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OUR JUBILEE.

The *Casket* dons a new dress of type this week and presents its readers with a special edition in celebration of its Jubilee. Fifty years have come and gone since our first number was struck off. These years have wrought many changes in men and things. But through them all *The Casket* has lived, and it has lived to see prosperous days. To its patrons one and all, and to those especially who in time of stress and struggle have rendered services that cannot be requited in this life, it now tenders cordial thanks. Standing on the threshold of its fifty-first year, it greets its readers and esteemed contemporaries in the journalistic world.

Our Jubilee falls on Coronation Day. THE CASKET has lived through the greater part of Victoria's reign, and now enters upon its fifty-first year as her son is being crowned at Westminster. On behalf of our loyal Catholic constituency we pray him a prosperous reign. Long live King Edward the Seventh and his gracious Consort!

THE LOYALTY OF CATHOLICS.

With us Catholics loyalty is no mere sentiment but a strict duty. It has its root not so much in our hearts as in our consciences. It is a dictate of our religion. "It is a part of our Catholic theology," says Cardinal Manning, "that a man is bound by the gift of piety to love his country." Piety is dutiful affection towards those from whom one has derived one's being, first towards God and secondly towards one's parents. But after God and next to father and mother is the land of one's birth, which is the common parent of all who are born and reared within its bounds. The love we owe our mother country and the obedience we are in duty bound to yield to her laws, are, therefore, of a kind with the love and obedience we owe our parents, and have their primal source in the virtue of religion which binds us to that Almighty Being by whom "kings reign and princes decree just things." "To condemn legitimate authority, in whatever person it is vested," says Leo XIII. in his Encyclical on the Christian Constitution of States, "is as unlawful as it is to resist the Divine will; and whoever resists that rushes voluntarily to destruction. He who resists the power resists the ordinance of God, and they who resist purchase to themselves damnation. (Rom. xiii, 2). Wherefore to cast away obedience, and by popular violence to incite the country to sedition, is treason not only against man but also against God."

Sentiment is a matter of feeling or emotion, duty a matter of conscience. And because feeling is variable while conscience is constant the patriotism which is merely or even mainly a sentiment is apt to be uncertain and unreliable. It will be steadfast just so long and so long only as the feeling that inspires it is strong; if that wanes and dies away, it, too, wanes and dies.

With Protestants loyalty is more a matter of sentiment than of conscience. Not that they are ignorant of the teaching of Scripture respecting the duty of obedience to temporal rulers. But as they recognize no visible authority in the spiritual order, they lack religious training in the virtue of obedience. Moreover, being without an authoritative teacher and guide in religion, they have no one to inculcate the duty of submission to the temporal prince, no one to

bring it home authoritatively to their hearts and consciences, no one to enforce it under the solemn sanction of religion.

An instance in point is at hand. Take the case of the British subjects of Dutch extraction in Cape Colony. Protestants they are almost to a man, after the strictest sect of Protestantism, yet almost to a man they proved disloyal in the late war, and took up arms to aid the Boers of the Transvaal and Orange Free State against the British. They had no cause for discontent as citizens of Cape Colony, they stood on a footing of perfect equality with their fellow-citizens of English blood. But they knew not of loyalty as a dictate of conscience; it lacked with them the sanction of religion; and racial feeling, racial sympathy prevailed.

A striking contrast to the traitorous conduct of the Protestant Dutch of Cape Colony is to be found in the loyalty of the Catholic French of Canada. All through the prolonged struggle between England and France under Napoleon, the French Canadians were true to England. During the trouble between England and her American colonies in 1774-75, Congress sought to seduce the French of Canada from their allegiance. But "the Roman Catholic Bishop published a pastoral address in favor of British rule,"* and when Ethan Allen and Benedict Arnold led expeditions into Canada French-Canadians were foremost in the ranks of those who repelled the invasion. Later on, in the days of Papineau and MacKenzie, when threats of revolt were made, "*Le Canadien*, the most influential of the newspapers upon the popular side, emphatically protested. The Roman Catholic Bishop, [the Bishop of Quebec,] issued a *mandement* setting forth the duty of obedience to the authorities."† Why did not the Dutch ministers of Cape Colony keep the people to their allegiance? They could not if they would, and probably would not if they could.

We conclude with the words of Cardinal Manning:

The best subjects are those who are first and above all loyal to their Heavenly Master, and to His Heavenly Kingdom. They will best keep the laws of the land who do it for conscience sake. Loyalty is a part of our religion; and that not because it is our interest, nor because it chimes in with our opinion. The days in which we live are days of lawlessness and disloyalty; the time is coming when true fealty and true loyalty will be found only in those who are loyal and true, first to a heavenly King, and after this to the representatives of His authority upon earth.

* History of Canada (Clement) p. 108-9. † Ib. p. 238.

IN THE PHILIPPINES.

One of the laws now in force in the Philippine Islands is thus worded:

"It is unlawful for any person to advocate orally, or by writing, or printing, or like methods, the independence of the Philippine Islands, or their separation from the United States, whether by peaceable or forcible means; or to print, publish or circulate any handbill, newspaper, or other publication, advocating such independence or separation. Any person violating the provisions of this section shall be punished by a fine of not exceeding \$2000 and imprisonment not exceeding one year." (Laws of the Commission, No. 292.)

It requires keen scrutiny to recognize the Declaration of Independence in this development of it. Military force alone cannot ensure obedience to such a law, and a new kind of invading army was sent to the Philippines, consisting of more than a thousand Protestant school teachers officered by Protestant ministers. The law itself is a formal acknowledgment that there was no great educational need of this new army. A people in whose hands newspapers and other publications are dangerous cannot be an illiterate people. But undoubtedly they are restive and inclined to rebel

under United States rule, and a new sort of established church has to be imposed upon them. Hitherto the modern school systems have been more or less democratic in their varied constitutions. The people for whom they are organized generally have a voice in the appointment of teachers and in the expenditure of their school taxes. The schools reflect more less accurately the social life and national aspirations of the people. But in the Philippines the Government of the United States has inaugurated an autocratic school system, in which the officials look down upon the taught from the height of superior beings, and act on the assumption that the national aspirations of the Filipinos date from 1890. The execution of this scheme is placed in the hands of people who make it an instrument of attack upon the faith of the Filipino. A Rev. Secretary of one of the Missionary Societies returned from the Philippines a couple of months ago and reported gleefully that the Government of the United States was doing more than the combined efforts of all the Protestant Missionaries to upset the Church of Rome. It was no idle boast. He had seen the educational army engaged in the work of conquest. He had seen fellow ministers in charge of the normal schools and in possession of powers to promote native apostate teachers. They use the money of the Filipinos to instil newer ideas of religion into the minds of Filipino children. A general of this new army can imitate Smith and issue the order: "Make a wilderness of the Romish Church; kill the faith in all under ten." When Sir Charles Napier was exercising military rule in India he issued the following order to his subordinates:

"Make no avoidable change in the ancient laws and customs. The conquest of a country is sufficient convulsion for the people without abrupt changes in their habits and social life."

The policy adopted by the United States in the Philippines is the reverse of this. Here, conquest is immediately followed by the forced introduction of foreign material into the minds, habits, and social life of the Filipinos. They are to be turned into Americans by some sort of double-acting steam process of lightning speed. Fortunately the social and religious life of a people is not a piece of mechanism that can be changed or replaced at will. Experience will soon teach new lessons in Government, and if the Catholic Church in the United States is in a condition to respond to the new call upon her the present rather critical condition of the Church in the Philippines need not very much disturb us.

THE SACRING OF A KING.

Under this title Mr. John A. Mooney contributes a very interesting and timely article to the June number of the *Messenger* magazine. He lays stress upon the fact that in the olden time of Christian England, and of Europe in general, no taking of oaths or assuming of crowns was sufficient to constitute a lawful king. This could be done only by the solemn anointing or consecration, — the "sacring," as it was called, — of the man who was to fill so high an office. The practice of anointing kings was adopted from the Jewish Church where it was first employed when Samuel anointed Saul king of Israel. The first instance of which we find a record in Europe was the anointing of the Emperor Theodosius the Younger, who reigned from 412 to 450 A. D. In those days a king was invariably a brave soldier, recognized as a fitting leader by his peers "joining their shields in the form of a flow," writes Mr. Mooney, and supporting thereon the king or emperor, soldiers, knights, lifted him up so that he might see and be seen by the people. Then the Bishop, or Patriarch, having recited prayers of benediction, poured holy oil upon the candidate's head, and, last of all, helmeted or crowned him. The significance of this ceremony, though apparent, was too soon forgot. By his fellows was the king raised above his fellows. A shield should be to his people, in war, in peace." This custom of lifting up the king-elect is preserved in the enthroning of the present day. In western Europe different nations claim the first-anointed king, but Mr. Mooney gives the honor to Scotland whose king Aedhan was consecrated and blessed by St. Columkille on the island of Iona in the year 574.

Pious as was the practice of anointing of kings, fitting as it was to impress upon the candidate a deep sense of the responsibilities of his office, it was like

other excellent things abused. Proud-minded monarchs, flattered by ambitious courtiers, — these latter being sometimes unworthy churchmen, — began to fancy themselves no longer mere laymen, but "mixed persons," half laymen and half cleric. They began to fancy that the oil which had been poured upon them conferred a sort of holy order and ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Thus were the seeds laid of that poisonous tree under whose shelter Henry VIII proclaimed himself Head of the Church in England. More than this, the preposterous claim was sometimes made that the oil with which a king was anointed washed from his soul all previous sins, and rendered him incapable of committing sin for the time to come, — in other words that it was what ignorant Protestants believed an indulgence to be. It is needless to say that nothing in the ceremonial prescribed by the Church for the consecration of kings gave any countenance to so blasphemous an idea. On the contrary, she presented to the prince, as we read in the ancient ritual used in the Catholic days of England, that on the eve of his consecration he should devote himself "to divine contemplation and to prayer, deeply considering to what a high place he had been called, and how He, through whom kings reign, especially pre-erected him to govern his subjects and the Christian people. And let him ponder this saying of the wise man: 'Have they made thee a ruler? be not lifted up; but be among them as one of them.' And let him reflect that the royal dignity has been given to him by God as to a mortal man, and therefore he has been called by God to such a lofty place that he may be a defender of the Catholic Church, a propagator of the Christian faith, and, according to his ability, a protector of the kingdom and country committed to his charge by God. But in his prayer let him imitate the prudence of Solomon, who, because of his worship for the Creator, was admonished in the beginning of his reign by the Creator himself to ask for those things he desired should be granted unto him. Who asked not, after the manner of a young man, either that gold should be given him or victory over his enemies. But rather did he ask those things which God would proffer freely and man would gainfully receive. 'Give me,' said he, 'O Lord, a right mind and good prudence that I may be able to judge this people justly and truly.' Then the prince should pray that the providence of God, which has ordered him to the rule of so great a dominion, may deign to bestow on him justice, piety and prudence. Justice towards his subjects, piety towards God, and prudence in the government of the kingdom, so that, softened by no favor, disturbed by no enemies, seduced by no sensual lust and fettered by no other passion, he may choose rather to walk with a steady foot in the paths of those virtues."

The English prince was supposed to make this meditation while spending the day in St. Peter's Monastery, founded at Thorney, a western suburb of old London, by Mellitus, a disciple of St. Augustine of Canterbury, and first Bishop of London. Destroyed by the Danes, St. Peter's, at Thorney, was rebuilt by St. Edward the Confessor, and even in his time was known as the West Minster. In the Abbey church the English king was crowned, and is crowned to this day. The Archbishop of Canterbury, as successor to St. Augustine and primate of England, was the consecrating bishop, and next to him in importance came the Abbot of St. Peter's Monastery in whose church, the West Minster, the ceremony was to take place. The Archbishop and Abbot represented also the south-east of England; the Bishop of Bath representing the south-west, and the Bishop of Durham, the north, supported the prince on either hand. The prelates and nobles had previously met in the great hall of the West Minster "to consider about the consecration and the election of the new king, and also about confirming and surely establishing the laws and customs of the realm." An agreement being arrived at, the prince was gently

lifted up and placed in a high seat.

Proceeding from the hall to the Abbey church, the Archbishop formally asked the assembled people whether it was their will that the prince should be consecrated. Consent being manifested in the words: "So be it; so be it; long live the king," the prelates led the prince to the foot of the altar where he lay prostrate on the floor while the Archbishop offered the prayer: "O God, visitor of the humble, who dost console us by the illumination of thy holy spirit, extend Thy grace over this Thy servant, that through him we may feel Thy coming among us. Through Our Lord Jesus Christ, Who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen."

After this, the prince rose and returned to his seat, when a sermon was preached, the Roman Pontifical indicating the lines to be followed:

Since to-day, gentle prince, at our hands, acting as we do, however unworthy, in the stead of Christ our Saviour, you are to receive the holy unction and the insignia of the Kingdom, it is well that we should beforehand admonish you concerning the weighty burden to which you are destined. To-day you take up the royal dignity and assume the care of ruling the faithful people committed to you. Excellent indeed among mortals the station, but one full of risk, labour and anxiety. Truly, if you reflect that all power is from the Lord God, through whom kings reign and the framers of laws decree justly, you also shall have to render account to God of the flock committed to you. First, you shall give heed to piety; with a whole mind and a pure heart you shall worship the Lord God. The Christian religion and the Catholic faith, which from the cradle you have professed, inviolate you shall hold until the end, and it you shall defend, to the best of your ability against all adversaries. To the prelates and other priests of the Church you shall show due reverence. The liberty of the Church you shall not tread under your feet; justice, without which no society can long endure, you shall resolutely administer to all; to the good awarding recompense, to the criminal suitable punishment; widows, orphans, the poor, the weak do you defend from every oppression. To all approaching you, you shall show yourself benign, frank and mild, because of your royal dignity. And so bear yourself that it will be apparent you reign not for your own advantage, but for the advantage of all the people, and that you look forward to a reward for your good deeds, not on earth but in heaven. The which may he deign to grant you, who liveth and reigneth God forever and ever. Amen.

The sermon ended, the prince once more left his seat and knelt before the altar to be interrogated by the Archbishop, "whether, with the confirmation of an oath, he would grant and keep the laws and customs granted to the English people by former kings who were just and devoted to God; and especially the laws, customs and liberties granted to the clergy and to the people by the glorious king, St. Edward." Having answered that he would do so, the prince replied in the affirmative to the same questions put more specifically, and the interrogations being finished, ascended the altar steps and solemnly swore, on the Book of Gospels lying on the table of the altar, to keep the promises which he had just made.

The oath being taken, the prince once more prostrated himself before the altar while the Archbishop intoned the *Veni Sancte Spiritus* (Come Holy Ghost), and prayed that the Almighty Father might bestow on this his chosen creature the gifts of piety, truth, defense of the people against enemies, and the boon of peace. Then the assistant bishops prostrated themselves beside the prince, while the choir chanted the Litany of the Saints. Only after this was the candidate anointed and crowned, and the Holy Mass proceeded with.

The ceremony now being performed in the grand old Abbey of Westminster will be accompanied by dazzling pageantry but much of this pageantry will be as empty as the Abbey itself now is without the Divine Presence in the tabernacle. It is good to find the coronation of an English king even yet so religious in its character, though much of what appears to be religious in it is as fictitious as the regalia with which Edward the Seventh will be invested. This regalia is supposed to be the regalia of Edward the Confessor, which, as a matter of fact, was destroyed by Cromwell when he thought he had abolished monarchy from England forever. We do not doubt that His Majesty has already a deep sense of his responsibilities which the coronation ceremony will serve to confirm. But in the eyes of the peers and peeresses assisting, it is much to be feared that the grand old Catholic rite has been happily displaced by a gorgeous society function.

The Imagination and Its Place in Education.

(Reprinted from "The Dolphin.")
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
—A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act V, Scene I.

The workman in any craft or calling should make it his first business to acquaint himself with the work that is given him to do, to examine the tools that he is going to work with, and to learn the uses to which they are put. Teaching is a craft and the teacher a workman. He is a worker in the inner world of mind, and his work may be likened to that of a gardener or tiller of the soil. He is set to till the soil of the child-mind, and in this virgin soil to sow the seeds of knowledge. He is to foster their growth with tender care, day after day, waiting patiently, like the worker in the other field of labor, for the early and the latter rain, and watching for the tokens of the future harvest. The tools or implements which the teacher uses to till this soil, are no other than the faculties or powers of his own mind. His mind acts on the child-mind. From his mind, where knowledge should already have ripened, the seeds of knowledge are to be transplanted to the mind of the child. And the faculties or powers of his own mind, already in some degree at least developed, he uses in developing the as yet latent faculties or powers of budding childhood. For this is something that the teacher never must lose sight of, that he has not only to sow the seeds of knowledge, but especially to till the soil in which the seeds are sown, to evoke the latent capabilities of the mind, or, as a familiar saying, now somewhat gone out of fashion, has it "to teach the young idea how to shoot."

One faculty which plays a very prominent part in the work of the teacher, is the Imagination. Psychologists define it as that internal sensuous faculty by which we form mental images or representations of material objects in the absence of these objects. It is an internal sense, and uses some part of the brain as its organ, just as the faculty of sight uses the eye as its organ, and the faculty of hearing the ear. With the eye we see, with the ear we hear, with the imagination we seem to see and hear and smell and taste and touch. With the eye we see colors, or rather coloured things, with the ear, we hear sounds, with the imagination we see not coloured things, but images or representations of coloured things, and hear, not sounds, but images or representations of sounds. The eye can see only when the object is present, that is, when it is within range, and the light from it falls on the retina; the imagination can see only when the object itself is absent from the eye, or outside the range of vision. That which you are seeing with your eyes you cannot at the same time imagine; in the light of the reality the shadowy image of it flits away, to come up again only when the real object has ceased to act on the outer sense. The organ of the imagination is, to borrow a metaphor from photography, the sensitive plate of the mind. When an object strikes the outer sense it leaves an impression on this organ, and from this impression the mind can afterwards develop any number of copies of the original. And it is only things which strike the outer sense that the imagination can picture. In vain does one born blind try to imagine colour, or one born deaf try to imagine what sound is. You may succeed in giving such a one some sort of an idea or intellectual conception of sound or colour; but no effort can enable him to picture it to himself in imagination.

Things material, things that strike the senses, these and only these can be pictured in imagination. Hence the limitations of this faculty. Only things of the sensible order, only things that we can see or hear or smell or taste or touch, can be imagined. Things that lie beyond the ken of the senses, things of the spiritual order, things in the abstract or in the general, are strictly unimaginable. You can not imagine a spiritual being, such as an angel or a disembodied spirit, nor an abstraction, such as a line or a point, nor a species or genus, such as man or animal, as distinguished from, say, John or Fido. It is only the material as distinguished from the spiritual, the concrete as distinguished from the abstract, the particular as distinguished from the general, that is picturable in the imagination. And yet we do soar mentally above the material, the concrete, the particular, and reach out to the spiritual, the abstract, the general. So much our consciousness, if we do

but know how to question it, will tell us; so much is attested by the language of every people, for in every language we find words that embody general, abstract, and spiritual ideas. The faculty with which we form such ideas, is of a higher order than the imagination. We call it Reason or Intellect; and it may not be amiss here to point out the radical distinction that there is between the two faculties, for the tendency of modern psychology is to make little of or ignore it.

Compare the image of an object that you have in the imagination with the idea you have in your mind. Let the object be a piece of gold. Picture it in imagination and you see a bit of yellow-colored surface, of definite size, shape, etc. Think it in the mind, and you no longer have before you these accidents or properties of color, size, shape, etc., but that which possesses these properties and is the subject of these accidents. You speak of it as a substance, put it in a class, give it a name, call it gold. And you mean by gold, not that particular color, size, shape, or weight, not any of these, or all of these together, but the thing which has that color, and of that size, and shape, and weight. The imagination pictures the outward accidents that impress themselves upon the several senses; the intellect grasps the inner nature that underlies these accidents. All that glitters may be gold to the imagination, but not to the intellect, which has a deeper insight into things.

Compare again the picture you have in the imagination of an individual man, say John, with the idea of man. Man as such you cannot picture to yourself in imagination. If you try, you will find that your picture will be always of some particular individual or that you have but a vague and shadowy outline of a human figure. But your idea of man leaves out all that is peculiar to the individual as such, that particular size, color, etc., those very features that the imaginative picture embraces, and includes only that which is essential to the being of man, and therefore common to all men. The shadowy outline spoken of above might stand for the statue of a man in marble, or the wax figure of a man. Not so the idea that is in the intellect, for the intellect, as has been said, grasps the inner nature of a thing, and man in his true nature is a being of flesh and blood, not only, but especially a being that feels and thinks and wills. All this is included in your idea of man, but never enters at all into the picture of him that you form in the imagination.

Once more, compare the image of a triangle that you have in the imagination and the idea you have in the mind. The image is ever of some particular kind of triangle, right-angled, obtuse-angled, or equi-angular. You cannot imagine a triangle as such. And yet you form an idea of it in the mind, and define it as a plane figure contained by three straight lines. In forming this idea, the intellect leaves out of account all that is peculiar to this or that species of triangle, and seizes upon what is common to every species. The idea thus formed expresses the essential elements of a triangle, and these only. The process by which it is formed we call abstraction, and it is this power of abstraction with which the human intellect is endowed that enables man to rise above the things of sense and form ideas of things that the imagination can in no way picture. The idea of a line and the idea of a point are part of our mental furniture, but who can picture in imagination length without breadth or position without magnitude? Right and duty, justice and truth, are potent realities in the world of ideas; in the realm of the imagination they are unknown and unknowable. Men have led for freedom; men have died for it; but but the thing we call freedom, who has ever seen or heard it, or when has fancy painted it? The best and noblest things in life, the things that lift man above the brute beast, the things of the soul and of the spirit, are things that transcend imagination. They are revealed to us by that faculty which makes man to be the paragon of animals, in action like an angel, in apprehension like a god—or rather like to the one true God, for in His image and likeness is man created.

It is now time we turned our attention to the second part of our theme, and dwelt on some at least of the uses to which this faculty is put. Note first, as the fundamental fact in this connection, that the imagination is the handmaid of the intellect, and ministers to the latter faculty. Education is a training or discipline of the mind. He is educated who has been

taught how to think aright, and he is fitted to teach others who has been first taught to think for himself. The first elements of thought are ideas, and these ideas, whence come they? Setting aside the theory of innate ideas as one that cannot be made to square with the facts of consciousness, I answer that all our ideas come to us through the senses, or to speak more accurately, are formed by the action of the intellect from impressions that the outer world makes on our senses, and that are reproduced in the imagination. It is plain enough that our ideas of familiar objects such as man, horse, dog, are so formed. But so, too, are our ideas of things that are wholly beyond the ken of the senses. Thus our idea of the infinite, as the word itself bears witness, is formed from finite being by abstracting from its limits and conceiving of it as without limit, is precisely the same way that we form the idea of whiteness by abstracting from the subject that we call white and conceiving of the quality as existing by itself, apart from its subject. Whenever we used the intellectual faculty, whether to form the simplest idea or to carry on a long train of abstract reasoning, the imagination is actively at work furnishing the intellect with those sensible images that are, as it were, the raw material of thought. "All those sublime thoughts which tower above the clouds," as Locke truly says, "and reach as high as heaven itself, take their rise and footing here." We think in terms of sensible things, and as we think the imagination is ever busy weaving for us images of those things out of materials supplied by the senses. Most of our thinking we do by means of words, and what are words, aside from the ideas they embody, but articulate sounds or symbols representing these? They come to us from without through the ear or eye, and are reproduced in the imagination. And we use them (I am speaking of the use we make of them in thinking, not in expressing our thoughts), not because we cannot at all think without them, but because they are incomparably the aptest means we have to do our thinking with, for in them we find ideas ready made; in them are stored away the ideas that the mind of man has formed since first he began to think.

This use that we make of words in thinking is something that we are scarce conscious of, at least until we begin to reflect on the process as it goes on in the mind. We are quite conscious, on the other hand, of the use we make of them to express our thoughts. Both in speaking and in writing we first have to form the word in imagination before we frame it with the lips or put it on paper. In the latter case we must also have before our mind's eye the letters that make up the word, so as to spell it correctly. And the teacher cannot begin too early to train the child to spell by sight. The ear is no guide in spelling. One should accustom oneself to call up in imagination a picture of the word as seen on the written or printed page. This is an important point, for the habits formed in childhood, be they good or bad, are apt to last through life. Think of the word as you saw it printed, not as you heard it spoken, is a good rule for spelling, at least if you have an imagination for things that are seen, which is known as the visual imagination, and I fancy that most people have.

I have said that the imagination is employed whenever we think or reason because our thinking as well as our reasoning is ever in terms of sensible things. In lengthy processes of abstract reasoning, this faculty is often unequal to the task laid upon it, and we have recourse to artificial helps. Thus, in proving a proposition in geometry, the student has to draw figures upon the blackboard, because he either cannot at all draw them in imagination, or at any rate finds it hard to hold them there steadily before the mind. The difficulty is imaginative, but not at all imaginary; it is very real.

The teacher who would be successful must make constant use of examples or illustrations to suggest ideas and to enable the pupil to grasp general principles. The reason is that the imagination of the child must be furnished with something whence the mind may form for itself an idea, or seize upon the general truth. Thus, if you want to give the child an idea of what civil authority is, you may explain that it means the right to rule over or govern civil society, and the child will be none the wiser for your explanation. But if you point to the position of the father in the family

Essays, bk. 2, § 25.

you suggest the idea at once. So the principle, *Union is Strength*, is brought home to the mind of the child by means of the familiar story of the old man who gave his sons a bundle of sticks to break, and, when they failed, easily broke the sticks himself, taking them one by one. And as with children, so with grown people, you must appeal to their imagination if you would get them to understand that which is abstract or general, so true is it what the poet says that

Men are but children of a larger growth.

But if the appeal to the imagination is needful to get your pupil or hearer to understand a thing, much more is it needful to enable him to realize it. You understand a thing when you have formed an idea of it in the mind, when you have grasped it with the understanding, when you have taken it in mentally. To realize it you have to bring it home to your imagination and in that way to your heart. To realize is not merely to understand a thing but to feel it to be real. And herein lies the advantage of concrete and specific words over abstract and general terms; they appeal direct to the imagination, they serve to put the thing vividly before us, to bring it home to us, to make us feel it. Shakespeare might have made Antony simply tell his hearers that Brutus and Cassius had killed Caesar. But how much more forceful is the statement as it stands, and how vivid a picture of the murder does it set before us, "I fear I wrong the honorable men whose daggers have stabbed Caesar!" The use of the parable and fable rests on the same principle. Some truth or moral maxim is brought home to us by means of them, and set before us as in a picture. Had our Blessed Lord told us in so many words that our Father in Heaven is full of mercy, we should, of course, have believed it as firmly as we now do, and yet be unmoved thereby. But what heart so hard as not to be melted by the winning tenderness of the picture that He has drawn for all generations of men in the Parable of the Prodigal Son!

In all the sciences and in all the arts the imagination has a part to play, though its role is ever a subordinate one, the more so in severely intellectual studies, such as mathematics and metaphysics. But literature, and more especially poetry, is the true realm of the imagination. Here the imagination is queen. But we must distinguish two kinds of imagination, or rather two uses of one and the same faculty, known respectively as the Reproductive and the Productive Imagination. When the writer in prose or verse sketches objects that really exist or describes events as they have been actually experienced, he draws upon what is called the Reproductive Imagination, for his aim is simply to hold the mirror up to nature, as the saying is. This is the main use that is made of the imagination in history and in descriptive or pastoral poetry. But if his aim is to express thoughts that embody ideal types of loveliness or excellence, as in the highest forms of fiction and in epic and lyric poetry, it is the productive or creative imagination that is called into play. Not that the imagination itself creates; it does but help to give concrete shape and form to the creations of the intellect. It is of this noble use of the imagination that the great master speaks in the lines that I have put at the head of this paper:

And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

Proof of the place that imagination holds in literature, if proof were needed, would be furnished by the figures of speech with which all literature abounds. Figures of speech are own children of the imagination, conceived in its image and likeness. Words they are, it is true; and words in their ordinary sense mean something real, not something imaginary; are bred of the intellect, not of the imagination. It is only when the imagination puts upon words a meaning of its own that they become figures of speech, for figures of speech are neither more nor less than words used in a sense suggested by the imagination. When I say of a brave soldier that he was a lion in the combat, I am using lion in a sense suggested by the imagination. No person ever supposed that a sword could really leap from its scabbard. But when Burke's imagination was roused at the sight of a beautiful queen perishing by the guillotine, it seemed to him that, not one, but ten thousand swords should have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. The words "forget me not," to give one more

instance, bear a literal meaning that no one can miss. When you take the words, couple them with hyphens, and use the compound thus formed as the name of a flower that blooms by the river side and stands an emblem of fidelity, there is at least the hint of a figure in the expression. But when Longfellow soars in imagination to the skies, and seems to see the lovely stars blossom in that azure field, and speaks to them as the forget-me-nots of the angels, his language is unmistakably figuratively and strikingly suggestive. For why should not the angels, those faithful lovers of our souls, sent down from heaven to guard us, have their forget-me-nots? And where shall they find more fitting emblems of enduring love than the stars in the firmament?

Figures of speech beautify and adorn language, as the flowers in springtime beautify and adorn the earth. But they are more than mere ornaments; they give force and vivacity to the expression of thought; they infuse spirit and life into language. "All hands to the pumps!" cries the captain to his men when the ship springs a leak. It is not feet, nor heads, nor even men, that are wanted, so much as hands; and forthwith willing hands begin to work. The sailor never sees sailing ships at sea, but "sail," putting for the whole the part that is prominent, on the same principle that the farmer on shore tells of his having so many "head" of cattle." Listen to Dickens as he vividly portrays in the language of metaphor the closeness and meanness of old Scrooge:

The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shrivelled his cheek, stiffened his gait; made his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. A frosty rime was on his head, and on his eyebrows, and on his wiry chin. He carried his own low temperature always about with him; he had his office in the dog-days, and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas.—Christmas Carol.

Poetic imagination invests the most commonplace objects with a nameless charm. It colors with loveliness even the mean and sordid things of earth. But it ever soars above the earth, and seeks its own realm in that ideal world where shines

The light that never was on sea or land.
Like the dove that flew back to the ark, for that "the waters were on the face of the whole earth," it can find no resting place in a world where, as the Poet-Priest of the South plaintively bewails,—

That shines like a star on life's waves,
Is wrecked on the shores of the real,
And sleeps like a dream in a grave.

I can no more than touch in closing on the part the imagination plays in religious education. Religion uplifts man; it does not change his nature. Man is by nature a creature of sense, and all knowledge comes to him through the senses. Religious truth, as well as scientific truth, must take bodily form if man is to lay hold of it and make it his own. The Catholic Church has understood from the first that the way to the intellect and the heart of man lies through the gateways of sense, and that the things of the unseen world never can be realized without the help of images and symbols that strike the senses and stir the imagination. He who made man, even the Son of God "by whom all things were made and without whom was made nothing," knowing the nature that he made and its needs, when He left His Home in Heaven, where He dwelt "in light inaccessible," and came into this world to redeem us, clothed Himself in the vesture of our manhood, "being made in the likeness of a man." Thus was He, invisible in Himself made visible, to the end that He might bring Himself sensibly home to the minds and hearts of men, and be thenceforth and forevermore the Way, as He had ever been and ever would remain, the Truth and the Life.

And,
ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
the story told in the Gospel has power to kindle anew the imagination and touch the heart—the story of the Babe that, once in David's city, was "wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger."
Christmas, 1901.

ALEX. MACDONALD, D. D.,
St. Francis Xavier's College,
Antigonish, N. S.

ITALY.
From Rome we have accounts of the re-appearance of Passatore's robber band. They killed five soldiers of the pontifical carabinieri, and frightened away all the visitors from the waters of the Riolo, and in Romagna.—The Casket, Aug. 26, 1852.

CLIPPINGS FIFTY

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HYMN
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Antigonish, N. S.

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CLIPPINGS FROM "THE CASKET" FIFTY YEARS AGO.

SALUTARY.

In commencing the publication of this journal we deem it unnecessary to repeat the objects we had in view in stating it in this remote part of the world; the same having been fully explained in the "Specimen Sheet" issued seven weeks ago. But gratitude for the favours we have received at the hands of those who, so liberally, extended to us their patronage, calls upon us to return our most sincere thanks, and we own that we are highly pleased at the encouragement they have given us in our undertaking.—The Casket, June 24, 1852.

His Lordship Bishop McKinnon left his residence at St. Andrews, on Saturday last, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Duffy, on a visit to Arichat, the seat of Episcopal Government in this Diocese. His intention, we understand, is to attend the Celebration of the Feast of St. Ann, at the Chapel Island. He was to have preached at 'Guysboro' on Sunday last, and intended administering the Sacrament of Confirmation there, as well as in the different Localities to be visited by his Lordship in Cape Breton.—The Casket, June 24, 1852.

HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

Mother of Jesus! bend thine eye,
Incline thy listening ear;
Thy penitence invokes the cry,
Mother of mercy! hear.
Thou art a balm for those that weep,
Thou dryest the sinner's tear;
Thine eyes of pity never sleep;
Mother of mercy! hear.
Mother of maidens, undefiled
Teach us our crosses to bear;
As meekly as thy wondrous child;
Mother of Jesus! hear.
When thro' the heart the passions roll,
In manhood's mad career,
O darkness shrouds the parting soul,
Bless'd of all nations! hear.
Mother of him whose blood was pour'd
O'er cross, and nails, and spear;
Oh! plead our cause before the Lord;
Fountain of mercy! hear.
By every pang that wrong thy heart!
By all thy sorrows here,
All gracious gifts to us impart;
Mother of Jesus! hear.
In that dread hour the spirit parts,
From all on earth held dear,
Deep be thy image in our hearts,
Mother of mercy! hear.

Antigonish, June 1, 1852.

TELEGRAPH OFFICE OPENED.

Our readers will be pleased to learn that the Telegraph office at Antigonish has been opened, and that on Monday evening last communications have been received OVER THE WIRES from the westward, thus shewing that the line is so far in good order. A young Gentleman proceeded towards Plaister Cove, [Mulgrave] on Tuesday morning for the purpose of getting the line in that quarter into operation.—Success to the enterprise!—The Casket, July 22, 1852.

CONSECRATION OF DR. CONNOLLY.

His Lordship Bishop McKinnon returned from Arichat on Friday last. We understand he is to attend the consecration of Dr. Connolly, Catholic Bishop of New Brunswick, on the 15th inst., at Halifax. The ceremonies on the occasion will be conducted with splendor. The Archbishop of New York will preach the sermon.—The Casket, Aug. 5, 1852.

DR. WALSH.

The Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, bishop of Halifax, and the Rt. Rev. Dr. McGill, Bishop of Richmond, Va., sailed on Saturday 9th inst. in the Hermann, on their way to Rome.—The Casket, Oct. 29, 1852.

COLD YEAR.

The mountains near Quebec are now covered with snow, and ice has been formed on standing water to the thickness of half an inch. Garden stuffs and grain are much damaged.—Nearer home, also the weather has been quite as severe. At Owen's Sound, by the latest accounts, two inches of snow lay on the ground, and the cold was intense. This has certainly been an extraordinary year for meteorological phenomena.—Toronto Globe, Oct. 9, 1852.

ST. ANDREW'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Mr. Editor.—Having attended on the 30th ultimo the examination and distribution of prizes in the Grammar school of St. Andrews in this County, I am sure your numerous readers in this and neighbouring Counties will be gratified to learn from me the fol-

lowing facts relative to said school: in particular the result of the late examination not forgetting the exciting scene of the distribution of premiums to the pupils attending the said school.

The Grammar school at St. Andrews is now in operation for the period of Fourteen years. It was founded in the summer of 1838, within the first year of the Right Rev. Dr. McKinnon's incumbency at St. Andrews. Since its establishment, it has given very general satisfaction. It has been conducted under the tuition of several able Teachers. Several of the young Clergymen of our Diocese have studied in this school their LITERÆ HUMANIORES; besides as I am informed a strong corps of the pedagogues of the County look to this Institution with the veneration due to an ALMA MATER. At present the school is conducted by Mr. Malcolm McLellan a gentleman highly qualified to superintend a Grammar school.

On the occasion referred to, in company with others interested in the school, entered the school room at 10 o'clock A. M. We found his Lordship of Arichat attended by the Trustees of the school already engaged in the examination of the several classes. In the department of the classics we observed ten young men divided into two classes. The Authors read in these classes were Virgil, Sallust, Cicero and Caesar. The manner in which the young men acquitted themselves in translating, scanning and analyzing was very creditable; the junior class or readers of Caesar did their part in a way worthy of the old Roman dictator. The Greek class came next and considering the short time the class has been established we can say the young men acted remarkably well. Then followed the classes of Mathematics, Arithmetic, English Grammar, reading, writing, &c. &c., in all which a very general satisfaction was given and I think upon the whole the examination passed well; in fact in a manner reflecting credit upon the teacher and pupils. The distribution of prizes followed. In the department of classics in order to ascertain the most worthy to receive the prize the system adopted was both fair and efficient. His Lordship dictated to each class a few sentences in English which the pupils took down on their slates with an injunction to have them within a limited time dressed up in the old language of Latium. This part of the day's work seemed to me peculiarly interesting. After the examination of all the classes, and an impartial investigation of the merits of each student, the Latin lucubrations were taken up and examined by His Lordship. The translations proved very creditable. It became at once apparent that no other system could hardly be adopted better calculated to test the knowledge of the young candidates for literary honors, than the one followed on this occasion. His Lordship pointed out to each the error of his translation. The Grammatical blunder was no sooner pointed out than acknowledged. Thus the PRÆSTANTISSIMUS or most worthy in each class was easily and satisfactorily discovered; albeit the rivalry natural to young men of parts on such an occasion, all admitted that the prizes were justly and impartially awarded.

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.

LATIN CLASS.

1st Latin class—Tulit 1st prize Mr. William Chisholm. Tulit 2nd prize Mr. Hugh Cameron. Proximi accesserunt —Messrs Kenneth McDonald & Thomas Sears.

2nd Latin Class—Tulit 1st prize Mr. Alexander MacDonald. Messrs. Hugh Gillis and Colin Chisholm pares inter se inventi, sortitione facta, Tulit 2nd prize Hugh Gillis. Laudati verbis amplissimis Messrs. John McIntosh, John McDonald & Colin Chisholm.

GREEK CLASS.

Tulit Mr. William Chisholm, Laudatis Thomas Sears.

MATHEMATICS.

Tulit Mr. William Chisholm. Laudati verbis amplissimis Messrs Hugh Cameron & Alexander McDonald.

ARITHMETIC.

Messrs Alexander Chisholm & Donald Cameron pares inventi, sort: facta, tulit Mr. D. Cameron.

ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

Messrs Colin Chisholm, Hugh Gillis, Alexander McDonald, Colin Chisholm, Alexander Chisholm and Donald Chisholm, pares inventi, sort: facta, tulit 1st prize Hugh Gillis. 2nd prize Alex. Chisholm.

GEOGRAPHY.

Tulit—Margaret E. McLellan.

READING CLASS.

Messrs Hugh Gillis, Alex. McDonald, Colin Chisholm, Alex. Chisholm, Colin Chisholm & Donald Chisholm, pares inventi sort: facta tulit 1st prize H. Gillis.

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ANTIGONISH, N. S.

WRITING CLASS.

Messrs Alex. McDonald & Colin Chisholm pares inventi, sort: facta tulit Colin Chisholm. VIATOR.

—The Casket, November 13, 1852.

A meeting was held in the Court House on Wednesday night the 12th inst., with a view of assisting the Industrial Exhibition committee in carrying out the objects of their enterprise.

The High Sheriff of the County was called to the chair, and after addresses from W. B. Desbrisay Esq., Comr., Hon. A. McDougall and Hon. W. A. Henry who reasoned strongly in favour of the enterprise, resolutions were passed and a committee appointed to act in this County. This committee met on Monday last—opened subscription lists, and appointed others in the different districts of the County.

It is to be hoped that this enterprise similar to those found so productive of good results in other parts of the world, will meet with patronage in every part of the Province; and that the County of Sydney will not be the last to come forward and contribute liberally, so that it will be enabled to take a creditable stand, in this undertaking, among the other Counties of the Province.—The Casket, Jan. 29, 1853.

THE SEASON.

We cannot help referring to the extraordinary nature of the present season. The oldest inhabitants of the place agree with us in saying that there never was such an open winter witnessed since the first settlement of the country. The Bay has been open during the season, with the exception of a few days, enabling vessels to run without interruption, from N. S. to P. E. I.; and, what is most remarkable, a vessel cleared out of our harbour for Halifax, only three days ago. We have it from reliable authority that some of the Ohio farmers turned out to plough on the 2nd of this month, and continued for some days. The Thermometer stood, on the 4th inst. before the sun, at 84 degrees, (summer heat), and the shrubs and young twigs, in the village, actually commenced to shoot—such is the uncommon mildness of the present year.—The Casket, Feb. 17, 1853.

DEPARTURE OF BISHOP MCKINNON, FOR ARICHAT.

The Rt. Rev. Dr. McKinnon took leave of his old parishioners of St. Andrews, on Wednesday the 11th inst. on his way to assume the duties, and to occupy the position of the Eastern Diocese. His Lordship in his farewell address recalled to mind the scenes of his pastoral labors; but in no way did he more firmly enforce these truths, or render dear the ties, which had bound him to St. Andrews, as a priest of the Gospel, than in his beautiful inculcations of the necessity of duty, towards His Lordship's Successor "The Rev. Clergyman, now in charge." The exemplification of the Christian's career was shown not to be dissonant with rendering unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's." Satisfied we are that His Lordship's absence is not easily repaired, though opinion is strong in the belief that the Rev. Recipient will prove not only worthy of his parochial charge but also of being the incumbent of that worthy Prelate, whose duty calls him to spread the Gospel's tidings to other shores, and to minister to public wants not less necessitous than their own: In which no doubt the laborer in the vineyard will be crown-

ed with the fruits thereof.—com.—The Casket, May 19, 1853.

THE OLDEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD.

—THE CHARLESTON STANTARD thinks that Mrs. Singleton, now living in the Williamsburg district, in that State, is the oldest woman in the world. She is now 131 years of age. Her mental faculties are still unimpaired, and she retains all her senses except that of sight, of which she was deprived at the advanced age of 90 years, by an attack of measles. Her bodily energy exhibits no diminution for many years, she being still able to walk briskly about the room. She has outlived all her children, her oldest descendant, living, being a grand daughter, over sixty years old. The first grand daughter of this grand daughter, if now living, would be over sixteen years of age.—The Casket, June 9, 1853.

EXILES ESCAPED.

—The editor of the world, the Catholic Mirror, at Baltimore, has received authentic information that Patrick O'Donohue and another Irish exile had escaped from Van Dieman's land and will shortly arrive at one of our ports. [Boston pa.]—The Casket, June 9, 1853.

THE SEMINARY AT ARICHAT.

We have much pleasure in announcing to our readers that His Lordship Dr. McKinnon has, on Wednesday last, opened a Seminary at Arichat, on a principle which is likely to produce a new era in the history of Literature in this Diocese. No one, in justice, can deny that every praise is due the Rev. Dr. for his exertions in the diffusion of knowledge since his first taking upon himself the care of a flock in the neighboring parish. During the period of his parochial Mission there, he was indefatigable in the cause, not only by encouraging schools, but supplying, in person, the place of a teacher to the more advanced pupils. And now, that he has been elevated to a position wherein his talent and energy may be more advantageously and effectually exercised for the good of his people, he has directed the powers of his mind to establish more important institutions and has hitherto been rewarded with success. We understand that the Reverend Doctor has procured the services of Clerical Gentlemen—the most eminent scholars in his Diocese—to take charge of the Seminary; and we sincerely hope that he will live to see his future labours, as well as his past, in so laudable a cause crowned with that success which they so richly merit. He is now on a tour through the Northern and Eastern sections of the Island of C. B. and may be expected to visit this place in September next. We heartily wish him God speed.—The Casket, July 28, 1853.

FRANCE.

—It is said that a fresh obstacle has arisen in the affair of Louis Napoleon's marriage with the Princess of Vasa. The father of the lady, who is a Field Marshal in the service of Austria, refuses to give his consent, and it is supposed that the influence of the Austrian Government has caused this determination.—The Casket, Aug. 26, 1852.

PRUSSIA.

—Letters from Posen state that eighteen hundred had died of cholera out of a population of twelve thousand. The fire that broke out lately, consumed eighty houses. The greatest distress prevails in this city.—The Casket, Aug., 26, 1852.

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ANTIGONISH, N. S.



KING EDWARD VII.

ANECDOTES ABOUT THE KING AND QUEEN.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra won the hearts of the British people long before His Majesty was called to ascend the throne of his fathers. As Prince and Princess of Wales they were probably the best beloved couple in the land. Old and young delighted to do them honour, and every one of their fellow-subjects of Queen Victoria loved them because they showed so much human sympathy with their fellow-men, and so quick a perception of how to do the best thing at the proper time. The Montreal Star has collected the following anecdotes concerning Their Majesties and the other members of the Royal Family, which will prove interesting at this Coronation season:

The King is a very quick walker, and his pace sometimes taxes the power of his attendants. One dumb companion, however, never fails to keep at his side, and that is "Peter," a French bulldog, which for many years has been everywhere with him. During one of his voyages with his Royal master poor "Peter" suffered so much from seasickness that he strained the muscles at the back of his eyes, and in consequence became blind. It is most



QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

touching to see poor blind "Peter" following His Majesty about the grounds at Sandringham as unerringly as though he could see.

The height of His Majesty is not above the medium of the average gentleman. This will strike many who know the King from his photographs and pictures, where he appears to be quite as tall as men measuring six feet. This is very noticeable in the now famous "Royal Persimmon" picture, where His Majesty is taken with his splendid winner, his trainer, and jockey. The King, standing, as he always does, many feet in front of the rest of the group, gives one the impression of being really taller than he is, and it is thus that the pictures of him give that prominence to his figure his position demands.

His Majesty, who was staying as a guest at a certain country mansion a few months ago, entered the village school one morning quite unexpectedly, and in his usual pleasant way asked the children a few questions.

"Now, my young friends," said King Edward cheerfully, "I daresay some of you can tell me the names of a few of our greatest Kings and Queens, eh?"

With one accord they cried out—"King Alfred and Queen Victoria, sir."

Just then a tiny slip of a boy, to whom the school-master had whispered something, stood up and raised his hand.

"Do you know another, my boy," asked the King.

"Yes, your Majesty—King Edward VII."

His Majesty laughed, and then asked—"What great act has King Edward VII. done, pray?"

The boy lowered his head, and stammered out:

"I don't know, your Majesty!"

"Don't be distressed, my lad," said our gracious King, smiling; "I don't know either."

King Edward not long ago showed his practical turn of mind during an adventure with an automobile. When he paid his recent visit to Germany he was particularly enthusiastic about motoring. One day he was driving with a gentleman through one of the forests near Wiesbaden, when the automobile ran out of water. Of necessity a stoppage occurred, and, for want of a convenient Water Company, the boiler was filled from a wayside spring.

The King and his companion started again and all went well for a while. Then, for some unaccountable reason, the motor stopped again. An inspection was made, and the King's companion, who is an expert in such matters, went to work in technical exploring fashion. The King stood rendering assistance when he could. But everything seemed right. No bolts were loose, no nuts missing, and not a lever jammed.

"That's very funny, your Majesty."

The King agreed, and pondered a moment. Then he smiled.

"I wonder," he suggested, in tentative fashion, "if that water we took in has anything to do with it? You know these German waters generally have some sort of mineral properties in them. The boiling may cause crystallization and so choke the piston."

The piston rod was immediately inspected, and, sure enough, it was so crusted that for all driving purposes it might as well have been heavily coated with rust.

Sandpaper was used, some unadulterated water found, and the journey was continued.

One afternoon there was a tea-party in the woods of Bernstorff, the summer residence of Prince Christian, and his three daughters had a few little girl friends with them. After their tea they swung on the low boughs of the trees, and fell to talking, as children do, of what they wanted in life. Each little maid had her say. The Princess Dagma wished to be very grand and great, and have all obey her. The Princess Thyra would ask her fairy if she gave her a wish that she might be wondrously beautiful. When it came to Princess Alexandra's turn she said—"Well, I should like to be very good, and have everybody love me very much."

The Queen, when Princess of Wales, and her three daughters, the latter being quite children, were staying at a quiet watering-place. On returning from a short sail the Princess had just stepped ashore, and the little Princesses were preparing to follow. One of the little girls was on the plank, and an old sailor instinctively said—"Take care, little lady."

The child drew herself up haughtily, and said—

"I'm not a little lady—I'm a Princess."

The Princess of Wales, overhearing the kindly injunction and the answer, said, with great sweetness—

"Tell the good old sailor you are not a little lady yet, but you hope to be one day."

At one of the receptions given by Queen Alexandra, then Princess of Wales, to the late Queen's nurses at Marlborough House, one old nurse—one of the remaining few from the old Sairey Gamp regime—was sitting at a small table having some refreshments when the Princess asked her if she had all she required in the way of food and drink. The old lady thanked her, and said that she liked the sandwiches very much, but she was anxious to know what she was drinking, for she had not tasted anything of the kind before. For a second Her Royal Highness hesitated, then, seeing with what simple faith the question was asked, she took a sip of the glass, and laughing heartily, said—"Why, you are drinking champagne cup." "Well," said the old lady, "I suppose it's all right, but for my part I would rather have a glass of stout."

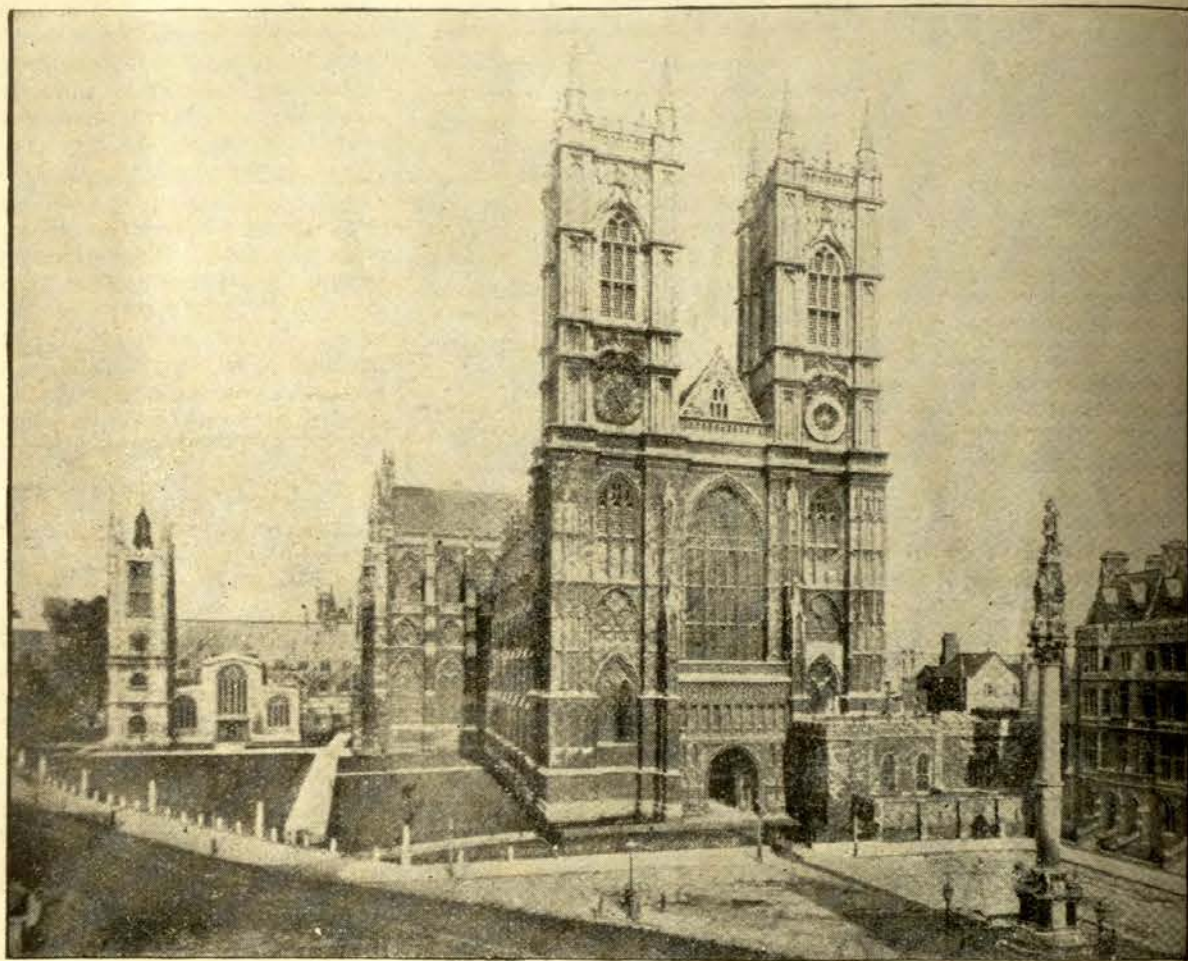
Some years ago after Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales (as she then was) had opened a certain local institution in the metropolis, she received a letter indited in pencil upon tea paper, which read as follows:

"Dear Princess,—When you was passing the corner to-day, my little gel, aged six, ran to give you a rose in exchange for wun of yours, becoss she luv you. I cooden 'elp it, but she got nock down an' run over by the nex carriage, an' now in Charing X Ospital. I fere she will die. She keeps axing for your rose, an' would you please send wun.—Yours Truly, "MARY."

The Princess, much touched by this letter, instituted immediate inquiries. She noticed the little girl who ran forward, but she had not heard of the sad accident.

With the kindness for which she is loved by the whole empire, she went to the hospital at once, and gave the little sufferer a rose with her own hands.

The girl was the child of a poor fac-



WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

tory worker, and the case was a bad one, but the Princess went to the hospital every day for a week till the tiny patient was out of danger, bringing her a rose each time. Nor did her kindly ministry terminate there, for Her Majesty has since aided both the child and her mother in a very practical manner.

Once only has King Edward been in a fire. This was when an alarm ing blaze broke out in Marlborough House, just after the birth of his second son. The Princess of Wales, with her two

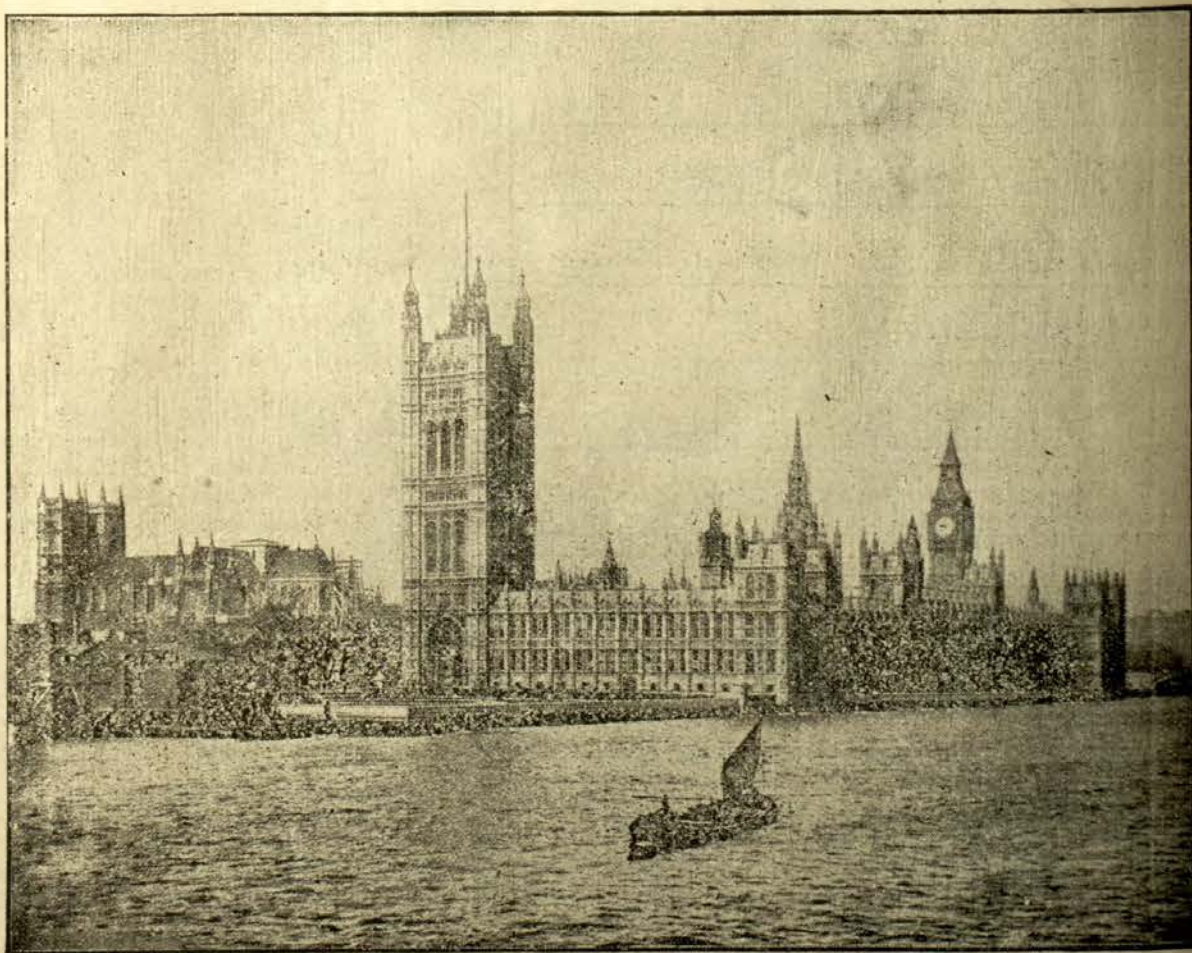
boys, having been taken to a place of safety, the future King, minus coat and waistcoat, put himself at the head of the servants and set to work to check the flames. He himself helped to tear up a nursery floor to get at the mischief; and when two members of the Fire Brigade gained admittance they had the gratification of being received by a grimy, smoky Prince in his shirt sleeves.

THE CORONATION CHAIR.

In the Coronation chair, which is

used in to-day's ceremony, the kings and queens of England have set, one after the other, on the most memorable day of their lives, when they received at the hands of the Archbishop the crown of England.

It stands there to-day a relic of the past, a link to bind us to the very unknown future. The chair is remarkable in itself, built of substantial oak, 600 years old, dating back to the days when Edward I. was king; but it contains within it the memorable Stone of Scone known in the middle



PARLIAMENT BUILDING.

ages as the S old stone the nation lies e day a living t strength, the doms. In up rich with hist block of dull stone, dug ou historic past stone cliffs Scotland. It real orig what purpos was its early it has passd, it has witness days: these the mystery t ful stone. silent, legat ing to an was Jacob's wandering lin thence throu finally it app it first becom famous "Lia tity." Here be crown'd. if the king we stone was silo groaned abou Connected v phecy, datin possibly at on and now oblit time, the wh rest there S In a posit these words: Qubar the master God chers the sev. St. Margare tress of her garded as the throne before. It is thus an have a proph stone. And w land became J ancient proph And from Jan the rulers of S to be crown'd in its last rest Westminster. Whatever I tell us of the witness of its the genuin is so familiar mountain scen of the hills in past, if it has closely with d sociations of B Brought to and played b Abbey, in the he order'd th which inelusa came at opp-

ages as the Stone of Destiny. In the old stone the history of the English nation lies embedded. It stands today a living token of the union, the strength, the stability of three kingdoms. In appearance this stone, so rich with historical associations, is a block of dull reddish or purplish sandstone, dug out probably in a now prehistoric past from the old red sandstone cliffs round Dunstaffnage in Scotland.

Its real origin is lost in myth. For what purpose it was quarried, what was its early use, through what hands it has passed, what strange wild scenes it has witnessed in those old barbaric days; these are forever wrapped in the mystery that surrounds this fateful stone. But where history has been silent, legend has been busy. According to an early tradition this stone was Jacob's pillow. Its legendary wandering has been traced into Egypt, thence through Sicily and Spain, until finally it appeared in Ireland, where it first became the king's seat, the famous "Lia Fail" or "Stone of Destiny." Here the Irish kings came to be crowned. According to the legend, if the king were the true successor the stone was silent, but if a pretender it roared aloud with hidden thunder.

Connected with the stone is a prophecy, dating from very early ages, possibly at one time inscribed upon it and now obliterated by the marks of time, that wherever this stone should rest there Scotland's king should be.

In a poem written in 1490 occur these words:

Quhar that stayne is, Scottis suld master be;
God chers the tyme Margretis ayr till see.

St. Margaret, who was the ancestress of her Scottish kings, was regarded as the heir to the English throne before the Norman Conquest.

It is thus an undoubted fact that we have a prophecy connected with this stone. And when James VI. of Scotland became James I. of England this ancient prophecy was at last fulfilled. And from James I. to the present day the rulers of Scotland have continued to be crowned on the Stone of Scone in its last resting place, the Abbey of Westminster.

Whatever legend or history may tell us of the stone, it bears silent witness of its own origin. A piece of the genuine old red sandstone, which is so familiar to all lovers of Scotch mountain scenery; dug out of the heart of the hills in some remote legendary past, if it has become connected very closely with all the most precious associations of English life.

Brought to England by Edward I. and placed by him in Westminster Abbey, in the last year of his reign, he ordered the chair of English oak which incloses it to be made. It became at once the most jealously

guarded possession of the Abbey, where its own romantic story, its mysterious prophecy, its historic associations, and the sacred character of the building have preserved it inviolate through the centuries that have come and gone.

Once only has it been removed from within the walls of the Abbey. When Cromwell was made Lord Protector of England he had the chair brought into Westminster Hall, that, according to unbroken custom, the rulers of England and Scotland should receive the authority of their high position whilst seated in this ancient and historical chair.

A chair so full of romantic stories, so bound up in the history of the coun-

try; cannot fail to be one of the most famous monuments, of the past in Westminster Abbey.

The union of Canada and Newfoundland has been referred to somewhat frequently of late in the press, and there is even talk of its becoming a political issue in the Ancient Colony. An obstacle, perhaps the chief obstacle, in the way of union are the treaty rights of France on what is known as the French Shore, which includes the West and part of the Northeast coast of Newfoundland. What it means can perhaps be best understood by considering some of its actual effects. A land grant issued by the Crown Land Office of St. John's, if the land is situated on the Treaty Coast, is a lengthy document. It recites various conventions entered into by England and France, and then admonishes the grantee as follows:

"You are required to take notice that one of the Orders established by Her late Majesty's Government, published in the *Royal Gazette* of this Colony on the 2nd of May, 1882, and incumbent on you and assigns to observe in connection with this Grant, is, that, for the present, no permanent buildings or establishments of any description shall be constructed on any part of the land described in the annexed Grant, except with the approval of His Majesty's Government, and that, in the event of any breach of this or any other condition, order or regulation, the annexed Grant shall be subject to forfeiture."

This order is not observed as regards ordinary buildings; but in the case of large wharves, for instance, the French usually demand and can exact its observance. This places a barrier between capital and mining properties on the Coast. When an attempt is made to sell such properties, capitalists naturally ask whether freedom from interference with shipping facilities can be guaranteed. That question usually puts an end to negotiations.

French fishing vessels go to the Coast from St. Pierre, enter any harbor or bay, remain as long as they please; but never report or

These are some of the actual results of the Treaties. It would be easy to add a list of complications that may arise at any time. Thus, the last issue of the *Bay of Islands Star* has the following:

"Just outside Bay of Islands, this spring, the local fishermen were compelled to actually give the French the first quantity of herring taken in their nets, otherwise the nets would have been taken or destroyed. If a Newfoundland fisherman secured herring in a certain area of water and the French fishermen did not secure any herring in the water nearby, then the Newfoundland fisherman would have to take up his net and leave the place, or give a portion of his herring to the French fisherman. They (the French) do the same thing when fishing lobsters. They never cease to harass our people, and, too often, the British naval officers aid them in their nefarious work by wrong interpretation of character of the trouble."

The fishing rights enjoyed by the French were first granted in 1713 by the Treaty of Utrecht. It was then a very simple statement of agreement "to allow the French to catch fish and dry them on the land," and to build "stages made of boards, and huts necessary and usual for drying fish." But this was made a source of innumerable complications by a Declaration of the King of England, annexed to the Treaty of Versailles, in 1763. It is in part as follows:

"In order that the fishermen of the two nations may not give cause for daily quarrels, His Britannic Majesty will take the most positive measures for preventing his subjects from interrupting in any manner, by their competition, the fishery of the French during the temporary exercise of it which is granted to them upon the coasts of the Island of Newfoundland; and he will, for this purpose, cause the fixed settlements which shall be formed there to be removed. His Britannic Majesty will give orders that the French fishermen be not incommoded in cutting the wood necessary for the repairs of their scaffolds, huts, and fishing vessels."

The XIII Article of the Treaty of Utrecht, and the method of carrying on the fishery, which has at all times been acknowledged, shall be the plan upon which the fishery shall be carried on there; it shall not be deviated from by either party; the French fishermen building only their scaffolds, confining themselves to the repair of their fishing vessels, and not wintering there; the subjects of His Britannic Majesty, on their part, not molesting in any manner the French fishermen during their absence."

The treaties were drawn up on the assumption that the shore was to remain forever uninhabited, but now England has to put them into

the Legislature of Newfoundland. It is not the actual value of the French fishery on the coast, that makes the French so tenacious in the matter. That is too small to be the occasion of serious disagreement between the two nations. It is the very extensive Bank fishery of the French. There are no Treaty rights on the Banks; but no fishing can be done there without bait, and the French shore is considered a good bait securing ground for the Banks when other sources fail. The South Shore, to which the Treaties do not apply, is the most convenient for bait, and there for many years the French bought their bait, until they were excluded by law, the motive of the law being chiefly to offset the large bonus which France grants to French exporters of dried cod caught and cured by French fishermen. Then they discovered on the Banks an abundance of some sort of shell-fish which helped out wonderfully for some years in the matter of bait. But now the shell-fish has also failed, and it may be anticipated that next year the French shore

will be tested as a bait-securing ground. Then, perhaps, a tenth Commission will be appointed to finally and forever terminate this interminable muddle.

The Paris Society of Foreign Missions has something worth while to show in its report for 1901. Its operations are confined to the far East, such as China, Annam, Burmah, etc. For 1901 it reports as follows:

Bishops	34
European Priests	1,201
Native Priests	638
Sisters	4,452
Lay Brothers	225
Native Catechists	2,474
Seminaries	42
Primary Schools	2,812
Pupils attending	82,333
Hospitals and Leper Asylums	67
Orphanages	200
Dispensaries	404
Children Baptized	132,790
Adults Baptized	33,079
Total Number of Catholics	1,283,234

It must be remembered that there are many other Catholic Societies in the China Mission.

THE FRENCH SHORE.

To Houskeepers.

We wish to call your special attention to the large importation of China and Crockeryware just landed per steamer Lake Simco from England at prices much below the usual.

DINNER SETS.



- We have Dinner Sets, 93 pieces, for \$5.90
- Nice Blue Dinner Set, 95 pieces for 7.75
- Fine Blue Grey Dinner Set, 97 pieces, 8.50
- Nice Shade Green Dinner Set, 97 pieces, 10.50
- Nice Shade Green Dinner Set, 100 pieces, 11.75
- Blue and Gold Dinner Set, 103 pieces, 12.50

TEA SETS.

- We have Tea Sets, 40 pieces for \$1.95
- Nice Blue Tea Sets, 42 pieces, 3.50
- Fine Brown Tea Sets, 42 pieces, 3.50
- Green and Gold Tea Sets, 44 pieces, 4.50
- Fine China Sets, 44 pieces, 4.50

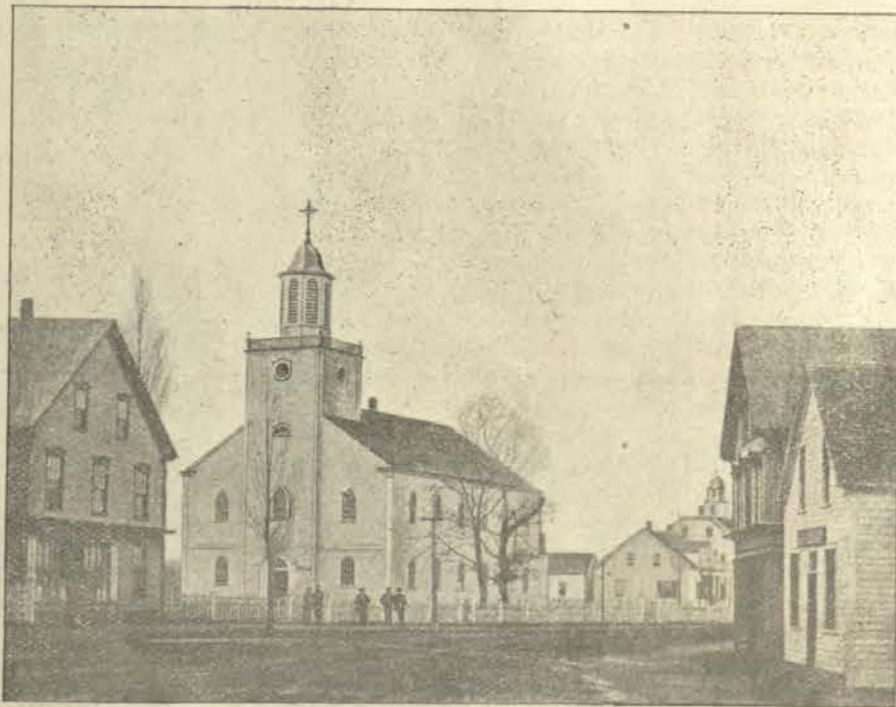
TOILET SETS.



- Good Stoneware Toilet Sets, 3 pieces, \$.95
- Good Stoneware Toilet Sets, 5 pieces, 1.25
- Fancy Colored Brown and Blue, Toilet Sets, 2.50
- Fancy Colored Green and Gold or China Sets, 3.75 to 4.75

A good stock of Glassware, in Table Sets, Lemonade Sets, Tumblers, Goblets, Fruit and Jelly Dishes, Preserve Crocks, in Glassware and Earthenware in all sizes from 1/4 pint to 2 gallons, Butter Crocks, Flower Pots, Pans, Dishes of all kinds to suit everybody.

Chisholm, Sweet & Co.



OLD ST. NINIAN'S.

guarded possession of the Abbey, where its own romantic story, its mysterious prophecy, its historic associations, and the sacred character of the building have preserved it inviolate through the centuries that have come and gone.

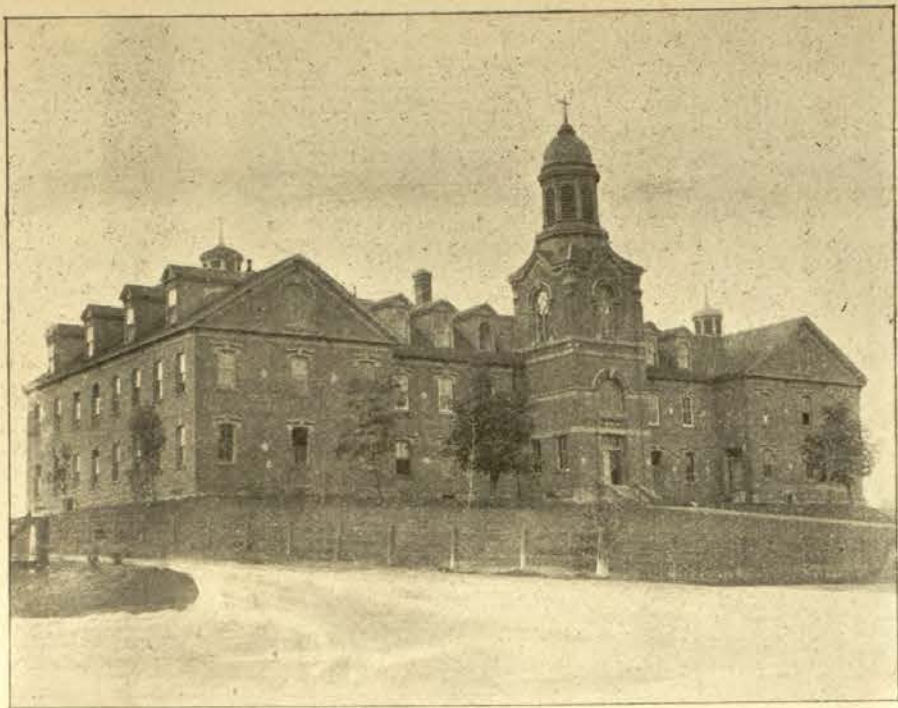
Once only has it been removed from within the walls of the Abbey. When Cromwell was made Lord Protector of England he had the chair brought into Westminster Hall, that, according to unbroken custom, the rulers of England and Scotland should receive the authority of their high position whilst seated in this ancient and historical chair.

A chair so full of romantic stories, so bound up in the history of the coun-

try; cannot fail to be one of the most famous monuments, of the past in Westminster Abbey.

Under pressure from the Imperial Government the Legislature of Newfoundland enacts annually a Bill which places large arbitrary powers in the hands of British naval commanders on the Coast, who use the powers granted to protect the French in their fishing rights; but the fishing interests of the Coast as a whole are not protected. Thus, there is no close season in the lobster fishing, and lobsters of any size may be taken and used.

execution on a shore inhabited by nearly twenty thousand people who are under the jurisdiction of a self-governing Colony, and engaged in kinds and methods of fishing that could not have been foreseen when the Treaties were made. A more tangled piece of international arrangement could scarcely be imagined. Since 1846 no less than nine different Commissions appointed by the British Government have tried and failed to find a way out. Sometimes the English and French negotiations, after long labours, reached mutually satisfactory conclusions; but failed to secure ratification from



ST. F. X. COLLEGE — PART FRONT VIEW.

CHRISTIAN NATIONS.

In an address lately delivered in Boston, President Schurman said:

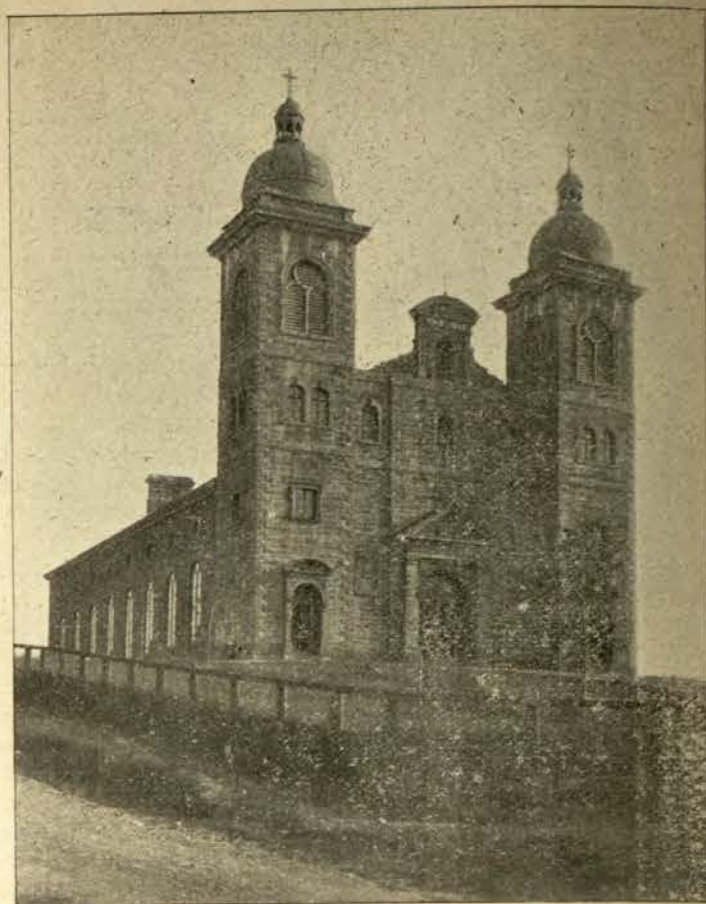
The experience of the last two years proves that in Luzon and the Visayas (in the Philippines) we are dealing with a united nation. If in 1890 the inhabitants were believed to be rival and mutually hostile communities, subsequent events have demonstrated that more powerful than local separation, deeper than linguistic diversity is the inextinguishable sentiment of nationality that unites them—a sentiment reinforced by identity of race, color, and religion, to say nothing of community of interest and social condition. Spanish is spoken by the educated classes everywhere, and the different native languages or dialects (whichever term you prefer, though something between the two would be the most correct of all) in Luzon and the Visayas are few in number. Of the 6,000,000 or 6,500,000 inhabitants of these Christianized islands 2,600,000 speak Visayan, 1,600,000 Tagalog, more than 500,000 Ilocano and some 600,000 Ilocano, while the remainder have for their vernacular either Pampango, Pangasinan or Cagayan, though among all these the use of the Tagalog is very general. The fact, then, you see, is that of the inhabitants of Luzon and the Visayas the educated people everywhere speak Spanish, which is therefore a universal medium of intercourse, while in addition four native dialects (or closely related languages)—Visayan, Tagalog, Ilocano and Ilocano—furnish the vernaculars of more than 5,000,000 out of an entire population of 6,000,000 or 6,500,000.

Now those who believe, in spite of the heroic struggles which these people have unitedly maintained for so long a time against American domination, that they are too much divided to become an independent nation, should read the history of Switzerland. The Swiss have no common medium of communication like Spanish in the Philippines; they are separated by the use of four different languages—German, French Italian, and Rhaetian, the former certainly and each of the three latter probably differing more from the others than any vernacular in Luzon and the Visayas differs from Tagalog; and in the important matter of religion the cantons of Switzerland stand opposed as Catholics and extreme Protestant, while in Luzon and the Visayas the entire population (excluding some harmless savage tribes

like our Indians) is Catholic. Add to these discordant elements the fact that Switzerland is encompassed by France, Germany and Italy, each of which might be expected to attract to itself the kindred element found beyond its borders. Yet in spite of all this, "Switzerland," says the eminent historian whom you have so recently mourned, "is as thoroughly united in feelings as any nation in Europe." (Fiske, "American Political Ideas," page 88). And Swiss love of country and devotion to liberty is proverbial.

The forefathers of this Christian nation were wild pagan tribes less than three hundred years ago. Were our own forefathers as civilized as they are now, three hundred years after becoming Christian? In America there are Catholic nations of Indians, with an aggregate population of tens of millions, whose forefathers were all heathen four centuries ago. There are also in the world some millions of Protestants whose forefathers never were Catholics, consisting mainly of Negroes in the United States, and converted by the influence of slavery. But is there one Christian nation on earth that owes its Christianity to Protestantism? If there is we do not know the name of it. One of the Scripture prophecies about the Church of Christ is that the nations of the Gentiles were to flow into her. This has been fulfilled to the letter in the case of the Catholic Church. It has no fulfillment at all in the case of Protestantism. In all matters of the world, if we except the fine arts,—in commerce, industrial enterprise, science and its applications, in the comforts of life, military conquest and civil government—in all these, Protestants have been abundantly successful, as successful almost as if they had listened to the tempter who shewed Our Lord all the kingdoms of the world with the glory thereof and said: All these I will give thee if falling down thou wilt adore me. But after four hundred years of activity, despite unlimited resources, there is one thing that seems beyond their power—they cannot produce a Christian nation. Germany, England, Scotland, and the Netherlands were Christian before they became Protestant.

The United States, Canada, and Australia have been built up either by Catholics or by people whose forefathers were Catholics. Even the institutions adopted by these new nations, such as representative assemblies and trial by jury, date from pre-Reformation times. It is impossible to conjecture what the modern Christian nations would be like to-day if their Christianity had been due originally to Protestantism. There is no example or instance to guide us in forming a conjecture. If one of the seven little kingdoms which once ruled in England had become Presbyterian, and another Episcopal, and another Methodist, and another Baptist, and so on, possibly they might still have united into one nation. We do not know. Certainly the process of union would be more difficult, and civilization would have been retarded. Protestantism and Catholicism differ fully as much in charity as they do in faith. The breaking up of the former into hundreds of conflicting sects is due to a lack of brotherly love as to differences of faith—of that higher kind of brotherly love which our Lord made the subject of a new commandment. Their missionaries go to tribes in Africa or China and teach them as one of the first duties of the Christian to hate the Catholic Church. The natural tribal instinct of those poor people seizes with avidity upon this lesson of hate and feeds upon it. There are going to be dreadful religious wars in Africa during this century in consequence of this travesty of the religion of Him who came to preach peace to all men of goodwill. Among uncivilized peoples the tendency of Catholic teaching is to weaken the tribal instinct and prepare for larger union, while the tendency of Protestant teaching is to strengthen the tribal instinct by adding to it the dividing force of sectarianism. The failure to produce a Christian nation is no accident. To convert a number of tribes to Christianity and weld them into a nation, as has been done in the Philippines, demands much more than zeal, learning, and pecuniary resources—it demands Christian charity. The



ST. NINIAN'S CATHEDRAL, ANTIGONISH, N. S.

Catholic missionary does not make a practice of warning his neophytes against other Christians. His teaching is positive, not negative. He does not look upon Christianity as a religion of protests. A few months ago Protestant Missionary Society in the United States issued an annual report which begins one section thus:

"It can not be denied that Rome makes in India *disquieting* progress."

What a world of uncharitableness is revealed by that word "disquieting" which we have italicized! In India there are hundreds of millions of pagans. Protestants have about as much prospect of converting them as they have of levelling the Rocky Mountains, but because other Christians are successful in making Christ known and loved in India, they are seriously disturbed in mind! It is disquieting! When missionary documents published at home breathe this spirit, one can imagine what the missionaries themselves are doing to propagate discord. Ten years ago this want of charity resulted in civil war among the Negroes of Uganda in East Africa. Professor J. W. Gregory has this year given a history of that conflict in his "Foundation of British East Africa." As a Protestant he is astonished that in this conflict "the Catholics were for complete religious liberty, and the Protestants [the missionaries] were against it, as they said the people did not understand it, and it was useless to give it to them." There is nothing to astonish the worthy Professor. It is a matter of everyday experience, this invoking of the civil law wherever it can be used effectually. Many of the chiefs in Uganda were becoming Catholics, chiefs, too, who had been Protestants, and the Protestant missionaries sought to punish this backsliding by depriving such chiefs of property and position,—by penal laws in fact. They succeeded in

inducing Sir Fredrick Lugard, the British representative, to adopt their way of thinking, and the result was war. There are frequent pathetic appeals from China, especially from the sea-ports, for English-speaking Catholic priests. Unfortunately this need has not yet been met. One of these appeals urges the following reason:

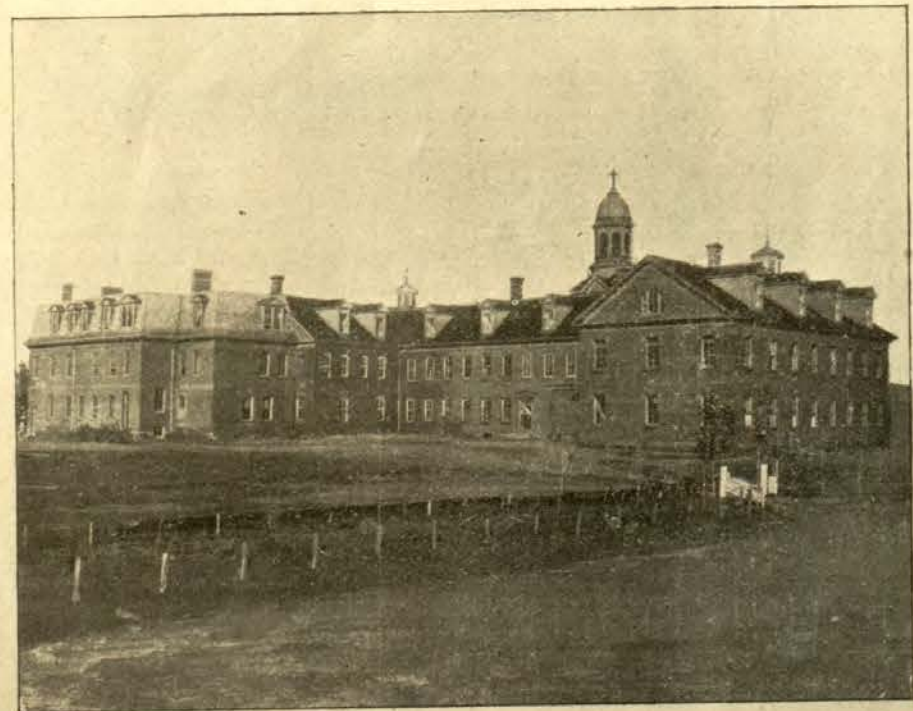
"English-speaking priests would be a means of preventing a civil war, or something like it, between Protestant and Catholic natives. The tension between them is terrible, and will go on increasing."

The weapon of attack in this case is not the civil power, as in Uganda, but English prestige in trade among the commercial classes of China. What a scandal such conflicts are in the very midst of millions of pagans!

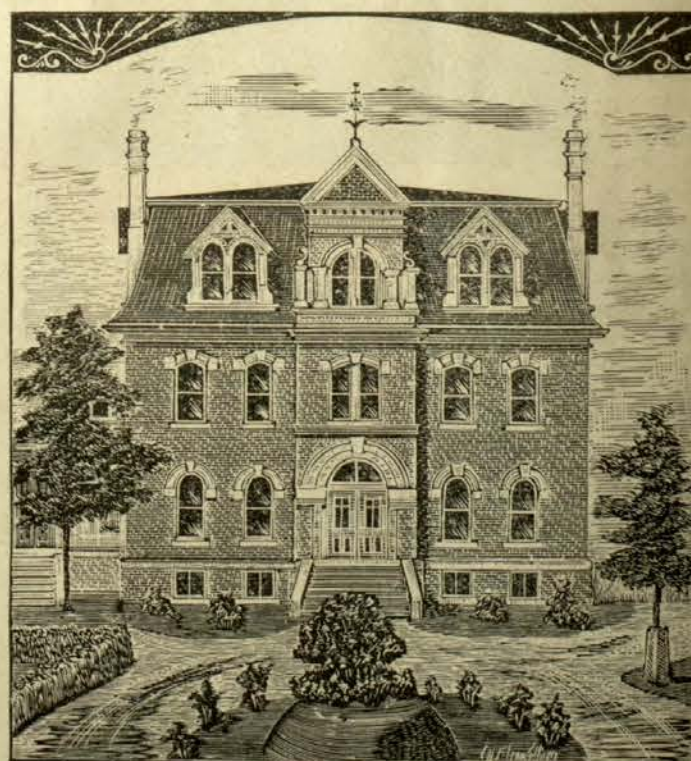
The N. Y. Independent has often inveighed against Marshall's History of Protestant Missions. It is true that Marshall is now largely out of date. His thesis is that Protestant missionary effort was devoid of true zeal. This is no longer true. There is zeal now in abundance, sincere zeal too. But Marshall's successor will make a far graver indictment. His thesis will be that the new-born zeal is devoid of true charity.

Considering Protestant missionary effort of to-day in its methods and its results we can assert unhesitatingly that the modern Christian nations could never have been built up by Protestantism, including those which are now called Protestant.

IRELAND.—The riots still continue at Limerick. On Sunday the 31st regiment was attacked by a mob, and two of the regiment were injured beyond recovery. A detachment afterwards turned out, and dispersed the mob at the point of the bayonet, during which the officer in command was wounded, and the soldiers' carbines smashed, &c. —The Casket, Aug. 26, 1872.



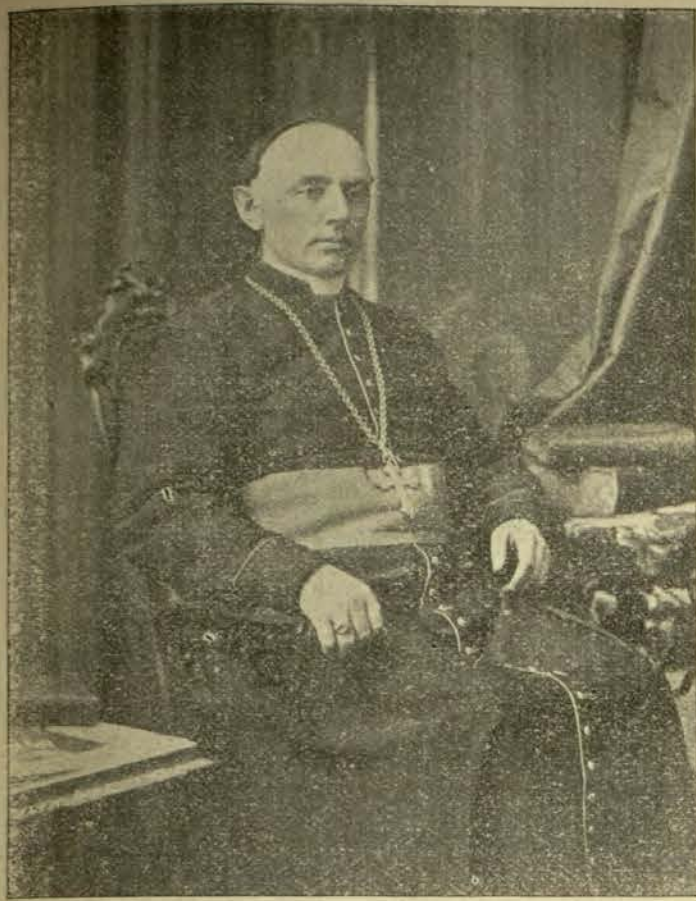
COLLEGE — REAR VIEW.



ST. MARTHA'S CONVENT, ANTIGONISH, N. S.

THE VALUE

During the existence of the much of its... who found... because the... out control... good: 200... This... never been... tors of the... knowing... animated... at all... sons were... the view... then, the... journal is... formed... subjects... The imp... pen in... doings... church... clerical... the Church... point: the... Christian... of life... studied... gotten... as well... studied... all such... our posi... tion. But... nation... can be... fashion... easy... contro... Those... the value... ing only... whom... on. The... ing to... the C... adversary... task he... to conve... error. N... by dis... little... though... ing a... well be... writer... than that... ing those... themselves... by having... He has... matic... or church... ten an... a purely... have be... terest, or... who now... in every... because... "the oth... the blows... inflicting... again the... to explai... before."... historical... entry in... proves th... perhaps



HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP CAMERON.

THE VALUE OF RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY.

During the fifty years of its existence THE CASKET has devoted much of its space to religious controversy. There have been many who found fault with it for this, because they believed that religious controversy never does any good; and often does harm. This proposition, however, has never been accepted by the directors of the paper, and while not knowing the reasons which have animated any other than the present management, we think it not at all improbable that these reasons were similar to our own. In the view of the present editor, then, the mission of a Catholic journal is to keep its readers informed on religious subjects, or subjects which touch religion. The important events which happen in the religious world; the doings of prominent leaders in church work, whether lay or clerical; the dangers threatening the Church at this or the other point; the practical application of Christian Doctrine to the affairs of life, both for those who have studied their religion well but forgotten much of what they studied, as well as for those who have studied little or none at all,—upon all such matters it comes within our province to impart information. But the imparting of information is labor in vain unless it can be done in an interesting fashion, and this is not always an easy matter. In this difficulty this controversy comes to our aid.

Those who speak slightly of the value of controversy are thinking only of its effect upon those with whom the controversy is carried on. They say, "It is very pleasing to us to see how thoroughly the CASKET writer confutes his adversary, but what an impossible task he has undertaken in trying to convince the other writers of error. No one was ever convinced by disputing." Even granting this little statement to be true,—though it is altogether too sweeping a statement,—it may very well be the case that the CASKET writer has had no other intention than that of pleasing and instructing those who now acknowledge themselves pleased and instructed by having followed his argument. He has dealt with points of dogmatic theology, moral theology, or church history. If he had written an article on these subjects in a purely didactic manner, it would have been read with languid interest, or not read at all, by those who now take the liveliest interest in everything of which it treats; because in imagination they see "the other fellow" wincing under the blows which their champion is inflicting on him. Time and time again they stop in their reading to explain, "I never knew that before," as some theological or historical fact makes its first entry into their minds. This proves that the controversial article perhaps never seen at all by the

one against whom it is directed,—however unconvincing it may be to Protestants, has taught something to Catholics, and therefore it was well that it should be written.

It is not likely that the famous discussion between Father Tom Magnice and the Rev. Mr. Pope, of Dublin, ever made a convert, but we venture to believe that more information on dogmatic, moral, and historical subjects has been acquired by those who read and enjoyed the record of the discussion, because it was a discussion, than they would ever had acquired if they had been left to learn from the regular text-books on these subjects.

His Lordship Bishop Cameron has been engaged in several controversies, and we have heard an old man long years after the event repeat word for word a great portion of a letter written by his Lordship on one of these occasions. It is not likely he would have been able to do the same with a sermon or a pastoral letter.

This, then, is THE CASKET's explanation and defence of its practice of giving so much space to religious discussion,—that to awaken interest in philosophical and religious subjects among those who might otherwise regard those subjects as too academic or too theological for their taste; and to gain an opportunity of teaching without seeming to teach. Even when we have appeared to be most severely critical, our object has ever been to convey instruction through the medium of criticism to those who we thought would receive it more readily if presented in that form,—not to those whom we were criticising, of course, but to those who read the criticism with pleasure.

At the same time, we cannot admit that controversy never does any good to those against whom it is directed. Bishop Hay's conversion was due under God, to discussions with some prisoners whom he was attending in his capacity of physician. He in his turn wrote several volumes which are more or less controversial in their character, and to the reading of one of these books, accidentally picked up in a hut in the Australian bush, the greatest Catholic editor Canada has ever had owed his conversion. We are not aware that THE CASKET has ever helped to lead any one into the Church but we are well assured that it has softened the bitterness of the attacks formerly made upon the Catholics of this province by those whose opposition was due rather to misunderstanding than to animosity, and that it has served to remove many prejudices from minds which might never have been disabused otherwise. Moreover, we have enjoyed the gratification of being thanked by non-Catholics for our defence of the great truths which they as well as we accept,—a defence conducted against the spirit of rationalism which is so oppressive at the present day. So that it may fairly be claimed that THE CASKET has done service to non-Catholics as well as Catholics, and that therefore it has not lived its fifty years of life in vain.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

(Read by Miss Rosemary Landry, Convent Closing Exercises, 1902.)

The month of June is the milestone in the student's career; it is the month which brings to a joyful close her arduous duties, which causes the cloud of doubt and worry which enveloped the mind and heart of the prospective graduate for many preceding months to be dispelled.

A glance around and one's attention is arrested by the many friends assembled here, this afternoon, to witness the Annual Commencement of another graduating class. To you all, we extend a most cordial welcome. Your presence here to-day, manifests the lively interest you take in education in general, and in that given in this institution, in particular. In its name, we again bid you welcome!

On this day—a day, to the dawn of which we have so long looked forward, our hearts overflow with gratitude, not only to our beloved teachers; but, above all, to our zealous Bishop, to whom, chiefly, we owe the rare educational advantages we here enjoy. It is a cause of sorrow to us, that owing to his pastoral duties in a remote part of the Diocese, he is absent from us to-day. In this Convent home of ours, where our lives are attuned to all that is good, and pure and true his zeal and generosity have found an embodiment. Realizing that "the buds of to-day are the flowers of to-morrow," he has endeavored to shield us from all blighting influences, by securing for us here an education in the truest acceptance of the term, an education which safeguards the heart, whilst informing and developing the mind.

During the past century, the question of the "Higher Education of Women" has received great attention. Many writers on this subject hold that woman has rights to an intellectual culture equal to that of men, while others will not admit this. Although there may be reasons for disputing woman's right to the education of a man, no one can gainsay her right to be educated according to her nature, and in a manner suited to the position in life which she may be called upon to fill. God's gifts are given to be used; and woman, as well as man, has a duty to cultivate them. St. Augustine says, "No creature to whom God has confided the lamp of intelligence has a right to behave like a foolish virgin, letting the oil become exhausted because she had neglected to renew it, letting that light die out, which was to have lighted her path and that of others."

This higher education of women "is not a modern invention but has existed from time immemorial. In the history of the early Church, we find many proofs that women were associated with the educational systems of their time. Among other prominent women, who during the early centuries of the Church were connected with the education of young women, we might mention St. Thecla, who was remarkable in secular philosophy. St. Paula illustrious for her know-

ledge of the languages; St. Catherine of Alexandria, the patron and model of Christian philosophers, and the great St. Theresa, sometimes styled a "Doctor of the Church."

During the Middle Ages, we find many queens who were remarkable not only for their learning, but also for the zeal with which they promoted the higher education of women, throughout their dominions,—in Spain, Isabella and Blanche of Castile; in Scotland, St. Margaret; in Hungary, St. Elizabeth, and in England, Editha. Nor should we forget to mention the influence of religious orders, even during the early ages of the Church, upon education. Montaigne, in his "Monks of the West," tells us that from the introduction of the monastic orders into various Christian countries, schools for girls, managed by Nuns, never ceased to furnish Catholic society with a class of women, as distinguished for intelligence as for piety, and, who, in the study of Literature, rivalled the most learned monks." Among other religious, whose interest in education might be mentioned is St. Hilda, to whose encouragement and guidance, we owe the works of Caedmon,—the father of English poetry.

In the 17th and 18th centuries, we find in the Papal Universities of Padua and Bologna, Catholic women as professors of Canon Law, Mathematics and other branches of learning.

It is also worthy of note, that it was a woman who succeeded the world-renowned linguist, Cardinal Mezzofanti as teacher of Greek, in the University of Bologna. Thus we see that, by the Catholic Church, woman's claim to the highest development of her God-given faculties has always been recognized.

But, it is argued by those who are opposed to the higher education of women, that she who is thus educated, loses that gentleness, that amiability, that loveliness of disposition, which should characterize "the gentler sex." But this is not so, God has given to woman a sacred mission; and He demands of her the best cultivation of the gifts which He has given her, in order to execute His designs in her regard. To the question "Has woman a vocation to public life?" We answer in the negative. In making this statement, however, we are not unmindful of the fact that exceptional women have been born to exceptional vocations, and that, having been called to fill certain public places, they have done so with credit to themselves and to their sex. The Church itself furnishes us with instances. We might cite among others, Judith and Esther in the Old Law, Joan of Arc, Isabella of Castile and St. Catherine of Sienna. These were women who not because of their womanhood, but because of their extraordinary ability and rare talent, and because of the exigencies of the times, were called to extraordinary missions; as saviors of their people, guides to saints and kings, and even as warriors at the head of armies. But these were exceptions and only serve to prove the rule.

We have at the present day,

women claimants for political equality with men. From a Christian point of view, we might say, in this connection, that woman suffrage is not in accordance with the divinely established constitution of society. According to that constitution, the family, not the individual, is the true social unit; and the man, being the head of the family should represent it in political affairs. But the doctrine of woman suffrage does not recognize this fact. If woman had equal rights with man, it would certainly change her position, but not better it. All that is gentle, attractive and womanly wilts under the glare of publicity. The respect, we might even say reverence, which man instinctively bestows on woman, would be withdrawn; and she must not complain if, in gaining what she considers to be her rights, she lose forever man's chivalric devotion and reverence.

The vocation of the average woman is to be queen of the home. Her power and influence in that sphere have been thus aptly expressed in the following lines:

"The hand that rocks the cradle,
Is the hand that rules the world."

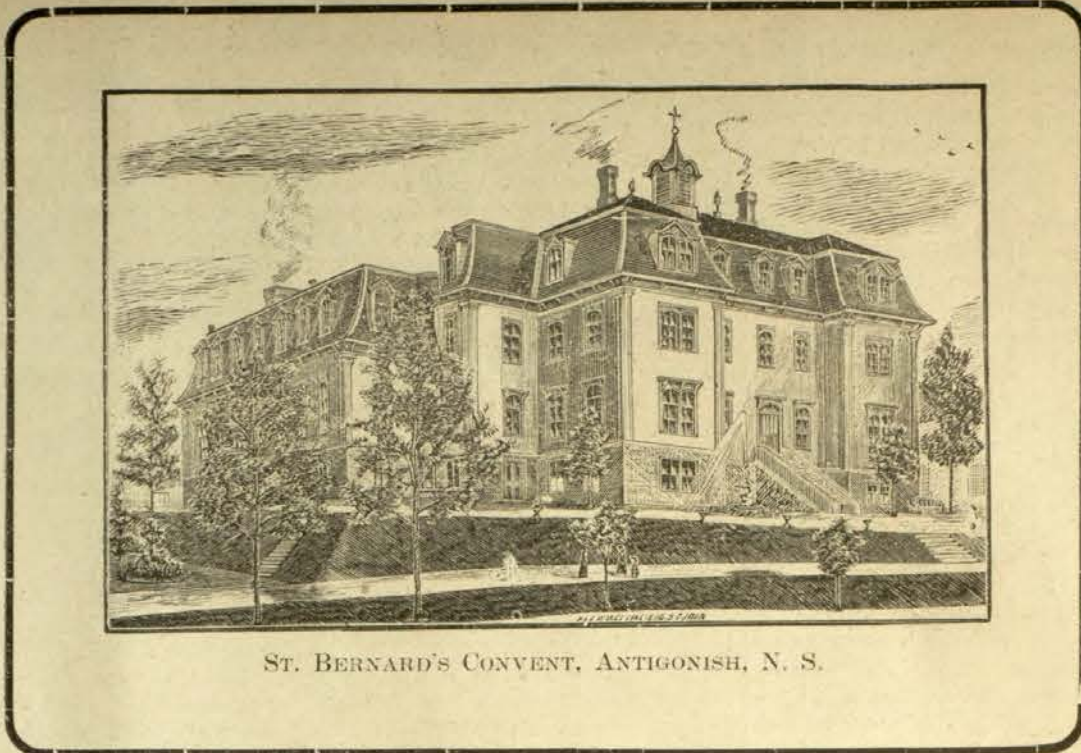
We Catholics recognize a higher and nobler vocation to which comparatively few are called, that of the Religious. There is in every good woman, an instinct of repugnance to publicity. This instinct, strong as it is in the woman of the home is further intensified in the Religious. This instinct and the natural timidity and sensitiveness of woman are the safeguards implanted in her heart by her Creator, about the sanctuary of the home.

Man's duties necessitate his being absent from home the greater part of his time; they give him but little time to devote to the education of his children. But the good mother is always with them. It is she who develops and moulds the intellect and heart of the child supplementing by her influence and example, the training the child receives in school.

The average woman has but one mission—that of home; and, whatever physical and intellectual force she may possess, she should utilize it in that little kingdom, the queen of which she indisputably is. Whatever her position in life may be, whether she be rich or poor, married or single, gifted or giftless, she has but one model of perfect womanhood to imitate—the Virgin of Virgins, Mary, the Spouse of Joseph, Mary, the Mother of God.

ROSEMARY LANERY,
Mount St. Bernard.

England's difficulties are gathering round her, and they will crush her, as the anaconda crushes its living food. England's difficulties have commenced in the north-west and in the south-east—in one quarter she is provoking a terrible war with a powerful nation, numbering twenty millions of people!—in another direction she is fighting with a determined race of naked Caffres, and there she is repulsed again and again, and the blood of her bravest officers drenches the soil of South Africa! The untaught Caffres at the Cape make savage work amongst the British troops, and England's difficulties there threaten to rise into a tempest.—*The Casket, Sept. 16, 1852.*



ST. BERNARD'S CONVENT, ANTIGONISH, N. S.

SALUTATORY.

In the following words THE CASKET made its first bow to its readers:

In commencing the publication of this journal we deem it unnecessary to repeat the objects we had in view in starting it in this remote part of the world; the same having been fully explained in the "Specimen Sheet" issued seven weeks ago.

While we announce our intention to continue the publication of the "Casket" we may be permitted to state that we do it with the full assurance that when it finds its way to the more distant parts of the country it will meet with similar patronage to that afforded by our friends in this vicinity; and that our exertions, in endeavouring to make it both useful and suitable to the mass of our readers, will not prove wholly abortive.

Our sheet being but small, our editorials and communications must necessarily be brief, but we fondly cherish the hope, that, sooner or later, the day will arrive, when our friends will have the gratification to admire its onward progress in the march of improvement, and when the value of its contents will entitle it to the name it has assumed.—The Casket, June 24, 1852.

"ESPECIALLY TO THOSE OF THE HOUSEHOLD."

The Catholic Record speaks out strongly and wisely on the text: "Let us help each other." It speaks of "souls too small to harbor joy at the success of a co-religionist," and is moved to wrath at the obstacles often placed in the way of those who strive to rise above the common level by people who might naturally be expected to sympathize and help.

This phenomenon, we are told, was frequently witnessed by our army, when in Mexico, and it is not of unfrequent occurrence on the deserts of Asia and Africa. When Baron Humboldt was at Cumana, he says he frequently saw the islands of Pecunia and Boracha apparently hanging in the air, and sometimes with inverted images. During the march of the French army over the sands plains of Egypt, it is said many singular instances of mirage occurred.

the face of a missionary after escaping from Chinese Boxers. But they are undoubtedly a great worldly disadvantage, and they are source of weakness in the Church as well. One step towards a remedy is to make the historical genesis of the evil as widely known as possible among our own.

The words placed as a heading of this article are from St. Paul. He tells us plainly to do good to all men, but especially to those of the faith.

STRANGE MIRAGE.

The following, from the Kingston correspondent of the Freeman's Journal, would appear to be almost sufficient to stagger belief yet well authenticated cases of the kind have been frequently recorded:

On Wednesday night, about half past eleven, at an elevation of about five hundred feet in the sky, a large steamer was visible for about five minutes in an upright position, steaming for the south, her sails all set, and evidently at full speed. The illusion was so complete, that I could observe the mainsail flapping with the wind.

This phenomenon, we are told, was frequently witnessed by our army, when in Mexico, and it is not of unfrequent occurrence on the deserts of Asia and Africa. When Baron Humboldt was at Cumana, he says he frequently saw the islands of Pecunia and Boracha apparently hanging in the air, and sometimes with inverted images.

STUTH NA BEATHA: SGEULACH

Here is an excellent take-off on Darwin's Descent of Man, which will be enjoyed by our Gaelic-speaking readers:

Nuair a bha 'n saoghal òg bha stuth na beatha na laighe gu socrach samhach air grunn d' chuain. Bha e air a dheanamh a suas de phòll buidhe, de chrìomagan nuine de chlaich-theine, doinninn ga ghluasad gu garbh, ga bhrisdeadh as a chèile agus ga 'shuaineadh a suas na 'bheaga, chruinne. Bhiodh na crìtheannan-talmhainn, cuideachd, a toirt chrathaidhean doirbhe air, agus mar so a' cuideachadh na doinninn gu brìgh na beatha agus de bhrìgh beatha.

Air la'ha stoirm an éisg ghùlain a ghaoth beagan de leòbagan, de dheasgannan, de phartain, 's de dh-iasgan meanbha gu tìr, agus thilg i ad am

fàsaichibh tiorra 's an coilltibh gorma an locaibh glana, 's am boglaichibh salach. Thègnart na h-ùrach agus an uisge àir, maille ri cumhadh na grèine agus na dealanaich, ach gu sonraichte le éifeachd lagh an taghaidh nàdarra agus lagh maireachduinn an nì bu fhreagarraiche thàinig sliochd na 'n iasgan a sguabhadh an mach as a mhuir, an ceann morain de linnibh gu bhith na 'n snàigearan, na 'n cuileagan, na 'n eoin, 's na 'n ceithir-chasaich.

Bha na losgannan a bha ann an eilein Iava anabarrach tapaidh agus teoma. Chleachd iad gach imleachd a bha na 'n comas gu sliochd ùr a dheanamh agus gu fàs mòr. Thàinig iomadh atharrachadh air cuid diu agus b' e deireadh a ghnòthaich gun dàinig dìthis diu gu bhith na 'n apannan, apa ffrionn agus apa boireann.

Mar a thachair do Chalum a Ghlinne thachair do na h-apannan; bha iad ag iarraidh a bhith mòr. Bha iad math air streapadh nan craobh, ach cha b' urrainn iad a bheag de choisreach a dheanamh le seasamh air an casaibh deiridh. Bhiodh iad a cur nan apannan òga air am broinn agus a saltair orra mu na màsaibh gus mu dhàireadh an do rinn iad triuir dhiu cho dìreach ri saighdear. Dh'fhàs an triuir go gu math mòr asda fein agus, mar tha cuid de ghaothairean gun tìr a deanamh an diugh, bha iad a sealltainn a sìos air an sinnsre.

Mu dheireadh bhruidh iad a' d'fheinn thairis is thairis leis an t-sùghadh aice. Thòisich iad, cuideachd, air an t-sùghadh so a shuathadh ri bun a chnaimh droma nuair a ghearradh iad an t earball deth. Ann an àine nach robh fìor fhada thosich na h-apannan òga ri tighinn a staigh do 'h t-saoghal gun fhionnadh, gun earball. Bha na làmhna aca tuilleadh is fada leotha, ach le bhith ga'm brisdeadh, ga'n deanamh gòrd, 'is ga 'n tathadh ri chèile fhuair iad an cur anns an fhad cheart. Ach cha robh aid toichte fhathast. Cha bu toigh leotha na mucan, agus bha 'n ceann aca fhein gle choltach ri ceann na muice.

Bha moran de dh-àbhacas anns na h-apannan neo-earballach, agus bhiodh iad gle thric a magadh air na h-eoin 's air na beathaichean ceithir-chasach. Dh'ionnsaich iad mar sin gog bho 'n choileach, hù-hù bho 'n chailich-oidheche, mù bho 'n mhart, bó bho 'n tarbh, mè bho 'n chaora, dur bho 'n fheoraig, agus rì-rò bho 'n chat. Thòisich iad fein air deanamh fhacal ùra, agus ann an uine gle ghòird bhruidheadh iad sibhlach gu leoir. Bha iad an nis na 'n daoine, agus lan ullamh gu toiseachadh air an t-saoghal a thoirt a chum an t-suidheachaidh thaitnich anns a bheil e an diugh.

bha deich muillean bliadhna agus coig miosan eadar latha stoirm an éisg agus latha gearradh nan earball; agus bha fìhead muillean bliadhna agus da sheachduin eadar latha gearradh nan earball is latha na cainnte.—A. M. S. in Mac-Talla.

THE STORY OF STE. CECILE

[Words spoken by a child at Mt. St. Bernard's Festival of St. Cecilia, 1900.]

Have you heard that sweet, sweet, old story Of the beautiful Sainte Cecile? How the dear angels came down one day To list to her organ's peal?

She played something sweet and so softly, The way meadow-brook water flows, As over the pebbles, gluck, a-chink, swirl, As over the pepples it goes.

Then all the music began to laugh Way out loud like a girl like me; Then all the birdies began to sing, And to carol in every tree.

Then the music ran down to the foot Of the beautiful iv'ry keys; It sounded just like a storm come up, And the wind cried out in the trees.

But in a while it began to climb Away up, away up so high, The dear saint's fingers went oh, so quick! The music was up in the sky.

Then all the music began to talk Of Heaven where we cannot see; Where nobody's cross, nobody's bad, And ev'rything's nice as can be.

Where beautiful flowers bloom all year, And the children like you and me, Can gather some and take them to God, And put them right down on His knee.

And while the dear saint played on and on, Such a delicate sweet perfume Seemed to rest over her lovely head, And to float through the great big room:

And then, oh! isn't it wonderful? But yet it's as true; it's as true; Into the room where the dear saint sat, Such beautiful child angels flew.

Over the keys and down in her lap, They dropped roses straight down from Heaven.

Oh, ever so many! Why, I guess 'Most sixty or eighty-seven.

Wouldn't you like to have seen it all? And given the angels a kiss? And got some sweet roses for Mamma, And for Papa and Me and Chris?

My mamma says if I'm good all day, Yes, right good for the whole day long, The angels will come in the night time And take God a sweet little song.

A song made of smiles and kind actions And times when I try not to cry.

And helping my teacher in school-time And taking the small piece of pie, I think it's the funniest song for The dear little angels to hold, The pieces must fall on the sky floor When the paper gets all unrolled, I'spose God is saving OUR roses In vases so shining and high, I'M saving the little red rose of my heart, Till I see Him up in the sky.

MARY AGNES O'CONNOR, Nov. 11th, 1901.

PIC-NICS!

At this Season of the year I always use a special advertisement to notify parties who intend during the summer to get up a Pic-nic, that I make a

SPECIALTY

PIC-NIC

SUPPLIES.

Being Agent for all necessary drinks, such as

POP,

FRUIT

SYRUPS,

ETC.

I can supply the same at Lowest Factory Prices. My Stock is Complete, and no Pic-nic is too Large for me to supply at shortest notice.

All Goods left over and in good condition can be returned.

T. J. BONNER.

THOMAS SOMERS.

General Dealer.

We are having a Big Sale for the

FAVORITE CHURN.

Call and see how easy they work.

If You have not tried our

SHAMROCK BLEND TEA.

You don't know what you are missing. Call and get a Sample. Price Lower than inferior Tea is sold for.

THOMAS SOMERS,

Antigonish, N. S.

\$1.00 FIFTY-FIVE THE PUBLISHED EVERY YEARLY SU No Subscriptions ages subscriptions in t at expir ADVEN ONE INCH, first second Special Rates fo Advertisements the rate of 10 Changes n Contr Obituary JOB Neat and Tast ment. Facilities Printing are A-1 THURS Governor Ta the Pope, said a decrepit old the brightness the firmness of vigour of his m Bliss Carm published in th of May 31st, in which the occa easily the best done. He is a a cousin of Che The indiffere ligue disaster h need not. A E the finest sp French infidel any of the virt infidels who d A Boston im gument against the fact that 3 troyed in Ma 000 infidels in an inquiry to t Montreal who us once more r one of the stoc against the Ca used by infidel was on th tinique, the us, that Edwa father of the p in 1794 he sail petition again the Caribbean Rochambeau captured the fr ers to march war.

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