

there for the Parnellite party. Sectarian editors, British Israelites, surveyors of the Land of Beulah, expounders of the big Pyramid, the whole tribe of the ass's ears, will form the legislators in that august assembly, and men of common sense will give way to people of uncommon nonsense—that is if we may judge by the kind of folk who now occupy themselves with such celestial matters. Meantime, it may be as well, perhaps, for the Scotch farmers who, failing Home Rule, should be brought in to reclaim the desert regions of the land, if they are hopelessly excluded. When the end of the world does in truth come, and the Judgment is ordered, there will be a terrible score to be settled against many who have had a part in Irish affairs, and a stern and grim array of witnesses will be marshalled to give evidence as to the deeds done in connection with Irish lands. It takes no very intimate acquaintance with the book of prophecy to teach us so much, nor do we need the aid of the interpreter to explain to us the nature of the case. A very pretty little speculation, however, lies open to the inspiration and talents of the sons of the prophets, and a searching inquiry into the Book of Daniel is demanded of them—for if they have no particular interest in the affairs of Ireland, they have at least, according to themselves, an enormous interest in the end of the world. We should gladly hear any scriptural authority on the matter—Balaam's ass, for instance, or any other ass. We commend the investigation especially to the sage of the big Pyramid and the learned author of the "Land of Beulah."

#### A SCOURY TRICK.

WHAT a noble thing is a true and genuine munificence, and how fitting it is, and well becoming to honourable souls to testify to the faith that is in them by generous gifts to those who support it and

glorify it in the face of the world. We had a splendid instance of this the other week in Dunedin, when "Evangelicalism" saluted a champion most worthy of it, and proved its nature by the manifestation it made. The worshipper may be known by the nature of the God he worships, and the hero-worshipper by his hero or heroine. That Mr. A. C. Begg, then, should make a presentation on behalf of her admirers to the notorious female O'Gorman was especially becoming, and if we had not before been acquainted with the nature of Mr. Begg and his likeminded friends we should henceforward have been able to appreciate them at their right value. Mr. Begg, however, as we always knew was born a couple of centuries too late. His true place in the universe would have been among the worthies who never felt themselves so well engaged in the service of God as when they were tearing the guts out of a Jesuit, or ducking, roasting or bridling an old woman reputed to be a witch. Among the stern elders of old, not over refined, and in nothing too humane, Mr. Begg would have shone as a bright particular star—but in the light of the Nineteenth Century his beams are in some degree obscured and out of their just position. It is fortunate for himself, nevertheless, that Mr. Begg's talents are in harmony to some extent with a disposition that still prevails, and that there remains a mud element in which even yet he can act as an illuminator. He is a leader, and very justly so, among that section of the populace which mistakes a hatred of its Catholic neighbour for a zeal in the service of God, and believes that, so long as it can justify by the name of anti-Catholic its rancour and uncharitableness, it is acquiring merits of a high order when it displays those qualities in even the most disgraceful manner possible. And were those elders among whom Mr. Begg might justly have taken up his place as a leader noted also for their thrift? A very thrifty man, indeed, is Mr. Begg, and one who even in the worship of his idols and the adornment and recompense of his heroes and heroines knows how to regard a penny saved as a penny gained, and believes that the gift will be none the less precious to the recipient, and all the more pleasant to the giver, if only it be acquired at the least possible expense to those by whom it is bestowed. For Mr. Begg, with a great flourish of trumpets and a speech whose composition must have cost him a mighty effort—about all the cost he went to, nevertheless—to make a presentation to the unfortunate object of his admiration at the expense of a public charity was an especially admirable display, and one that deserves to be recorded to his perpetual honour. Our readers should know, meantime, that a salver presented on the occasion alluded to, at a cost of £13 10s, was provided out of certain proceeds which, as it had been especially agreed, should have been devoted to the support of an asylum for fallen women. Is it true, as reported here some time ago without contradiction, that Mr. Begg is the son of a man noted for a life wholly devoted to the service of the poor, and yet from whom his son received a rich inheritance? If it be true, we may certainly conclude that the son has inherited something else as well as money. Inherited or not, however, no one can close their eyes to the nature of the transaction, and we shall have described its merits most truly when we say that it was worthy of the recipient, worthy of the occasion, and worthy of the pretended donors—worthy above all, of Mr. A. C. Begg. Our Evangelical friends have in every respect done themselves due honour, and testified well to the nature of the faith and truth that are in them, and we wish them joy of the whole affair.

ANOTHER of those queer ceremonies has occurred A BISHOP IN BAD in which things religious and things Masonic are COMPAN.Y. jumbled up together. This time the officiating prelate has been no less a personage than the distinguished Bishop of Nelson, and the Masonic priest was a certain Past Master.—The union of Masonry with religion, nevertheless, is a wholly unnatural matter, the destroyer is allied with the victim only for purposes of evil, and the common foe of every form of Christianity only seeks the shelter of religion to work out its own sinister ends. Not that we suppose the worshipful Past Master who officiated on this occasion was one bit more viciously inclined than was the Right Rev. Dr. Suter himself, and that is certainly equivalent to an admission on our part that he was as guileless and innocent as a sucking dove.—Both Bishop and Master, nevertheless, were the tools employed to work out the will of a clique with whom they have in fact no sympathy, and with whom, were their eyes once opened, they would disclaim all connection. The dupes of Masonry, however, are of all men the most dull or the most obstinate;—no exposure, no revelation is sufficient to free them from the toils in which they have involved themselves, and they continue to love the illusion in which they are taking part against all that they the most reverence and hold dear. Here is another warning that reaches us from another Mason, recently a leader among the sect, but now converted from his errors, and endeavouring as in duty bound to disabuse the deceived.—We allude to Leo Taxil, who takes up the task that Andrieux had begun, and assures us that he is ready to prove by indisputable documents the following propositions:—That Freemasonry is an association of political charlatans, making tools of the people by means of a mystery which hides from them the artifices of a deceitful organisation; that the Masonic yoke is for the affiliated the most insupportable of tyrannies, and that once a man unconsciously allows it to be imposed upon him, it is almost impossible for him to shake off its oppression; that the pretended exercise of benevolence, of which the sect brags, in order to draw the unsuspecting towards it, and to gain the esteem of the ignorant vulgar, exists only in theory, and is never by any chance put into practice, that it is in a word, the most impudent deceit which the spirit of lying has ever imagined; that under a monarchy the society maintains a permanent conspiracy, because the head of the State does not allow it to take part in the supreme power, and that under a republic it monopolises the authority, seizes on the Government, monopolises places and functions, vitiates universal suffrage, limits the democracy, disappoints the masses of the producers, the middle-class, the artisans and the workmen, by substituting itself in the direction of political affairs for all those who have a right in these things—and with such cleverness that those who are the victims of these tricks and disappointments cannot perceive their part of dupes; that while proclaiming the liberty of creeds, the sect pursues, before all other ends, the destruction of Catholicism (that is of all forms of Christianity) and that in order to attain to this result it draws back before no violence, no hypocrisy; finally that the multitude of Masons, whether wicked or erring, are themselves without suspecting it, in the hands of barely some hundreds of hidden individuals, who make use of them as puppets, to be broken in a moment if that appears useful—plotting with cowardice, and having executed with perfidy, the most criminal, odious, and execrable undertakings.—There is a pretty system, then, to own our much respected Dr. Suter for a support, and under pretty guidance his Lordship finds himself.—Great would be the shock to the good Bishop's nervous system, could he only discern the pickle in which he is to be found.—The Bishop's nerves, nevertheless, will remain untouched, and he will still continue the tool of this dangerous society.—In this respect at least, he is past praying for.

A GOOD many years ago, and long before the present GOOD LUCK FOR agitation in Ireland was begun or even thought of HIS HONOUR. some wit adapted to a negro melody some words supposed to be addressed to a landlord by a tenant about to take his departure for America with the half-year's rent due in his pocket. Leave was taken of his Honour in a very humorous fashion, and among the lines addressed to him were the following:—

"And when they give out-door relief;  
May your Honour get a taste."

—Out-door relief at the time, we may remark, was not given in any case, and the unfortunate people who were reduced to the brink of starvation—who, in fact, not unfrequently crossed that dismal boundary, and actually starved—were driven into the work-houses which were the legitimate objects of their dread. The landlords were the sworn foes of any more humane system, urging that if the people were encouraged in their begging propensities the burden of poor-rates thrown upon the owners of property would be more than they could bear, and thus in an additional way the iron of the oppressor entered into the soul of the poor man. Death itself, in fact, seemed preferable to the workhouse. The entrance there involved the complete breaking-up of the little home, which, however wretched, was still clung to with a degree of affection hardly credible to those who did not witness it. It meant the separation of families