

one of those inflammatory harangues for which he has become rather famous of late, the speakers were most respectful and, in some cases, even complimentary to Catholics.

Only one subsequent speaker lapsed from a SURPRISE FOR this high level, and he was "sat upon" with MR. HOCKING. a promptness and vigour that must have come as a great surprise to him. The offender was no less a man than the Rev. Silas Hocking, the well-known writer of fiction. Mr. Hocking, who sat in the body of the hall, rose to say that he wished to make a suggestion to the Council, and that was that they should pay more attention to the interests of Nonconformists on the daily Press. He had been told that when Cardinal Vaughan first came to London it had been proposed to him that a Catholic paper should be started in the city. The Cardinal, it was said, had vetoed the proposal, saying that their work could be far more cheaply and more effectively done by sprinkling the daily papers with Catholic reporters. He (Mr. Hocking) believed that that policy had been adopted, and with what effect they all knew. They could now understand how it was that Catholic conversions and Catholic functions were so prominently reported in the papers while Nonconformist doings were almost entirely ignored, and it would be necessary for them to take a leaf out of the Cardinal's book if they wished to get proper attention at the hands of the daily Press. The speaker had scarcely finished when an irate-looking old gentleman on the platform rose and addressed the meeting. This was a Mr. P. W. Clayden, an old pressman and ex-editor of one of the London dailies. He was evidently very excited, and he proceeded to literally "wipe the floor" with the unfortunate Hocking, evidently in blissful ignorance of the fact that it was the great novelist whom he was thus pulverising. "I had not intended," he said, "to make a speech, but I could not let the nonsense and absurdity uttered by the last speaker pass without contradiction. As you are aware I know something about this subject. I know what I am talking about, and I say that the statement about the Catholic reporters and the daily Press is the biggest piece of humbug and superstition I have heard of for a long time. We sometimes talk of the superstition of the Catholics. I say that Catholic superstition isn't in it compared with the piece of superstition uttered before this intelligent audience by the gentleman who last spoke." And so the indignant old pressman went on, in a strain very surprising to the Rev. Hocking, but very entertaining to the single Catholic auditor who was present. An even more crowded meeting was held in the evening, and judging by the earnestness and enthusiasm displayed it is evident that the Nonconformist Parliamentary Council intends to make Liberal Members of Parliament 'sit up,' and either vote straight on anti-Ritualism and Disestablishment, or get into the House the best way they can without the Nonconformist vote.

AN agitation which has behind it such well-organized forces, which is carried on with such vigour, and which aims at operating on Parliament direct, is bound sooner or later to be attended with practical result. The anti-Ritualists have undoubtedly got the ear of the nation, and it is only a question of time when Parliament will take action in the matter. That action may take one of two forms—the Commons may decide to amend the establishment or they may decide to end it. The former course will probably be tried first by way of giving the Church a last chance to right herself. The amendment will in all likelihood take the form of an alteration of the Public Worship Regulation Act, by which the right of veto, which the Bishops at present possess on all prosecutions against the clergy, will be taken away, and a further clause be added by which any clergyman who teaches doctrines inconsistent with the Thirty-nine Articles or adopts ecclesiastical practices not authorised by the Book of Common Prayer will be liable to be deprived of his living and prevented from continuing in the ministry of the Church. Even if these stringent provisions be adopted, however, they will prove at the best a mere temporary expedient because the Bishops, the great majority of whom are themselves Ritualists, are not in the least likely to enforce them. The only practical and permanent solution of the problem, therefore, is to be found in Disestablishment, and that is the end towards which the progress of events is fast hurrying the English Church. In the meantime the present agitation brings out into strong relief the hopeless weakness of the Anglican Church and the amazing inconsistency of those who, calling themselves Anglo-Catholics, violate every Catholic principle by remaining in communion with such a body. They believe that the Church should be one, yet they remain in a Church which not only teaches directly contradictory doctrines, but in which the opposing parties are living from day to day and from week to week with their hands on each other's throats. They believe that the Church should teach and teach with authority, and they remain in a Church which does not

know its own mind on such fundamental points as the Doctrine of the Blessed Eucharist, and which has no authority whatever to enforce its teaching even if it had made up its mind. This inconsistency will be even more accentuated as the agitation progresses, and it will be matter for surprise if many of the Anglo-Catholics are not led to notice the contrast between the weakness and helplessness of Anglicanism and the supernatural strength and stability of the Catholic Church. The Anglican Church is like the house that was built upon the sand, and the day of its fall is coming visibly near. The Catholic Church is built upon a rock, and though the gates of hell may attack, they can never prevail—though the rains may descend, and the floods pour, and the winds beat against it, the House that was built by Christ Himself can never fall.

In the New Zealand Government is in need TWO PATRIOTS. of an advance agent to push its interests through the world at large, the editor of this paper can cordially recommend one of its readers who has been touring in America not long since. He systematically kept before the notice of all he met the superlative character of everything in New Zealand—its lakes and mountains, its frozen mutton, its compulsory arbitration, its old-age pensions, and its Stewart Island oysters—which, by the way, he somewhat injudiciously described as being each as large as an ordinary dinner-plate. I have heard of only one person who would be in the running with my patriotic reader. And he is dead. Good people usually die young. The story runneth thus:—

When in the States he heard much—over-much—of the glories of the great republic that has been licking creation, as if created were merely a mighty postage stamp. One day he inquired of a stranger: 'D'ye know Dunedin?' It was in the Far West. 'Wal,' said the stranger, 'I guess it's in Ohio.' 'Ohio be hanged! They haven't such things in Ohio. Why, man alive, Dunedin is in New Zealand. I'm surprised at ye. Why, I thought all the world knew about Dunedin. There's half-a-million people in it, without countin' a standin' army of 100,000 men—horse, foot, and royal artillery. Not hear of Dunedin! Maybe you'll tell me next you never heard of Balclutha or Kokonga or Makikihi or Billy Taylor or—' But the man of the drawl had sought refuge in another part of the railway car from the fast-growing consciousness of his ignorance of the great things of the world outside the States.

Mr. LABOUCHERE'S organ, *Truth*, has probably done more to expose frauds than any newspaper of the present century. Among the rest, it has mercilessly torn the mask of religion from the hideous Mokauna features of the real and bogus "ex-priest" and "ex-nun" frauds that for many a year past have been perambulating the United States, the British Isles, and the Australasian Colonies, blasting the atmosphere as if they were so many moving masses of asafetida. In his issue of January 12, Mr. Labouchere has the following additional note on the "lectures" of the unfortunate Slattery and his female companion:—

'Now it must be perfectly obvious to any one with the slightest knowledge of the world that these lectures are delivered simply for the purpose of putting money into the lecturer's pocket, and that to gain this end the lecturers are appealing to the pruriency and indecency under the guise of religion. It is difficult to understand how the managers of a building like Exeter Hall can allow such performances to take place on their premises. I see that Slattery prints on his handbills a testimonial dated October 5, 1897, from the secretary of the Protestant Alliance. When the official representatives of Protestantism are prepared to adopt such men as this for the champions of the cause, I do not wonder that we hear of Protestantism being in danger.'

THERE are two particularly heartless classes of fraud practised on the green and credulous public. The one is that of the Spiritists, who, for a fee, will profess to put a credulous parent into communication with the loved child that has gone before. This is an outrage on the sacredness of parental love. Catholics are happily seldom caught by the silly platitudes and the clumsy conjuring of the Spiritistic tricksters—did they even charm as wisely as the notorious Mrs. Mellon. As a set off, Catholics are the victims of a class that is without a counterpart among Protestants. I refer to certain oily-tongued vendors who perambulate the country at intervals, disposing of pious lumber at a price that varies from four to ten times their intrinsic value. Several brief visits to Canterbury, Otago, and Southland, coupled with correspondence received from other parts of the colony, have convinced me that sundry small fortunes have been made by adventurers whose stock-in-trade consisted of easily learned pious talke-