GAN. ere child, without any

get out of order.

PAPER

6. & CO., EET.

NTREAL.

tion in our two importations of ch 1st, open for to nearly One

Piece, or in w prices, in ity and counmpare prices. tions will be is continent. undred miles ilway fare for

ANY AST, TORONTO.

THER OR NO.

AND ELSEWHERE

Your Boys

FINEINI

BAPTY

ut, for Make, for Taste: west Prices, EATEST CLOTHIERS.

nore Children's Clothes than you can find in a ing around town, and it cent to see it. We have n and again, and if you will come again, and

undas St. GREATEST

g and Furnishing House

OORE & CO. ATE AGENTS, de., of Farms, Wild Lands and

DAL SEEDS! & WOODWARD, Medal Seedsmen!

ON, CANADA.

ED S THE CITY.

Seedsmen, we give our right he medium of our neit of our experience and e send Vegetable, Flower with few exceptions) free of ss charges, to any address. d Seed Catalogue

any address on application tter. Every person requir have a copy.

stock of White Russian.
White Fyfe Wheat on hand, if & WOODWARD, lerchants, London, Canada

Gone to God. BY S. B. E.

[Inscribed to the fond parents, on the occasion of their daughter's departure for a convent novitiate.]

o beautiful voyage! where Faith leads the And Love lends his wings to the pilgrim's desire:
When the toad, all unshadowed by sorrow
or sin,
To the glory of God winds up higher—still
higher!

Yes, gone to her God! not through portais of Death, With a wreath on her brow and pale buds on her breast! Not gone in a sleep even Love cannot break, So peaceful its smile and so changeless its rest!—

But gone to her God through the cloister's retreat,
Quitting the world for those bowers so
fair,
And closing her beart to the voices of earth.
To open it only to Him in her prayer.

Yes, gone to her God in her brightness and bloom,
Her brow still adorned with the blossoms of
youth;
She knew that Life's promises wither too

But changeless and fadeless is God's living truth! Aye, gone! But such glory of Virtue is t, aches our hearts with a comforting grace; It brightens to gladuess the gloom of our And adorns with a halo her sweet vanished

one to her God. And yet always your own. For as long as this life leaves its bloom on her brow.

No claimant, save Him, can e'er sever the bonds Binding you to your darling so tenderly

Yes, gone from a home where the beacons of burned with a radiance unchanging and bright; But her innocent heart yearn'd for sweeter repose In that shrine where God's smile is the soul's fairest light.

Aye, gone to her God. To her spousals of Love.
Pledging her heart to His service till death, Knowing no widowhood ever can come
To dim with its tears the bright buds of her wreath.

Always beloved. Through years and through

Yes, gone to her God. O beautiful voyage, Where Love lends his wings to the pilgrim's

God's blessing, sweet voyager, ever be thine, As thou journeyest on to His haven of rest;
May his smile cheer thy path through life's wearysome way,
Till thou reachest thy goal in the land of NEW ORLEANS, Holy Week, 1868.—Catholic Columbian.

THE APPARITIONS AND MIRACLES AT KNOCK.

More Miraculous Cures -- Erection of a New Altar to St. Joseph Generosity of the Citizens of Cork.

Saturday, the 19th inst., will be long re-Saturday, the 19th inst., will be long remembered as a red-letter day in the annals of Knock. It was the Feast of St. Joseph, and has not St. Joseph taken Knock under his special patronage? Did not the glorious patriarch accompany his Virgin Spouse on her mission of mercy and love to our land, and apart from his protectorship of the Universal Church; her he not then a additional claim on our has he not then an additional claim on our reverence and devotion? It was meet that the citizens of Cork, who had already done so much to beautify and enrich the shrine of Knock, should be the first to raise a tribute to St. Joseph within the walls hallowed by his presence. The time was not ill-chosen. Our Holy Father in was not ill-chosen. Our Holy Father in proclaiming an universal jubilee places it under the protection of St. Joseph. The citizens of Cork present St. Joseph and the shrine of Knock with a beautiful altar, and depute some of their body to represent them at Knock on St. Joseph's Day; thus do these good and holy souls begin the pilgrim season of '81 with thank-offerings to St. Joseph and petitions for his protection.

Beneath the southern window in the

Beneath the southern window in the eastern transept the altar has been erected. In its front, and past the high altar, past, too, the temporary altar to our Lady, runs the beautiful new railings, full sixty feet in length, and reaching from gable

Representing their fellow-citizens and

and swollen leg, which at last arrived at such a point os to reader walking more and more painful, and it was though that she should lie up altogether. Having put some cement in a small bottle (a homospathic one), she placed it on her person, and has worn it ever since. So long as it is upon her person she walks without difficulty, but, if taken off, the swelling and pain immediately return.

Always beloved. Through years and through changes
The charm of her bridal shall rest o'er her still.

Gone, gone to her God. Yet her memory Shall comfort your hearts in their moments of gloom.
While the influence breathed from her life of devotion
Shall thrill all your lives as they glide to the tomb.

Bruekless, Nov. 28, 1880.

Bruekless, Nov. 28, 1880.

Bear Rev. Father,—Pardon my long silence in not writing to you. Thank God, and His holy Mother, I am still improving, and I have never used a crutch since I came from Knock. Since my first visit my leg has grown fully five and a half inches, and I am still hopeful of a continued improvement.

desire,
And the road, all illumined by the bright
angel wings,
To the glory of God winds up higher and
higher.

The prayers said in such a holy place.
With very best thanks and wishes, rev.
father,
I am your obdeiner servant,
Daniel O'Dongel

DANIEL O'DONNELL.
Very Rev. Father Cavanagh, P.

When I first saw him he had written his book upon Arians. An accidental applica-tion had set him upon it, at a time, I be-lieve, when he had half resolved to give unto gable.

Representing their fellow-citizens and subscribers were—Messrs. Barry, Brindley, O'Connell and O'Donnell. They may well congratulate themselves on the prosperous issue of their pious zeal. In close and well-deserved connection with Knock will their names be held in long remembrance.

Resuming the publication of the letters forwarded to Archdeacon Cayanagh, and which record the miraculous favors received by the writers, or by some within their knowledge, the following are presented to the reader:

Perry Lodge, Cheltenham, August 2nd, 1880. himself to science and mathematics, Keble's verses flowed in soft cadence over Very Rev. and Dear Father,—You will, the mind, delightful, as sweet sounds are ubtless, have no remembrance of me delightful, but are forgotten as the vibra-

scenery. But Newman was oppressed with the sense that the men who had fallen

It has been said that men of letters are either much less or much greater than

their writings. Cleverness and the skil-ful use of other people's thoughts produce works which take us in till we see the When I served at Oxford, John Heary
Nowman was beginning to be famous
The responsible atthicties were welling with anxiety dever men were looking with anxiety dever men were lookpower. Still less had pleasure any seduc-tions for him. His natural temperament was bright and light; his senses, even the commonest, were exceptionally delicate. I was told that, though he rarely drank wine, he was trusted to choose the vin-tages for the college cellar. He could ad-mire enthusiastically any greatness of action and character, however remote the sphere of it from his own. Gurwood'
"Despatches of the Duke of Wellington' "Despatches of the Duke of Wellington" came out just then. Newman had been reading the book, and a friend asked him what he thought of it. "Think?" he said "it makes one burn to have been a soldier." But his own subject was the absorbing interest with him. Where Christianity is a real belief, where there are distinct convictions that a man's own self and the millions of human beings who are playing millions of human beings who are playing on the earth's surface are the objects of a supernatural dispensation, and are on the

road to heaven or hell, the most powerful mind may well be startled at the aspect Very Rev. and Dear Father,—You will, doubtless, have no remembrance of meaning delightful, as sweet sounds are amongst the numbers who have written to you, but I was indebted to you in the beginning of January last for a small piece of cement from the gable of your wonderful church. It speedily obtained a small favor in the recovery of a lady afflicted with a dangerous internal complaint. She was apparently at the point of death, and was so considered by two of the medical profession. Not only was she restored to her sorrowing husband and children, but the grace of conversion (for she was a Protestant) accompanied, or rather immediately preceded, this restoration, a blessing for which her family had long and earnestly prayed. The accounts of her will be started at the aspect of things.

Were this critical the was a man who really believed his creed, and let it follow him into a long and earnestly prayed. The accounts of the more mortar, which I afterwards procured from Knock, has wrought other curves. Certainly two, while other recoveries less striking we also attribute to its use. One of these marvels is the case of a person suffering from an inflamed

cause he had something real to say.

Thus it was that we, who had never seen

solid more platful, and if we thought that we design the platful and is well as the mention of the thought that we do not not to be thought that we will be the second to the second the platful and is well as the second the second that the and the other unbaptized. He represented them as growing up equally aminable, equally upright, equally reverent and God-fearing, with no outward evidence that one was in a different spiritual condition from the other; yet we were required to believe not only that their condition was totally different, but one was a child of God, and his companion was not.

To confiscate the property of the Church, and will never make use of an honor to make the clerry the servants of the se

The Americans are becoming seriously alarmed at the rapid progress of Mormonism. Formerly their feeling was one of unmitigated disgust at the odious doctrines of the seet, but of late this sentiment has been reinforced by the conviction that Mormonism is becoming a formidable power in the political world. While the population of Utah itself is rapidly increasing, and is being swelled every year by thousands of immigrants from Europe, a careful system of coloniz every year by thousands of immigrants from Europe, a careful system of coloniz ation, conducted under the direction of the crafty and subtle Cannon, the suc-cessor of Brigham Young, is spreading bodies of Mormon electors throughout

sed he nevertalked for talking's sake, but be- THE CITY OF GOD AND THE CITY

Pope,
To reduce the action of the Episco-

lose their faith, are enticed into them by the fair promises and hopes that are held out. They are attracted and deceived by stroke had gone through the church, as if every person present understood for the first time the meaning of what he had all his life been saying. I suppose it was an epoch in the mental history of more than one of my Oxford contemporaries.

MORMONISM.

the law promose attracted and deceived by out. They are attracted and deceived by the profession of universal benevolence, the hope of the condition of mankind. Other inducements, too, are held out by the members of these societies. They frequently deal exclusively with one another and exclusively promote each other's ininterests in their struggle for wealth position and power. \* \* \*

position and power. \* \* \* \*
On the other hand (his lordship says), how shall we describe the Heavenly City? Her inhabitants live by faith; they seel city above, not made by hands, in the

heavens.

They have heard their Founder sav. Multiply and fill the earth; till the soil a Multiply and fill the earth; till the soil at the sweat of your brow; man is born to labor as the bird to fly; receive discipline as a great sum of money; seek knowledge and wisdom from youth even to old age. Search for God in all His works; praise him in all His eifts; let all creation teach you to bless Him. Hear the Church; He that heareth her not shall be like a publican and a heathen, or an inhabitant of the City of Satan.

City of Satan.

The characteristic maxims of the City of God are in declared hostility to those of

the Earthly City.

The city of God says: "Blessed are ye or, blessed are ye that hunger now; essed are ye that weep now; blessed are ye when men hate you, separate you, re-proach you, and cast out your name as evil." On the contrary:

"Woe to you that are rich; woe to you that are filled; woe to you that laugh now; woe to you when men bless you."

ignominy to honor! It is not in man-it

is no in nature—to do so. \* \* \*

The Bishop then, pointing to the Church, exclaims: Look at the conduct of

mother, sister, wife, and all true woman-hood everywhere.

Father and mother, we appeal to you who have boys! Do you teach them to be polite? Do you teach them to be respect-ful to everybody? Do you realize that those wretches in human form who are now ruining your sons were once children of pure souls, pure thoughts—till their better natures were destroyed and their better natures were destroyed and their minds contaminated by vile associations? Do you fully realize the importance of speaking evil of no one unless to defend character and reputation when assailed. A

single word spoken in jest may ruin the purest life, blast the brightest hopes.

Duty and responsibility both rest upon parents—not lightly—as a heavy burden!

Teach your boys to shun all filthy monsters as they would a mad dog or a rattlesters as they would a mait dog of a ratter snake. As a pest they are worse than a shower of lice. Teach your boys to shun as you would shun the "black plague" or the pestilence "that stalketh abroad in the daylight." For if the heart is poisoned, the whole soul is poisoned all manhood is lost. Men retain manhood. Vile creatures do not. This is the differ-

"A good conscience can bear very much."—
Thomas a Kempis.
"Evil news rides fast, while good news bates."—Milton.

bates."—Mitton.
A pure heart penetrates Heaven and hell."
—Thomas a Kempis.
In order to attack vice with effect, we must set up something better in its place.—Sydney Smith.

In the process.

whose to you that are rich; woe to you that are filled; woe to you when men bless you."

The things that are alone held in esteem by the Earthly City—wealth, honor prosperity—are considered by the Heavenly City "as dung" compared to the least act of true humility or of love of God.

"Degrading and hateful doctrine," exclaim the inhabitants of the City of Cain; invented to deceive the foolish. Let them practice it who preach it. Who can prefer poverty to wealth, pain to pleasure,