

The Catholic Record

Published every Friday morning at 422 Richmond Street.

Annual subscription \$2.00
Six months \$1.00

ADVERTISING RATES.
Ten cents per line for first, and five cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Advertisements measured in nonpareil type, 12 lines to an inch.
Contract advertisements for three, six or twelve months, special terms. All advertisements should be handed in not later than Tuesday morning.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
All matter intended for publication must have the name of the writer attached, and must reach the office not later than Tuesday noon of each week.

THOS. COFFEY, Publisher and Proprietor.

LETTER FROM HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP WALSH.

LONDON, Ont., May 23, 1878.

DEAR MR. COFFEY.—As you have become proprietor and publisher of the *Catholic Record*, I deem it my duty to announce to its subscribers and patrons that the change of proprietorship will work no change in its tone and principles. It will remain what it has been, a thoroughly Catholic, entirely independent of political parties, and exclusively devoted to the cause of the Church and to the promotion of Catholic interests. I am confident that under your experienced management the *Record* will improve in usefulness and efficiency, and I therefore earnestly commend it to the patronage and encouragement of the clergy and laity of the diocese.

Believe me, Yours very sincerely,
+ JOHN WALSH,
Bishop of London.

MR. THOS. COFFEY, Office of the "Catholic Record."

Catholic Record.

LONDON, FRIDAY, JULY 9, 1880.

A REQUEST.

Many of our subscribers are yet in arrears for the year 1879. We would feel much obliged if our kind friends would send the amount due as soon as possible.

A FREETHINKER'S OPINION.

A remarkable article has appeared in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*, from the pen of Karl Hillebrand, a German Freethinker. We give below some striking admissions which this able writer makes in favor of the Catholic Church. The ideal which he gives of the Catholic Church is, with a few exceptions, correct, and is sufficient to stamp it as the Church of Christ—the merciful creation of His wisdom and goodness in the minds of all who believe in the divine origin of Christianity. The religion of Christ must be radiant with the splendor of truth and the beauty of holiness—it must satisfy the cravings of the soul for the true, the beautiful and the good—it must be such as to wipe the tears and sweat from the face of suffering humanity, and to drop healing balm in the sorrow-stricken, broken heart. It must be one and self-consistent—it must furnish an unerring external criterion of certitude in doctrine and morals—it must satisfy the aesthetic side of human nature; it must consecrate and sanctify the simplest as well as the highest acts of life; it must inspire with reverence and awe by its forms of worship and its mystical services; it should have the power of supplying all the common wants of our inner nature, of satisfying the highest aspirations, and of soothing and healing the heart-breaks of mankind. Now, the Catholic Church, according to Karl Hillebrand, and it alone, comes up to this high ideal. The absence of all these grand characteristics from Protestantism proves that it is the imperfect work of man—that it is of the earth earthy—an empty unreality, a hollow and destructive sham. The truths it still retains are like stones detached from a great, majestic and glorious temple, whose beauty and architectural perfection they once shared. He is mistaken, however, when he confounds the doctrine of the infallibility of the Church with that of a continuous revelation. Catholics believe that the revelation of Christ is complete, final and all-sufficient. The infallibility of the Church consists in this: That she is aided by the divine assistance promised her by Christ for this purpose in teaching the true meaning of all the revelation of Christ to her children and to the world; and that she can neither deceive nor be deceived in the discharge of her sublime functions as the Christ-appointed teacher of revealed truth.

With these prefatory remarks we introduce our readers to our German Agnostic. He is conversing with an English Rationalist who states that in England some of the noblest and most logical, together with some of the weakest-minded Protestants, seek a refuge in the Church of Rome, and he thus proceeds:

"I perfectly understand those conversions," I replied, "and I think you might have entered besides on the fact that the Catholic Church affords the freest scope to

religious enthusiasm, without ever allowing herself to be guided by its on her recognition of the highest culture as long as it does not impugn her teaching; on her aesthetic charm; on her consecration of the simplest acts of life; on the surprise that an ordinary Protestant feels when he first realizes the unity and self-consistency of her creed, the mystical meanings of her services, and the strange power they have of supplying all the common wants of our inner nature. Now all these great advantages seem to me to result from the fact that this Church is, as we Germans say, an organism—that it has grown and not been made. It is the outcome and the expression of the highest aspiration and the heart-break of well nigh two thousand years. It is a phase of development which we have to leave behind us, which the strongest races have already left; but for my own part, if the adherents of the Church will permit, I desire to do so only with gratitude and reverence. Still we must remember that all this greatness and splendor depend on the theory of a continuous revelation on the infallibility of the Church. This is the central dogma that lends stability to all the rest, because it implies the whole principle of authority, i.e., the very *raison d'être* of the Catholic Church. If you can accept it, the whole system follows as a matter of course. You must go in, like Pascal, for the whole weight yes or no; for if you reject it, you gain nothing by adopting certain parts of her ritual and teaching. These, when separated from the great unity of which they form a part, lose most of their meaning and the whole of their efficacy. They only add a new discordant element to a structure that is already incongruous enough. Thus a belief in the peculiar spiritual gifts and position of the clergy is an essential part of the Roman doctrine and discipline, but there every personal assumption is held in check by other parts of the organization, the celibate and the ever present influence of the hierarchy. To insist on the supernatural claims of the priesthood, and at the same time to set the episcopal authority at naught and to allow them to divide their homage between a living wife and the bride of Christ, is not even to advance in the direction of Rome, but to establish a new and monstrous form of Church government. The same is true of confession, which your ritualists seem to have adopted. I understand its great value for the sinner; but nothing seems to me more clear than that, if, under modern social conditions, it is to be permitted at all, it can only be to a celibate clergy. Your ritualistic priests, you say, are, for the most part, unmarried, and consider it their duty to remain so. But this, at most, a private resolution; it is not a law of your Church; still less has it become an instinct of your people. If you talk with Catholics you will find that they regard any sexual connection with a priest with a horror very similar to that we feel with respect to incest. Nevertheless, history has proved that this sentiment is not sufficiently strong to prevent the abuse of the confessional; and even this safeguard is entirely wanting in Protestant England. Do not imagine that I wish to suggest that there is any danger your high Church clergy should favor such abuses. They are honorable and high-minded men, with, I doubt not, the purest intentions. But they are men, and, if married, they must have superhuman strength to keep the confessional secret from their wives; and even unmarried, they are always innovators, and it is not uncharitable to suppose that if they succeed in establishing their position in your Church, their successors may have less of that earnest and ardent faith which keeps men pure in the midst of temptations."

MR. O'CONNOR'S LETTER.

We publish elsewhere a letter addressed by the Hon. John O'Connor, Postmaster-General of the Dominion, to the proprietor of the *Irish Canadian*. Mr. O'Connor's letter has already evoked a large amount of hostile criticism—the *Irish Canadian* itself assailing it with intense bitterness. We consider the attempt of the latter journal to place the priests and people of Ireland in seeming antagonism on the land question, not only disingenuous but positively dishonest. If it pretend to be truly Irish and truly Catholic it must know its duty better than to sow the seeds of distrust of the clergy, as it certainly now does, in the public mind of Canada. The so-called Catholic journalist, who enters on such a career, who seeks to attain the ignoble purpose of dividing people from priest, is an enemy of Catholic and Irish interests, to be dreaded, avoided, and if need be, deprived of support. The principles enunciated by Mr. O'Connor are of the true Catholic type, expressed with clearness and masterly vigor. We do not, on any occasion, assume the task of deciding on the rival merits of party politicians in Canada, and feel confident that we will not be placed under the imputation of being now guided by any partisan motive in declaring our firm adherence to the principles advanced and sound political doctrines enunciated in Mr. O'Connor's letter. We are always happy, as a Catholic journalist, to see any Catholic statesman, to whatever party he may belong, do his duty faithfully, and therefore find great pleasure in making place in our columns for Mr. O'Connor's letter, a letter which, notwithstanding the jeers of the Protestant and the cowardly scoffing of the half-breed's self-styled Catholic

lie press, merits the heartiest commendation from all classes of Irish Canadian Catholics.

THE IRISH FAMINE.

The letter of Mr. James Redpath, in reply to the Lord Mayor's appeal for renewed aid from America to Ireland, is suggestive of several considerations of interest not alone to Ireland, but to all civilized countries concerned in the amelioration of its status. Mr. Redpath takes strong ground in recommending a refusal of further assistance from America. He admits the rigor of the distress, but adds that it has been "created for the most part by the exactions of the Irish landlords, and yet, instead of appealing to these rich landed proprietors to have pity on the victims of their avarice, and holding them up to the scorn of Christendom if they refuse assistance, the Lord Mayor of Dublin uses the Atlantic cable as a beggarman's dog to catch a few more pennies for the paupers whom these merciless and mercenary miscreants have created."

There is very much truth in these words of Mr. Redpath. The landed proprietors of Ireland are, no doubt, largely responsible for the distress prevailing over the greater portion of the island. They enjoy the fruit of the sweat and toil, the well-earned product of the economy of starvation enforced on the luckless tenantry of Ireland, and have done comparatively nothing to relieve their famishing countrymen. Many of them have wronged and robbed the people, and now despise them in their abject misery. The utter lack of sympathy on the part of the upper classes for their poorer fellow-beings and countrymen were in any country an anomaly but in Ireland. In Ireland, however, seven centuries of political servitude have left their impress on the social life of the nation. "I never saw men," says Mr. Redpath, "so bankrupted in self-respect, so nationally degraded as the wealthier class of Irishmen in Dublin." This is truly a hard saying, but Mr. Redpath shows cause for his belief: "Their spirit of caste is so strong that they do not seem to suspect that, in the eyes of the world, outside their own social circles, whatever degrades the Irish peasants degrades the Irish gentry, that to the world at large Ireland is a unit, and that their petty Lilliputian factions are of no greater interest to it than the fight of kites and crows in the county Donegal."

Mr. Redpath here takes a very just and correct view of the situation in Ireland. The fierce intolerance of the upper, or, as we term them, super-loyal classes towards the unfortunate peasantry, is beyond doubt a reproach to Irish society. But society in Ireland is not of Irish creation. It is the production of grinding, inhuman and persistent persecution on the part of an alien power. Mr. Redpath refers to reports of the Mansion House and Duchess of Marlborough's Committees in proof of his very positive statement that the Irish landlords have done nothing to relieve the people from starvation. It is lamentable, indeed, to think that those whose duty and interest it is to promote public advancement, not only fail to assist the unfortunate amongst their countrymen, but even by their criminal neglect increase that distress and hasten the decay of the country.

The British Government itself is to be held guilty of mocking the Irish people in their distress. The Duke of Edinburgh, who did not contribute a farthing to relieve the starving poor, has been made a Knight of St. Patrick in testimony of his having assisted to distribute the contents of the American ship *Constellation* to the famine-stricken Irish! Was ever mockery so insulting? Was ever a nation's sorrow made a subject of derision so provoking? Mr. Redpath utters a plain and unquestionable truth when he declares that the "day for soft words has passed by—Gladstone and John Bright can get a grant of a million dollars voted by Parliament for the prevention of deaths by starvation in Ireland quite as easily as the Government of the Dominion of Canada got \$100,000 voted them." We regret that we are also obliged to subscribe to his statement that "thus far the

administration of Mr. Gladstone has shown no intention of doing justice to Ireland." Mr. Gladstone is as oblivious of Irish rights and claims as Lord Beaconsfield. He had, on his accession to office, a grand opportunity to add lustre to an honored name by the introduction of a just and comprehensive measure of land reform for Ireland—but he has failed to grasp the opportunity and his failure must dim the glory of his other statesmanlike achievements.

The Gladstone Government is already doomed. Its downfall cannot be long delayed. In Ireland it will leave a memory of administrative incapacity almost without parallel in a country where incapacity and treachery have ever been the rule in the higher posts of government. Mr. Redpath does good service by exposing the aristocracy of Ireland and the Government of England for their brutal neglect of the suffering peasantry. He points out the evil-doers without the paltry mercy of equivocation. They now stand arraigned before the world, and in the light of the evidence adduced by Mr. Redpath, are in grave danger of an unanimous condemnation from civilized humanity.

AMNESTY TO THE COMMUNISTS.

The French Government, controlled by Gambetta, has resolved on granting an amnesty to the communist exiles at the very time it enforces a decree of expulsion against the Jesuits. If anything were wanting to demonstrate the utter worthlessness and complete want of patriotism on the part of the republican leaders, this act of suicidal folly were, or ought to be, convincing proof that France is now in the hands of men of unexampled treachery and perversity. These men have climbed into power on the credulity of the laboring and artisan classes. They pose themselves as defenders of the State and protectors of the sovereign people. Yet, at this very moment, when every State in Europe is menaced by socialist intrigues, they throw open the portals of the State whose affairs they administer, to a band of notorious malefactors, determined on the destruction of society itself. They place the people at the mercy of the perfidy and blood-thirstiness of men who have already waded in the blood of their own fellow-citizens. Is this statesmanship? Is this republican progress? Is this the outcome of republican fraternity and equality? Dreading the rejection of the scheme of universal amnesty by the Senate, the government has, it appears, resolved in case that body refuses its assent to the proposed amnesty, to decree it in the *Journal Officiel*, thus setting at naught the deliberate purpose and resolution of the highest body in the State. Some of the radicals even threaten the Senate with destruction if it vote against the government proposition. But the destructiveness of the radicals is a double-edged sword, apt, in destroying the institutions of government, to recoil on the guilty anarchists themselves. The amnesty to the communists is at this juncture a most significant measure. The administration, by promoting the passage of such a measure, commits itself to an alliance with the most pernicious elements of disorder in the country. It becomes the shield of communism and the bulwark of irreligion. But the government will find that in shielding communism, in championing irreligion, it is nursing a serpent which, when it develops its full strength, will gnaw the very vitals of the republic and reddens its fangs on the very life-blood of the nation.

THE CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION.

We cannot help feeling and expressing great surprise that the Commission proclaimed in the *Official Gazette*, of 19th June, does not include an Irishman, Catholic or Protestant. Is this omission intentional or is it a mere oversight? We can scarcely believe the government would designedly set aside those gentlemen in and out of the public service, of Irish origin, whose competence, experience and character reach at least as high a standard as Messrs. Brunel, White and Tilton. What is the reason of this apparent

exclusion? Without some explanation, the conclusion forces itself upon us that the same policy which shuts out our countrymen from the Deputy-ship of Departments has been at work in shaping the Commission recently issued. This is narrow and ungenerous, and Sir Alex. Campbell may find to his cost, at no very distant day, that it is impolitic and unstatesmanlike.

HAMILTON MATTERS.

OUR BOW.

On this, the occasion of his first appearance before the readers of the *Record* in the capacity of Hamilton correspondent to that estimable journal, *Clarendon* solicits their kind attention and goodwill. In giving an account, however slipshod, of Hamilton affairs, he hopes, by performing his task without any other fear than that of doing wrong, and with no more favor than justice allows, to win the good opinion of the *Record's* patrons, and prove himself a worthy successor to the genial *Cherubini*.

THUS IT IS ONLY with the weather, we find that although thermometer and barometer have been acting very miscellaneous of late, yet there are some people dissatisfied. Fancy the feelings of a moulder on one of those days when the mercury stood high among the nineties, on hearing an ice dealer say to a milk peller: "What lovely weather." Again imagine the look of astonishment on the face of an honest farmer when he heard what he would call "beautiful showers" referred to by a builder and a water cart owner as "most rascally foul weather."

The chief topic of conversation for some time back was the House of Providence picnic on Dominion Day. Hamilton and Dundas, as well as the surrounding country, were in a high state of agitation, working away with might and main to make it a brilliant success, and they achieved it. Aside from the nobility of the object itself, the amusements prepared were of a variety and extent sufficient to cause unbounded attraction. Rev. Fr. Lennon, with his legion of assistants, put forward the most tremendous efforts. Games and sports of all kinds, excellent refreshment tables, and two first-class brass bands, were some of the selections on the programme. "On Dominion Day" was the watchword of the day, and the little "Valley City" on Dominion Day was astonished at the multitude of its visitors and the magnitude of the proceedings in the beautiful grounds of the House of Providence.

About the business people in town at the time were the teachers and their pupils. Examinations, written and oral, are in full blast, and examiners and candidates go about with careworn, anxious faces, occasionally expanded by the thought that the holidays are close at hand. All schools closed here on Wednesday, the 30th ult., when the small boy and his master signed a treaty of peace and agreed to bury the hatchet for two months. Hamilton, like many other cities, is lighted in alternate periods by a gas company and the moon. "Through some want of a proper understanding between these two luminaries there are on an average three nights every month in which we get no light from either. The gas works say it is not their fault if the moon don't shine; poets and other friends of Luna remark that she can't be blamed for intervening clouds and rain showers, while a third class urge the necessity of bringing the city council to task for not making "better terms" with the gas men. This leaves the matter in such a state that a stranger would be puzzled to know who is most to blame: the city corporation, the gas company or the moon.

ST. PATRICK'S.

St. Patrick's Church was the centre of attraction on Sunday last. As a model of architecture it is a standing subject of admiration to both citizen and stranger, but on this occasion it possessed a particular interest in the ceremony of administering the Sacraments of First Communion and Confirmation, and in the veneration of a relic of the True Cross. Some 75 children received First Communion and Confirmation, the former at the hands of their pastor, Rev. Fr. Keough, the latter being administered of course by his Lordship the Bishop, Rt. Rev. P. F. Crimmon. Immediately after High Mass a relic of the True Cross, which had been placed by participation in those great sacraments, the duty of parents was to do all in their power to have their children grow up good and pious Catholics. By so doing, those children would be a consolation and a blessing to their parents; by neglecting to do so they would become an unending cause of grief and pain.

THE TRUE CROSS.

After the gospel His Lordship took occasion to refer briefly to the veneration of the cross. He had received the portion in his possession, by the kindness of Professor Wilkins, from the Archbishop of Cologne, with an assurance that leaves no doubt as to its genuineness. Every true Christian would look upon it as a most precious relic, having a memento of mankind's Great Hero, and of that astounding but all-saving action performed two thousand years ago on the hill of Calvary. Men were accustomed to treasure up articles in remembrance of other men who had performed what the world calls great deeds. How much more, then, should they value a relic of the Saviour who rescued them from sin and death, and opened for them the gates of Heaven! The relic was encased between two lenses in the intersection of the arms of a beautiful gold cross executed by the direction of His Lordship, according to a design by Prof. Wilkins. After mass it receded the veneration of the whole congregation. What

must have been the feelings of religious awe and reverence that filled the breast of every beholder on looking at that little piece of wood that had formed part of the great tree on which was once suspended in human form the Sovereign Lord of the Universe! The sight of it naturally awoke some portion of those dread sentiments experienced on that day of days when the iron-shod soldier of Rome trembled in utter terror at what he saw—when the very graves gave up their dead, and when even Nature, vexed herself in an agony of grief and dismay. One could almost picture to himself the weeping mother as she stood nearly 2,000 years ago amidst her disconsolate companions at the foot of that blood-stained cross of which this little relic now before our eyes is a portion; could almost hear that divine prayer for His enemies—a prayer too sublime to be within the reach of human conception—and the final words on the cross, which consummated at once the greatest tragedy ever seen on earth, and the redemption of fallen man from the worst consequences of Adam's fatal sin.

The cross had not been removed after its Divine Victim had been taken down, but lay for centuries on the summit of the hill. It was gradually hidden from sight by accumulations of clay and rubbish, and it was not until the fourth century that it was discovered. Then the Great Emperor Constantine ruled, and his Christian mother St. Helen, moved by piety and zeal, caused the accumulations to be removed, and there found the three crosses. "The remedy of immortality," St. Ambrose called the Redeemer's cross, was distinguished from the others by its miracle-working powers, and was reverently secured in the city of Jerusalem, A. D. 326. Years rolled on, and the power of Rome declining, that of Persia increased. Persia was overrun, and Jerusalem taken by the Persian monster Chosroes II., who committed all sorts of outrages and carried off the cross to the Persian capital, 614. The great and pious Heraclius then became Emperor of the East, completely routed Chosroes, recovered the cross and bore it in triumph to Jerusalem, which his army had previously reconquered from the pagans, (627.) Taking the cross on his shoulders, the good emperor bore it on foot through the streets of Jerusalem, and deposited it once more in a safe place. Jerusalem retained one part of it, Constantinople got the other, and in process of time portions of it found their way into different parts of the Catholic world.

PERSONAL.

On dit that Herr H. A. Wilkins, well-known to our readers under the nom de plume of "Cherubini," is about to depart for Europe. If so, he goes bearing with him the heartiest good wishes of the public generally, and the Catholic population in particular. The gentleman is a highly educated man, an admirer by his artistic abilities, and a host of friends by his affability and general good social qualities. *Kings, Gladiators, Reis, and viel Vergnügen, mein Herr!*

ORDINATION.

On Tuesday morning, the 29th June, Feast of St. Peter and Paul, his Lordship Bishop Crimmon ordained priests the Rev. John Craven and Rev. John Feeney. The ceremony was witnessed by a large gathering of friends of the reverend gentlemen as well as of the congregation at large. This is one of the most sacred offices of the church—interesting, instructive and impressive to the beholder, and of course peculiarly solemn to the candidates themselves. Every young man on the occasion of his elevation to the dignity of the priesthood cannot but be impressed with the sacred character of his position, and the great responsibilities attached to it, while every member of the congregation must admire and respect the lofty and self-sacrificing spirit of him who sacrifices the world and its attractions to labor solely for the honor and glory of God—the eternal welfare of his fellow-men.

STATUE OF ST. PATRICK.

Like the famous window in Aladdin's fairy palace, there is one thing wanting to complete the architectural beauties of St. Patrick's Church, that is a statue of St. Patrick in the niche prepared for it over the main entrance. It is true that we can find a need more absolute than respect among Catholics at large for a great Catholic saint, and among Irishmen in particular, for Ireland's great patron, to allow this niche to remain empty much longer. It only needs a beginning. What as for any expenditure of time and money to behold as we passed or entered the sacred edifice, the so familiar form of our loved St. Patrick, and be reminded through him of the green island over the sea, whose unwavering attachment to the faith of St. Patrick has endeared the wonder and admiration of even its bitterest enemies.

MISCELLANEA.

The Hamilton papers, with their usual liberality, devoted a large space to the House of Providence picnic. The *Sportsman* remarked that it was a grand success, 3000 persons present, and money taken in ad infinitum, while the *Times* waxed eloquent on the beauties of the grounds and the capacities of the building. The game contest in Dundas on the occasion of this picnic netted a sum bordering on \$8000. The fight, friendly of course, was Dundas against Hamilton, and Dundas won by a large majority. The Hamilton folks attribute the result to their own generous disposition in not beating their hosts on their own grounds, and to the wonderful fertility possessed by the valley citizens of slipping out the gateway periodically, and returning with large quantities of the *quid necessarium* from the strong boxes of their adjoining domiciles to pile up the Dundas majority. Hamilton may grumble as it likes, but the Dundas men, and women too, won the fight in a way that reflects credit on their earnestness, energy and fair dealing.

St. Mary's Cathedral in this city is about to be renovated and beautified. The exact particulars, such as at present be given, but as the designs are in the hands of our worthy Vicar General Heenan, the public expects that the results will be more than ordinary. That paragon of architecture, St. Patrick's Church, is sufficient proof that the Vicar is a connoisseur in aesthetic tastes. They have a fine picture of Father McNulty in the House of Providence, and

that deserves to be much for its artistic aspect for the prince of magnificent gift charity in this province has spent nearly half of his latest act of his generous memory of many Bonaquada Dhill led The young ladies Dundas propose to the Rev. P. Lennon. It is to be hoped that thing pretty "big" it, for certainly a energetic worker would be hard to get, let us have a zeal and industry of Providence picture will then have some merits.

Out in Freetown held an annual picnic of his church. We gather particulars reason to believe that our attractions are very successful. We always like of our Catholic Brown, of Dundas came to this country with no other capital and a strong "push." He has himself an extensive willows, a large making the same a store, a farm of story brick dwelling spread business, the Dominion, and the Republic. No ten year's experience Lancashire Lad.

LETTER FROM

Since last written worth communicating but my time has been unable to write I have a few more thought that I better than by doing About two weeks ago I received a visit from the Mother of Milwaukee the Sisters of Notre which these institutions are each having a convent in the city. Miwaukee, then came here from the parished by Mother The Venerable highly accomplished Sisters, who expressed his with St. Clement and in accordance and comfortable erected for the Sisters convent is in the city is a very inferior is to be weather sets in. Last week the Roman Catholic place, and owning number of visitors expected. How number present noticed Rev. Haunigunda, Mr. Schuller, Mr. Schuller prevented from attending ment of all present the Sisters and who was also venerated were the branches of knowledge was indeed enriched and their teaching while their deadness evince receive from the present in a flourish pupils passed a petitive examination class and fifteen the close of the visitors spoke plimentary terms school and of themselves which the exan at the amount of \$1000. It is givable to state the valescent. She and attend to her intention to retire The Venerable for her to remain at the pletely restored with the regent community.

Since written heart felt sorrow demise of Miss aged 20 years, on Tuesday a slightly ailment death was announced day she drove under doctor there, she felt tired to her grow worse death terminat mains were evening, and tery here on one of the ents. The ladies dressed and wearing Deceased was accomplished disposition manners and her over the weral sermon Bretkoff, who uncertainty should be p in glowing The Venerable, advised all and be prep June 12th