

the first, and the demand for it was occasioned by the increase in the Catholic population.

St. John's and St. Joseph's Cemeteries, up until 1878, were in charge of the curates of St. John's Cathedral. Among these, until the Rev. Chancellor Houck became manager in that year, were the Revs. T. P. Thorpe, Thomas J. Conlon, Joseph F. Gallagher, T. F. Mahar, D. D., and others. In those days, too, Mr. Patrick Roach was, and for twenty years had been, the faithful sexton. He died, November, 1882.

The unmodern plan and appearance of St. John's Cemetery are accounted for from the fact that, in 1855, it was laid out after the old system. Lot owners, too, were permitted to make their own improvements and adornments. Some made a little showing in these respects, while others neglected them entirely. In consequence the place wore a forlorn appearance. It looked deserted, neglected. However, a change for the better took place with the advent of Father Houck as manager, in 1878, and since then the face of things there has been renewed and beautified. It is now enclosed by a neat iron fence; a receiving vault that was built at a cost of \$1,500, in 1865, remains an adornment and convenience, and the private vault of Mr. Thomas Maher is a notable addition to the improvements.

It is in St. John's that all the priests of Cleveland who have passed away, and many others dying outside of Cleveland, who belonged in the neighborhood, are buried. The plot set apart for them is both central and handsome and is adorned with several monuments, notably those erected in memory of the Very Rev. James Conlan, V. G., the Rev. Francis Westerholt, the Rev. A. R. Sidley, and others.

Considering the old-time plan of the cemetery, and the difficulty of building creditably on a foundation which in great measure precludes improvement in design and possibly in ornament also, it can, nevertheless, be said that St. John's is a cosy "city of the dead," for it is kept neat, clean and orderly. Its management is all that can be looked for, and to a large portion of the Catholic people it is a cherished spot whose plainness and neatness tell of a simplicity which, to many minds, is most becoming in a place set apart for the burial of the dead. It does seem in good keeping, too, that, since a portion of it is devoted to the interment of priests, whose lives are expected to be plain and far removed from ostentation, it can at least rejoice in this evidence of the harmony of its lack of ornateness with the simple lives of many whose mortal remains rest in its bosom.

Of late years no efforts have been spared by Father Houck as manager, or by the superintendent, Mr. Charles D. Carroll, to keep it in good repair, and to add a blossom here and there to relieve the barrenness and give an additional glow to the rosy hope of the living that, in the great day of general resurrection, it will not matter much how poorly planned our cemeteries were, or how neglected our graves, so long as the trumpet note that will call us from the tomb will be but the invitation to enter into the garden of delights in the Paradise of God.