

analogy, "the very guide of life," bids fair to be a melancholy one, and the last state of those lapsed savages might prove worse than the first. The islanders of the South Seas were hardly, even in their primitive condition, as vile as the heathen described by St. Paul, and who now live again in the mobs of Lancashire and London—members of the national Church—Whatever the national Church may be that is set up finally at Tonga, let the natives beware of the Anglican Church. Nor do we know that Dr. Moorehouse has hit upon a trae plan for making his Church more of a communion suited to the requirements of the workmen than it has hitherto proved itself to be, even if his plan were feasible. And it is not a feasible plan. It is in the very blood of the Anglican Church that its ministers must be conscious of their "professional dignity." The idea may be "suffocating," as Dr. Moorehouse says but it remains and cannot be got rid of. Social superiority is a note of the Anglican clergyman—and even forms one of the chief features of his Church, and when it fails his Church becomes vulgarised and loses its hold upon the higher classes in which its strength now consists, and ever must consist. Whatever the democratic cant of the day may be, the gentleman cannot and will not even temporarily quit his standing place and identify himself with the working man. Even Dr. Moorehouse himself who once declared that had his father been a shoemaker he should not hesitate to acknowledge the humiliating fact by the implied condescension confirmed our statement. But the closest identification of the clergyman with the workman would not establish his spiritual condition on any firm basis; the mere personal influence of a man can accomplish little that is lasting, and they who depend upon it must sooner or later find that they lean on a broken reed. The system that depends upon such a prop has nothing to recommend it and is faulty in itself. Again, the sense of his professional dignity is always strong in the Catholic priest, and in the members of his flock. It commonly raises the priest above the level of the working men from among whom he has risen, and of whose blood he is. It does not hinder his usefulness, however, but rather increases, and is indispensable to it, because he is the minister of a system that is powerful in itself, as it is venerable, and above all worship. If the Church of England, then, has failed among the masses, as according to the testimony quoted by Dr. Moorehouse there can be no doubt she has, she has failed not because of the weakness or deficiency of her clergy. The fault is in her system, and no ministers, howsoever devoted or howsoever energetic they might be, could mend that.

THOSE  
MISERABLE  
DEVILS.

The confession of Leo Taxil furnishes us once more with an insight into the nature of those wretched beings who now and then apostatise from the Catholic Church, and become the heroes or heroines, as the case may be, of the freethinking or the Evangelical world, for in this respect these worlds are at one. A more furious enemy of everything Catholic there was not in Europe than this president of the anti-Clerical League and atheistic writer. It would be impossible to repeat one tithe of his blasphemies, and even the more moderate of them would disgrace the pages of a Catholic publication. If ever a man might be supposed to have attained to a thorough disbelief in God and to a complete contempt of the Church of God, this was he. He had probably attained to a hatred of the Church, for what is more hateful to a man than that which he is determined to rebel against and yet to whose truth and beauty he is unable to blind himself? The very madness of malice then takes hold of him, and fills him with the rage of the possessed. We wonder all the less at the raving that we had been accustomed to associate with the name of Leo Taxil now that we know it was sincere. Pride and folly combined, that have done so much evil in the world, and that doubtless are still to do much more, drove this unfortunate boy, as he then was, to his evil courses, and all the time with the very self-knowledge of the devils themselves he knew that he was sinning grievously, perhaps had determined, as it might well be, horrible as is the possibility, to dare things worthy of hell, and if he must perish, not to go to perdition without full cause. It is impossible to imagine anything more terrible than the state of mind must be in which such a man finds himself, and there is no one in the world but the utterly abandoned who will not execrate it and hold it in detestation. We can fancy that even the atheistic crew themselves, who were this man's companions, had they known of his condition and supposing that they did not themselves share it, would have turned away from him with loathing, if not with fear. And yet in places where atheism is condemned, and where men and women profess themselves to be Christians, to love God and be in charity with their neighbour, we not uncommonly see poor creatures brought forward, whose state is that of Leo Taxil before he had repented. Reputable people gather round them and encourage them; nay, even make it necessary for them to thrust themselves deeper and deeper into their desperate condition, and to remove themselves still further from the chances of repentance. They are obliged by men and women who profess that they love God and man, to draw for their edification from the hell that is raging within them, and to express their misery in lying, and

all that is calumnious and vile. We do not mean at the same time to say that all the unfortunate people who fall away from the Church belong to this class. They go for many reasons, and variously betrayed. Some neglect their religious duties until their faith, as it were, dies a natural death, some become entangled in worldly matters and lose sight of religion altogether; and now and then a few more silly ones follow the guidance of conceit, and cast in their eternal fortunes with those of a community, whose members they perceive to be more wealthy, or judge more suited to their quality and gentility, than the people of the Catholic congregation around them. It is quite possible that perverts such as these may get on comfortably enough in a thoughtless kind of a way, very little troubled by a conscience whose whisperings they have stifled, and arousing in the Catholic witness no more adverse feeling than pity or contempt. The monster, however, who passes from the profession of fervent religion to war upon the creed by which he or she once seemed to live, is that of which we speak and there is under heaven no more hideous sight. There is no more cruel, base or wicked part, than that which men or women, especially those professing themselves Christians—act in encouraging, bribing and hounding on such lost wretches to trade on their damnation, and earn a bread seasoned in advance with the very fire of hell. Yet we see this done continually, and the Atheist and Evangelical join hands in the task at one in the fight against the Church of God.

SOME of our contemporaries, as we perceive, are making a great outcry because two deaths are said to have occurred at Auckland owing to over pressure in the schools. The victims of too much learning are described as exceptionally promising young girls, and much regret is felt at their sad fate. But are not our contemporaries, nevertheless, somewhat reactionary in their complaining? At least they have not paused to consider the necessities of the times, and the conclusions of science. The educational needs of the day are great, and if they are not attended to first of all the march of progress will be delayed, and, even though ten thousand lives be sacrificed, shall we permit anything to bring about so huge a catastrophe as that. The youthful mind positively must prove itself equal to the strain. The exigencies of the period demand it, and nothing must hinder their demand in its accomplishment. Must we not meet all the requirements of secularism and its patrons?—An enlightened mind must be secured at any cost, and scientific modes of thought are to be inculcated notwithstanding all the impediments. In comparison with all this what is the value of a mere girl's life?—Shall any such thing, indeed be allowed to retard the race on its road towards perfection? And more especially with regard to girls, the intellect requires to be subjected to its utmost tension. The sex claims an equality with men, and aspires to share in every manly privilege. Our female electors will need to understand and determine every public question in all its bearings. All the scheme of government will claim their attention in its minutest particulars, and the fate of the country will hang on the strength and keenness of their intellect. Our "sweet girl graduates" whatever be the colour of their hair, even if it were red instead of golden, must be prepared to prove their profundity and breadth, and in every learned profession the fair members must be skilled to put to shame the competition of the weaker male. Above all, both boys and girls must be trained to appreciate the learned arguments of the lyceums and to discern wisdom, and depth, and meaning, where none of us more old-fashioned people can perceive anything but folly and heaviness, and shallow stuff.—There are plenty of reasons then why our girls and boys should be subjected to every possible educational strain.—There is every possible reason why they should not be spared.—The Colony is already impoverished in order that they may have the advantage of all that "cram" can do for them, and it would be weak and foolish to yield in any degree to their incapacity. Science demands that they shall be educated up to the point, and live or die educated they must be.—It is an insult to science, in fact, to complain, or doubt concerning the results.—Does not the dogma of the survival of the fittest explain all that is necessary, and by close adherence to it shall we not eliminate the weaker element from our school children, and obtain exactly such a race of scholars as the times demand?—To complain, then, because a couple of girls—or a couple of dozen girls—may die of over-work is reactionary, and opposed to the progressive spirit of our secular institutions.—It is to be hoped that our contemporaries will learn to be consistent, and since they support secularism, will cease to complain at its natural and almost necessary consequences.—The *Saturday Review*, meantime, had already pointed out that the only hope of escaping the destructive effects of the educational system of the day lies, for the more fortunate children, in their persistent and ingenious dleness,—the industrious child as a rule being doomed.—But it is all in the interests of science.—Why, therefore, should a progressive Press complain?

A change seems to have come over the spirit of the CALMED DOWN, dreams of certain of our worthy fellow-citizen since a few months ago when a deputation waited upon Sir Julius Vogel, and were snubbed by him in rather a