

# The Catholic Record.

"CHRISTIANUS MIHI NOME EST, CATHOLICUS VERO COGNOMEN."—"CHRISTIAN IS MY NAME, BUT CATHOLIC MY SURNAME."—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

VOLUME 8.

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NO. 405

**NICHOLAS WILSON & CO.**  
130 Dundas Street,  
Tailors and Gents' Furnishers.

**FINE AND MEDIUM WOOLLENS A SPECIALTY.**

**INSPECTION INVITED.**  
Try Day of Days.

TO MY DEAR SISTER STELLA, ON HER FIRST COMMUNION DAY, JUNE 21st, 1886.

When thy day of days thought came to thee,  
This day of triumph and of love divine,  
Thy thought of all the enraptured angels,  
I longed to join my praise with that of thine.

For, as when through the sombre veil of night,  
Breaks silver Dian with her glittering train,  
By the light of the moon she sheds her glances,  
Which send the heavenly orbs to slumber again;

When every vesper-drop resplendent gleams,  
Lit by the night stars; and the spheres cease  
Their shining, and the feeble shadow seems  
Fearful to creep, lest it should mar the peace;

And the soothing spirit upward takes its flight,  
Through the hushed air and all pervading calm,  
Wrap in the passing splendor of the night,  
And spends its rapture in a speechless psalm:

Then suddenly outflames the Orient,  
With golden lightning darts over its face;  
Ere the first dawn of the morning  
And kindling into living fire appear:

Waking to life each bill and flower its date,  
With strains of joy from every cope and dome;  
Where'er Queen Dian and her sisters pale,  
With timorous steps before the sun-god's  
So do all other days now fade away—  
When through each hour from every glow  
The light of heaven's glory  
As faces the night before the risen day,  
Since this, thy day of days, hath dawned for thee.

FRANK J. MCNEIFF, S. J.  
Juniorate, Frederick Md., June, 1885.

**A PROTESTANT LADY ON HOME RULE.**

A Protestant lady, not of Irish origin, has prepared the following statement of opinion on the Irish question. Our readers will see in it every evidence of a cultured, Christian and liberty-loving spirit:

An acute haunts Erin's Isle ever since the Briton came, the ghost of murdered liberty. By a wretched traitor once invited over to take a traitor's side the iron hoof has never been lifted from the soil.

No more to chafe and ladies bright  
The harp of Tara swells  
Its chords to break at night  
Thus freedom now no seldom wants  
The only truth that breaks at night  
When some heart indignantly breaks  
To show that still he lives.

Never was there a fairer land than Erin's with its matchless hills, vale, and rock-bound coast. With a soil so rich that centuries of rapine leave it teeming still with unimaginable mineral wealth that jealousy would not permit to be brought forth, with harbors and fisheries, the best the world has known, with a people strong and hardy, ambitious and ingenious and always ready to embark in any enterprise of nobility wherever they have gone, Ireland is truly blessed of God.

When Europe lay in midnight ignorance, and England was a waste from Roman decay or Danish plunder, Irish schools flourished and sent forth philosophers to Charlemagne's court, a Boniface to the forests of Germany and hosts of missionaries and teachers to scatter learning among barbarian borders.

But these are the things of the past. Why is the Irish heart, brain, and muscle so cold, so dull, so faint at home, so bounding, so aspiring and so triumphant abroad?

England's rule. This is the whole cause. The sun in the sunshine is there, hardy, brave men are there, but the howling wolf of starvation is there too. What is the evil? England's tyranny—nothing else. Irishmen live in hovels while Anglo-Irish landlords live in palaces, or worse, luxuriate in other lands, while Irish sires at home till the land to supply lordly extravagance. The soil by forfeitures has been wrested from original owners. In the days of Elizabeth the whole of Ulster was confiscated at one fell sweep. Then under Cromwell and William the remainder went.

There are 11,300,000 arable acres of land in this island. In two centuries 11,300,000 acres were taken from a helpless people.

The spoliation was made upon the slightest pretext, but generally for rebellions against tyranny.

For generations no Catholic could hold or inherit land. It was considered a great boon when in 1769 they were allowed to buy and sell. This was the first law. Although seven-eighths of the inhabitants of Ireland were Catholics, they were obliged to sustain an alien church with one-tenth of their products. The tithes were collected most rigorously, unjustly, and often fraudulently.

Though a mere handful of communicants, yet there were twenty-two bishops and archbishops in Ireland, not only twenty-six in England. Many of these bishops, having nothing to do, were at elegant leisure travelling on the continent and scarcely ever saw their charges, yet they were supported by bread taken from a starving, naked and homeless people. There were no schools—no Catholics were allowed to teach. For a time no Catholic services could be held and the peaceful chimes of the vesper bells could not be heard over lakes and hills. All Catholic worship was done in secret, for there was a law that even wore iron.

Ireland had large woolen industries,

Her rich vales so well watered and her green hills were the best grazing in the world for cattle and sheep. But England's woolen interests would suffer by competition. At the request of merchants in England a heavy export duty was put upon woolen fabrics. What wool was sent from the country could only go to England; on the other hand England opened her ports to the linen of all nations to compete with that of Irish manufacturers.

Even the privilege of coining copper was let out to one Wood, a favorite of the court. He was to furnish Ireland with £100,000, but it was found that all he supplied was worth £2000. This was exposed by D. Ansell, who went down to his grave with the blessing of the Irish upon him.

The taxes, land rents and tithes were collected with cruel rapacity. There was no one but God to hear the poor peasant's cry. Never were such diabolical instruments of torture put upon any nation. Thumb screws of tyranny were bent turning to the hearts of her spiritual daughters throughout the land. Half a century of prayer, and devotedness, and charity, and unbounded zeal in the cause of Christian education has made the name of Madame Hardey a household word, not only in the United States, but in Canada and South America as well.

Mary Aloysia Hardey was an American lady of a highly respectable Southern family, and closely related by blood to the old Catholic Maryland family of which the late Archbishop Spalding was a descendant. She was born in 1800, one year before the late Cardinal McCloskey, who like his worthy predecessor, was ever ready to show his appreciation of this noble lady and her saintly daughters.

At the early age of sixteen Miss Hardey quitted the world and consecrated her life to the service of God and her neighbor. She chose the society of the "Ladies of the Sacred Heart." They had been established in Paris in 1800, with the double mission of spreading devotion to the Sacred Heart and giving the highest education to Catholic maidens.

Miss Hardey, though only in her first year, was the founder and first superior in 1826. Pope Leo XII, approved the constitution and invited the nuns to Rome to open the convent of *Trinita dei Monti*.

Bishop Dubourg brought a colony of these religious to the United States in 1817, opened a house near St. Louis, Mo. When Miss Hardey entered the society, Oct. 22, 1826, there were but three houses, the convent of St. Francis, near St. Louis, Grand Coteau, La., and St. Michael's, in Louisiana. A biographer relates that "her beauty was beyond compare, being of the highest Southern type. As a society woman she had once created a sensation." But her gifts of mind and heart surpassed those of the body. Comprehending thoroughly the duties of her state, she gave herself to them with a zeal and devotedness that won the admiration of her superiors. She had a mother's heart for the children under her care, and she was consoled in her labors by the tender affection returned. Her admirable qualities caused her to be early appointed to important charges, which she fulfilled to the great satisfaction of the heads of the order.

In 1841, Mm. Gallitain was named Vicar of all the houses in North America. She did not fail to notice and cherish the promising gifts of Mm. Hardey, and in consequence conducted her to Paris to the Mother General. Thence the young religious went to Rome, where she received the blessing of the venerable Gregory XVI. Later she was made superior of the house opened in Houston street, New York City. This community was in time transferred to Astoria, and in 1847, took possession of the Lottland estate in Manhattanville. After receiving the appointment of Vicar of the Superior General, Mm. Hardey in response to the demands of prelates throughout the land, opened houses in Rochester, Albany, Boston, Providence, Philadelphia, Chicago and Detroit. One of her latest foundations is a flourishing community in Ontario, near her labors confined to the United States and the adjacent provinces, to South America and the West Indies. Academies sprung up everywhere, and the names of Manhattanville, Elmhurst, London, Maryville, Kenwood and Eden Hall, may be cited as synonims of the highest Catholic Education, in accordance with the rule of the institute, wherever they have academies for young ladies of means, they have also a parochial school for those who are less favored by fortune. Thus do they fulfill the word of our divine Saviour, "The poor you shall have always with you."

Mm. Hardey, put no bounds to her zeal, she was overcome by no difficulty. Though the society was poor in worldly resources, she was strong and rich in confidence in God. Hence the marvellous success that crowned her efforts. Flourishing schools dotted the land, the ranks of the pupils came to demand entrance among their former teachers. One of the principal houses in Kenwood, near Albany, and to this a novice is attached.

The charity and devotedness of Mm. Hardey had won all, and when in 1870 she was called to Paris and chosen Assistant, she left many a sad heart behind. There her long experience, her thorough acquaintance with the conditions and requirements of both religious and pupils in America, made her a most valuable counsellor. She crossed the Atlantic in 1874 to visit her dear children of the States, again in 1877 and in 1880.

Wonderful has been the growth of the institute since the day, sixty years ago, when she knelt at the altar to vow her-

self to the glory of God. To day the Ladies of the Sacred Heart conduct twenty four houses in the United States, and number one thousand religious; five in Canada with two hundred religious; three in Mexico with forty religious; nine in South America with seven hundred religious, and one in Cuba and one in Porto Rico with seventy religious. If "they that instruct many unto justice shall shine like stars for all eternity," how bright must be the crown of this zealous nun.

About twelve months ago she was first attacked with congestion of the brain. From that time she enjoyed only intervals of good health, until June 17, when full of years and merits she fell asleep in Christ.

Besides a sister and several nieces and nephews, she leaves to mourn her loss a brother, Dr. Charles M. Hardey, a distinguished doctor of Louisiana. Her memory will long be cherished in the hearts of her spiritual daughters, and will be a blessing to the thousands of America's best women who have learned from her lips both human and divine wisdom.

On learning her dangerous illness, Rev. Mother Jones, of Manhattanville, the Provincial, who had long been her powerful aid, sailed with her secretary, for France. On her arrival she had only the sad consolation of assisting at the funeral rites of her beloved superior. The care of the American province now falls to her hands, and there is no doubt that she will continue the good she so zealously undertaken by her predecessor.—*La Couteulle Leader.*

**REV. MOTHER MARY ALOYSIA HARDEY,**  
ASSISTANT SUPERIOR GENERAL OF THE LADIES OF THE SACRED HEART.

A large volume would not suffice to do justice to the excellent work of the noble lady, the news of whose death flashed across the ocean a couple of weeks ago, and brought deep sorrow to the hearts of her spiritual daughters throughout the land. Half a century of prayer, and devotedness, and charity, and unbounded zeal in the cause of Christian education has made the name of Madame Hardey a household word, not only in the United States, but in Canada and South America as well.

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The French painter, Cabanel, has painted the portraits of the two founders of the Little Sisters of the Poor; and these portraits are exhibited in the Paris Salon.

Father Auguste Le Pailleur, Superior of the Little Sisters of the Poor, is the son of a poor woman who kept a small shop at St. Malo, where he was born in 1812. When ordained priest, and named Vicar at St. Servain in 1835, he conceived the idea of founding refuges for helpless old men. He found two poor girls, one a servant, Jeanne Jugan, and a seamstress, Marie James, supporting three old men in a garret; and this was the beginning of his work. One day when bread was wanting, the Abbe Le Pailleur sold his gold watch, and Jeanne Jugan went from door to door, of rich and poor alike, begging for alms to support the aged and helpless. The institute grew. Mgr. Godfrey, Saint Anand, and Cardinal Archbishop of Rennes, on account of false reports which reached him, interdicted the good priest from continuing his work; and afterwards, when he learned the truth, cast himself on his knees before the venerable Abbe and asked his pardon for having listened to the calumnies about him. Jeanne Jugan, on the report of M. Dupin, received one of the Montyon prizes from the French Academy. The Cardinal Archbishop who knelt at the feet of the humble priest did all he could to encourage the work, the extent of which may be conjectured when it is known that twenty thousand letters, without counting telegrams, were received at the mother house of La Tour (Ile de Villeau).

"Seventy-four thousand old men have died in our houses," said the Abbe Le Pailleur, the other day; "in this number were many Protestants and those who called themselves atheists."

Jeanne Jugan, "the impetuous beggar," died some years ago at La Cour, Marie James (in religion Sister Mary of the Compassion), whose portrait by Cabanel adorns the salon, with that of the Abbe Le Pailleur still remains at his appointed

place, always ready and over-looking all. The Papal Nuncio at Paris, Mgr. De Ronde, several archbishops and bishops have recently gone to pay their respects to the two founders of this marvellous Congregation of the Little Sisters. The new Cardinal Langenieux, in visiting the garret where the Congregation began its work at Saint Servain, could not restrain his tears. The Abbe Le Pailleur and Marie James are two of the most remarkable figures in the Catholic history of the 19th century.—*Boston Pilot.*

**"THE MISTAKES OF MODERN INFIDELS."**  
Father Northgraves book still continues to gain in popular favor as it becomes better known. The following are samples of the letters which he receives from time to time from those who are competent to judge of its merits.

LETTERS OF PRAISE.  
Philadelphia, April 28, 1886.

REV. AND DEAR SIR.—I thank you for the copy of your excellent work which you have been good enough to send to me. I cordially agree with the prelates who have spoken so highly of the book, and with them beg to recommend its attentive perusal.

Yours sincerely in Domino,  
P. J. RYAN,  
Archbishop of Philadelphia.  
Rev. G. Northgraves, Stratford, Canada.  
FROM BISHOP CLEARY,  
Bishop of Dallas, Kineston,  
24th March, 1886.

Rev. G. R. Northgraves,  
Dear Sir.—Accept my thanks for your book on "The Mistakes of Modern Infidels." I should be very much pleased to read it from cover to cover, the subject is so agreeable to my mind and so important in itself. But my various duties have not allowed me leisure to read more than a few chapters carefully, and take a glance through the book generally.

It appears to me accurate in statement, sound in argument, and moderate in polemical tone, while its elegance of diction makes it pleasant reading—a quality that is not always characteristic of controversial literature. Wishing you success in your labors,

I remain, Rev. and dear Sir,  
yours faithfully in Christ,  
JAMES VINCENT CLEARY,  
Bishop of Kingston.

**FROM REV. THOMAS MACPHERSON.**  
REV. SIR.—Though I have not yet read all your book, "Mistakes of Modern Infidels," I have carefully examined a sufficient portion to enable me to give a fair criticism of your very interesting and useful work. I can therefore heartily recommend it to the Christian public, both Protestant and Catholic, as a work which unfolds its author to the highest respect for his learning and talents, as well as his familiarity with the sacred Scriptures, and his triumphant exposure and refutation of the sophisms of Modern Infidels. Much as I admired a work of a similar kind by Father Lambert, I prefer your book, as in my opinion evidencing more extensive acquaintance with historical events in connection with theological questions.

THOMAS MACPHERSON,  
Presbyterian Minister.  
(Late Moderator of the Presbyterian Church in Canada.)  
To Rev. G. R. Northgraves, Stratford, June 3rd, 1886.

Eleven Catholic archbishops and bishops, four Protestant archbishops and a large number of clergy of various denominations have expressed their cordial approval of the work.

**An American's Brave Act.**  
This is a fitting time to tell a suggestive and characteristic anecdote of the late Marquis D. J. Oliver, of San Francisco. When in Italy, some years ago, he visited the ancient but revolutionary city of Bologna. Passing accidentally by a bookseller's store, he saw in the window a most shocking caricature of the then reigning Pontiff, Pope Pius the Ninth. Straightway he entered the shop, and for the caricature, asked the price of it, and that ascertained, next inquired how many copies of the offensive picture the storekeeper possessed. He had barely half a dozen. Mr. Oliver quietly purchased the lot. He then indignantly tore them to pieces, flung some of the fragments on the floor, danced on them, and dashing the remainder into the face of the Bologna bookseller, walked triumphantly away. The man who did and dared that under the very peculiar circumstances of the case—being utterly alone in a strange and hostile city, and a poor profane sinner in the language of the place—would have gladly gone to the canon's mouth to protect a friend, or to chastise an enemy.—*Archbishop O'Leary.*

**THE NOBLE IRISHMEN OF ORILLIA.**

Orillia, July 12th, 1886.

To the Editor of the Catholic Record.  
Dear Sir—As the Celtic element is largely represented among the citizens of our town and as our people have taken a warm interest in the struggle for liberty at present going on in the old land, it was determined to show their sympathy in a thoroughly practical form, and accordingly an energetic canvass for subscriptions to the Irish Parliamentary Fund was recently started with the most satisfactory results, all nationalities and religious denominations contributing most liberally. The treasurer of the fund, Mr. Lynch, had accordingly on Friday last the pleasure of remitting by cable to Mr. Parnell the sum of £100 sterling as a slight contribution to the Irish Parliamentary fund. On this, as on other occasions, our zealous pastor, Rev. Father Campbell, deserves the gratitude of our community. Orillia's leading merchant, Thos. Mulcahy, Esq., and our worthy representative, H. H. Cook, M. P., as well as other leading citizens contributed most liberally. Trusting that the struggle for Ireland's rights will not be vain.

I am, yours very truly,  
M. J. CLIFFORD.  
Appended is the list of subscribers:—

Mrs T. Mulcahy	100	M. J. Coffey	50
Mrs J. Coleman	50	Mrs M. Kennedy	50
Mrs R. A. Lynch	50	Mrs R. Young	50
Mrs M. Moore	50	Mrs M. A. Ragan	50
Mrs K. Conway	50	Mrs L. Sweeney	50
Mrs Shananan, sr.	50	Mrs M. Murphy	50
Mrs P. Shanahan	50	Mrs M. Mary Daly	50
Mrs T. Shanahan	50	Mrs A. McDonnell	50
Mrs M. Shanahan	50	Mrs A. Thornton	50
Mrs M. Shanahan	50	Mrs I. Ironsides	50
Mrs D. H. McGeough	50	Mrs A. Cody	50
Mrs M. Moloney	50	Mrs P. W. Finn	50
Mrs J. Boyle	50	Mrs O'Neil	50
Mrs K. Gilmore	50	Mrs Lapointe	50
Mrs L. O'Connell	50	Mrs P. Madden	50
Mrs K. Sullivan	50	Mrs M. Gordon	50
Mrs M. McLaughlin	50	Mrs M. McNamara	50
Mrs T. O'Connell	50		

Amount collected among ladies by Miss Polly Shanahan.

Mrs J. Coleman	50
Mrs M. Kennedy	50
Mrs R. Young	50
Mrs M. A. Ragan	50
Mrs L. Sweeney	50
Mrs M. Murphy	50
Mrs M. Mary Daly	50
Mrs A. McDonnell	50
Mrs A. Thornton	50
Mrs I. Ironsides	50
Mrs A. Cody	50
Mrs P. W. Finn	50
Mrs O'Neil	50
Mrs Lapointe	50
Mrs P. Madden	50
Mrs M. Gordon	50
Mrs M. McNamara	50
	487 50

Mrs M. O'Neill, previously 206.00  
Mrs Cavanagh, 50 remitted, 206.00  
Mrs Crockett, 50 Rk Exchange, 6.61  
Mrs Conolly, 50 Cablegrams, 6.24  
Mrs D.J.C. (r) 50  
Mrs Wm. Kyles, 50 \$706.35  
Mrs B. Emma, 50

The names marked thus (r) contributed before.

**Port Arthur Separate Schools.**  
The examination of the above schools were held on July 6th, in the presence of the Rev. H. Hudson, S. J., Superior of the Jesuits, Montreal; Rev. John Connolly, S. J., professor of theology in the Jesuit seminary at Montreal; Rev. E. Hamel, S. J., superintendent of the R. C. Schools, Port Arthur, and several of the trustees. The proficiency in the several branches of learning was most favorably commented on by the visitors, and the self-sacrificing labors of the good sisters of St. Joseph were rewarded by the

correctness of the answers made by the pupils. In the senior department for boys a good improvement was observed, and great credit is due Mr. Kennedy for his zeal in the cause of education.

**CONGREGATION DE NOTRE DAME.**

GRADING EXERCISES OF THE CONVENT SCHOOL—DISTRIBUTION OF TESTIMONIALS—AND MEDALS FOR MUSICAL PROFICIENCY.

Peterborough Examiner, June 30.  
The closing exercises in connection with the school of the Congregation de Notre Dame took place this morning and afternoon. These exercises were, owing to the recent death of His Lordship, Bishop J. J. O'Connell, and out of respect for his memory, conducted on a much more quiet and subdued plan than in former years. The delightful gatherings gaily dressed, and jubilant pupils and interested spectators, that were wont to gather in the hall of the convent, were represented by the presence of the still sorrowful children alone, and these all clad in black. The companies simply consisted of the presentation of testimonials in the form of cards, with mourning borders. One side showed that it was a "testimonial of general or complete, as the case might be," satisfaction for punctuality and application during the scholastic year, closing June 30th, 1886, accorded to all the scholars with the kind wishes of the Superior, Sister St. Mary of the I. C. The opposite side of the card contains a touching tribute to the late lamented Bishop. These testimonials were presented to the pupils of the Lake Street School yesterday.

This afternoon the musical recital took place at three o'clock at which the following programme for presentation had been prepared:

Entrance Duet—Mmes Lech, de Lapanle, Stratton, Cook, McNeil and Menezis.  
Piano Solo—Mme. F. Stanton.  
"Remember"—Mmes L. O'Brien, L. Menezis and M. K. Kelly.  
"Joyfulness"—Mmes A. Simons, H. Chamberlain, M. P. Sullivan, M. Butler, M. Smith, M. C. Watson, E. Timbers.  
"Guit une Taill"—(Opera de Rossini)—Mme. de Lapanle.  
March—Mmes L. Menezis, A. Sullivan, M. McNeil, M. Doherty, M. Kelly, L. Banno and Mrs. G. Doherty.  
Solo and Chorus—Music and her Sister song—Alto Solo—Mme. McNeil.  
Soprano Solo—Miss Charlotte Watson.  
"The Wayide Chapel"—Mmes M. Garvey, C. Watson, E. Timbers.  
"Angel of Night"—Mmes E. Stratton, A. Leach, M. Kelly.  
"La Violata de Carafa"—Herz.—Mme. Bertha Lech.  
"The Harp of Tara"—Mmes K. Henderson, E. Cronan, E. Timbers.  
"Pasquade de Godefr"—Mmes J. R. O'Brien, M. Kelly.  
"One Sweetly Sought"—Mme J. O'Brien.  
Paraphrase of Concerto—"Old Black Joe"—Mmes E. Stratton, M. Kelly, C. Watson, E. Timbers.  
Impromptu—"Amour et Fantaisie"—Mme. Grand Fantasie—Reconstruction—Realistic—Mme. de Lapanle.  
Caprice—Mmes L. O'Brien, M. Kelly, M. Kelly, M. Kelly.  
Vocal Duo—"The Wind and the Harp"—Mmes A. Dun and J. McCabe.

Then followed the presentation of the prizes, two gold and two silver medals, for proficiency in music, by Rev. Father Coffey.

Then a brief and pathetic address by Miss M. Garvey.

Followed by a Female—Piano Concertant—Mme B. Lech and C. de Lapanle.

The manner in which the beautiful music was rendered, fully and suitably to the reputation of this school, for its superior ability in imparting musical instruction.

Owing to the reasons before mentioned, the recital was strictly private, in contrast to other years, not a single invitation having been issued to attend and listen to the delightful music presented by the well trained pupils.

The graduating ladies, Mmes B. Lech and C. de Lapanle, have devoted a great deal of attention to the study of the great classical masters, Beethoven, Schubert, Mozart, Mendelssohn and Chopin.

In the name of the Rev. Mother Superior, the thanks of the sisters of the Congregation de Notre Dame are gratefully tendered to the gentlemen who have so liberally contributed medals, thus creating a call assisting in the development of a love for the pursuit of the study of music.

The recipients of the gold medals, presented by Messrs J. R. Stratton and H. Lech, were Mm. Bertha Lech and Miss C. de Lapanle, while the silver medals, presented by Mr. R. W. Dunster and the Rev. M. Thier Superior, were Mm. M. Mary Stratton and Mm. E. C. Kelly.

The gold medals are high art specimens of goldsmith's work. They are solid gold, about an inch and a half in diameter. The face bears the inscription, "For Proficiency in Music—Peterborough, 1886." A diamond is engraved with jewels, a forget-me-not flower delineated in pearls and rubies. The cases bear the letters "C. O. de N. D. M." The two silver medals consist of a beautiful lyre encircled by a laurel wreath.

**Kind Words.**

Winnipeg July 5th, 1886.  
Dear Sir—It is impossible to resist the temptation every time one is called upon to address a line to you, even by way of enclosing the periodical, trifling subscription to the CATHOLIC RECORD, to express the cordial thanks which are due to the editorship of so valuable a paper. In these days of dangerous journalism, replete as it is with matter unfit for introduction to a Catholic newspaper can hardly be over-estimated. After the "London Tablet," which to me is a sort of venerated friend, I assure you the perusal of your columns is the greatest weekly pleasure of my kind, in our household.

Believe me, yours very truly,  
G. E. McNamee.

There are ten thousand Catholic ladies in Dakota.