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Shall we sharpen and refine the youthful intellect, and then leave it to exercise its powers upon the most sacred of subjects, as it will, and with the chance of exercising them wrongly; or shall we proceed to feed it with divine truth, as it gains an appetite for knowledge?

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10.

Mercier is "himself again" and we need not be surprised if we should see him before long, posing once more as the champion of the Church. It is altogether unlikely, however, that he can duppe "Jean Baptiste" a second time.

In obedience to the directions of his physician, Mr. Gladstone has declined not to be present at the Lord Mayor's banquet in the Guildhall, London. The report that his refusal was owing to the Lord Mayor's religious opinions is false. In reply to the invitation, the Premier congratulated Mr. Stuart Mill upon the victory he has won for "liberty of conscience."

On the eve of the great political battle which has just been fought in the United States the *Montreal Star*, thus slyly suggested the character of the weapon on which, at the eleventh hour, both parties placed their chief reliance:

The last-hour arguments of the Presidential campaign are now being highly distributed by the local "bosses" of the parties.

On Tuesday, the Newfoundland delegates arrived in Halifax where they found Hon. Messrs. Thompson, Bower, and Chapleau awaiting them. "Trade and fisheries difficulties are to be settled," says the Halifax *Herald*, "and if the Newfoundland papers accurately informed, the question of confederation will also be brought forward by the government of our sister colony." We hope the conference will be productive of much good.

A new and distinguished convert to the Catholic Church is Mr. W. H. Thorne, the editor and owner of *The Globe*, a quarterly review of literature and religion, published in Philadelphia. "The announcement of his conversion in the October number," says the Catholic world, "is couched in such terms as to convince one of his thorough sincerity and deep earnestness. We gladly welcome such a staunch defender of the truth on our side of the line, and we hope that a pen that has been so busy in the past will find a new energy imparted to it when wielded in defence of the true faith."

The Protestant converts in Uganda have conjointly written an appeal to the Church Missionary Society in view of the proposed evacuation of that territory by the British. "Our friends, we tell you the truth," they frankly confess, "we shall undoubtedly, in the case of the company withdrawing, fight against ourselves." In a letter to the *Times* Capt. Lugard, who has been recalled from Uganda, confirms this remarkable declaration. "It is absolutely certain," he says, "that they (the Protestants) would quarrel among themselves." Evidently these converts are active members of the Church militant. But their overflowing zeal for the faith newly found might, one would fancy, have been directed to more useful, not to say more Christian ends.

The New York *Catholic Review* thus sums up the credentials of the Catholic Church:

All the glories of Christianity belong to the Catholic Church. It goes back in unbroken line to the Apostles. To it the first Christians belonged. It counts the legion of martyrs, of virgins, of confessors as its own. It civilized Europe. It has preserved letters. Its missionaries have penetrated into every land. For fifteen centuries before Protestantism was dreamed of, it was, in all that time it was the undisputed representative of Christ. And since then, it has continued to bear the marks that distinguish it from every other institution—it is one, it is holy, it is catholic, it is apostolic. Its unity is conspicuous every where it is precisely the same doctrine. Go to China go to New Zealand, come to New York, go to Senegambia, go to Rome—the priest, the Catholic, the missionary, the Malay-Indian—the instruction you will get will be identical to the crossing of a and the dotting of an a. Nowhere else in the universe is the prayer of Christ answered—that His followers should be one even as the Father and He were one, Blessed be His holy name—the glory of it is His!

"That Christian and catholic doctrine of prayers for the dead, how we love that doctrine! It is taught and practiced in our prayer book, as it has been taught in every true liturgy since the Lord was on earth. Ours would not be a true prayer book if it did not teach it."

The foregoing is an extract from a sermon preached on All Souls' Day by Bishop Nicholson of the Protestant Episcopal Church of New York. His statement must have been news to his congregation. We should like to know how the good bishop could reconcile it with the 22nd Article which teaches that "The Romish doctrine concerning purgatory... is a fond thing vainly invented and grounded on no warranty of Scripture, but rather repugnant to the Word of God." It would appear to be a difficult performance. But in view of the amazing elasticity of all and every of the thirty-nine Articles, we are not at all surprised that he could not accomplish the task—at least, to his own satisfaction.

"Not even the infant's snuff of Columbus literature of the last six months," says the November number of the *Review of Reviews*, "can deprive Father John R. Tabb's tribute to Lippincott's of its 'sweetness and light.' Here are the lines:

With faith unshaken by the night,
I gazed upon the day,
With hope that pleased thee for the flight,
God sent thee from the crowded ark,
Child-bearing, like the dove,
To find, for suffering waters dark,
New lands for conquering love."

Father Tabb, a professor in St. Charles College, Maryland, is the writer of "charming little verse-gems of thought" that ever and anon appear over his own signature in United States magazines. Harper's of last May contained an example of his, the meaning of which proved a sore puzzle to at least nine out of every ten persons that read it. How many of our readers can make it out, we wonder! Those among them who may have already seen the verses and discovered the key to their sense will please keep the secret to themselves for a little while, as we should like to see how many of our readers can find it out for themselves. Not until the sense is discovered does the beauty of the tiny poem stand revealed. It reads thus:

THE WHITE JESSAMINE.
I knew she lay above me,
Where the casement all the night
Shone softened with a phosphor glow
Of moonbeams' light,
And that her dreaming spirit pure,
Was floating fast for flight,
Each tender throbbled and quickened
As I lightly climbed above,
And could scarce restrain the blossoms
When, anear the destined place,
Her gentle whisper thrilled me
Ere I gazed upon her face.
I waited, darkling till the dawn
Should touch me into bloom,
To inhale its first perfume,
When lo! a paler flower than mine
Had blossomed in the gloom!

In our second last issue we quoted a leading delegate as affirming at the late Pan-Presbyterian convention that "Roman Catholics must be excluded from all political offices." The *Presbyterian Witness* thinks it probable that we have been misled as regards the sentiment attributed to the said delegate, and asks us to give his name and the title of his address. The name is Rev. Jas. Kerr, and the title of the paper read by him before the convention is, "Romanism in Great Britain and her Colonies." The published report of his discourse we have not seen. It appeared in the *Toronto Globe* of the 30th September and the *Toronto Mail* of October 1st. Our quotation was given on the authority of two of our Catholic exchanges in Ontario, one of which is published in the city where the convention met. We are quite willing to believe that, in giving utterance to the sentiment above referred to, the Rev. Mr. Kerr spoke only for a bigoted few like himself. We believe that the great body of Presbyterians in Canada never even dream of denying to their Catholic fellow-citizens the same rights and privileges which they themselves enjoy. Yet it must be confessed that, judged by the Presbyterian standard, which proclaim the Pope to be Anti-Christ and Catholics to be idolaters, the only consistent Presbyterians are those of the Rev. Mr. Kerr's stamp.

Appropos of a somewhat sharp criticism of Luther's character and motives, contained in the report of a sermon by a New York Jesuit which we reprint on another page from the *Montreal Star*, that paper, in a later issue, observes: "Nothing is to be gained for the religion of Christ by attacking the motives of long dead champions of any of the churches which bear the name Christian."

This may be perfectly true. But none the less men naturally look for pure and lofty motives in one who poses as a religious reformer. Besides, it is not so much the motives as the morals of Luther that the Jesuit preacher points to as being out of keeping with the character of a teacher of righteousness, a veritable prophet in Israel, such as the Monk of Wittenburg professed to be. The man who broke his vow of celibacy and caused the woman whom he made his wife to break hers, did what anyone who knows ought of the obligations of religion and chastity can hardly reconcile with his idea of a teacher sent of God with a more special mission than any prophet of old. And as little can one conceive of a genuine religious reformer, whose lips should have been touched with a live coal from the altar as were those of Isaiah by the seraph, uttering the obscene and scurrilous words that are written down in Luther's "Table Talk."

In his inaugural address at the opening of the Presbyterian College for the current year the Rev. Dr. Pollok said: "Temporary error is the price that must be paid for that freedom of inquiry which the reformation has given to oppressed intellect."

That price was indeed paid by the men who first made their individual reason, their private judgment, the ultimate test of revealed truth, each successive generation of their followers has since that time paid its own installment, and the payment is still in arrears. The temporary errors or aberrations of those who first pushed the principle of free inquiry beyond its legitimate sphere gradually grew into systems of error around which have clustered a multiplicity of sects each of which pays its tribute which freedom of inquiry unconsciously exacts. The human mind may freely exercise itself on things that lie in the natural order. Here knowledge is reached by progressive stages; the mind passes from doubt to opinion, from opinion to certainty. But when there is question of revealed truth, certainty is had from the outset or not at all. Once the fact of a revelation has been certified by reason, the truths revealed are received by faith, which faith is not the

outcome of free inquiry, nor to be founded with opinion, nor compatible with doubt. The free exercise of man's reason leads up to faith; it does not and can not beget faith. And to make the truths that are of faith the subject-matter of free inquiry is not only to risk falling into grievous error, but to incur the sentence of condemnation uttered by the Author and Finisher of our faith against all who will not believe.

A Night in Siberia.

Antigonish enjoys to-day the proud distinction of being the only town in Canada which has heard from Mr. George Kennan's own lips the strange and wondrous story of the famous traveller's adventures through the frozen steppes of Northern Asia. The audience that Mr. Kennan held spell-bound for two hours in the College Hall on last Tuesday night was, in point of numbers, quite small in comparison with the immense audiences that have often greeted him in the large cities of his native republic; but a more appreciative one we care sure that he has not often faced. "Camp Life in Eastern Siberia" was the subject of his lecture, which from first to last was intensely interesting, and at times so thrilling that his hearers scarcely dared to breathe, lest they should lose a word.

There were a few vacant seats in the bright and tastefully decorated hall when J. D. Copeland, Esq., in a few well-chosen words introduced the lecturer to the audience.

Mr. Kennan then arose, and the audience saw before them a man of spare frame and somewhat delicate appearance, but erect in build and active in movement, with a frank, manly, and peculiarly attractive countenance. No one who knew not of his career would suppose, at first sight, that he was possessed of extraordinary powers of endurance, though there was that about his features, particularly his eye, which plainly told that his was "the will to do, the soul to dare."

The lecturer set out by relating the circumstances under which he came, in the summer of 1865—he was then only in his twentieth year—to join an exploring expedition to north-eastern Siberia. A Russian-American Telegraph Co. had been formed shortly before to connect America with Europe by a telegraph line across the Behring Sea and through Siberia. Siberia was then a great unknown land, and the first step necessary to take was to explore it. Accordingly a small party of five men, of which the daring young operator from Ohio was the life and soul, set out from San Francisco in July 1865, and on the 20th of August were landed at Petropavlovsk in the peninsula of Kamchatka. Here began Mr. Kennan's first acquaintance with the Russian language, with which he was soon to become almost as familiar as with his mother tongue, and the knowledge of which he was to turn to such a valuable account some years afterwards, when he was sent by the *Century Magazine* to attempt the dangerous feat of visiting the Siberian convict settlements, with a view to letting the outer world see how Russia treats her unfortunate criminals and political offenders.

The lecturer entertained his hearers to a vivid description of the strange customs the roving lives, the dingy, dirty tents, the superstitions, and withal the rude but genuine hospitality of the half-civilized tribes of Koraks, Kamchadeles, etc., who roam over the boundless wastes between Kamchatka and the Arctic ocean. He gave a minute description of the dress of furs which everybody must wear in these inclement regions during the winter season, and which is so warm that it enables the wearer to travel in safety over the shelterless steppes when the temperature is from 50° to 60° below zero.

A ball given in honor of the American visitors by the primitive inhabitants (Cossack principally in origin) of a Siberian village, was described in minute detail, the lecturer bringing out to the best possible advantage the humorous side of the uncouth but merry entertainment. Two native dance-songs, sung after the Siberian fashion, were greatly enjoyed.

The lecturer worked up the interest of the audience to an intense degree when he related, in language the most graphic, how at one time in the depth of the terrible winter he and another American with a party of Koraks drove in sledges drawn by dogs hundreds of miles northwards to the shores of the frozen ocean in search of a party of white men who, as they had learned from a vague rumour brought by friendly natives from some northern tribe, had been landed by a "fire-ship" and were passing the winter, some 300 miles from the nearest settlement, in an underground hole which appeared as a "long tube emitting smoke"; how both the men and the dogs of the searching party were on the point of succumbing to hunger and fatigue, and the intense cold of one bitter night, when all at once they stumbled on an upturned American whaleboat frozen in the ice, and shortly afterwards came upon the long sought-for stove-pipe sticking out of a deep bank of snow; and how joyous the meeting was, particularly when Mr. Kennan recognized in the occupants of that lonely Arctic cave, five dear old comrades from home, who had waved his steamer farewell from a San Francisco dock nearly two years before.

Mr. Kennan's description of the "unspeakable glory" of the Aurora Borealis as he saw it once on a Siberian winter night, was a superb piece of word-painting, which brought with marvellous vividness the sublime phenomenon before our eyes. The lecturer dealt exclusively with his first visit to Siberia, which came to an end in the spring of 1868, the laying of the Atlantic cable having caused the Russian-American Company to abandon their brilliant and daring scheme.

When Mr. Kennan had ceased speaking, and the applause had subsided, a hearty vote of thanks, moved by Mr. Angus McGillivray and seconded by Mr. Ernest Gregory, was tendered the famous traveller whose lecture at Antigonish will ever be remembered by those who had the good

fortune to hear it, as one of the rare treats of a lifetime. Our readers in and about Antigonish will be delighted to learn that Mr. Kennan has kindly promised to favor Antigonish with another visit next year on his way to or from his summer residence at Dalhousie. His next lecture will treat of another and a darker phase of Siberian life—the condition of the convicts in Siberian prisons. March 1st, 1892.

The Presidential Election.

The battle between the two great parties in the United States has just been fought, and the Democrats have won the day. Cleveland and Stevenson are elected President and Vice-President respectively. There are in all 444 votes in the electoral college, of which 222 are necessary to a choice. By the latest account the total vote cast for the Democratic candidates was 256, the vote cast by each of the States that have gone Democratic standing thus:

Alabama,	11	Mississippi,	19
Arkansas,	8	Montana,	17
California,	12	Nebraska,	11
Colorado,	3	New Jersey,	20
Delaware,	3	New York,	36
Florida,	4	North Carolina,	11
Georgia,	12	North Dakota,	3
Illinois,	24	Ohio,	12
Indiana,	13	South Carolina,	9
Iowa,	11	South Dakota,	3
Kentucky,	13	Tennessee,	12
Louisiana,	8	Virginia,	12
Maine,	8	West Virginia,	6
Michigan,	11	Wisconsin,	6
Minnesota,	10	Wyoming,	3
Missouri,	9	Total,	256

Whatever may be the result of the contest in the States that have not as yet been heard from, Cleveland has already a clear majority of over 30 votes in the electoral college, and his return is assured beyond a doubt. Colorado, Kansas, Montana, Nevada, and Oregon, have been lost to the Republicans, the Democratic party having in those States joined their forces with the People's Party, of which General Weaver was the nominee, to defeat their opponents.

Catholicity in the Maritime Provinces.

A very interesting and sympathetic article under this heading appears in the *Quebec Semaine Religieuse* of the 29th ult. It is from the graceful pen of the Rev. Dr. L. A. Paquet, a distinguished professor of Laval University, who spent the greater portion of last summer's vacation in the provinces by the sea. Our space, we regret to say, will not permit us to publish the article in full; we must therefore confine ourselves to the citation of such passages as have a direct bearing upon our own province, and particularly our own diocese. Much of the grace of the French original will, we fear, be lost in the translation.

Referring to the Metropolitan, the reverend writer says:— "Monsignor C. O'Brien, raised to the metropolitan see of Halifax in 1883, is one of the most cultured minds in the Canadian episcopate. His Grace made his philosophical and theological studies under illustrious masters in Rome. He is possessed of extensive knowledge in the divine and human sciences, and has already given to the public a number of very interesting works. By his talents, his illustrious mastery of speech, his ability as a writer, he has acquired a great influence among both Protestants and Catholics, and he has been several times admitted to the high and benignant auspices that the *Evangelical Fathers* founded, two years ago, on the shores of St. Mary's Bay, a College to render important services from the severest standpoint of religion, education, and the Acadian race."

Of the Ordinary of this diocese, the reverend writer says: "The Bishop of Antigonish (formerly of Arichat) is Mgr. J. Cameron, a prelate as distinguished for his theological lore as for his prudence and ability. A graduate of the Propaganda, where he made a thorough course of studies, Monsignor Cameron gave the first proofs of his administrative ability in the exercise of the parochial ministry. Appointed at first Co-adjutor of Mgr. McKinnon, he succeeded the latter on the episcopal throne in 1871. Antigonish owes to him the payment of the debt on the Cathedral, the Episcopal residence, the Convict, and above all, the flourishing condition of its College, to the advancement of which the eminent prelate has devoted all his energies. He understands that it is upon education that the future of peoples depends. In 1885, during the difficulties occasioned by the division of the diocese of Three Rivers, it will be remembered that Mgr. Cameron had the honor of being charged by the Holy See with a mission as delicate as it was important. His Lordship has for his Vicar General the Very Rev. James M. Quinn, P.P., of Arichat, a former student of Laval, and a man whose varied talents, experience, and devoted zeal justify to the full this mark of confidence."

In reference to St. F. X. College, the reverend writer makes the following further appreciative remarks:

"This house of learning, rebuilt in vast proportions, and perfectly organized is a splendid monument of the eminent talents of His Lordship Bishop Cameron as well as of the spirit of progress that animates his people. In the course of a splendid moment, the like that of St. Dunstan's School in England, philosophy occupies a prominent place, and its professors are of those who glory in having for their guide the immortal philosopher of Aquila, whose teachings as Leo XIII. has recently declared, are so valuable a help not only in the various departments of theology, but even in the natural sciences themselves."

The clergy of the lower provinces come in for a good share of praise. In general they appeared to the writer to be "remarkable for their piety, regularity, and active zeal, as well as for the large proportion of fine intellects among them." They follow "with lively attention the movement of modern thought and all the developments of religious controversy." "In the administrative order, their labors have not been sterile. Notwithstanding the meagreness of their resources, they have constructed fine churches, which without being rich, are neat, elegant, and spacious. Here, as elsewhere, the works of Catholic charity compare very favorably with those of the Protestant sects."

In the account of the faith of the noble names of those who at Chapel Island, C. B., the Reverend Doctor visited on the Sunday of the procession. Mention is also made of the tenacity with which the descendants of the old Acadians have ever since clung not only to the faith but also to the language of their forefathers, and the writer adds that "the gradual introduction of French into their schools will contribute more and more to the growth of this off-shoot of the old mother-land."

As was to be expected, Dr. Paquet is not of the number of those who consider the French language a stumbling-block to the progress of the Dominion. "God has formed it [Canada] of two precious elements. The French and English languages are the two great levers of modern civilization. To make them work together in fruitful peace and harmony should be the aim of all whose mission it is to labor for the advancement of the religious, social, and national interests of the confederated provinces."

We must not conclude without expressing our gratitude for the kind and flattering reference made to THE CASKET which has the honor of counting this able theologian and orator among its constant readers.

East Bay.

What has happened the young writer, who furnished your paper with news, from this part of the Island, last winter? "Caesar in Britain" must be now engaging his attention.

A great number from here were present, last Sunday, at the opening of the new Catholic Church at Big Pond.

Mr. A. McDonald, Fishery Inspector, visited the fishermen of East Bay officially last week. He pays considerable attention to the study of the finny tribe, and no doubt makes a good officer.

Mr. Ronald McDonald, who taught last summer at his home at North Side East Bay, has left us for St. F. X. College, Antigonish.

Another one of our young men, Mr. Neil A. McMillan, is now attending that Institution.

Last winter the people of this parish, urged on by their love for our late venerable pastor, Mgr. McLeod, desired to have his last resting place marked by a costly tomb-stone. With this object in view, money was subscribed a, and the work given to Mr. McIsaac of Antigonish. Last month saw it placed in our cemetery. While the work, so well done, shows that the sculptor has done his part, credit is undoubtedly due the deceased's successor and flock.

The elections of Municipal Councilors are the source of a great deal of talk and agitation in this County at present. Nearly all the districts are contested, and the fight seems to be very hot in some. Although East Bay has two representatives at the Council Board, one of whom is County Warden, there is to be no election in this part of the County, both councilors being re-elected by acclamation. Both men being re-elected by acclamation. Both men being re-elected by acclamation.

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