists in the performance faithfully of the duties of a citizen.

What, then, are the duties of a citizen? They are five-fold:—1st, towards God; 2nd, towards himself; 3rd, towards his family; 4th, towards society and 5th, towards humanity at large. Let us glance for a moment at each of these duties and on some future occasion we may have an opportunity of enlarging upon the subject.

The citizen owes first of all a duty to God—to serve, love and obey Him, and in so doing he is enobling himself and edifying his fellow-beings. To serve and love and obey the commandments of the One who gave him the *golden* gift of Creation, who presented him *myrrh* of Redemption's Sacrifice, who offers him the *frankincense* of the eternal prayers of His Holy Church

Such duty when performed towards God, at once reflects upon the person himself and he necessarily fulfills that great duty which is the second and which he owes himself. That duty consists in the proper use of all those means innumerable, which God has given man, to enable him to act according to His laws in this world and to enjoy an eternal happiness in the world to come.

This duty which a citizen owes himself broadens out into the duty he owes his family. Man is not created to live alone. In the eternal order of things we find that he must necessarily hold communion with his fellow-men. The man cast out upon a frail plank on the billows of the ocean, or parched upon the sands of the Sahara, even at the moment when life is ebbing and all hope gone, his mind flies to some dear one left at home, or memory conjures up the scenes of his affection and old associates flit around him. And even when the last breath is given, and the soul goes forth, it is to continue that communion, for it merely joins those spirits that had precedence in the flight. Thus by ties is man bound to man, and no Alexandrian sword was ever forged that could sever the Gordian knot that binds him to his family.

Then comes the citizen's duty towards Society. Society is merely an enlargement of the family; it is the aggregate of families. And duties well performed towards the family reflect upon the whole social sphere in which he lives. And in strictly performing those duties he proves himself a worthy member of the great

human family, that from the dawn of creation till the fiery night that will precede the Judgment Day, extended, extends and will ever extend its millions of branches, which come ever and always from the same trunk and the same root.

The citizen who knows the value of his high privileges and who fulfills his duties properly, is an ornament to humanity, a help to society, a benefactor of his family, a friend to himself and an object of love to God. If our people would only learn the duties they have before them and then act accordingly, we would soon see our country rising to her rightful position amongst the nations, "becoming a home of good principles, shrine of the civilization of the Gospel," with the works of God's pleasure and grace stamping her radiant brow.

JOSEPH K. FORAN.

AYLMER, 19th March, 1882.

LUTHERANISM in Sweden is in Queer Street. It is getting more and more disorganized. The Established Church of the kingdom is divided in five sections, which keep hurling imprecations and maledictions at one another. These sections are the Old Orthodox, the Waldenstromians, the Pietists, the Schartanans and the New Lutherans. Great is the number of those, both among the laity and the clergy, who are getting weary of this state of things; and one of the latter, Pastor Hellgvist, has lately addressed a letter to the chapter which caused great sensation all over Sweden. In this we find some passages worth translating. The writer says:

I look upon the entire Reformation as a dead failure, for it proceeded from men distinguished both by want of wisdom and by unspeakable corruption. This applies especially to Luther, who was a man of boundless pride and possessed of no self-control whatsoever. I find that the worship of Luther is now carried on only by born idiots and by interested hypocrites.

In another part of the letter he says:

Many are the deathbed scenes that have proved to me that the Protestant Church lacks the power of guiding and strengthening where guidance and fortitude are most urgently wanted.

Pastor Hellgvist, differing in this from the English Ritualists, has taken the only course consistent with his expressed views. He has abjured Lutheranism and joined the Catholic Church. So the Stockholm Dagblad informs us.

THINGS TO TRY.

Try pop-corn for nausea.

Try cranberries for malaria.

Try a sun-bath for rheumatism.

Try ginger ale for stomach cramps.

Try clam broth for a weak stomach.

Try cranberry poultices for erysipelas.

Try a wet towel to the back of the neck when sleepless.

Try buttermilk for the removal of freckles, tan and butternut stains.

Try a hot flannel over the seat of neuralgic pain and renew frequently.

Try taking your cod-liver oil in tomato catsup if you want to make it palatable.

Try sniffing powdered borax up the nostrils for catarrhal "cold in the head."

Try taking a nap in the afternoon if you are going to be out late in the evening.

Try a cloth wrung out from cold water put about the neck at night for sore throat.

Try walking with your hands behind you when you find yourself becoming bent forward.

GET A RECEIPT.

An Indian paid a white man some money. The Indian insisted that the white man should give him a receipt.

"What do you want a receipt for?" asked the white man; "you've paid the money and that's enough."

"But me must have receipt," insisted the Indian.

"Why, what for?" asked the white man.

"Because," said the Indian, "Injun must die."

"Well, suppose you do die, I certainly can't collect this money from you then."

"But," continued the Indian, "me may die and go to heaven." The Lord he ask Injun if he good Injun; injun say yes. He ask Injun if he pay white man. Injun say yes, yes. Then the Lord he say where is the receipt? What Injun do then? Injun can't go looking all over hell for you!

BOYS, READ THIS.—Many people seem to forget that character grows; that it is not something to put on ready-made with womanhood or manhood; but, day by day, here a little and there a little grows with the growth, and strengthens with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of business—prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clearheaded and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all these admirable qualities? When he was a boy! Let us see how a boy of ten gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you what kind of a man he will make. The boy that is late at his breakfast, late at school, stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his studies, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, “I forgot; I didn’t think!” will never be a reliable man, and the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things, will never be a noble, generous, kind man—a gentleman.—*Catholic Record*.

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:—South Branch, Ont., Aug. 22, 1881, Mrs. Ryan; Osgoode, Ont., Aug. 12, 1881, Maggie Molamphy; King’s Cove, Nfld., Jan. 27, 1882, Mr Patrick Murphy; Trinity, Nfld., Jan 7, 1882, Mr. Charles Power, by shipwreck; Bay Bulls, Nfld., Aug. 24, 1881, at the age of 81 years, Margaret, relict of the late Philip Williams; St. John, Nfld. Oct. 20, 1881, at the age of 72 years, Thomas Murray; St. John, Nfld., Jan. 3, 1882, at the age of 37 years, Mr. Michael French; Dunboyne, Ireland, Mrs. Mary O’Sullivan; Hamilton, Ont., March 2, 1882, aged 42, William H. Grover; Ibidem, June 10, 1881, Mary Troyford; Allisonville, Ont., March 21, Mrs. Thomas McDonald; Dacre, Ont., March 19, aged 65, Mrs. Patrick Bradley; Brompton Falls, Que., March 19, 1882, at the age of 49 years, Jane Stuart, wife of Hugh Mullin.

GRACES OBTAINED.

The following facts should increase our faith and confidence in prayer:—

Two nuns dangerously ill were cured by the intercession of the Blessed Virgin; one was afflicted with a cancer.

On Christmas Eve a girl condemned by the physicians was cured by a medal of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. Another child in convulsions was cured by the same kind of medal.

A little girl, desirous of erecting a large statue of Our Lady in her parish church, sets to work to collect funds, but receiving only abuse, she applies to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart and meets a generous lady who gives all she requires for the statue.

A father and son thank the Blessed Virgin for extraordinary assistance obtained in time of need.

TO OUR READERS.

We do earnestly request of our readers to say daily the following prayers for intentions recommended in THE VOICE, and to obtain a happy death. With these prayers and the Mass that is offered monthly for the same purpose, we may confidently trust to die happy. God grant it!

PRAYERS.

Sacred heart of Jesus. Have mercy on us.

Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. Pray for us.

Our Father and Hail Mary.

PRAYER.

O God, who hast doomed all men to die, but hast concealed from all the hour of their death, grant that I may pass my days in holiness and justice, and that I may deserve to quit this world in the peace of a good conscience, and in the embraces of thy love, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Holy patriarch, St. Joseph, who hadst the happiness of dying in the arms of Jesus and Mary. Pray for me now and at the hour of my death.

Imprimatur, MARIANOPOLI, NOV. 6, 1878.

† EDWARDUS CAR., *Epis. Marianopolitanensis.*

"THE VOICE."

The Advantages of Subscribing to "The Voice" are Considerable.

There is a Mass every month for all subscribers, to obtain for them the grace of a happy death. On this, many seem not to set a sufficient value; but it is certain that nothing is more valuable in this world than a happy death. If, after all the vicissitudes of life and struggles for salvation, God, by the five bleeding wounds of His Son, so often offered for us, grants us the grace of a happy death, of closing our eyes to misery and sin, to open them in the purest bliss, what a blessing!

In this Mass are also included the intentions made known to us. Besides this, these intentions are prayed for every morning by a priest at the altar, and recommended to the prayers of the pious faithful.

Another Mass is said in the month of January for the repose of the souls of our subscribers departed the foregoing year.

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