

The Catholic Record.

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

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FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

The noble response which has been made by the CATHOLIC RECORD'S appeal in behalf of Father Fraser's Chinese mission encourages us to keep the list open a little longer. It is a source of gratification to Canadian Catholics that to one of themselves it should have fallen to inaugurate and successfully carry on so great a work. God has certainly blessed Father Fraser's efforts, and made him the instrument of salvation to innumerable souls. Why not, dear reader, have a share in that work by contributing your means to its maintenance and extension? The opportunity awaits you: let it not pass you by.

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CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS

Our old friend is very thoughtful at Christmas time. He tells us that he has nothing for dinner but memories. We know that his life has been one of much worry and sorrow, and that some of the memories would take the edge of the keenest appetite, but one would never think it, in looking at the fine old countenance, radiant with the sunshine of an unworped and unspoiled nature. He is ever a boy at heart—trusting in the midst of deceit, and sure that in everyone, no matter how depraved, there is a well-spring of nobility. "Look, my boy," he says, pointing to his violin, "everyone is like that. Lots of music in them if you can but come at it." And then the old fingers clasp lovingly around the violin, and one hears music that, somehow or other, purifies us and makes every nerve vibrate with the harmony of noble things and attunes our hearts to the Christmas hymn—to the jubilee of praise that long years ago rolled out over the sleeping city on the hill-side. The world is not so old that it has forgotten the story of the Christmas day. Time's burden indeed lies heavy upon it, and men have strewn its way with bones and marred it with bloodshed, but the gladness tidings that thrilled it with joy still makes music in its heart. And as we listen to the pealing of the bells we must think what a wondrous answer it was to the cry of men for the God whom they had lost.

They looked everywhere for Him, into the external world—that mysterious temple dedicated to the eternal God—but they could not read the inscription above the door into their own hearts and allayed for a time their anxieties with foolish conceits—into books—and their confession was ever the same—their quest was useless. And as answer God came, not as they expected, but in a manner so marvelous that faith alone firmly received it. When we put away our cap and bells and endeavor to bring to our minds that the word "that was set up from eternity and of all before the earth was" was made Flesh, we must live for a time in an atmosphere of unselfishness. The thought that God placed Himself among human things and wore the vesture of poverty and suffering, and went down at last a dishonored criminal—and all that for us—must make us nobler and braver and more desirous of proving in our own small way that the Love has not been given in vain.

And when we look at the manger, at the poor mother, at all the surroundings that, according to the standard of the world, made for fail-

ure, and consider the stupendous work and the means employed by the Child of Bethlehem for its accomplishment, one can get an idea of the success that means anything. Open the world's map and look over the strong places of the world built up and matured during a thousand years that the Child had to attack and to destroy. It was no weak race of men that He sought to bring under His yoke, but men who had fierce warrior blood coursing in their veins, who broke no order that might stay them from deeds of lust and vengeance, and to whom the success of centuries was a guarantee of the prosperity of the future. What meaning could a gospel other than that they knew have for them?

We know, however, that He took poor Humanity into His arms and soothed its querulousness, as a mother might a suffering child; cleansed it of defilement and set its feet on the pathway of hope and immortality. He broke down the barriers that shut out the sunlight of truth and let it stream into palace and hovel, to bathe women and slave in an atmosphere of purity and freedom and to reveal to man his origin and destiny. They who at first regarded Him with distrust, and sneered at His assumptions, learned in time to revere Him as God, and Master, and, with no weapon but a cross, to go for His sake on the most forlorn hope of the world has ever seen.

Since the time that the Child-God looked with human eyes upon His own world men have grouped themselves around Him in love and adoration. His Worship, to quote a dying infidel, will grow young without ceasing. His sufferings will melt the hardest heart; all ages will proclaim that amongst the sons of men there is none greater than He.

Conversing with Monthonal at St. Helena, Napoleon said: "There have been but three great generals in this world—Cæsar, Alexander, and myself. In spite of all their exploits, Alexander and Cæsar are but mere themes for school boys. Who loves them now? So it is with myself. My memory will live perhaps fifty or sixty years in the hearts of some brave men, and after that no one will love me more. One Being alone is loved on this earth after eighteen hundred years. He is Jesus Christ, Monthonal! Monthonal! I know something of men, and I tell you that Jesus Christ was not a man."

THE LIBRARY

We cannot overestimate the importance of the Sunday school or parish library. It is one of the adjuncts of the Sunday school. Good books are necessary to illustrate and impress upon the young mind the lessons taught in Sunday school. They are necessary to give the children profitable occupation for their spare moments. They are necessary as an antidote to the immoral and dangerous reading that is spread before them at every turn. To secure these results the books should be inspected, and carefully, by persons of discriminating taste. The works of some popular authors, which might be allowable in the library of a literary society, are unfit for a Sunday school. The books must not only be edifying, they must tend to interest and instruct, and we have such books whose price need not tax even moderate resources. They are Catholic in tone, and some of them have as authors men of international reputation. Time was when some descriptions of scenery, a controversial catholicism and a portrayal of insipid piety was acclaimed as the only suitable reading for the household, but nowadays the book that survives is put together with deft fingers and a sense of literary values. We ought to patronize our authors who are giving us to-day works that for literary finish and intrinsic worth are inferior to none published on this side of the ocean.

OUR GRADUATES

What becomes of our graduates? Some indeed show that they are not unmindful of the responsibility that weighs upon the shoulders of every man who has received a liberal education. Many, alas! are done to death, ignominious by dissipation. Others let the ground that has been ploughed and made ready for the

sowing and the planting be over-run by the weeds of frivolity, indolence and indifference. With these we are indignant, and justly. Instead of being at the top they are at the bottom, in the press where the survival of the fittest is the only law, they are henchmen ministering to the aims of social demagogues, or playing the role of ward politician. They have good intentions. But hell is paved with such. "Kick up the stones ye sluggards and break the devil's head with them."

Mere nonsense. It may be right, but it does not pay. To truckle, to cringe, to give ourselves until we become empty—all this pays. Does the darkness of the persecutions of other days so blind our eyes that we cannot see that our non-success is due not to our principles but to our indifference. "Give me ten zealous priests," a holy man used to say, "and I will convert the world." Give us ten laymen who know how to think and to express it, who, conscious of the priceless value of their faith, are ready to make sacrifices to guard and to protect it, and we would drive out from amongst us the foul spectre of indifference that wrecks and ruins. Do that and we shall have the fire of a common aim, aspiration and faith transmuting our efforts into success as solid as the eternal walls.

POLITICS

In some places the plague is "talking politics." The inhabitants take to it naturally and they discuss the current issues as eloquently as some of the individuals who preface their remarks with "I rise Mr. Speaker." We are unable to ascribe the cause unless we take refuge in Wordan's theory that all men are more or less insane. Not that we assume that political knowledge, such as it is, requires not that the intellect be in a healthy state, but it seems to us that much talk about it is conducive to mental aberration.

FATHER VAUGHAN

HIS OPINION ON CO-EDUCATION

In a letter to the Times Father Bernard Vaughan writes: "Knowing that I have recently returned from the United States where co-education is very much in evidence, not a few of my friends, interested in the educational problem, have written asking for my views about the 'blending of male and female influences in education.' As it is my function this evening to distribute prizes at the Jesuit Catholic College of Leeds, I have been at pains to formulate my ideas about co-education, and I am making bold to ask you, sir, to give space in your columns for this letter, which embodies them."

JESUITS AND DAY SCHOOLS

A good deal has been written of late implying that the boarding-school system of education owes its origin to "Loyola." Not only is there no support for this contention, but as a matter of fact "Loyola" and his sons, till compelled to do otherwise, had no such schools at all, but day schools only. We wish we had none other now. To-day the English Jesuit Province has three "boarding" schools and six day schools, of which day schools the college at Leeds is the one most recently founded. I was brought up in a Jesuit college and as a Jesuit I have seen a good deal of the Order in various parts of the world, but never have I heard anything but expressions of regret that all our schools are not home-going at sundown.

Far from desiring to isolate our pupils from home influences, there is not a Jesuit who would not sacrifice much in order to tighten and strengthen those sacred bonds which conventional life sometimes tends to slacken and even to untie. There is no schoolroom so strong or sweet as the mother's arms. In them are imbibed lessons which endure with life. However, as our Father General says, "we must look to the good of our boys and adopt the best methods of the age in which we live." The Society of Jesus is not wedded indismissibly to any one system.

But it is objected that the Jesuit system is without women teachers, it admits no girls, and refuses all female influence. This is true, not of Jesuit schools only, but also of every public secondary school in England. So far Protestants in their Public schools as well as Jesuits have confined lady teachers to preparatory classes, where, for the most part, they are unrivalled as careful trainers and guides. For years past small boys have come under female instructors in Jesuit schools, and if it could be managed, I can see no objections to little girls being co-educated with them.

CO-EDUCATION

But in principle, and from experience of what I have seen in the United States, I am opposed to co-education of adolescence. I cannot but think that girls suffer in not a few ways from the physical and mental strain consequent upon competition with boys, who are rougher spun and of stronger fibre than their nature can ever attain. But it will be urged that the lads themselves gain immeasurably in refinement and in discipline by the presence in the school-room of the gentler sex. It may be that the girls lose as much as the boys gain. Besides, is it not desirable that the training of girls between the ages of twelve and eighteen should be specialized for their own vocation in life, whereas the education of boys should leave aside "accomplishments" to grip what is needed for the outfit of the engineer, the trader, or the soldier, or any other career that befits the male?

To those who contend that our present school system gives no opportunity for training sex emotion, I should like to say, "Thank God for that." To my thinking, neither the schoolroom nor the playground, nor the public street is a place in which to cultivate sex emotions. Surely young people find distractions enough as it is in their school course without adding to them what might be maddening temptations. Those of us who happen at one period of our lives to have been boys or girls may well feel thankful that we were spared the trials to virtue which co-education might possibly have strained to snapping point.

In the United States mixed schools have not been the success that was looked for, and I meet, not among Catholics only, educationists who were strongly in favour of returning to our time-honoured system, from which some modern intellectuals in this country would have us break loose. Taking human nature as it is, I cannot but agree with you, sir, in deeming it unthinkable that co-education can ever take the place of our traditional system" (the Times leading article, November 4.)

CHARLES BROOKFIELD

The secular Press has recorded the death of Charles Brookfield, Censor of Stage Plays. The tales that centre around his name have been retold. The cynic is a character that always draws, and one of the many men that went to the making of Charles Brookfield was something of a cynic. Next to its admiration of cynicism is the public's love of a paradox, and so the dead censor has himself been duly and unduly canonized. The suggestion that he himself wrote a book which he might have been called upon to veto officially was, of course, irresistible. Charles Brookfield would have been the last man to complain of a little fun made at his expense, even over the coffin, that generally silences that sort of badinage. For he had a sense of the fit proportion of things. He showed that sense in its fulness in becoming a Catholic in mature life, when the force of habit made such a change doubly difficult. "The world is very aware of him in the capacity of a convert to the Catholic Church. But there will be some among our own readers who will make a picture of him in their minds quite different from that loosely sketched by the devout and constant attendant at the Oratory when he was in town; in the neighbourhood, at Stratton-on-the-Fosse, of Downside monastery and college, where he placed his own son; of the heroic fighter against the charge of infidelity, and the sufferer of suffering in the close of it, whose sigh somehow got transmuted into a smile.

It is said that Brookfield twice had the experience of reading his own obituary notices, and if he died several deaths, he lived several lives—he was a mimic, a mine of anecdotes, a writer, actor and censor of plays—a combination of three functions in one man which might be deemed for a long time officialism from the charge of reviewer, a member of the Salvile Club, where the present writer can remember him as one who was gay indeed, but with rather a disgust of his gaiety—the witty and worldly Brookfield, he was expected by friends and acquaintances to be, but a Brookfield, he expected and meant himself to be, of even better things. The son of a clergyman, he was perhaps, subject to some of those laws of reaction which take the sons of their enclosure. Educated at Westminster and at Trinity College, Cambridge, he found himself on the boards at the age of twenty-two, and before there was talk of Church and Stage Guilds—an association at which he was the last to smile, and, indeed, became himself, five years before his death, the founder of the Guild of Catholic Actors and Musicians. His father's and mother's friendships with literary men and women have had their delightful record. Tennyson's characteristic allusion to

Old Brooks, who loved so well to mouth my rhymes does not take us much further than Tennyson. But "Brooks" had his

own claims to consideration, and his wife was among the women of that day who had the gift of friendship. Their son's personal acquaintance was not slight, but at least he inherited the tradition. Ellen Terry was the first to give him his chance on the stage, and later he was successively with the Bancrofts and Sir Herbert Tree. His career was, however, closed by the advance of consumption—a disease from which he had intermittently suffered since he left Westminster School in 1873 at the age of fifteen. Thenceforth his pen was on his novels and his plays, till, in November, 1911, he was nominated Joint Examiner of Plays by his old Cambridge friend, Lord Spencer—one of his last acts as Lord Chamberlain, Mr. Brookfield married Frances Mary, daughter of Mr. William Grogan, whose literary work includes "The Cambridge Apostles," historical novels, and her part in the compilation of Mrs. Brookfield and Her Circle." Of the courage with which he endured his long illness we have already spoken. Heart weakness and asthma have been complications of the last two years; but his death was primarily due to tuberculosis. On Thursday morning he was laid to rest at Stratton-on-the-Fosse, while his friends in London were able to attend a Requiem at the Oratory. The advertisement of his death in the papers contained a clause which perhaps marks a new method of commemoration: "Those who would like to send flowers are asked to give something in charity instead." To his fellow Catholics may be made the frank request for prayers.—London Tablet.

AGNOSTICISM

REVEALED RELIGION MUST REST PRIMARILY ON AN INFALLIBLE VOICE

Dealing with the cult of Agnosticism in a sermon on "Some More Substitutes for the Christian Religion," the Very Rev. Mr. R. H. Benson, M.A., at the Carmelite Church, Kensington, London, said that Catholics knew that revealed religion must rest primarily upon an infallible living voice. They also knew that the only authority in the world which coherently claimed to be that infallible living voice was the Catholic Church. There had seldom been a time, continued Monsignor Benson, when there was so much incoherence in religious belief; or when people said so frequently that they could never bring themselves to accept this or that belief, as at present. This was the result of the breaking away from the coherent infallible creed of the Church of God. People to-day were attracted by or persuaded into forms of belief containing some little point of revealed religion, and in that they found a shelter for their souls and satisfied their intellectual cravings. The preacher classed Agnosticism under two forms: the false and the true. The first he described as a belief more illogical, more narrow-minded, and more intolerant than any other existing form of belief. The false Agnosticism went a step further than the true form of Agnosticism and said: "Because I do not know it is utterly impossible for you to know." That was not the position of the true Agnosticism, whose arguments must be treated with tenderness. Men holding that belief looked round the world and began their search for truth with what was almost an act of humility. They saw on every side a conflict of various schemes of religion and philosophy, each containing a certain amount of good and a little spark of truth. These people did not deny that God was an unknowable or impersonal God. But they claimed the liberty of their own individuality in pledging themselves to a spiritual belief. This class of people, said the preacher, were the most difficult in the whole world to discuss religious matters with. It was as probable as fighting a fog. When it was pointed out to them that they were wrong in their belief, they were most humble in their protestations, avowing that they might be wrong or otherwise, but they did not know. To the Catholic seeking to enlighten them they would say, "I do not know that you do not know." It was extraordinarily difficult to meet such an attitude which appeared so Christian in its humility. Whether it was Christian humility was another point. There was another class of Agnostics, continued the preacher, who had been drawn into that state through no fault of theirs. A great number of Agnostics there were who never yet had had the Christian argument presented to them at all. There was also another large section of Agnostics whose Agnosticism arose from intellectual sloth. He (Monsignor Benson) did not suppose that there had ever been such a century of intellectual sloth as the present. Intellectual sloth generally accompanied practical activity. People of to-day, declared the preacher, had forgotten how to think. They had not the power to put two and two together. Yet another class of Agnostic regarded the Catholic Church as a tiny state of belief in which the mind was con-

finned and cramped as in a box. A Presbyterian minister, writing in this connection some time ago, said Mr. Benson, described the Catholic Church as "a little creed." Having demonstrated at length the unsoundness of the Agnostic position in this respect, Monsignor Benson dwelt upon the fulness of the Catholic knowledge that was not conceivable to those outside the Church of God. Catholics had a duty to Agnostics, continued the preacher. Possessing as they did the true faith, it was perfectly obvious that Catholics should do something for these people. Let them conceive what their lives would be like without the Catholic Church, and consider those who ran in circles with the best intention in the world. Let them try to conceive the state of a brilliant man who was making what was called in modern times "progress" covering ground regardless of the direction in which way he was going. Yet through intellectual sloth that was the state of many souls outside the Church at the present day. In their attitude towards the Agnostic Catholics had to humble themselves. Whether members of that Church from the cradle, or having received the grace to embrace its tenets in later life, they must guard against displaying spiritual snobbery, and not act as if it were to their credit to become Catholics. God drew them to His Church, because they could not possibly save their souls without it. They required more humility than other people, not less; they were more weak and feeble than others and so needed more grace. What was that to be proud of? Agnostics needed great sympathy from Catholics, and help in their efforts to find the truth.

CARDINAL RAMPOLLA

DEATH OF A DISTINGUISHED CHURCHMAN

Rome, Dec. 16.—Cardinal Rampolla, former papal secretary of state, died to-night. He was born August 17, 1843, at Polizzi, and having completed his theological studies at the College of Nobles and in 1875 was appointed to the papal nunciature at Madrid. Two years later he was recalled to Rome and appointed secretary of the propaganda for Eastern affairs. He was consecrated titular archbishop of Heraclea in 1885 and returned to Madrid as nuncio but was shortly afterwards created cardinal and appointed papal secretary. New to the Sacred College he was admirably fitted for the office, but his opposition to the powers of the Triple Alliance had its effect when Leo XIII. died.

Rampolla was the favourite as successor but Austria's veto was asserted and Cardinal Sarta was chosen instead. Rampolla at once resigned as secretary of state and for several years lived in retirement. Of late he had been more prominent but age was creeping upon him and his death comes at the age of seventy years.

CARDINAL MANNING

HOW HE BECAME A CATHOLIC

In a private conversation this great prince of the Church himself related the following: "I was in Rome, visited the museums, the churches, and viewed the city from all points. I had never the shadow of a doubt as to the truth of Protestantism, and had not the slightest notion of changing my religion. Nothing at all that I saw had made an impression upon me, and I was as far from Catholicism as I was at my departure from England. "One morning I entered the Church of St. Louis of France. The Blessed Sacrament was exposed on one of the altars, probably on account of a novena. There was nothing out of the ordinary; a few candles were burning, the priests, vested only in their surplices, knelt in the sanctuary; and a few of the faithful were praying in the Church. Nothing of the pomp of St. Peter's was there, but it was God's time. I felt in my heart a mysterious emotion, partly illumination, partly attraction. For the first time in my life it appeared to me that truth might be here, and that possibly I might one day become a Catholic. But I was not yet converted. It was merely the call of God, and I was still far from the truth. I did not reject the call, but I prayed, I sought and studied with all the sincerity of which I was capable. Light increased from day to day, and grace accomplished the rest. "Considered from a temporal point of view, no conversion could have been connected with more disadvantages. For a clergyman and a scholar there was no more agreeable position than that of Archdeacon Manning. As a dignitary of the Anglican Church he possessed riches, influence, and a prominent position; genius, fame and friends were his. On entering the hated Church of Rome he lost his friends; but, as he said, he hearkened to the voice of God calling him.—Missionary.

There is nothing more pitiful than a life spent in thinking of nothing but self—Farrar.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Rev. Arthur Hart, S. J., lately ordained, was once a prominent worker and organist of the Delaware avenue Methodist church, Buffalo.

Lady Elliot, widow of the late Sir Charles Elliot, Bart., is among the latest converts to the Church, having been recently received at St. James Spanish Place, by Mons. Benson.

In Hawick, Scotland, James McDonald, a notorious anti-Catholic lecturer, has just been fined, under the Poor Law Act, for having failed to support his wife and two children.

Miss Lomax, a Catholic student of the Glasgow, Scotland, University, recently won a \$250 bursary, but has been debarred from securing the prize on account of her religion. The bursary is available for Protestants only.

The Rev. Russell J. Wilbur, formerly Archdeacon of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Fond du Lac, has returned from the American College at Rome to become assistant pastor of St. Cronan's Church, St. Louis.

The new church at Effingham, England, has been formally opened and dedicated to Our Lady of Sorrows. The site was acquired and the church built, furnished and endowed by Mr. George Pauling, of "The Lodge" Effingham.

Tired of the world's ways, Richard M. Carnes, past fifty years old, until a few weeks ago a curb market broker, has entered the Jesuit novitiate at St. Andrew's Poughkeepsie, in the humble capacity of a lay brother. He had been in the Street for a quarter century.

It is reported that the French bishops have presented a memorial to the Holy See, in the Congregation of the Penitentiary, with regard to the "tango." It is pointed out that in this matter, which concerns morals, bishops and confessors can act of their own initiative, as has been done in the case of persons entering churches unbecomingly dressed.

A Catholic priest was shot and wounded at Brussels, Belgium, recently by a Socialist because he refused to join a funeral procession in which the red flag of Socialism was carried. One of the men in the funeral party on his return from the cemetery forced his way into the presbytery, shot the priest, and wounded one of the servants.

The Anglican Bishop of Bangor reopened the ancient pre-reformation Catholic Church of St. Benno, at Clynnog, Carnarvonshire, England. This church tradition says was the original oratory of St. Benno in the early part of the seventh century. Rows of skulls which probably remained undisturbed for nine centuries were found in it.

No fewer than seven Catholic mayors have been elected as chief magistrates of English cities and towns. The majority of them are Irish by birth or descent. Manchester, Leeds, Worcester, Bootle, Wallasey, Blackpool, and Dewsbury are the municipalities over which they preside. In one instance the mayor was re-elected from the previous year.

Mrs. Joyce Kilmer, step daughter of Henry M. Alden, of Metuchen, a former editor of Harper's Magazine, has embraced the Catholic faith, having been converted by the Paulist Fathers. Her husband one of the leading reviewers of the N. Y. Times Book Reviews an author of a book of poems entitled "A Summer of Love," is a convert. Both were Episcopalians. They live at Suffern, N. Y.

About ten years ago Rev. Ernest Rich Grimes, member of the (Anglican) Cowley Father's and preceptor of their church at Cowley St. John, Oxford, became a Catholic. Shortly after ordination, seven years ago, his Bishop sent him to the little Leicestershire town of Earl Shilton, to found a mission. At that time there were but half a dozen Catholics there to-day the mission numbers 300 souls, all converts of Father Grimes.

Among the Jews who have become priests are the following: Revs. James Veit of New York City, Hilary Rosenfeld, O. S. B., of Davenport, Ia., and Paul Schaffel, D. D. (he changed his first name from Saul to Paul), assistant pastor of St. Rose's church, Racine, Wis. Then there are Brother Antony of the Society of the Atonement, and Brother Walter of the Alexian Brothers, and Miss Blanch Elkan now a Sister of the Good Shepherd, Boston.

A romantic explanation has been found for the disappearance several months ago of Count de Castellon de St. Victor, one of the best known arconauts in France and a prominent member of the French Aero club. His friends suddenly lost sight of him. Some said he was abroad; others feared that he might have met with some fatal accident and that his identity had been unrecognized. But a former companion of the Count, staying near Canterbury in England, was amazed to see the lost member of the fashionable world of Paris wearing a worn and darned cassock and scrubbing floors and washing dishes as a novice in a Jesuit establishment.