

IRISHMEN ABROAD. AN article in *Harper's Magazine* for September gives a very attractive picture of a country which for the most part, we are not accustomed to consider as noted for the features that the writer describes.

He gives a description of splendid cities and of citizens as remarkable for their refined and cultured tastes, as for the luxury in which they live and the lavishness of their expenditure. It is the boast of the people of Santiago, he tells us, that their city can supply everything that is to be found in London or Paris, and he describes their clubs, reading rooms, libraries, picture galleries, and all the equipments of civilisation abundantly possessed by them, as not to be surpassed by anything the recognised capitals of the civilised world can show.—In Chili also we are told men of Irish birth have made their race famous and the names of families founded by them are among the most honourable in the state. General O'Higgins was the first president and the leader under whom the republic was established, and general Patrick Lynch is the commander in chief of the army to-day.—“The Custom House” says the writer, “is being torn away to give place to a magnificent monument to Arthur Pratt, an Irish hero of the struggle. His reckless courage made him the ideal of all that is great and noble in the mind of the Chillanos, who have erected a monument to his memory in nearly every town. Streets and shops, saloons, mines, opera-houses, and even lotteries are named in his honour, and the greatest national tribute is to destroy the old Custom House in order to erect his monument in the most conspicuous place in the principal city.” Irishmen also seem to vie with the people of Spanish descent in the magnificence of their dwellings, which is a characteristic of the country, and, in particular, we are told of one adventurous son of the race, who, having discovered an extremely rich silver mine, erected a palace at unlimited expense, and, having spent in regal style all his wealth, returned to the mountains in search of a renewal of fun.—But if an Irishman is among the principal spendthrifts of the country, an Irishman is also amongst its chief benefactors.—“There is,” adds the writer, “a strong similarity between the Chillanos and the Irish. Both have the same wit and reckless courage the same love of country and patriotic pride. Wherever a Chillano goes he carries his opinion that there never was and never can be a better land than that in which he was born, and, although he may be a refugee or an exile, he will fight in defence of Chili at the drop of the hat. There is something refreshing in his patriotism, even if it be the most arrogant vanity. Many of the leading men of Chili are and have been of Irish descent. Barney O'Higgins was the liberator—the George Washington—of the Republic, and Patrick Lynch was the first soldier of Chili in the late war. The O'Learys and McGarrys and other Chillano-Irish families are prominent in politics and war and trade. There is a sympathetic bond between the Shamrock and the conifer, and nowhere in South America does the Irish emigrant so prosperously thrive.”

PRODIGIOUS! WHAT a tremendously old man the Rev. Dr. Stuart expects to be! Why, Methuselah was a joke to what he means to attain to, and even the Wandering Jew is hardly deserving of consideration in comparison with the Doctor's coming plight. The Doctor, speaking at the Presbyterian Synod the other day, is reported as saying that he “looked forward to seeing the Presbyterian Church the one Church of New Zealand and he would gladly welcome Bishop Moran and Bishop Nevill into it.” Well might the Synod laugh, as it is reported they did, at the innocent conceit, for never did a guileless heart express a more simple desire. Alas! that angel posted with the flaming sword at Eden's gates cut off the only chance that man, after his fall, had of living for ever, and even a strong Presbyterianism can hardly make up for the loss of the fruit that escaped the primeval bite, by conferring immortality on the sinners who cherish it. But as to the arrival of Bishop Moran and Bishop Nevill across the threshold of the Kirk—since that cannot possibly take place, the Doctor knows the old proverb about Mohammed and the mountain; and could he himself do better than act upon it? Let him, however, look in upon Dr Nevill on his way to St. Joseph's Cathedral, for once he gets there he will not care to turn back again. The earnest and genial-natured man who enters the Catholic Church recognises the home that, even when he knew nothing of its existence, formed the object of his longings. We can well understand, however, that prudent Presbyterians should be desirous to welcome Catholic theologians of good repute to their Kirk. Dr. Stuart has given us an explanation. Men reared in the Catholic religion, he says, gave to Scotland her first national confession—which naturally the Presbyterians look upon as an exceeding good. But if such Catholics as Calvin and Knox—who, before they were reformers, were Catholics of excessively evil reputation—could produce a venerable work, what might not Catholics do who had preserved their respectability? As a revision of the Presbyterian Confession of Faith is looked for, then we can quite understand how good Catholics might be sought for to conduct it and to amend what bad Catholics had originally framed. But we are afraid the search must prove fruitless.—In any case decent Presbyterians of the present day should be qualified without aid to improve upon the work

of the false and perjured fathers of their sect.—As to the grounds again on which Dr. Stuart bases his hopes of living to see all New Zealand united to the Kirk.—It by no means follows that because half of his congregation, as he says, originally belonged to other denominations that all New Zealand should go and do as they have done. Other denominations in Dunedin have lived in the middle of a Scotch Presbyterian population, intensely bigoted and bringing their prejudices to bear against the members of all other denominations. There were strong temptations then for the members of such denominations to join the Presbyterian Church and Dr. Stuart as the principal and the most deservedly popular Minister of the Presbyterian body naturally profited most by the change that people found it advantageous to make. Conversions like these do not form a basis on which to found a valid judgment. One chance and one only has the Kirk of becoming the only Church of New Zealand. Let it surpass the Anglican communion in its liberality. The Church of England remains a national church, at least in name, because it recognises as its members all men of all opinions who choose to confess themselves as such. Let the Kirk in its new articles of faith claim to be the Church of all other denominations, whether they will recognise it or not. Under such circumstances the Doctor, during the term of his natural life may, indeed, witness the fulfilment of his aspirations, but otherwise it is to be feared that notwithstanding his good intentions, and whatever may be the lease of his life obtained by him, he must depart unsatisfied. And, verily, it would be a malevolent will that would desire for the Doctor a pilgrimage protracted beyond that of the Wandering Jew without even the prospect of termination at the end of the world, for doomsday itself will see no such enlargement of the Kirk as the Doctor predicts.

EXTREMES. THERE is Mr. A. C. Begg, who ought to know better —and who, judging at least by what he himself tells us, does know a great deal—which, indeed, we should never have guessed had he not told us—calumniating the memory of the fathers of the Kirk. He gave the Synod to understand the other day that the douce and godly men had worn neither boots nor breeches, and had cut a mighty queer figure, as we must believe, within the sacred precincts. Boots and braces, he said, were an innovation—but, fortunately, an allowable one—and, of course, if there were originally no braces neither could there have been any breeches—and so our point is proved. Mr. Begg, however, is somewhat mixed in his mind, as we gather, and has been so much confounded, and turned inside out and upside down by the miserable melancholy humming and drumming, as he calls it, of a depraved organ set up, like the image of Nabuchodonosor, in the First Church, that between the rumbling and rushing in his head and the commotion and tumult in his conscience he does not very well know what he is saying or doing, or what he is or where he is at all—and that is a matter that we should keep in view when we deal with Mr. Begg, for he very often says things that he ought not to say, and that Christian charity would be very glad to find some excuse for.—Mr. Begg, then, all driven distracted by this most damnable organ—and, perhaps—Lord save us!—most damning instrument of Satan and feeling like a baby attacked by a gander, or an old lady confronted by a cow, has been guilty of representing the douce elders of the Presbyterian Kirk in its inception as if they had been no better than a lot of ushody Highlanders. Unbreeched, of course, Highlanders are by their very nature and *raison d'etre*, and a bare-legged condition is in the name itself. But when a sinful organ, as we said, goes on playing a voluntary, or an involuntary, as it seems to be in Mr. Begg's case, and interrupts the godly ruminations of a soul that scorns harmony, winding up, to make the matter worse, with a waltz, chaos is evidently come again, at least internally, and the accountability of the individual has departed. Mr. Begg's piety is of a different kind from that jubilant exultation of the spirit that breaks forth, for example, not only in music but in dancing, and which distinguishes the Evangelical sect instructed, and probably quite as fully instructed, out of the same Bible from which Mr. Begg takes his spiritual notions, and which sect now interests the world of religion at the Glory Hole in Brighton. There may be music in Mr. Begg's soul, but he does not like it to come into his ears, especially on the Sabbath, and when it does so it naturally suggests to him undiluted Popery. Popery, says Mr. Begg, has been reformed off the face of the earth from time to time, and yet it always, as we see, comes back. A fact that might suggest to this godly elder a similarity between nature that will come back however you expel it and Popery which cannot be reformed out of existence—since both nature and Popery being from God man in vain fights against them. But we have here the Evangelical extremes, Mr. Begg on one hand stopping his ears against the organ and hummed and drummed by it into almost a complete state of imbecility, and on the other hand the dancing girls of the Glory Hole shouting their wild hymns, ‘The devil is mad and I am glad,’ etc., and falling in frenzy on the ground. And between the two it is impossible for us to choose. Perhaps, however, a little mixture of the gaiety and enthusiasm of the one with the solidity and gravity of the other would be an improvement and form a kind of spiritual