

believe he cares one bit more about it than he understands in the matter, and that is very little. He just finds it convenient to act as he does to please the majority, and be on a par with the rest of the extraordinary sort of an *olla* we have for a Ministry. If, however, was very necessary for the safety of San Francisco that Mr. Kearney should be thwarted, and thwarted he was in the only possible way. The power of the Church opposed him. The Archbishop issued a pastoral denouncing such meetings as those held by him, and the attendance, which had been largely swelled by Catholic labourers immediately fell off; and the threatened outbreak was averted. This is a very suggestive incident, and one on which comment is unnecessary. We recommend it to those gentlemen, who, in pursuance of their own shallow one-sided theories, are doing their utmost to demoralise the Roman Catholics of New Zealand, and we again assure them that they are playing a part alike base and foolish, even for themselves.

WITH regard to the Orange celebrations common to this season, we do not think that there is need for us to dilate at any great length. Something, however, we desire to say: so long as Protestant human nature hugs malevolence and can cheat itself with the belief that hatred of the neighbour is patriotic ardour and religious earnestness, so long, we presume, will such celebrations be made. Meantime we do not see that there is much need for Catholics to trouble themselves on the matter. That a lot of men, excusable if ignorant inexcusable if not so, should don scarfs and ribbons of a certain colour—in itself not by the way, at all an ugly colour though rather gaudy, and walk in procession in honour of a memory by no means honourable need affect us but very little. That they should insult the Majesty of Heaven by offering divine worship while under the influence of malevolence, may affect us more, for charity demands it of us to hold such iniquity in horror; and further we must find it grievous that their miserable commemoration is so frequently the cause of bloodshed. But for any offence to us by this commemoration otherwise we are, even by the act itself, sufficiently avenged, for whom is it these men honour? They, indeed, debase themselves to the worship of a most despicable idol. In the page of history there is no more contemptible character written than that of William of Orange; the murderer of the de Witts; the midnight assassin of Glencoe; the Darien betrayer; the traitor of Limerick; a man wholly given up to selfish ambition, without fear of God or regard for man. Could we wish for a more finished vengeance than to see the men who hate us and our holy religion bowing down before such a memory as this? It is, indeed, a most fitting expression for the animosity they cherish, and which alone animates them, for, as to King William, nine-tenths of the Orangemen have no knowledge whatever of him. He is simply the incarnation of their hostility to the Catholic Church, and most worthy is it incarnate. But in this present year particularly we have seen a worship like that to which we allude more widely paid than usual. We have seen the anti-Catholic sentiment as represented by one man otherwise most fitly honoured, and our feelings on the matter have been exactly what we have now stated them to be respecting the celebrations of the Orange anniversary. The world of atheism has this year celebrated its anniversary and honoured its principles incarnate in Voltaire. And Voltaire we find as just a representative of atheism as was King William III. of Protestantism. There never lived a meaner man. There was nothing too base for him to stoop to. He was the sycophant of Madama de Pompadour, and the would-be lick-spittle of the vile Louis XV.; he whimpered because his greatest works had not attracted the attention of the king:—

"Mon Henri Quatre et ma Zaire,  
Et moi, Américain Alzire,  
Ne m'ont jamais valu un seul regard du roi."

In business matters he was a cheat, and when detected he did not scruple to defend himself by a lie.—Carlyle makes this plain in that passage of his "Frederick II.," which relates to the transactions with Hirsch. The patriot Peranger disliked him for his unjust preference for foreigners, and almost hated him for his outrage on Jeanne d'Arc; and, finally, Victor Hugo calls him the ape of genius, and says he was sent by the devil on a mission to mankind—

"Voltaire alors regnait, ce singe de génie  
Chez l'homme en mission par le diable envoyé."

These two, then, King William III. and Voltaire, are the representative men of anti-Catholic principles,—the one of Protestantism, the other of atheism. What greater praise of the Catholic Church can be made evil-ent?

THE Boston Secondary Schools are the schools that our sapient Attorney-General takes for his model in planning a system of education for New Zealand. He seems to consider them the very perfection of schools, and, as a natural consequence, looks upon their pupils as the very perfection of scholars. People in Boston itself, however, appear to be of quite a contrary opinion; there they evidently consider that these scholars are capable of vast improvement; and, from

certain paragraphs which we have lately perused, it strikes us that more objectionable scholars it would be hard to find in the whole wide world. The Boston *Herald*, which is a newspaper of high reputation in the States, gives us a most deplorable picture of the boys of its city—we may for the time omit to mention the "soiled doves" of Professor Agassiz, but we will bear them in mind, and we hope our readers will do so likewise. The boys are our theme at present, and a most unpleasant one we find them. There is a superstition prevalent in some parts of Ireland, which holds that children are occasionally taken away by the fairies; the child is taken, and some wizened old creature is left in its place. This appears to us to fairly illustrate that which has happened in Boston, the pure, fresh minds of the boys have been taken away from them, and their places has been supplied by minds vitiated by the knowledge of all that it is unfit for them to know, and by a precocious sharpness, and tastes for dangerous and degrading excitements. Twenty or thirty years ago the *Herald* says matters were different; the boys were then boys, the malevolent fairy had not as yet laid hold of them. They were taught obedience to their parents, and went to church on Sunday to listen to "earnest moral doctrines, enforced by all the majesty and solemnity of a tangible theology." But now all things are changed; the boy proper has disappeared, and in his place has appeared a "man-boy." The malevolent fairy has done his work, the comely infant is gone, and in its place is found a spiteful gaffer, wrapped in swaddling clothes. But what has played the part of this malevolent fairy; what is it that has corrupted the minds of the boys, imposing upon their weakness desires, and tastes, that must of necessity vitiate still more? It can only be a false system of education, and this the *Herald* recognises, though it does not point directly, as it might, to the secular system as the true source of all the evil. It says:—"In the first place, our nation has advanced in that line of mutation which we call civilization. We have become, in a sense, refined. Our tastes have been developed. Our capacity for mental enjoyment has undoubtedly increased, and this, of course, includes a taste for the production of the fine arts, of literature, and of romance. In the next place, our facilities for gratifying our tastes have, if anything, surpassed our wants. The printing press, that strikes down abuses with the hammer of a Thor; that changes dynasties, and that can spread a gospel of peace to the world, can also undermine morality, and sap the very foundations of society. It is, perhaps, the most powerful instrument for evil or for good that is in the hands of man. This press, which is omnivorous, serves up daily such a variety of mental food for the people of the age that it would seem as if they could not spare the time from learning a little of everything to become profound in any one thing. Hence, with all our civilization, the tendency seems to be towards superficiality in those growing up, and precocity in our youth." The "boy-man," however, wretched a being as he is, for everything abnormal must be wretched, is not yet fully developed; all his unnatural growth has not as yet been arrived at. But matters are progressing rapidly; he, with his depraved appetites, must have highly-spiced and unwholesome food, food, nevertheless, capable of conducing to the peculiar growth in which he is destined to progress. And he seeks and finds it in the abundance of vicious literature provided for him by unscrupulous writers and publishers. "It is bad enough, in our estimation," says the *Herald*, "to have the boy-boy of our youth changed into the man-boy of to-day; but, when the precocious man-boy takes on the morbid passions and propensities of the vicious and the outcast of society, it is high time to institute an inquiry into the cause. The case of Jesse Pomeroy was only an exaggerated one of the many thousands that are occurring from day to day. He, no doubt, inherited a vicious nature, the tendencies of which were never counteracted by a good moral training; but he would hardly ever have developed its thorough devilishness had he not clothed his propensities in the garb of romance and fancied himself a sort of hero. In slashing and torturing his victims, he was some Indian chief who had captured an enemy in battle, and was wreaking vengeance upon him in his savage fashion, and, in killing, he was but adding a natural climax, taught him in the pernicious tales of frontier life, written by men who were never at the frontier, and who served up such literary hash for precisely the same reason that the 'dime novel' publisher issued it, viz.: for money." But how is the evil to be amended? They have their boys as they have made them, no longer frank, healthy school-boys; but an unwholesome tribe, the prey of all sorts of feverish and unnatural wants. The case seems a hopeless one, it is vain to talk of keeping dangerous literature from such boys as these; they will have it, or they will supply its place with something as deleterious; health cannot be restored to the depraved appetite by merely cutting off the supply of unwholesome food. The "man-boys" are an unnatural growth, and they cannot and will not exist in a healthy atmosphere. This is what secularism has done for Boston, but, nevertheless, the school system of Boston is that which is considered most desirable for New Zealand.

It is evident that a system like Socialism, which has arisen in