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No. 7.

SPEECH OF ALONZO WRIGHT, M.P.

ON THE

IRISH QUESTION

OTTAWA, 20TH APRIL, 1882.

Mr. WRIGHT. It appears to me that the resolutions introduced by the hon. member for Victoria, are couched in such loyal, liberal and appropriate terms, as to merit the favorable consideration of every member of this House. That a state of things exists in Ireland discreditable to the Empire, and discreditable to the civilization of the nineteenth century, must be admitted by every one. If this evil is to become chronic, if this deadly canker is to eat up and destroy the Irish body politic, then we must mourn the destruction of a gallant and generous people, connected with us by the closest tie of consanguinity, and whose history is bound up with many of the brightest and some of the darkest portions of that of the Empire, I think under the circumstances, the Canadian Parliament might with propriety suggest that a

great political problem which has received a favorable solution in Canada, might, by the application of the same methods, produce the same results in Ireland; that the concession of a system of self-government similar to our own, and an amelioration of the landed system, might make Her Majesty's subjects in Ireland as happy, contented, prosperous and loyal, as are Her Majesty's subjects in Canada. It may be said that we have nothing to do with this matter, and that this Parliament has no right to discuss the condition of things which exist in another part of the Empire. We might be told that it is *ultra vires*, and that the inferior cannot advise or dictate to the superior Legislature; but I would submit that what touches the honor and well-being of one part of the Empire touches the honor of all. At any rate, we are free men, in a free Parliament, and from time immemorial every British subject has had the right to lay his petitions and remonstrances at the foot of the Throne. Only the other day when Her Majesty's life was attacked by a vile assassin, it was thought right and proper that the Canadian Parliament should give expression to the feelings of loyalty and devotion which animated the whole Canadian people. If this was fitting in a case affecting Her Majesty's life, it cannot, surely, be improper in a case affecting Her Majesty's honor, for Her Majesty's honor is intimately concerned with whatever affects the well-being and good government of every portion of Her Dominions. We have a great destiny before us. It has fallen to our lot to build up and maintain a great Dominion for Her Majesty in the northern part of this continent. We are bound to hold against all odds this outpost of the Empire. It is, therefore, of the greatest importance to us that every ship that crosses the Atlantic should be freighted with gallant and generous defenders, and not with deadly and dangerous foes. It is of the greatest importance to us that the men who come to aid us in this great work should honor and revere British institutions, and not be imbued with feelings of hatred and horror of the English name. Contrast the condition of things which exists in Ireland with what exists in Canada to-day. Every one must have read with feelings of pain the reports of the progress of Her Majesty's Secretary, Mr. Forster, through Ireland. In his visit that gentleman was protected by an army of soldiers and policemen. It was regarded as a most daring act that Her Majesty's representative was able to pass through that portion of Her Dominions with safety. These reports remind us of Russian, and not English life. One can

fancy such things occurring under the sway of the Czar, but not under the rule of the noblest monarch and the most loving woman that ever the sun shone upon. In Canada Her Majesty's representative is protected only by his own nobility of nature, and by the love, loyalty and respect of the entire body of the Canadian people. It will be a happy day for Ireland and the Empire when her people are as happy and contented as the people of Canada. The history of Ireland is a sad one. All historians and statesmen agree as to this. Mr. Goldwin Smith tells us: "that during one period of the reign of Queen Elizabeth the eagles took wing and flew to the Spanish main while the vultures swooped down on unhappy Ireland. And from that day to this they have never left her. With sharp beaks and cruel claws they have tugged at the heart-strings of these unhappy people." All classes, Protestant and Catholic, have become the victims of these birds of prey. The race of Valentine McClutchey, the vulture tribe, fattened and still fatten on this unholy feast. It has been one long saturnalia of the landlord, the middleman, the informer, the process-server and the Sheriff. Ireland, like a caged eagle, has beaten its wings against the bars in a vain attempt to escape from the talons of its tormentors. The best and the proudest of her sons were forced to seek in foreign lands that prosperity and position denied in their own. We are told that a like fate befel the Jewish people, and that on a dark night Jerusalem agonized and died. The great city was lost to the Jewish people, but they took the world in exchange. The Irish land was lost to the Irish people, but practically they took the world in exchange. By dint of dauntless valor and patient perseverance, they succeeded in obtaining that position in foreign lands which was denied them in their own. Only in Ireland were Irishmen outlaws from human reason and justice. In the face of what Lord Beaconsfield calls this great misgovernment, it will be well to consider what has been suggested as a remedy for these evils. The main object of every Government is the greatest good for the greatest number, and in almost every country in Europe this has been observed, except in England and Ireland. The rule has been to give the land to the many instead of to the few. The most practical suggestion for the relief of the Irish has been resolved into three propositions: 1st. A local system of self-government, similar to that which exists in Canada. 2nd. A re-arrangement of the landed system, so that the land may be divided among the Irish people, the landlords to be paid

in full for their property, and the land resold to the Irish people. 3rd. In sections which are over-populated, emigration is the remedy proposed. Some years ago I was introduced by the hon. the Minister of Agriculture to an English gentleman, of the name of Tuke, who had given much attention to this subject. He had, I believe, been Commissioner for Mr. Gladstone for the sale of the glebe lands belonging to the Disestablished Church. He informed me that the lands had been sold in small parcels to the peasantry. I understood him to say that sales had been made to ten thousand people, and in every case the payments had been promptly met. The result was that some of the most disorderly districts in Ireland were converted into the most peaceable and law-abiding. His remedy for the existing evils was the elimination of the landlords, and the establishment of a peasant proprietary, self-rule and emigration from over-populated districts to Canada. He asked me as to the condition of the Irish people who settled in Canada. I was happy to be able to inform him that they were just as happy, contented, prosperous and loyal as any other portion of Her Majesty's subjects. That the Irish people were men of marked ability, energy and enterprise. They had secured by their sterling qualities some of the finest positions in the country. They have become Ministers of the Crown, Members of Parliament, Judges, eminent Lawyers, Wardens and Mayors, and are prominent as successful agriculturists. These men were succeeded by another class of emigrants, the survivors of the Irish famine. These also have been successful under discouraging circumstances. I recollect a visit I made to a newly-settled township. Our meeting was in the open air, in the very heart of the forest. I was much struck by the appearance of the settlers as they came to the place of meeting; some were suffering with fever and privation, and were most unhappy. They looked as if they had escaped from some beleaguered city, where plague, pestilence and famine had done their deadly work. They were imbued with an awful hatred of the English name, and every man had his tale of wrong, oppression, misrule and outrage, to tell. A few years after I revisited this scene; it was transformed as if by magic. The dauntless valor, the patient perseverance of the exiles had done their work. The forest had been replaced by broad fields covered with waving grain. The tall pines had given place to pleasant farm-houses. The pallid looks and wasted forms had been replaced by the hues of health and the strength of manhood.

Stalwart sons and blooming daughters gathered about the hearthstone, and altogether they were as contented and happy a population as ever the sun shone on. If to-day Her Majesty's throne was attacked, among the first to rally round the English flag would be the gallant exiles and their descendants. We have been told that the Irish are malcontent, and will never be satisfied, we have been told that they are unable to govern themselves, and we are pointed to the outrages so frequently occurring that disgrace a noble cause, and a gallant and generous people. It is admitted by every right-thinking man that these outrages should be sternly suppressed. No country is worth living in where life and property are not protected. It is a proof of what Lord Beaconsfield calls the great misgovernment, that life and property are not protected in Ireland. It is likewise a proof that there is something radically wrong when a Government is unable to perform its natural and legitimate functions. I think that Lord Macaulay has considered a similar state of things in terms which are singularly applicable to the Ireland of to-day. He refers to the outrages that occurred during the great English rebellion :

“ We are not careful to answer in this matter. These charges, were they infinitely more important, would not alter our opinion of an event which makes us to differ from the serfs who crouch beneath despotic sceptres. Many evils are, no doubt, produced by civil war, they are the price of liberty. Is the acquisition worth the sacrifice ; it is the nature of the devil of tyranny to tear and rend the body which it leaves. Are the miseries of continued possessions less terrible than the struggles of the tremendous exertion. If it were possible that a people brought up under an intolerant and arbitrary system could subvert that system without acts of cruelty ; half the objections to despotic power would be removed ; we should in that case be compelled to acknowledge that it produced no pernicious effects. We deplore the outrages which accompany revolution, but the more violent the outrages the more we feel that a revolution was necessary ; the violence of those outrages will be proportioned to the ferocity and ignorance of the people, and the ferocity and ignorance of the people will be proportioned to the oppression and degradation under which they have been accustomed to live. The Government had prohibited free discussion and had done its best to keep the people unacquainted with their duties and their rights. The retribution was only natural. If the rulers suffered from popular ignorance it was because they had taken away the key of knowledge, if they were assailed with a blind fury it was because they had exacted an equally blind submission ; there is only one cure for the evils which acquired freedom produces, and that cure is freedom. When a prisoner first leaves his cell he cannot bear the light of day. The remedy is not to remand him to his dungeon, but to the accustom him to the rays of the sun. The blaze of liberty may at first dazzle and bewilder the nations accustomed to the house of bondage, let them gaze on and they will be soon able to bear it.

In a few years men learn to reason, the extreme violence of opinion subsides, hostile theories correct each other, the scattered elements of truth ceases to contend and begin to coalesce, at length a system of justice an order is deduced out of chaos. Many politicians of our time are in the habit of setting it down as a self-evident proposition, that no people ought to be free till they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story who would not go into the water until he learned to swim. If nations are to wait for liberty until they grow wise and good in slavery they may well wait for ever."

I think there are unmistakable signs that the dark night for Ireland is passed and that the hour of deliverance is at hand. It appears to me that English statesmen and people are at last aroused to the necessities of the situation. Lord Beaconsfield said that while they had not listened to earthquake and lightning, the still small voice would reach the conscience of England. I think that before long the English Parliament and the English people will concede those rights which they claim for themselves. It may be said that this is a question which will create dissensions among our people. I do not believe that this is the case. Protestants and Catholics alike are interested in the solution of this great problem. I am assured that Irishmen and their descendants all over the world would like to see the same rights given to Ireland which are enjoyed by other portions of Her Majesty's Dominions. Mr. Foster, at the close of a long and eloquent speech which he delivered in Ireland, concluded by making use of the form of words appended to all revolutionary documents, namely, "God Save Ireland," and I am certain that every generous heart throughout the world will earnestly and devoutly repeat that prayer. We trust that the prostrate from so long bowed in the dust may at last stand erect in all the dignity of freedom; that the people of Ireland may be as happy and prosperous in the future as they have been unfortunate in the past; that there may be the most perfect union amongst all classes of her people and that they may be guided by wise counsels and just judgment; that they may be saved from their own fierce passions and those outrages which disgrace a noble cause and a gallant and generous people; that they may be saved from the wiles of desperate demagogues, and that at no distant period Her Majesty's subjects in Ireland be as happy, loyal and contented as Her Majesty's subjects were in Canada. And that the Irish land may belong to the Irish people, and with her own free Parliament she may prove the glory and pride, the strength and bulwark of England, instead of being, as she now is, the weakness, the menace, and the abomination of desolation of the Empire.

THE FEAST OF THE FIRST COMMUNION.

“Suffer Little Children to Come unto Me.”

[*Dedicated to the Children of the First Communion.*]

Sweet sight to gladden the angels,
As bending before their king,
They bear on their snowy wings to His feet,
The song that the children sing.
Like lillies swayed by the south wind,
These white-robed innocents kneel,
And offer to Him their homage,
Who has placed on their souls His seal.

The seal of their first communion,
Sweet gift of gifts Divine,
And a still small voice speaks low to each heart,
“Thou art mine, my child, all mine.”
Answer that voice in your innermost souls,
Promise with holy joy,
That the love of your lives and each pulse of your hearts,
Shall be spent in His sweet employ.

’Mid starry lights and incense clouds,
And the fairest flowers of Spring,
He comes, in humblest mystic guise,
The dear Christ, Heaven’s King—
He comes to gather the little ones—
The little ones in His train,
This kingly guest, who fain would shield
Their souls from sin and stain.

Oh, bright and fair as an angel’s dream,
May the memory of this day,
Cling to your hearts, dear children,
As you journey on life’s brief way ;
May the joy of your first communion
Never lose its blessed power,
Till you stand with the dear Lord, face to face,
In that dread but happy hour.

—AGNES BURT.

TO ST. ANN OF BEAUPRE'.

Along the proud St. Lawrence shore,
 How lovely is the scene,
 But none so famed, both far and near,
 Than thine, St. Ann's, has been.

The weary pilgrims wend their way,
 At thy blest shrine to kneel,
 And through thy intercession ask
 That God their wounds may heal.

The lame no longer need a crutch,
 The blind receive their sight,
 And many sad and weary hearts
 Before thy shrine grow light.

St. Ann, thou art our own dear saint,
 Protectress of our land,
 O may thy name become more great,
 Thy church become more grand.

And I shall cull the choicest flowers,
 And twine a garland fair,
 And when I kneel before thy shrine,
 For thee I'll place it there.

QUEBEC.

—JULIA FARLEY.

MONTENEGRO—WHERE IT IS AND WHAT IT IS.

Students of European geography will remember that a district bordering upon the Adriatic, generally supposed to be a part of Turkey, is called Montenegro, or Tchernagora, a name signifying Black Mountains. A few particulars about the country may be interesting at this time. Montenegro is a half independent principality lying adjacent to Turkey and Austria. Its area is about 1,500 square miles and its population is somewhat over 120,000, one-fifth of whom are fighting men. The region is so mountainous and rocky that the people have a common saying: "When God was in the act of distributing stones over the earth, the bag that held them burst and let them all fall upon Montenegro." Every arable spot is tilled, the products being maize, tobacco,

almonds, figs, quinces, the mulberry, peaches, the olive, etc., but agriculture is in a backward condition, and the huts of the Montenegrins are described as more miserable than the lowest Irish mud cabin. An English writer says of the inhabitants: "All appear muscular, strong and hardy in Montenegro; and the knotted trees, as they grow amid the crags, seem to be emblematical of their country, and in character with the rough, sinewy fibre of the inhabitants." As in other semi-civilized countries the women perform the inferior drudgery, both in and out of doors, but the men attend to the tillage of the land. They never lay aside their arms and never undress during the night, being always ready for marauding expeditions and for encounters with the Turks. From the description given of them one can readily imagine that they resemble the old Scottish borderers, who considered their forays for cattle as feats of chivalry. The chief pursuits, next to agriculture, is fishing, but their favorite pursuit is pillage and war. Mr. Bronieffski, a Russian naval officer who travelled in Montenegro, says of the people: "A Montenegrin is always armed and carries about during the most peaceful occupation a smooth barrelled gun, pistols, a long knife worn in the girdle and a cartridge box. Inhabiting mountains which present at every step, passes where a handful of brave men may arrest the progress of an army, the Montenegrins are not afraid of a surprise, particularly as they have on their frontier a constant guard; and the whole of their force may be collected within twenty-four hours upon the threatened point. When the enemy is in great force they burn their villages, devastate their fields, and, after having enticed him into the mountains, they surround him and attack him in a most desperate manner. When the country is in danger they forget all personal feelings of private advantage and enmity; they obey the orders of their chief, and, like gallant republicans, they consider it a happiness and a grace of God to die in battle. It is in such a case that they appear as real warriors. but beyond the limits of their country they are savage barbarians, who destroy everything with fire and sword. The heads of the slain are exhibited as trophies, and medals are given to those who have taken a stated number." This description of the people may explain why the Montenegrins are apparently so willing to commence war with Turkey, although the latter country has such an immense advantage in the number of fighting men. In point of wealth the disparity between the two is even more mark-

ed. The whole taxes of Montenegro amount to only \$15,000, and this sum added to what is received for duties on salt and dry meat, the monopoly of tobacco, the land rent of several convents, and the amount contributed by Russia for the public expenditure of Montenegro, make an annual revenue of nearly \$40,000. The religion is that of the Greek Church, though there are a few Roman Catholics. The secular and spiritual power was united in a prince-bishop until the year 1852. A very fine dialect of the Slavic, not corrupted by admixture with foreign words, is the language of the country. It would be tedious to attempt even an outline of the history of Montenegro, since it formed part of Illyricum, and afterward was a part of the old kingdom of Servia. For many centuries war has been maintained intermittently with Turkey, because the latter country insisted that Montenegro forms a part of the pashalik of Scutari. Sometimes conquered and at other times victorious, the Montenegrins have always been ready for war, generally receiving pecuniary assistance from Russia, in return for which they helped the Czar in his struggles against the Porte. In 1796 a most decisive victory was gained, in which 30,000 Turks perished, and the moral effect of that struggle continues to this day. In 1820, 1832, and for some years after each of those dates, war was carried on against Turkey, and at one time the Montenegrins assisted Russia against France. Previous to 1840 hostilities were also undertaken against Austria. In 1853, and in 1858, fresh collisions with Turkey occurred; and in 1860—the country being in an unsettled state—the Prince Danilo was assassinated. Nicolo Petrovitch, a young man of good education, succeeded him. The war which is now anticipated is but a continuation of the series of hostilities that have followed in quick succession for many hundreds of years. No particular effect will be produced by the contest unless other and more powerful nations are induced to interfere on behalf of the Montenegrins against the Turks.—*Evening Advertiser*

FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY

FOR THREE LITTLE GIRLS.

FAITH.

I live in meek and gentle hearts,
 I breathe in humble prayers,
 I stand beside the sick man's bed,
 I soothe the poor man's cares.
 It is not of this earth I tell,
 But of a lovelier world, where dwell,
 No griefs, no troubles, and no death—
 From Heaven I come, my name is Faith.

HOPE.

I am a fair and glittering shape
 Forever fluttering light
 On rainbow wings, with diamond dyes
 To make the future bright,
 When hearts are young and years are few
 You think my fairy promise true ;
 And, though I disappoint full oft,
 Giving hard lot for promise soft,
 Old Age, still clinging to my hand,
 Goes with me to the shadowy land.
 Men could not bear the sunlight gone,
 Did HOPE not paint the coming dawn.

CHARITY.

I am the child of heavenly Love :
 The slanderous pass-me by ;
 I walk with truth and constancy,
 But malice shuns my eye.
 I heal the wounds of stinging scorn,
 Comfort the wretched and forlorn,
 When angry friend from friend would part,
 Pour oil upon the stormy heart.
 Oh, what would selfish mortals be,
 Did I not whisper, CHARITY?

FAITH.

When *Hope's* brief rainbow melts away,
 I point to Heaven's eternal day.

HOPE.

Thou dost . but did not gleam of mine
 Across Life's cloudy weather shine,
 How cold, how drear would all things seem
 Bereft of Hope's illusive beam !

CHARITY.

Sweet sister, God has made us all
 To do his holy will ;
 Each excellent, as He hath planned,
 Each good, but differing still.
 May Faith still teach of things unseen
 And Hope's bright iris smiles between
 The earth and sky :
 And by-and-by,
 When earth is done
 And Heaven won,
 When mortals have immortal grown,
 May we still meet around the Throne !

ALL.

Faith, Hope, and Charity ! may we
 These childrens' guardian angles be,
 To watch them through this life, and wait
 To lead them through the Eternal Gate.

WHAT THE LEDGER SAYS.

FOR TWO MALES.

[This most ridiculous colloquy we give for variety. We do not approve the introduction of the "fictitious negro" upon the school-stage, though we concede the fact that a good "burlesque in black" is a *very* laughable affair. If two real negro boys could render the piece, it would be quite acceptable. As a piece of satire it is a capital thing]

(*Enter the two, talking*)

SAMUEL JOHNSON. Mr. Wite, does you eber dispill de ebbresshun ob spirits w'en you's laborin' under lusination of carnivorous dctractions wid literary pussoots?

BRUDDER WITE. Wha'—wha'—wha' dat?

SAMUEL JOHNSTON. Do you eber, Mr. Wite, read de magazines, de newspapers, an I dem like scarificators of de mentallects? Jist you gib fo' cents for de Ledger. I's been a-read-in' sich a putty story in da'. *Sich* a story. It was jist de most interestinest dat eber was, and dat's a fac' done gone for sartain.

BRUDDER WITE. Bound to hyar dat story. Jist am.

SAMUEL JOHNSON. Nuf to make a feller trimmle all ober. Dem stories are allers so harrerin'. Lo' bless you, honey, dey claws you and scar's you like a cat does de mice, dat's a fac'. Jist t'ink of a feller's bein' in a battle, killin' all de enemy wid de hannle of

an ole broom, catchin' up de bloody willin ob a Fitz Clarum de Snortolio, and' flinging him up more'n eleben miles.

BRUDDER WITE. Jis'—jis'—jis' you shut up. Yah! yah! Who you s'pose gwine to b'lieve—

SAMUEL JOHNSON. Dat's wot de Ledger says, anyhow. Well den, arter killin' de willin, de feller tuck one tremendous leap arter de flying foe from de atmusfear, p'intin' his pistils at de 'treatin' enemy, w'en de flints strike fiah in his 'volver, blowin' up de percussion-caps—

BRUDDER WITE. Wa-w'at dat? How could a 'volver pistil hab flints an' percussion-caps, too?

SAMUEL JOHNSON. Anyhow, dat's w'at de Ledger says. Well den, de feller got participated in de briny deep.

BRUDDER WITE. W'y don't you say de ocean?

SAMUEL JOHNSON. Kase he didn't fall into de ocean. 'Twas into de briny deep. Anyhow, dat's w'at de Ledger says. Well den, arter dat de sun cums into his eyes, an' he git blind an' swim for fo'teen thousand miles—

BRUDDER WITE. Oh, shaw. You git you. Who—who's a-gwine to swaller *dat*? Blind man swim fo'teen thousand miles. Yah! yah! yah! Guess dat's a *fish* story.

SAMUEL JOHNSON. (*nettled*). Dat's wot de Ledger says, anyhow. Well den, de chap, cums to a dessert island wha' dar' wasn't nuffin' to eat, un' nobody to tauk to ob any consequense, un' no s'tety wuf mentionin', un' dar' he libs for fo'teen years.

BRUDDER WITE. See hyar. Just tell us how dat man lived for fo'teen years wid nuffin' to eat.

SAMUEL JOHNSON. Dat's wot de Ledger says, anyhow. Well den, de man's true lub whot he hadn't seen for nineteen years—

BRUDDER WITE. Now—now, how you gwan to tell me any gal 'mained true for nineteen years, an' she neber see'd no man in de whole time?

SAMUEL JOHNSON. Well, dat's wot de Ledger says; and de chap he started one mornin' fur to swim after a wessil, kas he see'd hes sweeth'art abo'd up in de riggin'. You see she'd gon' to sea, dispised as a sailor.

BRUDDER WITE. Sguised, you mean.

SAMUEL JOHNSON. Yes, yes—Skized; dat's wot de Ledger says. An' only t'ink it shows jis' wot true love kin do, an' ain't it it wond'ful now, an' dat's jis' a fac'—dat gal jis' went an' dressed hissilf up in sailor clothes, an' dere wasn't won sole abo'r'd—ner

de captain neither, didn't know she was a gal. She looks splendid—she did, as a woman man.

BRUDDER WITE. How de worl' den, did dat chap dar' way off on de deseret islan', kno' she war' a she, hey?

SAMUEL JOHNSON. Well, dat's wot de Ledger says. An' de chap he jumps into de sea to swim to de wessel, but jis' den dere sprung up a tremendjus gale, and washed him off eber so fur, till he cums to de foot ob a fortyfiedication; an' kase it was arter dark, an' de front do, was shut, he jist clim'ed up to one ob de cannins, an' crep into de mouf ob de cannin, an' hê lay down an' went to sleep.

BRUDDER WITE. Now stop dar'. I should jis' like to hab you expressify to me how a man's gwan to git into de mouf ob de cannin! You's inconsistent, sah!

SAMUEL JOHNSON. Well, dat's wot de Ledger says; an' w'ile he was asleep, dere cum on a war in de night 'tween de two countries, an' de cannins were all fiahed off.

BRUDDER WITE. Wot!! Wid de man in 'em?

SAMUEL JOHNSON. Dat's wot de Ledger says. An' he got shooted back into de werry dientical island ag'in. Well, durin de night de ship had got racked, an' eberybody got drowned 'cept de gal, an' she swum asho', and cum to where de feller lay soun' asleep.

BRUDDER WITE. Now you mean to say dat dat feller hadn't got waked up when he was fired from de cannin, and fell on de island?

SAMUEL JOHNSON. Dat's wot de Ledger says—neber woked up at all; an' de gal she see'd her lubber, an' grate big tears cum in her eyes; un' she creeped up eber so sof'ly an' layed down by his side, an' jis' going to kiss him, w'en all at wunst—

BRUDDER WITE. Well, go on, go on!

SAMUEL JOHNSON. Dar' it says, "To be continyed"—dat's wot de Ledger says.

BRUDDER WITE. Now, jis' look heah; dat's wot I calls a sell. What's your pepinion?

SAMUEL JOHNSON. Wal, dat's de most wot I can't say. I'll jis' wait for de nex' week, w'en, if you'll come 'round to de shanty, I'll hab anoder chapter ob wot de Ledger says.

(Exit both.)

PRAYERS REQUESTED.

We ask the prayers of our pious subscribers for the triumph of the Holy Catholic Church, for the conversion of all who are out of the Church, and more especially for the following intentions:

True faith, 1; conversions, 6; spiritual favors, 5; temporal favors, 6; happy death, 5; special intentions, 5; temperance, 2; departed, 13. Also for the following subscribers departed:—Oswego, N. Y., Miss Bridget McGrath, aged 73 years; Paterson, N. Y., March 9th., 1882, Mrs. McGaughran; Wisconsin, April 13th, 1882, John Downs; Newfoundland, January, 1882, Mr. Charles Power, Mrs. Patrick Murphy, Mrs. Anne Spence; Upper Wakefield, Que., May 16th, 1882, Catherine Cassidy; Nepean, Ont., April, 19th, 1882, Roderick Cauly; St. Raphael's, Ont., May 27th, 1882, Mrs. Captain Grey McDonald; Toronto, Ont., Mrs. Catherine Cowan; Snake River, Ont., March 25th, 1882, Mrs. Conly.

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.*

NOTICE—The result of our raffle will be given in our next.

"THE VOICE."

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

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

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

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

Apart from these precious advantages all receive a monthly magazine in their families, THE VOICE, which is only 25 cts. yearly.

What is the object of THE VOICE?

We answer, it is chiefly the propagation of the true faith; this has ever been the great object of all our desires since we were brought to the Church ourselves by God's grace. We have already found, by the experience of 30 years, that the most powerful means to bring others to the Church is prayer and instruction—prayer especially. Now THE VOICE furnishes the means of imparting instruction and of begging prayers. We make it cheap, so that no one may say that we are looking for money, and that we may reach a larger number and obtain more prayers.

Propagate THE VOICE and you will obtain prayers for our proposed end.

To have a share in this good work and to partake of all the advantages above described, 25 cts. is not much. Catholics must do something for the spreading of their faith, let them therefore join in this grand crusade and request others to do so. It is a consolation to be able to say: The holy sacrifice is offered up twelve times in the year to obtain a happy death for me.

I am remembered in the Mass every morning,

I have a share in all conversions obtained by our joint prayer.

After my death, it will be a great relief to my soul to have a Mass at the beginning of the New Year.

All who have not paid their subscription since the 1st of January are requested to do so. It may be sent in postage stamps, if there be no local agent

Apply to,

REV. JAS. BROWN,

Chelsea, Que.,

ED. CHS.

Bishop of Montreal.

"Seen and approved,"

Imprimatur, J. THOMAS, Bishop of Ottawa.