## Che Catholit Rerord.

## VOLUME ${ }^{3}$

ONDON ONTARIO SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 188
LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1886


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By Egazxi Davis
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| Put other flowers to sleep; <br> I heard o'er all the land <br> Pale, stricken mothers weep; <br> On tiny beảs of rest <br> The tiny cherubs lay- |
| :---: |
| Hands foy ched on on each bre |
| Like eaintly gouls that pray |
| Toys strewed the sombre room, <br> And in each lone homestead |
| Men kiseed in grief and |
| The playthivgs of the dead ! |
| the bright-eged |
|  |
| And on the field and lawn Wake plant and flower fom sleep, |
| The liliacs in the dells, The cowsipe oa the |
| The cowslipe oat |
| shook of their |
| By balmy breeses fan |
| uror |
| I walked in living liga |
| With gladd'ned heart I crie "Hushed are my morbid |
| Blees'd be the morning.tide |
| It dries the mothers' teara! |
| For like the flow'rs of |
| The cherub |
| ket to second |
| And life and light onc |
| rain the shado |
| Though day light |
| The little ones lay dead ! |
| Still in the night I hear |
|  |
| Lays of the epirit tphere |
| Lays from each golden ly |
| 'd with angels lays: |
| toir - |
| These be the cherub lays! |
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reading, When he meets with priests b
expecest them to tatk to thim of he the sou
of eternity and God
This clearness


## Boston repabile From ratiousigetions of the countr comes the not ungrateful intelligence tha he skating nums are falling into dief favo



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by thin king of them every day, human
minda and haert कil becone oarse an
corrupt. And many



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