

whereby only a civil marriage should take place under such circumstances, but as the Church is subject to the laws of the state, it cannot refuse the religious ceremony in the Church to those who are married by the civil law they are married.

Anglican Bishop of Manchester stated with the farcical demand before the consecration or in the presence of a Bishop of the Establishment that any person having any objection to offer should now come forward and present them, whereas Archbishop Temple's installation, Rev. Mr. Brownjohn, that his objections could not be made. The Bishop of Manchester says the demand should be made from the altar, as it is well it is meaningless.

attendance at Catholic schools in the United States at the beginning of the year 1895 was reported to be 1,059,366. In the beginning of 1896 the attendance had increased to 1,059,366, showing the astonishing increase of pupils. Facts like these are an answer to those who have during the Manitoba school dispute that Catholics in other countries are quite satisfied to send their children to godless or Protestant schools. Catholics everywhere wish the religious education of their children.

There is now a better prospect than that the condition of the Poles in their territory will soon be ameliorated. The reigning Czar has been declared to be more humane than his predecessors for generations, but for some reason his attention has not been directed to the sufferings to which Catholic people of Poland have been subjected on account of their religion. But the efforts of Pope Leo XIII. have been directed for several years towards drawing the Czar's attention to the matter, and it is stated they have at last been successful. Orders from St. Petersburg have been issued to officials to desist from the oppressive measures which hitherto have been employed in governing Poland.

Something we could never command, that Catholic France persists in acting as an enemy to the Senate and Chamber of Deputies of that country. Religion is certainly not its hold upon the people of the rural districts, though they are very largely given over to the control of sceptics. But there is an incomprehensible apathy among the people to elect sound Catholics to the chambers, and the result is the same year after year. At the elections just held for one hundred seats in the Senate it is said that only three Catholics have been chosen. There were thirteen Radicals and thirty-one Catholics elected, and sixty-nine who are known as Moderate Republicans. We presume, however, that some of these are likewise sound on religious questions.

The Catholic Truth Society in Toronto is making splendid headway. There are now four branches, connected with St. Mary's, St. Michael's, Basil's and St. Helen's parishes respectively, besides branches in Trenton, Ottawa, St. Thomas and Winnipeg. A public meeting is to be held at an early date in St. Mary's Church, at which reports will be presented from the different branches. In connection with this meeting a lecture will also be given by Grace the Archbishop of Toronto who is the patron of the society. He is making an active interest in the work. The future of the society seems assured, and the encouragement which it is receiving from those in authority is very gratifying. We hope to see by this time next year branches established more generally and the work more actively interested in the dissemination of the teachings of the Church of Christ.

Our Preacher at Notre Dame. The Cardinal Archbishop of Paris appointed Pere Olivier, the famous Dominican preacher, to the post of our preacher at Notre Dame, vacant by the death of Mgr. d'Hulst, thereby continuing the tradition which the great order of "Preachers" with the cathedral pulpit. Pere Olivier, who is already well-known in Paris, has the reputation of a quarter of a century as a preacher of unusual power and originality, and perfect master of the eloquent art, who never fails to rivet the attention of Parisian audiences.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Sometimes we hear people, calling themselves Catholic, say all religions are good. To make such an assertion is to belie our faith. Catholicism alone is true, alone is good. There is no abstract Christianity; there is no abstract revealed religion. The truth which God has revealed is absolutely and simply Catholicism.—Pittsburg Catholic.

The power of the Catholic Church lies in its possession of the Real Presence of Jesus Christ. To it He is indeed Immanuel—God with us. He gives it light and grace, peace and hope, unity and strength. On the altar He rests as on a throne, happy to be with the children of men and disposed to grant their prayers. He is the true Head of the Church. No wonder that it is guided with more than human wisdom and that its solidarity in essentials is the awful admiration of its enemies!—Catholic Review.

"Priests, who are responsible for the souls of our flock, and who can best save them by taking care of the children, have a solemn duty to encourage Catholic writers and Catholic publishers. If they are not always up to the highest standard, let us make it possible for them to be better. This is not done by general denunciations. We are to build, not to tear down; and we should be thankful for the help given us by all who profess and sincerely desire to further Catholic truth. If we would know what is good and what is better, let us read.—American Ecclesiastical Review.

"A nation which has lost the capacity of begotting great men is a nation in decadence." So writes Mr. W. T. Stead in his *Review of Reviews*. And in the article in which this sentence occurs he declares Pope Leo XIII. to be the grandest of all the world's "grand old men." Others to whom the title has been applied, like Bismarck and Gladstone, have failed to maintain the claim until the end. But it must not be inferred from this that the Kingdom of Italy is not in decadence. The Holy Father is not a product of that kingdom, but of the Italian race, which will survive and be great long after the present monarchy has become a thing of the past. Nor as a great man does he belong merely to Italy, but to the world, in which he holds the first place among illustrious men, a rank, too, which he is likely to retain until called to his reward.—Catholic Standard and Times.

The secretary of the Indian Protestant Mission, who bears the unenviable name of Foley, declares with much fervent regretfulness that the outlook of Protestantism in China, India and Ceylon was never so dark as at present. Hereafter followeth the pathetic lamentation of Brother Foley: "The Romanists are advancing by leaps and bounds in Toquian, 100,000 converts, 150 priests, and 170 schools under Jesuits alone (not to mention missions under other religious societies) in Western, Eastern and Northern Cochinchina. The Roman advance is still greater at the present time in China and Korea, where there are more than a million and a half converts, with 1,000 priests and 8,000 schools. In India and Ceylon the strides of Romanism are startling and unprecedented." We thank you, Mr. Foley for those statistics, which are not in the least startling, only gratifying—highly so.—Ave Maria.

The New Year of 1897 dawned upon the world with little of the peace which the world knew nearly two thousand years ago. On the contrary, there is a strange spirit of unrest agitating its heart, and how it will all end is more than mortal man may know. Europe is bristling with bayonets, and ready at the behest of a few individuals to make the old world tremble with the roar of cannon. Meanwhile young Liberty rallies and lifts her ever laureled head in Cuba, Ireland, the Philippine Islands, and elsewhere over the flowering earth. The East is especially perturbed. The cruel Islamism, which for so many centuries has been the terror and the shame of Christian decency and rule, is at last tottering on its throne; and there is hope that once again the bells of St. Sophia will ring out Christian greetings along the shores of the Bosphorus as in the days of the glorious Chrysostom.—Union and Times.

The committee of the Protestant Reformation Society would be glad to hear of a Cambridge graduate in honor, "thoroughly evangelical and Protestant," willing, for "a fair remuneration," to devote part at least of his time to the work of the society in that town and university. He will be expected to deliver addresses to ladies, to give lectures to Sunday-school teachers, and to distribute Protestant literature at railway stations and other places. So we learn from the *Rock*, which adds that the need for "vigorous work" at Oxford is very great, as the new Jesuit hall, under Father Clarke's management, was opened in October, and a similar institute is to be started at Cambridge. We quite agree that there is serious difficulty in combatting the Catholic Church at the English universities; and it may well be doubted whether the fight can be effectively carried on by addresses to ladies and the circulation of Protestant tracts. With the exception, perhaps, of Rome, there are no spots in the world where the historical character of the monuments is more impressive than at Oxford and

Cambridge, and the most interesting among them are perpetual arguments in favor of the claims of Rome.—Liverpool Catholic Times.

THE CATHOLIC CLUB.

The Catholic Club of London formally opened their handsome quarters on Richmond street on January 15, with a grand concert, when two of the largest rooms were filled to overflowing. The audience numbered 700 people, about 350 being in each room, both of which were tastefully decorated for the occasion. President Thomas J. Murphy presided in the room upstairs, and Mr. Henry Beaton did honors as chairman in the room below.

The President, in his address, referred to the special benefits that would naturally accrue to every person who cast in his lot with the club, and pointed out that as a literary organization it would not be surprised in the city. The programme was an elaborate one, including a variety of solos, recitations and instrumental selections. The first part was as follows: Instrumental selection, Miss Maud Regan; vocal solo, Mr. Frank Firth; recitation, Miss Stella Carrothers; duet, violin and piano, Miss Hattie V. Taylor (of Hamilton) and Miss Emma L. Walsh; vocal solo, J. M. Daly; recitation, Mr. W. E. Mullins. Part two consisted of an instrumental selection by Miss Cora Packham; essay, Miss Maud Regan; vocal solo, Miss Mary Lenihan; reading, Mr. Thomas Anderson; duet, Mr. T. M. O'Hagan and Mr. Frank Firth; recitation, Master Frederick Bricklin, of St. Peter's school; vocal solo, Mr. James O'Connor.

Each participant received well-merited applause, and when their numbers were rendered in the one room, they were escorted to the other. The accompanists were Misses Cora Packham, Mary Connors (organist of St. Mary's church), and Christina McKittrick.

The energetic committee, to whom the great success of the entertainment is due, included: President T. J. Murphy, C. G. Wright, J. McDonald, John Dromgole, Wm. E. Mullins, Geo. Aust, John M. Daly, Wm. Corcoran, James Ward, Martin O'Sullivan, John Dougal, Ed. McDonald and Secretary Clements Green.

We have much pleasure in reproducing the following essay composed and read by Miss Maud Regan, a young lady who will yet, we doubt not, attain a foremost place in Canadian literature:

TWILIGHT COMRADES.

Twilight deepens, and the shadows which but a few moments since lurked in remote corners of the room, now stretch far out across the floor, till at the hearth stone they are held at bay by the fire, redly glowing in the wide old-fashioned grate, and flicker and dance, advance and retreat, like a shadowy elfin army.

I have been idly watching the shifting pictures in the burning coals, tracing in the fiery depths a fleeting resemblance to a medieval city, or on the heights a towered Norman keep faintly suggestive of Front de Bœuf's doomed castle, and like it vanishing in a sea of fire. Hungry little blue flames leap and dance about the cavern, where my castle lies buried, and as I gaze at the pictures in its fiery heart I think of Lizzie Hexam's "hollow down by the flare," and wish that I, like her, might read my fortune in the glowing coals. I turn instead to the pages of our Mutual Friend to follow the fate of Lizzie's Castles in Spain, only to find that my invading shadow has laid a wavering ghostly hand across the pages and separated me by a veil of darkness from my genial Dickens, a twilight companion of whom I never weary. Yet not separated I have but to close my eyes and I am surrounded by the immortal children of his pen, living, breathing comrades who echo my every mood, figures grotesque or pathetic, merry or sad, over whom time and death have no dominion.

No form is missing saving that of the much-quoted Mrs. Harris, complaint voucher for all the apocryphal tales which it pleased the imaginative Sairey Gamp to set afloat upon a credulous world. In a remote corner the Gamp and Prig sisterhood wax confidential over a tea-pot full of a beverage eminently cheering in its nature, but Mrs. Harris persistently refusing to materialize I am reluctantly forced to the conclusion that she is simply a personification of that mysterious power known to scandal mongers as the very best authority, and exclaim with the sceptical Betsy Prig, "There never was no such a person."

They pass to and fro, before my chair, these dream friends of mine, grouping themselves as fancy wills, for at this hour all barriers of time and place are broken down, and Nell and little Dorrit are hand in hand, and poor Jo, the waif and stray of the London streets, whose knowledge of the virtues begins and ends with gratitude, rests for awhile on his toilsome march to "that ere buryin' ground," in blessed forgetfulness of the fact that life is a serious business for boys that "don't know nothink," and are condemned to be "movers on," on the face of the earth. A forlorn figure, he is seated, broom in hand, upon the door step of that benign exponent of telescopic philanthropy, known to Africa and to fame as Mrs. Jellyby. I gaze long and earnestly upon this estimable lady, confident that her own eyes are being riveted on Africa's distant shores. She will yet resent the liberty and laugh and sigh in a breath as I meditate upon her foreign charity-

ties and the domestic inconveniences to which they give rise, remembering that while she matures her plans for the formation of a coffee plantation in Booriboolah Gha, the Jellybys are deprived of that beverage at breakfast, and while she schemes the physical and moral regeneration of some Booriboolan waif, the hapless Peepay is making a rapid descent of the cellar-stair, keeping count of the steps by the bruises on his person. I think of poor Mr. Jellyby dazedly surveying a state of affairs he is powerless to remedy, of forlorn Jo at her very door, and I would be very severe with her, only that under the influence of the hour I fall to moralizing, and remember that we are all Mrs. Jellyby on a small scale. Figuratively speaking, I hasten to add, for we meditate too often upon the oft quoted "Charity begins at home," to join sewing circles and such like organizations before we are quite certain that no peep of ours wanders abroad in garments more holy than righteous. But we would be great reformers and inaugurate our reforms with others; it is the old parable of the beam and the mote, our spiritual eyes are so very far-sighted that they are apt to overlook the abuses lying at our doors which cry aloud for remedy before we turn our attention to the regeneration of some Booriboolah Gha. Having served to point a moral upon which I have mused not I trust unpromptly, Mrs. Jellyby very obligingly betakes herself to other scenes, leaving me at liberty to contemplate the architectural features of No. 9, Brig Place, fortress of the tell Mrs. Bunsby, erstwhile MacStinger. Even as I gaze down the street stray the two Wellers arm in arm, and deep in earnest converse, the face of the elder positively aglow with the fervor of the sentiments to which he is giving utterance and which unhappily for me are drowned in the cries arising from the paving stone where Alexander MacStinger is in process of cooling after a warm and brisk encounter with the maternal slipper. However as they pass the open door-way of No. 9, where Mrs. Bunsby mounts guard over this improvised refrigerator, there comes to me between walls the sege exhortation, fruit of sad experience reduced to a compass suitable to daily needs, "Sammy, beware of widowers," whereupon a shadowy form looms up in the dark hall way gives vent to an enigmatical, "If so, why not?" Therefore leading me to suppose that the bosom of the oracular Bunsby, happily the picture fades ere I witness any painful scene consequent upon this outburst, but it seems that I am fated to hear the affirmative answer to the question "Is marriage a failure," for I am confronted by the disconsolate beadle, Bumble, fallen from his high estate and shorn of his parochial honors uttering aloud in bitterness of spirit this honeymoon reverie: "And tomorrow two months it was done. It seems an age."

Even while he speaks his place is filled by two enthusiastic witnesses for the defence, David Copperfield and his winsome child wife hand in hand and chatting blithely. A momentary shade is visible on Dora's laughing face caused by some passing allusion to the affairs of prosaic daily life or to one of the many subjects broadly classified by this little human butterfly under the common head of "Dreadfuls." I am no less sensible than is David himself of the charms of this delightful irresponsible little person, and not being of her household can afford to smile at her frankly avowed inability to cope with domestic problems in general, and the servant question in particular—problems which have puzzled many a wiser head and have in these latter days found one solution in co-operative house-keeping.

David's fairy god mother, Betsy Trotwood, vouchsafes no greeting as I pass the open gate of her cottage by the sea, and as I gaze upon her irate countenance I conclude that it would be a most unpropitious moment for obtruding myself upon her notice. Fast and furious rages the struggle upon the debatable land between that most wonderful of women; I borrow the words of Mr. Dick, and her inveterate foes the donkey drivers, and amid the din of conflict her battle cry, "Janet! Donkeys!" rings ominously on the air. Another moment and I am an unseen guest at Peggoty's hospitable hearth, feasting my eyes upon the beauty of little Emily, seated by her uncle's knee, the fire light shining by her upturned face and playing at hide-and-seek among the waves of her golden hair. I gaze upon Peggoty's rosy, good natured face, bent low over the inevitable mending, and marvel not at Barks' "willin'ness" to embrace the matrimonial state; upon Ham, that hero in homespun, endeavoring to smoothe the "contrary" path of the disconsolate Gummidge at her loneliest and loneliest, for the time has not yet come when she shall be forced to forego the melancholy pleasure of musing upon her own grievances, to soothe the true hearted Dan's incomparably great grief. The wind whistles softly about the walls of the little house-boat as though freighted with the moans of the many who had gone down to the sea in ships to return no more, and far away on the beach the waves are breaking with a sullen roar. A hand is laid upon the latch, the door flies open, the room is filled with the salt sea air, and framed in the open door-way stands a little graceful figure with laughing face and wind-tossed curls to which all look up in eager welcome; unhappy Steerforth, who is soon to wreak in the hos-

pitable home a desolation compared to which that of death itself were merciful. As I look upon him I fancy that there is an angry note in the mourning wind, the happy home picture fades away and I am out on the sands amid a crowd of the fisher folk, gazing vaguely upon the tempest driven clouds scudding across the angry sky, at the green waters piling themselves into great dark walls that rear their foamy crests a moment aloft, then break upon the beach with deafening roar—at a few spars and beams rising and falling on the waves that tell where the wreck once lay; gazing most of all at a knot of men gathered about two lifeless forms cast upon the shore by the last receding wave, which they have laid a little distance apart, not thinking it fitting that Steerforth should rest by the side of the man whom he had so deeply wronged and who had given his life in a fruitless effort to save him.

Once again I am treading the streets of Dickens' London, following in the path of a pathetic little figure whose step has lost its lightness in the hopeless daily journey to the courts of Lincoln's Inn, and whose mind has gone astray in the long-continued effort to follow the mazy windings of Chancery's proceedings. She is walking more slowly than is her wont, and there are traces of tears on the withered cheeks where long years of hope deferred have written their story in unmistakable characters. Even the remembrance of the "Judgment" which is to right all abuses and leave her at liberty to contest her estates, fails to woo her from sadder thoughts, for the day has witnessed a parting which no judgment till the last can make good, and were the fortune of which she has in her poor mad dreams so often disposed, hers in very deed, there is one friend whose nerveless fingers could not close over the least coin in the golden stream she would pour into his hands. It is Gridley, the angry man from Shropshire, for the possession of whom Inspector Bucket on behalf of the outraged majesty of the Lords of Chancery has waged grim war with the "fell sergeant" whose arrest none may dispute. Certainly Gridley yielded himself a willing prisoner. Fortune, happiness, friends, were all vague memories; his very name had been forgotten in his Chancery title upon him by their Highnesses of the Bench and Bar, when, according to grim promise hedged to the bitter end, and the only tie between him and the living world was the tie of many suffering years which bound him to the little mad woman. A dim realization of the sadness of his fate penetrates to the clouded brain of poor, lonely Miss Flite, mercifully dulled to the pathos of her own lot and to night lamentations for her friend are strangely mingled with the sentence, "I expect a judgment on the day of judgment," which is ever part of her wanderings. Then she toils wearily up the steep stairway to the attic where the oddy-christened birds, Youth, Joy, Peace, Despair and Plunder, wear their little lives away awaiting the judgment which is to set them free, poor little Chancery prisoner dying one by one in captivity because their lives are short, and the judgment, indeed, remote as the Judgment Day.

There is borne to my ears a distant rumbling sound as of heavy carts jolting over the stony street. I can hear the subdued murmur of an expectant multitude—all other noises of a great city are for the moment hushed. I might fancy myself still in one of London's crowded thoroughfares, only that as the carts draw nearer I can hear them groaning and creaking beneath a weight of misery such as, thank God! was neverdragged through London's streets. A beneficent republic has provided for its patriotic citizens a spectacle which, although lacking in the spice of novelty, still, because of the endless variety of the performers who contribute to the gruesome sport, fails not to excite a momentary interest. These tumblers, laden with the daily quota of victims for the hungry guillotine, form part of the pageant, and to day Sidney Carton is making the dread journey. In the place of Citizen Corcorande, escaped. No need, brave Carton, to bow your fearless head and shake your hair about your face, lest at the very last your secret be discovered and your sacrifice rendered vain. Heroism such as this is beyond the conception of the madecreant crowd, and known only to the little seamstress, with hand fast locked in your strong clasp, for whom death has been robbed of its terrors, since it is to find her side by side with one who meets it in testimony of a love "greater than which no man hath."

In the grate, where an hour ago the fire burned brightly, there are only a few dying embers, too feeble to struggle with the shadowy army, which, grown steadily bolder, has, at last, united its forces and wrapped all the room in a dark pall. Twilight has deepened into night, and with its passing my dream friends have one by one vanished. Like scenes in a child's magic lantern the pictures have faded, and there are no others to take their place.

Maud Regan, 291 Central Ave., London.

Professor Garner's Mistake.

Professor Garner has failed in his efforts to photograph the language of the apes in Africa. He went to the wrong place. If he had gone to Boston or Detroit he would have been able to get at least one phrase for record in any A. P. A. jungle. "Tell widder-pope!"—Boston Pilot.

A REALLY UNITED IRELAND.

The old phrase, "England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity," is as true to day as when it was first uttered, but a new opportunity has been offered by the report of the Royal Commission on Ireland's over-taxation and it is one which may be improved without reference to any English difficulty. For the first time in centuries, Irishmen of every creed and class find themselves in a situation of accord as common sufferers. It is Ireland's difficulty which makes Ireland's opportunity to day, and Irishmen are not slow to appreciate the fact.

The report of the Royal Commission, showing that the country has been robbed of over a hundred million pounds since the Act of Union has opened the eyes of the most inveterate Unionist to the injustice done not only to his country but to his own pocket. For once, would that it were forever! the landlord and the peasant, the loyalist and the patriot, the Catholic and the Orangeman, are of one mind in demanding the redress of an intolerable wrong.

Ireland in the past has had a thousand greater wrongs, but they were mainly endured by only one class of the people, and the other classes looked upon them with philosophic indifference, human nature being much the same in Ireland as in the rest of the world. Only when the injustice touched themselves did the Volunteers of 1792 unite to demand Home Rule, which they won and held until a venal Parliament surrendered the nation's liberty in 1800. The wrongs of their Catholic fellow-countrymen were not redressed by the dominant party during the eighteen years of independence, though the more broad minded patriots saw the wisdom of emancipation, and advocated its granting.

To-day, without an independent Parliament, the party of ascendancy is beginning to discover that it has common cause with the oppressed and despised "Papist" and the heretofore abhorred Home Rule.

It is not for the latter to meet their former enemies with rancorous reminders of the past, but rather with glad welcome as allies for the future. If the landlord and the Orangeman have found out that there is little comfort and no profit for either, but a serious loss for both, in supporting a system which robs all of some millions of dollars every year, the discovery is good for their country as well as for themselves.

As for the friends of Home Rule, they will wisely accept the aid of their former opponents, and will do so sincerely and without any ulterior purpose which all the world may not scrutinize. Believing truly that self-government is the first step towards national prosperity, they can afford to retard anything which might tend to retard that measure. Their immediate duty is to wipe out every trace of dissension in their own ranks and make common cause for the common welfare.

No matter what their reasons, if the landlords and the Unionists of Ireland be willing to co-operate with their fellow-countrymen in demanding justice for all, they should be received cordially as co-workers for that end. The more intelligent among them will not be slow to perceive that the parliamentary independence for which their forefathers united over a century ago is the best thing for themselves and for Ireland to day.

The course of the Nationalists is so clear that only the wilfully blind could go astray. It is no time for Parnellites, Healyites, Dillonites, or any other "ites" to brood over past grievances. Ireland's opportunity is here, coming not through the broad front door of England's difficulty, but from within the house in the confessed injustice done to the weaker partner.

It is not a case for rhetorical denunciation, nor for hifalutin appeals to the past. Here is a civil community which has been robbed, as is admitted by a commission appointed by the ruling power, of \$500,000,000, and it wants the robbery to be stopped, and, if possible, to have restitution made for past robberies. If a stage-coach were to be "held up" and its inmates plundered in such fashion, we imagine that not one of the passengers, of sane mind, would care to make any inquiries about the religion or politics of robber or of robbed, before asking the sheriff to arrest the thieves and recover the booty.

The landlords are wise in their generation in demanding restitution. So are the Orangemen, too often deluded and swindled by appeals to their religious prejudices. The Home Rulers will not be less wise in accepting the assistance of such allies for the common benefit.

Perhaps, in the Providence of God, even so material a motive as that of redressing a money wrong may teach Irishmen of every creed and class the wisdom of uniting at all times for the general welfare. If so, it will be the first step towards attaining the higher wisdom of Christian charity by demonstrating the utter folly, even from a worldly standpoint, of judging one another unjustly.

This is not a case which calls especially for any Leader. The American revolutionists had no leader at the inception of the revolt against King George. Men then instinctively embraced the popular movement because they saw that it concerned them all. Ireland needs only skilled counsel to present her case before the world. The strength of the case lies in its palpable justice, but its success will depend upon the unanimity with which it is supported by those vitally interested in it. Never in a hundred

years have the people of Ireland had so promising an outlook. Never in all their history has there been a time when it was more imperative to forget faction and think only of country.—Boston Pilot.

CONVERSIONS.

Names of many notable persons in this and other countries who have embraced the faith, having abandoned Protestantism or Judaism, are recorded in the list of recent converts just made public by the Paulist Fathers.

Among those mentioned are General Wingate, of St. Louis, Mo.; Governor Woodson, of St. Joseph, Mo.; Judge Parker, of the United States Circuit Court, and the Rev. Ernest Silcock, of Lema, Ill., a former minister of the German Lutheran denomination. Mr. Silcock has announced his intention of entering some Catholic order preparatory to joining the priesthood. The list also contains the name of former Representative Bellamy Storer, of Wisconsin.

One of the most important of the conversions is that of the Rev. Thomas Nelson Ayres, who was ordained to the priesthood in New Orleans, La., by Archbishop Janssens. Father Ayres was born in Sing Sing, N. Y., in 1841, the son of Thomas Nelson Ayres, a Wall street broker. He was ordained as a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church in 1873, by the Right Rev. Alexander Gregg, Bishop of Texas. His last charge was in Bay St. Louis, Miss., where he conducted the Coast Mission of the Episcopal Church. It was while he was at Bay St. Louis that he left the Episcopal ministry, about two years ago. His wife, who was Miss M. De May Morrison, died in 1891. They had five children, three of whom survive.

In Italy, at the shrine of Our Lady of Pompeii, the Marchioness Dittmar di San Giorgio and her son were received into the Catholic faith by the Bishop of Sarnio a short time ago, having previously been Lutherans. At Devonport, Eng., the Rev. H. Patrick Russell, Anglican vicar of St. Stephen's, has resigned his living to unite with the Roman communion. The living of St. Stephen's is the gift of Koble college.

Another case reported from England is that of the Rev. E. Lloyd Thomas, M. A., who, with his wife and six children, has given up his living to become a communicant in the Catholic faith.

From Buda Pest information has been received that Herr Heinrich von Levey, the only Hebrew member of the House of Magnates, has abjured Judaism and has been baptized into the Catholic Church.

ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY CONCERT.

A well filled hall greeted the officers and members of the St. Mary's Branch, Toronto, upon the occasion of their first concert, held in St. Andrew's Hall. The programme consisted of vocal and instrumental selections by the following ladies and gentlemen: Misses Landy, Helen F. James, McAvoy, Mary Thompson, Alice Burrows, and Messrs. Gus Forbes, McAvoy, J. J. Costello and Bert Harvey. The latter rendered a comedy entitled "My Aunt's Hoax," presented by the Misses Annie Crowl, M. O'Donoghue, E. Flannery, T. Kele, E. McDonald, K. O'Donoghue, Lena Swift, May Newton and Maggie Kirkwood. Miss James was heard to great advantage in the solo "Night of Night," and Miss Alice Burrows, captivated the audience with her rendition of "The Song of the Lark." Mr. Bert Harvey, the comic vocalist, created a furore by his timely selections. Mr. Gus Forbes in his eloquent efforts made a decided impression, and Mr. J. J. Costello in baritone solos. The instrumental trio by Mr. McAvoy and his two young daughters was very much appreciated. Landy, besides contributing a piano solo, fulfilled the duties of accompanist in an acceptable manner. This notice would be indeed incomplete if it omitted to mention Miss Mary Thompson, the well known electionist who ably sustained her reputation. The presentation of the comedy was worthy of the work of professional comedians; altogether the concert was a most enjoyable one. Amongst the clergy present we noticed: the Very Rev. J. J. McCann, Rev. Fathers F. Walsh, Meehan, Kenny and McCann.

WEDDING BELLS.

HAGAN-HURLEY.

One of the most interesting weddings that Port Lambton has witnessed for some time took place at the Sacred Heart church, Tuesday, January 15. The bride was Miss Mary G. Hagan, of this place, and the groom was Mr. Dan Hurley, of the same place. The church was filled with interested friends and spectators when the bridal party entered. Miss Nellie McEvoy acting as bridesmaid and Dr. DeGuse, Marine City, as groomsmen. The bride—dressed in cream silk, trimmed with lace and ribbon, carrying a prayerbook and bouquet of cream roses—was led to the altar by her father, Mr. Dan Hurley. The bridesmaid was also dressed in cream silk. After the nuptial ceremony the bridal party drove to the residence of the bride's parents, where breakfast was served to a large number of intimate friends, among whom was the Rev. Father Terres, pastor of Marine City.

Capt. Hagan is one of the most popular young captains on the lakes, and a gentleman esteemed and respected by all who know him. Miss Hurley, all her life-time a child of Port Lambton, has a charming manner and a kindly disposition, which has gained for her as many friends as she has acquaintances—all of whom extend to her and her husband their heartiest wishes for happiness in their new life.

The wedding presents, handsome and useful, were evidences of the great esteem in which the bride is held by her friends. The happy couple left on the evening train for Toledo, Buffalo and other Eastern cities, amidst a shower of rice and good wishes. The bride's travelling dress was a handsome gray and brown tweed costume, stylishly trimmed with green velvet.

Departure of Mrs. Power.

Mrs. Power, late organist of St. Patrick's Church, who was obliged to resign her position owing to ill health, left yesterday to take up her future residence with her brother, Rev. C. Cantillon, parish priest of Brock, Ont. A large number of her friends were present at the station to wish her bon voyage. Mrs. Power will be greatly missed by St. Patrick's congregation, to whom she had endeared herself by her gentle and unassuming manner and her great spirit of true Christian charity.—Quebec Telegram, Jan. 14.