"The woman's cause is man's: they ris or sink together awarfed or God-like, bond

"Public School Champion.

man as a woman, nor a man as a man, bas any special function, but the gifts are equal in both sexes."- Plato.

VOL. VI., No. 3.

BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1895.

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GOING HOME.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTE

Out of the chill and the shadow, Into the thrill and the shine; Out of the dearth and the famine, Into the fulness divine. Up from the strife and the battle, 'Oft with the shameful defeat), Up to the paim and the laurel, Oh! but the rest will be sweet!

Leaving the cloud and the tempest Reaching the balm and the cheer, Finding the end of our sorrow, Finding the end of our fear. Seeing the face of our Master Yearned for in "distance and dres Oh! for the raptures of gladness! Oh, for that vision, supreme!

Meeting the dear ones departed, Knowing them, clasping their All the beloved and true-hearted, There in the fairest of lands. Since we were more left behind us, Palm never more to distress; Changing the moan for the music

Why should we care for the dying, That is but springing to life, Why should we shrink from the stre Pale at the swift-closing strife, Since it is only beyond us, Scarcely a step and a breath,

There we shall learn the sweet mean Hidden to-day from our eyes; There we shall waken like children, Joyous at gifts and surprise. Come, then, dear Lord, in the gloam or when the dawning is gray, Take us to dwell in their presence-only Thyself lead the way.

EVERY DAY. BY ANNA J. GRANNIS.

There is a story old and sweet, The sweeter for the telling, For it brings the wanderer's feet Home to his father's dwelling, Whisper it to some one every day!

There is a song of happy cheer Which half the world is singing; In lonely hearts that list to hear It sets the joy-bells ringing. Sing so some will hear it every day!

There is a tender prayer to say, Said in the ages olden, And babes are lisping it to-day, For every word is golden, Who does not say, "Our Father," of

And there is service sweet to do, For in the cheerful doing It comes to be a pleasure too, An inward joy renewing, Help some burdened brother every day

There is a life, behold how fair!
Better than earthly glory,
A life of service, song and prayer,
Telling the old, old story,
Living the Christ-life truly every day!

ONLY TRUST ME.

"Only trust Me !" Do the shadows Darlely o'er thy pathway lie? Was there over earthly shadow That could hide there from My oye Dost thou shrink and Jear and wave Look upon my outstretched hand Waiting, through these shades to lee Onward to a better land.

Thou art weeping o'er thy sorrows, Dost thou ever think of mine— How I toiled and how I suffered, Bore each six and grief of thine. Toiled to win a rest for the. Died to give thee endless life? Yet thou faintest, yet thou fearest, When I call thee to the strife.

"Only trust Me!" Dost thou ask Me Why thy way should be so rough t Thou wilt know the need hereafter,

Ask it not ; 'twill soon be over, Then thou'lt thank me for the pair Then thou'lt thank me for the pain, see how every pang was needed— Not one stroke bestowed in vain; Tools of earth, sharp axe and chisel, Will have ceased their work at last Perfect to thy place I'll bring thee, Every tear and trial past.

Only trust me," till that hour,
When the need for trust is o'er;
Never wary days to fret thee,
Never shi to harm thee me,
Friends' neglect to wring thy hear
But the Friend who loved thee alway
From thy side no more to part.

I will give thee all the power
If the will to trust be thine;
Fain I now would hear thee tell me
"Saviour, do Thy will, not mine;
Not my will, though storms be ragin.
Not my will, though billows swell
on to heaven, those billiows bear m
I can trust thee—all is well."

ing her to borrow his or coin new ones. Mrs. Chairman was obvious-ly unfit, and we did not like the sound of Mrs. Chairwoman, so we evolved Madam President to suit the exigency. Forewoman and saleswoman have been in com-Forewoman and been left for Australian newspapers to coin the word "stateswom an." Let it be naturalized at once.
We have plenty of candidates
qualified to wear the title.

One funny result of the germ scare is that literary students in Paris, when delving among the an-tiquarian books of the National Library, now wear muzzles to pre-vent their inhaling the dust of past ages, and with it all the microbes known and unknown that have made these same old books their pasture ground for centuries, and have only become objects of terror in the last half dozen years. Bacin the last half dozen years. Bac-teriology seems to be taking in these days much the same place that demonology held in the Mid-dle Ages; a thing nobody quite understands but of which everybody is in awe and fear.

Mrs. P. T. Barnum complain that \$40,000 a year does pay her living expenses. Poor

to a special line that lew others could do. Yet she had to go. Verifice as Canon Kingsley has said, "Never will women have social girl to mind I think of what the equity till they have political great Abigail Adams may have

not quite perfect.

ing the periodicals, and he takes all taught men how a woman wishes

MEN, WOMEN AND THINGS. without buying some new book MEN, WOMEN AND TRIBOD.

It is only recently that woman has waked up to find herself a unit is not fond of the city and "would and not a cipher in the body politic. Hithertone brother man has It seems that great unventors, like arrogated to himself all the titles poets, do their best work outside of the hand-craft and state-craft, leav."

When a church becomes a big business corporation the tempta-tion is to grow soulless like other corporations. Trinity church in corporations. Trinity church in New York city owns property from which it derives an annual income of \$600,000, and which is just now being subjected to the search-light of official investigation with damaging results, not to that church only but to the cause of Christ in gen-eral. It has been proved that many of the tenements are in a terrible sanitary condition, and worse than this, it is asserted by those sworn to enforce the law that part of this wast revenue is being used to fight tenement house legislation in the courts. The 18th chapter of Reve lations describe the fate of one big recommend it to the careful read and ing of Trinity officials.

> Our ancestors were certainly not deficient in a dry kind of humor as evidenced by the notice in a news-paper published in Boston in 1788, of the marriage of Captain Thom-as Baxter and Miss Whitney "after a long and tedious courtship of 28 years, which both sustained with incommon fortitude.

The world moves. The Countess of Aberdeen at her recent visit to woman! of Aberdeen at her recent visit to Halifax gave an "At Home" and There are reforms and reforms. garden party on the magnificent The kind now going on in Wash- grounds of the British Admiral ington which seems to consist who commands her Majesty's chiefly in turning out honest, and upright women, under the pretense of correcting abuses in the depart- absence of wines and liquors. This ment and filling their places with is the first time that the wife of a men who can vote is a kind of Governor General has dared to accommend to the state of ment and filling their places with 1s the first time that the wife of a men who can vote is a kind of Governor General has dared to go which the less we have the better. It is not simply unjust, it is out.

It is not simply unjust, it is out. a reception where no liquor was rageous. One of the women redispersed. Let the name of the cently turned out had a high place. Countess of Aberdeen be honored in the betternial description. in the botanical department, had henceforth side by side with that been there for years and did work of our own Lucy Hayes.

equality."

women have no right not to vote," writes Walter B. Hill in the wintesses that follow them. I think Woman's Tribune. This is putting the subject just where it ought to be put, not on man's weak need. Stell upon not and white-the subject ly the work of the white souled Lydia Maria Child, of Margaret Fuller, with her be put, not on man's weak need. the subject just where it ought to clind, or an aguster large, with not be put, not on man's weak negative but God's eternal positive.

It could man and young. I think of Lucy Larcom, who, if she lived Bricks as an insulator against near heaven, held the earth and the brices as an invaluor against heresy is the last and most aston- beauty of the earth also close in ishing wrinkle with which Rome her heart, I think of Fanny Fern, has favored us. A Protestant who overflowing with rollicking fun; of had married a Roman Catholic Mrs. Stowe, with the humor that had married a Roman Catholic Mrs. Stowe, with the humor that wife lately died in Staten Island. Habed in brightness through the The widow applied to her parish dark pages of her book that turned priest for permission to bury her the fate of a nation. I see Mary husband in St. Mary's centercy, withins, the incomparable teller of and was refused. She appealed to higher authorities with the result of the time of t grave be lined and bottomed with Jewett, with her dark and stately grave be lined and bottomed with Jewett, with her dark and stately brick." The widow agreed and the French beauty, sweet as any womman was buried. But as the land of whom ever poet dreamed. I Christian Advocate commenting on see Gail Hamilton, most brilliant this decision says, "we are in a of the essayists of the day, with a state of surprise as to why the grave did not have to be roofed personal radius. I see again Annie with brick." It is not pleasant to Cary singing La Favorita, I see reflect on the awful consequences. Emma Eames as Mozat's sad and that may exalt if the insultation is medicious Contessa, as the divingthat may result if the insulation is melodious Contessa, as the divine-

to quite perfect.

I beautiful Juliet, interpreting the innocence and strength of love in Edison's library numbers over the tomb of the Capulets. I see thirty thousand volumes not count- Charlotte Cushman, who in Romeo ing the periodicals, and he takes all taught men how a woman wishes the scientific publications which to have love made to her, in her appear both in this country and youth with men at her feet, in her Europe. The surprising thing, later life with all women there. I however, is that according to his see Anne Whitney moulding the own statement he has found time clay of Roma, a little woman, perto read or carefully examine every [telty modeled herself as an antique book in this large library, in addition to many thousands outside of night heavens in her eyes. I see lit, and allows hardly a day to pass!



SIX GRAND WOMEN.

piece of pure Greek beauty, in her maturer years with her great poem of "Motherhood." I think of Helen Hunt, with her Cleopatra-like vari-ety; of Maria Mitchell, living with the stars, her companians; of Lou-isa Alcott, the friend of how many hundred thousands of children, of hundred thousands of children; of Louise Moulton, singing her troubadour songs, beloved of every one, of Celia Thaxter, born of the sea and the sun. I do not need to go on with such names, to cite Elizabeth Stuart Phelps holding the gates of heaven ajar for so many a grieving heart, of Grace Green-wood, or Rose Terry, or a host of others with power, more or less; for no one denies the New Eng-land woman's talent; there is only a dou t expressed as to her per sonal charm. Yet, in each one of these women that I have known, the personal charm has been more than the intellectual power. These, and such as these, since there has been a New England, since Pris cilla bewitched soldier and scholar have been or are among the flower of New England girls, and I can not imagine a higher phase of womanhood than most of them ex-

emplify.

She is in this generation a composite of all her grandmothers. If she has the Pilgrim's firm adherence to her faith, let the faith be what it will, she has also the liber-ality of the friend of Harry Vane, the straightforward courage of the Scotch Irish, the vivacity of the French, and always some of the iron fiber of the Puritan in her moral and mental and physical

condition. A temptation to deceit or treach ery would glance off from her as an arrow trom armor of plate steel. It is this uprightness, this lofty standard of rectitude, which gives her an inner pride that makes co-quetry impossible to her. She will not stoop to win by small and de-testable arts. When she loves, it is as faithfully, as tenderly, as everlastingly as any woman ever born of woman; but she demands respect before she will accept love. If she is often unmarried, it is not because she has not the opportun-ity of marriage, but because men who reach her standard are not plentiful. For her intellect and her taste are cultivated; she has a fine knowledge of art, and a deep en-thusiasm for music. She paints, she models, she sings, she sews, she cooks. The rough east wind and sea tonics, strengthening the throat by long selection, till they have made such throats as Nordica's and Kellogg's, have given her a pleasant voice with less of the nasal twang than belongs to any other section of the country, have given her, too, by the same pro-cess, a robust health that makes self-support possible and pleasant, and often preferable, and she is so much a mistress of the science of

piece of pure Greek beauty, in her home that she can happily make maturer years with her great poem of "Motherhood," I think of Helen her generations that have gone or are going, but of that which has just come forward to take hold of the light of the world, blooming, sparkling, eager for the beautiful and the best .- Harriet Prescott Spofford.

FATHER CHINIQUY.

He is Again Able to be About and Pays his Respects to the Jesuits

The Rev. Dr. Chiniquy is up and about once more, having passed through a seige of very severe illness. During his sickness the Jes-uits made several unsuccessful at-tempts to visit him and have him return to the Romish church. He visited the Montreal Weekly Witness, walking the distance of three quarters of a mile, as the fresh air revived him. He is still indignant at the efforts of the Jesuits and considers it his duty to address the archbishop at Montreal ex-pressing his thoughts as to the "anxiety" evinced for his soul's

It seems that several priests who wished to save the grand old man How old Rome would have rejoice ed to have secured a conversion of the doctor!

"Did you see the priests who called to see you?" he was asked. "No; I refused to permit them to come to my room. I told them as it were my death bed, even from the grave, as it seemed to me, that I know Rome better than they and that I would not allow them to see me. I said it was cowardly to come when I was too ill to lift a finger—and after meeting my chal-lenges during my life-time with sticks, stones and pistols, to come to me to try to shake me in my feeble state."
"But the woman who called to

see you?"
"The second one, the French

woman—evidently a lady of high rank—was, I think, of the third order of Jesuits. She evidently had some deep plan to carry out. She begged to be left with me

alone."

Mr. Chiniquy was much pleased to be out again. His doctor had given him up and was surprised at his recovery, as very few men of the age of Chiniquy recover from a severe attack of hemorrhage.

And to think that the Roman church would hound an old gentle-man who had left her forever and who she had persecuted at every who she had persecuted at every opportunity is gall supreme. To send a woman to plot against a man too sick to speak aloud is but another page upon her bloody and disgusting history. Chiniquy, like the great John Knox, is a Presbyterian. He ranks equal to Luther, Calvin, Wyckliff, Huss and others. —Zenith, in Wisconsin Patriot.

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