

THE CASKET

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THE CASKET,

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THURSDAY, JULY 25.

The Liberal papers are calling on Controller Wallace to resign his place in the Government, as he has declared himself at variance with the members of the Cabinet on the school question. It is quite safe to say that Mr. Wallace will do nothing of the kind. Those who know him best do not hesitate to assert that he is Controller of Customs for the same object that he is Sovereign Grand Master of the Orange body—that is to say, for revenue only.

The city of Toronto seems determined not to lose the unsavoury notoriety it has long enjoyed as a centre of religious bigotry. The latest manifestation of its mean spirit of persecution is the resolution of its School Board depriving supporters of separate schools of the right to receive any contract for work on public school. This is one of the petty means adopted by the magnanimous and enlightened Protestants of the "Queen City" to harass those who exercise their right to send their children to the separate schools which the law, much to the regret of those lovers of "civil and religious liberty," provides for.

Prof. Macdonald, in his address to the Alumni of St. Francis Xavier's College last month, had occasion to remark that "a little learning is a dangerous thing." A certain individual in the Province lately afflicted with the *mania scribendi* has not unreasonably taken the remark as a personal insult and of course bitterly resented it, exemplifying it at the same time as aptly as it has ever been illustrated. We don't really believe the remark was intended to have any personal reference; but in any case the real offenders are Francis Bacon, who said something to that effect, and Alexander Pope, who put it in its present form,—and in fact the whole thinking world, whose experience Pope merely crystallized in his famous line.

Our juvenile contemporary, the *Ottawa Press*, of whose first issue we said all the good we could, is very angry because our remarks were not all complimentary. It is thus it proves the sincerity of its declaration that it courted the severest criticism. Its fourth number, which has just come to hand, and more than one-third of which was prepared by one of those eminently Catholic institutions, the boiler-plate companies of Toronto, slashes right and left at us with a characteristic recklessness which confirms our suspicion that the *Owl* lent its columns to a certain violent writer to attack the Catholic papers of Canada with the object of "booming" a forthcoming competitor. If the *Owl* or its poetical contributor can extract any honor from this transaction, they are welcome to it.

The foundation stone of the new Cathedral about to be erected at Westminster was laid on the feast of SS. Peter and Paul by Cardinal Vaughan, assisted by Cardinal Logue, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland. Many of the leading Catholics of the United Kingdom honored the occasion with their presence. It was by far the most imposing Catholic ceremony of the kind that has taken place in England since the Reformation. The new cathedral will be 350 feet long

and 150 feet wide. A four-sided campanile, 300 feet in height, will rise at the diately beside the main entrance. The style of architecture is to be the Byzantine. The late Cardinal Manning, who had scarce a copper to dispose of by will at his death, contributed \$40,000 out of his private resources towards purchasing the site of the new cathedral.

Among the recent converts to Catholicism in Europe are the following: The Baroness Frida Ranza, a relation by marriage of Prince Bismarck; Prince Frederick of Cotenham and her daughter, Lady Mary Pepps, sister of the present Earl; Mr. Charles E. Coppet, for many years churchwarden of the Protestant church of St. John, Hammer-smith; and Miss Mary Diana Vaughan, a New York lady residing in Paris, who until a year or two ago held a prominent position among the female members of the Masonic body. When the present head of continental Freemasonry, the notorious Signor Lemmi, was elected to that position the other year through underhand political influence and bribery, Miss Vaughan with many others withdrew from the order in disgust. She is said to be a highly gifted young lady, and of great wealth.

The infidel Socialists of Belgium are fighting fiercely against the Government Bill providing for religious education. This, of course, does not surprise us: we naturally expect such action of infidels. It is when professing Christians wage warfare against such education that we have reason to be surprised. It is when the reverend editor of a Christian paper draws himself up to his full length and says: "Look at us! I am the man but for whom this *Bill* of *Nova Scotia* might today be learning of Christ and Him crucified in their schools! I am the watch-dog on the towers of Ilex, who will never permit this to be done in Nova Scotia!"—it is then that we have a right to be astonished; and a further right to doubt the sincerity of the castigation he administers to the school trustees of "Dullville" for simply carrying out the law that he boasts of having kept in its present condition.

"There has been," says the *New York Sun*, "in all Protestant Churches a tendency to make up in an increase in Christian works for a declining faith in their special dogmas or theology." For "Christian" read "philanthropic," or "benevolent," and the statement will be true. This is precisely what thinking men among Protestants who still believe in the supernatural life are protesting against—this turning of religion into social clubs and schemes of purely natural benevolence. The Rev. W. B. Hale, an Episcopal minister, has pointed out, in an alarming extent to which this is being done in New England. Social intercourse and philanthropic work are of course good; but they are not Christianity. An unregenerate Pagan might readily join in much of the church work of the sects nowadays without any change of status; and many so-called Christians would consider it horribly "narrow-minded" to assert that such a man could not at his death go straight to Heaven.

According to the evidence given at the inquest over the victims of the recent Grand Trunk Railway accident, that terrible catastrophe and all the suffering and sorrow resulting from it have in every human probability to be added to the long list of evils inflicted on humanity by strong drink. It was shown that the engineer who made the awful mistake that sent himself and thirteen others into eternity—that manined many innocent persons for life, and brought desolation to many a happy home—had purchased a can of ale at a station some hours before the accident. This would easily account for his failure to respond to the danger signals and his rushing to destruction the pathetically eloquent temperance sermon there is here! Is it not the part of wisdom and prudence to abstain entirely

from the insidious poison that is the cause of so much misery?

That great "spectator of ideologies," as some one facetiously describes Mr. Herbert Spencer, recently addressed a letter to an Italian Professor, Luigi Fiorentini, on Socialism. In this letter he repudiates that system and maintains that there is no logical connection whatever between it and the theory of Evolution, of which he, Mr. Spencer is the prophet. An Italian Socialist makes the following effective reply to Mr. Spencer in an open letter which is quoted by the *Voce della Verità*:

You, Signor Spencer, would make of man a mere machine, and banish God and human knowledge, and the domain of a divine authority, have helped to blot out from their minds all idea of a human authority as well.

I sited your purpose to destroy every vestige of God's rule in the universe. You happy heretofore: it is very natural, and that men should desire to find their happiness here.

With your leave, illustrious Signor Spencer, you have made us atheists—you have made us Socialists. You have taught us to disbelieve in God's right of life and death over men. Do you imagine that we shall now be willing to believe in man's right over the lives of his brother men? You are no Socialist, and the reason is obvious. Old men halt mid-way. But you cannot deny that you have put us on the path that leads straight to Socialism.

The Boston Herald thinks it has discovered a purely natural explanation of what has always been considered the miracle of the passage of the *Cometes* through the Red Sea. A violent storm, thinks the Herald, caused the waters to recede and enabled the followers of Moses to pass over on dry land. Little Jack-Horner-like it publishes an editorial congratulating itself on its sagacity in "removing a difficulty which has most many readers of the Old Testament, who could not accept the narrative as the record of a special divine interposition." It believes that "Every explanation of the Old or New Testament miracles by natural agencies is a gain to the truth," and it had been somewhat highly elated in its own opinion, reduced a stupendous miracle to "a happy conjunction of natural forces with a great and sudden human necessity."

This reminds us somewhat forcibly of an amusing we spent a decade ago now listening to Robert J. Burdette giving advice to his "boy," when we heard the inimitable humorist comment on a similar "happy conjunction." "My boy," said he, "some people will tell you they can believe in miracles." Mr. Burdette said he once knew a learned professor who found himself unequal to the task of believing that Lot's wife had been turned into a pillar of salt, because science, the learned professor said, did not know of any process by which a woman could be transformed into salt. The professor was greatly disturbed over this matter until at length he discovered an explanation of the phenomenon which was quite consistent with science, was perfectly satisfactory, and entirely removed his difficulty. It had been ascertained that in those Eastern countries there sometimes occurred meteoric showers of sodium. Now doubtless what had happened was this: at the moment when the disobedient woman took that retrospective glance one of those meteors had struck her and covered her with an incrustation of a substance resembling salt. "Now, my boy," said Mr. Burdette, "it is possible that any man should find it more difficult to believe that Almighty God by His omnipotent power could transform a woman into a pillar of salt, than that a mile a minute, from nowhere, with no orders to run on, should strike the right woman at the right moment and salt her

down? No, my boy," continued the genial humorist—and the applause that followed seemed to show that his audience was inclined to agree with him,— "it would salt down the wrong woman every time."

Among the Magazines.

A few weeks ago we reprinted from the *Rosary* the announcement that a Sicilian Dominican friar, Father Calendoli, had invented an electrical type-setting machine far surpassing in rapidity of work any of the machines in use. The current number of this magazine has a descriptive article on the machine, with a portrait of Father Calendoli operating it, and numerous cuts of its various sections. An idea of the importance of this invention may be gathered from the fact that while an expert compositor can set by hand about three thousand letters in an hour, and a very good operator on the best machine hitherto made can put together about fourteen thousand, a practical operator on Father Calendoli's invention can set up fifty thousand letters in that time. The key-board is so arranged that the operator can form a word of ten letters with a single motion of his hands.

A month or two ago an ignorant school-teacher in a New England town caused some comment by remarking in reply to a Catholic paper's answer that a certain inventor was a Protestant. "Of course: a Catholic never invented anything." This blighted dispenser of "little-red-school-house" enlightenment will probably remain as blissfully ignorant of Father Calendoli's invention as of all the other achievements of Catholic genius for the past thousand years; and so doubtless will that other ignoramus at Brookfield, Quebec County, in this Province, who has lately been making a prodigal waste of ink in the needless task of advertising the length of his ears.

We hear a great deal in praise of these latter years of the nineteenth century; but the eightieth anniversary of the First Crusade, which was lately celebrated in France, seems to challenge comparison between the sturdy men of that bygone age and the men of our day—a comparison which we fear, would not be entirely to our advantage. Our enlightened (?) age has at most but a tolerance for what it considers the fanaticism of its Crusaders,—men who faced hardship and danger and death in distant lands, and all for what the world considers a mere religious notion. The things of religion have ceased with many to be the realities they were in the Ages of Faith. Dollars and cents, or their equivalents, hold the place in the hearts of most men once occupied by the unseen things of God. If Peter the Hermit were to appear to-day he would doubtless be asked what dividends he expected to pay. How he fared in Europe, and in France especially, eight hundred years ago is told in an excellent article begun in last and concluded in the present number of the *Rosary*, by that admirable historical essayist, Dr. Reuben Parsons.

As the scene of the heroic self-sacrifice of the world-renowned Father Damien, the leper colony of Molokai will long continue to interest mankind. A succinct account of the work carried on by the Fathers Wendelin and Conrardy, with their assistants, written by Charles S. O'Neill, is one of the leading attractions of the July number of *Donahoe's*. Several illustrations accompany the article, including Father Damien's grave and the seashore of Molokai, the subscription for which was headed by the Prince of Wales.

"Historic Maynooth," by W. A. H. Byrne, with many very fine cuts in the same magazine, is of special interest on the account of the centennial of the famous college. The article itself, however, is a good example of the degeneracy of magazine literature in these days. There is some more milk for babes than meat for strong men on our periodical shelves. The writer appears to have thought that the shell of Maynooth was of much greater interest to his readers than the kernel.

To those whose hearts, sick of the solid materialism of the age, go out in glad relief to whatever tends to lift men up

to the things of the mind, Mr. D. J. O'Donahoe's bright paper, "The Present Irish Literary Movement," in this magazine will be a source of pleasure. He tells us, as it were, in a nutshell, what is aimed at and what is being done by the men and women of this movement,—a movement, by the way, which Lady Aberdeen considered of sufficient importance to make it the subject of an admirable address in insular and self-sufficient Toronto a few weeks ago. Incidentally Mr. O'Donahoe's article is inspiring as showing what can be done by earnest and zealous men who are doing for a cause. Among the dozen portraits for a just cause, among those Charles Gavan Duffy, Justin McCarthy (who appears to have aged greatly since he lectured in America nine years ago), Rev. Stopford Brooke, and Katharine Tynan Hinkson, whose features, if faithfully presented, are scarcely an index of the tender sweetness of her Muse.

The Rev. Dr. McGlynn has an article in this number of *Donahoe's* on "Large Fortunes and Low Wages," the object of which appears to be to insert very quietly the thin edge of the wedge of Georgism. There are a good many people who will be inclined to think that the position is as yet a more appropriate place than the rostrum for Dr. McGlynn, and who will deplore the sensationalism which prompts a Catholic magazine to blazon his name on its cover.

A Clerical Convert.

The Rev. Nelson Ayers, one of the best-known and most highly esteemed clergymen of the Episcopal diocese of Mississippi, has been converted to the Catholic faith. The following letters, addressed respectively to his late Bishop and to the people among whom he had labored, give very briefly Mr. Ayers' reasons for the step he has taken, and enable one to judge somewhat of the strain to human nature which the severance of the old ties involved:

My Dear Bishop:— "This is to place in your hands my resignation as missionary on the coast of the Episcopal Church. It is unnecessary for me to go into my reasons for this step, further than to say that I have at last seen the folly of trying to be a Catholic and a Protestant at the same time."

For yourself, my dear Bishop, I entertain no feeling but the profoundest respect and hearty thank you for the consideration and kindness that you have shown me, and the relations to me, relations which I cannot sever without deep pain and regret. I beg your forbearance and your prayers, and remain ever, "Affectionately yours,"

This is Mr. Ayers' letter to his people:— "For you, the dear people among whom I have labored for nearly seven years, and of whom many are my dearest personal friends, I feel that I must express the deep pain I feel at the severance of the relations, which, for me, were so dear and lighted. Nothing could drive me to it but the profound sense of duty, due to you, as well as to my own soul, and I feel that I owe you some brief explanation of my course."

"Educated in a Protestant denomination bitterly prejudiced against everything Catholic, my study of the Scriptures and of history early drove me to the Episcopal Church, under the conviction that she was at least a living branch of the Church of God which he purchased with His own precious blood. I have believed and taught that her ministers were true priests, that her sacraments actual channels of divine grace, and her teachings the utterances of the Holy Ghost. For more than twenty-three years I have exercised her ministry in this persuasion, though for the last twenty of them with growing doubts, hard to suppress and distressing to entertain. Had I regarded more the actual facts of the world and less the theories of the narrow school in the church with which I have been more or less identified, which I had not have been so long in doubt, for the Church of God is a city set on a hill, that cannot be hid. It is this Church that teaches God's truth with a voice of certainty and authority; it is this Church that claims for, and has in, His Church all that the Lord Jesus promised; it is this Church that makes it her business, as her Lord will, to take away the sins of the world. I dare not longer withhold my obedience from the Holy Catholic Church."

—NELSON AYERS, June 10, 1895.

The Catholic party in Rome scored a notable victory in the contest for municipal honors which took place toward the end of last month. All of their candidates, including 32 for the Communal Council and for the Provincial Council, were returned by majorities far exceeding those of the successful candidates of the Liberal party.