

# The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name but Catholic my Surname.)—St. Paclian, 4th Century.

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"Not Understood," we move along  
"Not understood," we move along  
Our paths grow wider as the seasons  
Why life is life we marvel and we  
And then we fall asleep,  
"Not understood," we gather false im-  
And hug them closer as the years go  
Till virtues often seem to us transgres-  
And thus men rise and fall and live  
"Not understood," poor souls with  
Of measure giants by their narrow  
The poisoned shots at falsehood and  
Are oft impelled 'gainst those who  
"Not understood," the secret springs of  
Which lie beneath the surface of the  
Are disregarded; with self-satisfaction  
We judge our neighbors and they  
"Not understood," how trifles often  
The thoughtless sentence or the fan-  
Destroy long years of friendship and  
And on our souls there falls a freez-  
"Not understood," how many breasts  
For lack of sympathy? Ah! day by  
How many cheerless, lonely hearts are  
How many noble spirits pass away,  
"Not understood,"  
God, that men would see a little  
Or judge less harshly where they can  
God, that men would draw a little  
To one another. They'd be nearer  
"Not understood,"  
—THOMAS BURKIN, in Sacred Heart Review.

## A Song For December.

The earth's shroud is embossed  
With gems of twinkling frost;  
The heavens snap with cold,  
A wind mysterious thrills,  
Above the sleeping hills,  
With music sweet and old,  
The stars sang one December  
And shake with music yet;  
For aye they will remember,  
Although the world forget,  
The God-child's birth-ery ringing  
From out a lowly place  
That set the planets singing  
In farthest fields of space,  
From warm sweet depths of sleep  
Where little child-hearts keep  
Their faith until the morn,  
Beyond the sunset bars  
To shake the farthest stars  
Another song is borne,  
Their hopeful dreams ascending  
In waves of music flow,  
A joyous chorus blending  
With that of long ago,  
With that the night is teeming,  
But, oh, how mute we are,  
Who have no faith for dreaming  
Nor wisdom of the star!

## THE SPIRIT OF RELIGION, LIKE VIRTUE MUST GROW.

TEXT OF A NOTABLE ADDRESS BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF BOSTON AT THE CHURCH EXTENSION CONGRESS.

The Catholic Missionary Congress called together by the young and vigorous Church Extension Society marks the opening up of a new era in the history of the Church in America. It is the concentration of the forces of a young giant, now grown to man's estate and conscious of power, to meet the tasks which lie at the threshold of another period of life.

The spirit behind this movement is nothing new, but is as old as the Church itself, tracing its root back to the historic day when the Pentecostal fires generated in human hearts an ardent, unquenchable love for the truth of Christ and its spread over the earth which gradually transformed the ages of unbelief and idolatry into the ages of faith and worship.

The record of missionary zeal which dates back to Apostolic times is the most luminous in the pages of history. That consuming fire which was caught from heaven has been enkindled in the breasts of apostles in all ages of the Church and warning and inflaming the nations with its sacred flame has changed the face of the earth. No human obstacle was able to withstand it. The imperial power of Rome, the barbaric hordes which rushed down to overwhelm her, the aboriginal tribes of the men of the forest, each in turn has yielded to its sacred influence and has been brought by its power into the pale of the Church.

In its train it brought not only the blessings of faith, but the refinements of civilization, and whatever noble standards of living and ideals of progress we hold to-day have come from the light which illumined from on high

the minds of the few fishermen whom Christ sent forth to preach His gospel. Stronger than death, unconquerable in the face of every privation and persecution, however bitter and cruel, the love of heavenly truth and zeal for the spread of the faith of Christ have descended down through every generation as a precious heritage of the Church and as a treasure to be guarded beyond all price.

The vigor of faith and staunch loyalty to Christ have ever been commensurate with the love which fostered this apostolic missionary spirit and in every age the strength of the Church and the measure of devotion which inflames her followers depends upon the more or less jealous care with which they fence round from the indifference and carelessness of an unbelieving world this hallowed birth-right.

The spirit of religion, like virtue, must grow; it cannot stand still or rest in complacency upon its laurels without dealing a deadly blow to the very core of its life and progress. To rest self-satisfied with what has been accomplished is to stagnate, and stagnation is the beginning of death. So vital to the very life of religion is the fostering of the apostolic spirit of zeal for the spread of Christ's faith that it must be nurtured at the cost of any sacrifice. The luxuries of religion we may well dispense with. Too often they have brought only harm to the Church and have been the enemies within the gates.

Magnificent buildings, splendid cere- monials, superb apparitions, are all good in their place, for the worship of Christ can never be too adequately ex- pressed, even by all that the noblest endeavor and most brilliant genius of man may bring to its expression, but if these things are to breed a selfish content and rob the Catholics of any generation of that primitive apostolic zeal which in- flamed the breasts of their first teachers, then is it far better to dispense with these external embellishments and in poverty and hardship cultivate the gift which made the first promulgators of the faith of Christ the conquerors of the world.

It is time, then, for the Church in America to be vigilant in preserving the usefulness and get o e o of spirit which animated the pioneer Catholic missionaries who planted on this contin- ent the seed of faith. In no other way may the steadfastness of faith which is distinctive of our people in the United States be fully safeguarded. It is the inexorable law of self-preservation, and failure to comply with it can bring only disaster and ruin.

We may well draw a lesson from the foresight and prudence displayed by the great nations of the world. There comes a time in their history when they must reach out to find an outlet or the national life an activity. They will understand the folly of remaining quiet and shutting the door of opportunity to the surplus talent of their people. Instinctively and inevitably led on by this feeling of self-preservation, they reach out into other lands and find new fields for the unworked energies of the nation.

They recognize that to keep doing in the 'law of life and that the accumulation of unused forces is the precursor to stagnation and death. The Church in the United States must avoid this pitfall at all costs. It must not rest on what has been already accomplished, but even in the face of sacrifice reach out in spreading the faith of Christ where it is now either unknown or dormant for the very necessary reason that in this way alone may it conserve intact and undimmed the brightness of the faith which has already done so much for the progress of the Church. In the isolated regions where there are scattered populations of Catholics without the ministrations of the priest the zeal of the more favored must assist actively to bring the blessings of the faith to these neglected regions.

In the Philippines, in Porto Rica and in all our outlying possessions the Church must go, heralded by the mis- sionaries of the English-speaking race who are now called upon by providen- tial design to perform the work which has long been so nobly done by others. It is the time set by divine providence for this apostolic undertaking. In the first ages of the Church when imperial Rome ruled the world and Latin was the universal language, it was the mis- sionaries of the Latin tongue who went forth from Rome and for centuries spread the faith in the countries of Europe. In a later day when French was the diplomatic of the nations, France became the missionary country and her sons and daughters have given an example of self-sacrifice and devo- tion in spreading the faith in foreign lands that is worthy of all emulation.

Time inevitably brings changes. To- day the language of the whole Orient is English. The language of diplomatic usage has been succeeded by the lan- guage of trade, and from Port Said to the furthest point of Japan the lan- guage which the people know best next to their own and like best is English. Already Japan is clamoring for English- speaking missionaries, and the field which once yielded such a faithful har- vest to the apostolic labors of St. Francis Xavier lies ready for cultivation at the hands of English-speaking apostles.

The providential hour of opportunity has struck. We must be up and doing. All indications point to our vocation as a great missionary nation. To be re- creant to such a high calling is to ab- dicate a blessed vantage ground and to unduly grade the good which has already been accomplished in this land by the apostolic zeal of the Church's followers. Our country has already reached out beyond her boundaries and is striving to do a work of extension of America civic ideals for other peoples. Shall it be said that the Church in this

land has been outstripped in zeal and energy by the civil power under which we live?

But the call to which every Catholic should hearken has already been sound- ed. Rome has spoken and in the plen- itude of her power has taken us from out the ranks of the mission countries and placed us among the normally or- ganized and developed portions of the Catholic inheritance. She thus indi- cates to us our plain duty. We are suffi- ciently developed within to take up the task of evangelizing those who are without. We may depend absolutely upon her judgment in the matter. She has the wisdom of the ages behind her and a way is now lighted before us of spreading far and wide the blessings of the faith which we ourselves enjoy to the neglected populations of our own country and to the millions who are waiting for the sound of our voices to embrace the truth of Christ. She has set the seal of her approval upon this Church Extension Society and the spirit that it stands for. Its purpose and its works are no longer subject to question or cavil. It is an approved institution of the Holy See. It has upon it the blessing of the Holy Father to make it effective and fruitful. The word that comes from Rome must be accepted by all in its entirety and spirit. The time has come, therefore, for us to take up our high calling, and as a son of the Church, profoundly believing in her sacred mission through the pro- vidential instrumentality of the English- speaking race, I am glad to say this word in favor of the Church extension movement and to bear my message of encouragement to a world which is de- sired with God's blessing to extend the boundaries of the Kingdom of Christ, and to keep burning with undimmed lustre the faith and zeal of our people.

The other great address of the evening was made by the Hon. W. Bourke Cockran of New York. A message of thanks was sent to the Holy Father and an address was presented to Archbishop Falconio for the encouragement given this first missionary congress.

Among the papers read on the last day was one on "The Layman's Oppor- tunity." Other topics discussed were "Missions as a Unifier," "Our Five Mil- lion Immigrants," "The Philippines" and "Obstacles to Be Overcome." A stirring address was delivered by Alex- ander Granger of Kansas, Ill., who sounded the keynote of the new move- ment when he declared that the assimi- lation of various races into one nation was going on in America, and that it could be most effectively forwarded by the Catholic Church.

## JEROME BONAPARTE AND ELIZABETH PATTERSON.

The Nineteenth Century and After for November contains a very brightly written article by Mrs. Striling on Elizabeth Patterson of Baltimore who, in 1803, married Jerome Bonaparte, the youngest brother of Napoleon Bonaparte, then First Consul of France. From this union is descended Charles Joseph Bonaparte, their grandson, the present At- torney General of the United States. Elizabeth Patterson was a brilliant and singularly beautiful young woman when she first met Jerome Bonaparte. He so admired her that he "renounced France, Napoleon, riches, glory, may even the far more remote chance of regal splendor, if only he might become the husband of the beautiful American." A singular career, indeed, lay before this woman who was to become the wife of a king and the sister in law of an emperor, who was to disturb the peace of the greatest con- queror of modern times; to produce a rupture between a Pope and a monarch; and to become a brilliant leader at foreign courts, where her beauty, her wit and her romantic history were to make her conspicuous among the most remark- able women of the century. The wrath of the First Consul was not unlike that which he incurred by his brother's marriage with one who was not of noble birth; moreover, Elizabeth was a Protestant. Every detail was forthwith planned to ensure the validity of the union. The religious ceremony was to be performed by the Bishop of Baltimore, the Prin- cipal of the Catholic Church in the United States, and the civil contract was drawn up with every precaution against its future rejection. Mr. Patterson further pinning his faith to the fact that, al- though Jerome might be making a union which would not be considered binding in France, the Catholic Church refuses to annul marriages for irregularities which can be rectified.

THE FIRST CONSUL.

This trust in the Catholic Church was not a mistaken one. Indeed, Napoleon was incensed against his brother; and denied the legality of the union. He commanded that Elizabeth should never be allowed to land in France, and when Jerome and his young wife heard that the First Consul had pre- vided himself Emperor of the French they also heard that the young husband was ordered to give up his bride and return home. Nevertheless they sailed for Portugal together, and there found that she was not allowed to land, and that Jerome must go to meet his brother alone. Only once again were husband and wife to meet. To her, England opened its hospitable doors, and in Eng- land her son was born, June 9, 1805, and was named Jerome Napoleon. "For a time, it is said, Jerome tried as earnest- ly as he failed ignominiously, to move the determination of Napoleon. 'Your marriage is null. I will never acknow- ledge it,' was Napoleon's answer to his representations." But the world-con- queror was to meet with one will as in- flexible as his own.

The Emperor ordered Pius the Seventh to publish a Bull annulling the marriage, but here, for the first time, the autocrat found his power defied.

The Pope refused, and on this, as on one or two subsequent occasions, he rivalled Napoleon's own. A story runs that one day, tired out with the vain endeavor to force the Pontiff to consent to measures which his con- science disapproved, Napoleon said to one of his ministers: "Why do you not try what ill-treatment can do, short of torture? I authorize you to employ every means." "But, Sir," was the humorous reply, "what do you think one can make of a man who lets the water freeze in his holy water font without complaining that he has no fire in his room?" The wrath of Napoleon, however, found expression when he im- prisoned the indomitable Pontiff in the Chateau de Fontainebleau, a place where, by a curious irony of fate, he himself was subsequently to sign the abdication of his own throne.

## THE UNLAWFUL DIVORCE.

Jerome, however, at last consented to a divorce, and on Aug. 12, 1807, he wedded the Princess Frederica Cath- arina, daughter of the king of Wurtem- burg. Meantime Elizabeth, his lawful wife, had returned to Baltimore. "She saw herself left a mere injured heroine of romance, an object of curiosity and pity to her fellow-townsfolk, condemned to a life of obscurity such as her nature abhorred, while a rival enjoyed the splendid fate which, by civil and reli- gious law, should have been hers. . . . The bright and joyous girl whose beauty had captivated the heart of the fickle Jerome was changed to a cold, cynical woman, whose unattainable ambition was henceforth to entail upon her a life of bitterness, and whose sarcasm was admired and feared. . . . For her enemy Napoleon, indeed, Elizabeth retained the respect which one strong nature can feel for another: 'The Emperor,' she wrote in 1849, 'hurled me back on that I hated most—my Balti- more obscurity. Even that shock could not destroy the admiration I felt for his genius and glory.'

## ELIZABETH UNCONQUERED.

"But for the man who had won her love and then cast it aside, she felt only the most profound contempt, which, however, she had the dignity to cherish in silence. Twice only is she known to have given public expression to it. When, later in life, Jerome offered her the title of Princess of Smalkalden, with 200,000 francs a year, she declined the offer, and accepted instead a yearly pen- sion of 60,000 francs from Napoleon. Jerome expressed his indignation at such conduct. 'I prefer,' she explained, 'to be sheltered under the wings of an eagle than to be suspended from the bill of a goose.' When Jerome offered her a residence in Westphalia, she answered that 'it is indeed a large kingdom, but not large enough to hold two Queens.' Napoleon, it is said, was so pleased with the spirit of this answer that he caused it to be conveyed to her in willingness to do for her whatever did not interfere with his own schemes. 'Tell him,' she said, for the second time in her life—'I am ambitious. I desire to be a Duchess.' But the promise to comply with this re- quest, though given, was never fulfilled. . . . Even in the matter of religion Elizabeth was of the rank to which she aspired influenced her inclination. If she adopted any form of faith, she said, it should be the Roman Catholic, be- cause that was a religion of kings—a royal religion."

## QUEEN OF HEARTS.

"Only in Europe did Elizabeth find the panacea for much which she had suf- fered. Between the years 1815 and 1834 she visited the continent, and as Bonstetten said of her: 'If she is not queen of esthphalia, she is at least queen of hearts.' In her wanderings through Europe, the deserted wife of Jerome was a person apart, a queen un- crowned—inequity, but still a queen. Her position was unique; she upheld it by reason of her beauty and her charm. Her tragic history silenced enmity, her tact and grace gained devotees, her ex- quisite dress and jewels roused universal admiration and her reputation, if un- dained unattained. At every Court which she graced by her presence, she was a welcome and an honored guest; . . . she was the friend of the cele- brated men and women of her country, despite the fact that her tongue could sting, her tact counteracted the wounds made by her too ready wit."

## NOBILITY OF SOUL.

"Yet it was but a sorry triumph that her own life had been wrecked beside her own; and as in silence Elizabeth contemplated the trend of events, no expression of vindictiveness ever es- caped her against the man whose weak- ness had wrought her such grievous wrong. As an instance of this, she said, when the Duchess d'Abrantes published her work on the Bonaparte family: 'I have refused to give her any notices, either of Prince Jerome or of myself; she has already said enough ill of him, and more of my talents and beauty than I deserve.'

Napoleon himself at last acknowledged Elizabeth's worth. In St. Helena, he "spoke with admiration of her talents and regretted the shadow he had cast upon her life. He had been told of her enthusiasm for his genius, and, one day, speaking of her, he said sadly to Ber- trand: 'Those whom I loaded with kindness have forsaken me, those whom I wronged have forgiven me.' This tribute is the more striking, in that Na- poleon knew his appreciation to be shared by the man who was his greatest foe. The Duke of Wellington always pro- fessed for Elizabeth a profound admira- tion and friendship; and it is perhaps illustrative of the strangeness of her position that the favorite pet of this sister-in-law of Napoleon was a little dog which had been given to her by the 'Victor of Waterloo.'

## ELIZABETH'S SAD LOT.

But sorrow continued to be Eliza- beth's lot. She succeeded at length in securing from Napoleon III, the recog- nition of her son's legitimacy; but the fate which she most dreaded came upon her. "I hope that Providence will let me die before my son," she had prayed throughout life; but her son predeceased her and in her old age she would remark pathetically: 'Once I had everything but money, now I have nothing but money.' There is something strangely pathetic in the fact that, despite her irascible contempt for Jerome, she still believed, or wished others to believe, that, although over- borne by the pressure of circumstance, that fickle lover of her youth had ever been faithful to her at heart."

The author of this interesting article queries whether her heroine's astonish- ing exterior calmness "was, after all, but the mask by which a proud spirit concealed an incurable hurt? or was it that the strongest emotion of which Elizabeth Bonaparte was capable was but the petulance of a spoiled child who had been balked of the toys which it coveted?" We find ourselves thinking what a different life Elizabeth's might have been, could she have quelled her strong ambitions, accepted "the Balti- more obscurity which she loathed," and sought comfort in the Catholic Church whose Sovereign Pontiff had dared the wrath of Napoleon in defense of the lawfulness of her marriage tie.

## CONVERSIONS.

In addressing, recently, more than seven hundred Catholic pilgrims from the diocese of Cologne, the Holy Father said: "I earnestly hope that the faith you received in germ in baptism, and have since developed by works of religion and piety, and that the example of your vir- tuous lives should be an example to your families, on your fellow-citizens, and espe- cially on those of them who are not Cath- olics, and who feel the need of a friendly Catholic voice to enlighten them and in- duce them to know and appreciate the Catholic faith."

In saying these words, our Holy Father gives a much needed lesson to all Cath- olics everywhere, and not to the pil- grims from Cologne only. We are all bound to give good example to our fam- ilies, and to our fellow-citizens, and es- pecially to those who are not Catholics; but let us note the following phrase, "to those who feel the need of a friendly Catholic voice to enlighten them and in- duce them to know and appreciate the Catholic faith."

Do we ever consider that there are, among our friends and acquaintances, some thoughtful souls who would really like to know what the Catholic Church truly is—what she herself teaches in- stead of what her enemies say she teaches? Do we ever try to enlighten these thoughtful, in- telligent souls? Do we ever lend them books or papers that contain the truth? Do we ever ask them to accom- pany us to Mass? Do we ever show them that we, who profess to belong to the one true Church of the one true God, wish that they also were gathered into her saving fold?

Another thing we do realize that there are, among our non-Catholic friends, certain very spiritual natures that look to God, pray to God, love God, and desire to come nearer and nearer to Him and to serve Him more devotedly and truly, if they could see the way? What would not the Real Presence of Jesus mean to such souls, if they only knew it? What would they not give for union with Jesus in the Holy Eucharist, if they only knew it? Are we living such lives as to make them wish that they had that mysterious grace which we have? Are we trying to show them by our ex- ample what it is to feed on Jesus, to live one with Jesus?

To the intellectual seeker are we show- ing Jesus as the Truth? To the soul craving more divine love, more divine union, are we showing Jesus as the Life? Are we pointing Him out, as the one true Way, to any soul whatsoever, in all the circle of our acquaintance? In short, let us put to ourselves, searching- ly, the strong, abrupt question: "Have I ever in my life been the means of bringing our single human soul into the Catholic Church?"

There is a story told of a certain Catholic who had lived for years on friendly terms with a "High Church" neighbor, and was about to remove to another place. On leaving, he said something to the effect that he wished his friend would consider the claims of the Catholic Church. The unexpected answer came, full of reproach: "Why did you never speak of that to me be- fore?" To how many of us might not the same penetrating question be put by our non-Catholic neighbors? To how many of us might not our Blessed Lord say reproachfully: "Why have you never tried to save these souls that are beloved by Me?"

Henceforth, let us make it a special subject of prayer, that we may be guided by God's Holy Spirit, to think of conversions, to pray for conversions, and, by God's assisting grace, to gain conversions.—Sacred Heart Review.

## STOP A MOMENT AND THINK!

Did you ever try it? Did you ever think what it is to think? If more men tried it there would be fewer jail wardens. Idleness is the root of all evil. Thoughtlessness nourishes the root. If we could pull this up, sin would go with it, and with sin all our woes. Every sorrow, pain and anguish is a sacrifice to thoughtlessness. From Johnnie's stubbed toe to the gallows, all pay tribute to thoughtlessness. Our first parents didn't think, and we all take after them. God is infinite thought;

man is infinite thoughtlessness. Social- ists want to make earth a heaven. Com- munist makes man a machine that would take the place of thought. Some people talk about revolutionizing the world of thought. The way to do that is to think. One big wave of thought across this earth would turn all our ideas and our ideals topsy-turvy.

Tell a business man to stop and think. He has no time. "What are you doing?" "Making money." He hears a sermon. "Remember, man, that thou must die." Does he believe it? What thought does he give it? If everybody thought for ten minutes a day men would begin giving their money away and wearing Ingersoll watches. Thought is like pulling a tooth. There is no fun in thought. It is easier to dig into the ground than into an argument. It means work; that is why most men be- long to "the working class." If our diges- tive organs didn't work without our ex- ertion, we would all die in this country. If we had more thought and less work, man would be happier. The donkey is given a loud voice, but no sense. Any- body can talk, but it takes a saint to think. Words are supposed to convey thought. The brain is the centre of this telephone system, but the line is seldom busy—it is the buzzing you hear.—W. H. G., in Catholic Union and Times.

## CATHOLIC NOTES.

The estate of Forestspringfarm, situ- ated near Libertyville, Ill., and esti- mated to be worth from \$75,000 to \$100,000, has been presented to the Christian Brothers, by the owner, C. C. Copeland, a convert.

The Catholic census taken under Arch- bishop Glennon for the Census Bureau, Washington, is expected to foot up 17,000,000 Catholics in this country. With the Philippines and Porto Rico, this makes upward of 25,000,000 Cath- olics under the United States flag.

The two wings of St. Jerome's College, Berlin, which were destroyed by fire a week ago are to be rebuilt in the spring. In the meantime, the old building will be torn down. The new structures will be four stories high, and will be built on the same plans as the new building.

Rev. John J. O'Keefe, pastor of St. John's Church, Clinton, Mass., has or- ganized in his town the Association of Domestic Science. He has purchased a home for a new work that is designed to serve the public regardless of creed or sect.

Rev. Albert Reinhart, O. P., has gone to Washington to take up his task of translating the German Dominican Father Deifide's life of Luther. The work will occupy Father Reinhart for several years, and while engaged in the translation he will remain at the Domini- can House of Studies.

By direction of the Pope a Mass of Reparation was celebrated Sunday in all the churches in France "for the dead who have been defrauded by the law of devo- lution," i. e., the law by which the be- quests meant to be used for the Masses for the dead were turned from their original purpose.

A late Rome despatch says that Pope Pius X. is almost embarrassed by the multitude and multiplication of his ju- bilee gifts. Costly ritual objects have been poured upon him by the sovereigns of Catholic countries and their courts, from convents and from private mem- bers of the Church all over the world.

The Catholic students of Barnard Col- lege, the female wing of Columbia, in New York City, have formed a club of their own as a protest against the atti- tude of the Young Women's Christian Association, which will allow them to pay their dues but not to vote or to hold office. The club is to be called the Craigie Club in honor of the Eng- lish Catholic writer who died last year.

Last week, Andrew Carnegie, the great philanthropist, signified his will- ingness to co-operate in the interests of college education of the youth of the South, and made the honor donation of \$118,500 to further the good work of the Catholic Benedictine college at Cor- tington, La., recently destroyed by fire. This gift will be employed in toto in partial payment of the cost of construc- tion of the new abbey and college.

The sixtieth anniversary of the coro- nation of Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary was celebrated Wed- nesday by a Solemn High Mass of thanksgiving in St. Patrick's Church, Washington. President Roosevelt, Vice-President Fairbanks, Justices of the United States Supreme Court, many of the leading members of the diplomatic corps and a large congregation repre- sentative of Washington life were in attendance.

The Casket of Antigonish, N. S., not- ing that the Baptist Mission at Grand Ligne, Quebec, spent last year \$22,000 and converted eleven Papists, remarks that this is at the rate of \$2,000 for each convert. "If we may judge the present by the past," says our esteemed contemporary, "we need scarcely add that they are not worth the money." In the old days, down South a healthy negro man cost between \$400 and \$500; women from \$300 to \$500. Evidently Baptist converts come higher.

Russell J. Wilbur, one of this year's many distinguished converts from the Episcopalians, is now in Rome, a student at the American College. A press dis- patch states that the opening of a special house for converts who wish to study for the priesthood in Rome is under consideration. There is already such a house, the Beda College, founded by Pope Leo XIII, at the English College. At the present rate of accessions to the Church in America it would seem well worth while similarly to increase the facilities at the American College.