

the constant, ordinary guidance, which sets right the little slips of the child, makes him ashamed of his faults, gives him a horror of vice, inspires him with enthusiasm for what is beautiful, with the love of devotion and the austere passion of duty. . . . Now these are things with which it is very difficult to meet in a State school."—We fear, then, that even the sweeping together of that desultory moral teaching, and the giving it out to be learned by rote—so many lines in half-an-hour—would hardly have the effect of dispelling the objection to secularism of people desirous of having their children religiously educated. We really fear that the authority of the *Wellington Press* in this matter must go for very little, and that he has still a good deal to learn before he is capable of doing much more than strengthening in prejudice and bombastic pretensions people of his own calibre. The misfortune is that many such foolish and pretentious people are to be found.

A NOBLE
EXAMPLE.

WE have quoted the opinion, based on personal experience, of a competent authority as to the moral teaching of the young. We find an interesting instance of the effect of religious example

on the old which it seems apposite to us also to quote. It occurs in an incident related of the late renowned scholar Littré by one who had been a friend of his, and who is still, as he himself had been until the example of his wife and daughter converted him on his death-bed, a Freethinker. "On the day his daughter was born," writes M. E. Legouvé, the friend in question, "Littré said to her mother, 'My dear wife, you are a fervent and practical Catholic. Bring up your daughter in the habits of piety which are yours. I add only one condition. On the day she is fifteen years of age you will bring her to me. I will explain my views to her, and she shall choose for herself.' The mother accepts; the years flow by. One morning she enters her husband's study. 'You remember what you asked of me and what I promised. I am come to keep my word. There is your daughter ready to hear you with all the respect and confidence inspired by a beloved and venerated father. Will you have her come in?' 'Oh, yes, certainly. But why? In order that I may explain my views to her? No! no! a thousand times, no! What! you have made of our child a good, tender, simple, upright, enlightened, and happy creature. Happy! that word which in relation to a pure being includes every virtue. And you believe that I am going to cast my ideas across this happiness and this purity? My ideas! my ideas! They are good for me. Who will tell me that they are good for her? Who will tell me that I should not risk destroying or overthrowing your work? Oh, yes! let our daughter come in, dear wife, so that I may bless you in her presence for all you have done for her, and that she may love you a little more than hitherto.'"—We may rationally doubt as to whether even a consolidation of the desultory moral teaching given in the secular schools could produce such results as this—produced by religious teaching. And Littré was one of the great intellects of the age. M. Legouvé, his friend, has known how to profit by the lesson given. "I also," he says, "have had and still have around me believing souls, and, like Littré, I should hold myself criminal if I ever troubled by my doubts, offended by my raileries, or shook by my objections, the religious convictions whence these beloved beings have never drawn anything except joys, consolations, and virtues." But, among ourselves, there is proposed to us the sweeping together of a desultory moral teaching as a desirable and compulsory alternative. Shall we not fare better by following at all cost the example given to us by Littré?

GUILIELMUS REX.

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

The folk who lived in Shakespeare's day
And saw that gentle figure pass
By London Bridge—his frequent way—
They little knew what man he was!

The pointed beard, the courteous mien,
The equal port to high and low.
All this they saw or might have seen—
But not the light behind the brow!

The doublet's modest grey or brown,
The slender sword hilt's plain device,
What sign had these for prince or clown?
Few turned, or none, to scan him twice.

Yet 'twas the king of England's Kings!
The rest with all their pomp and trains
Are moldered, half remembered things—
'Tis he alone that lives and reigns!

—Century.

The person who operates a type-writing machine is now called a typist.

Colonial Notes.

THERE actually is honour among thieves then, and they are expected by one another scrupulously to observe it. The London *Freemason* protests in a highly indignant, and, indeed, a somewhat violent strain against the iniquity of the Grand Orient of France in setting up a lodge on British soil. Sir Robert Stout incurs the especial anger of the *Freemason* as the chief offender against honour. He is accused, as "Deputy-District Grand Master of Otago and Southland, and one on whom His Royal Highness the Grand Master was pleased to confer the brevet rank of a Past Assistant Grand Director of Ceremonies of England at the time of the Queen's Jubilee," of having deliberately insulted the English craft. The *Freemason*, finally, proposes that Sir Robert Stout and his *confreres* in this business should be ignominiously expelled from English Freemasonry—and if Sir Robert has not an uncommon taste for titles, we may remark, in passing, the expulsion should in some sense prove a relief to him. What, meantime, is that other proverb about the falling out of thieves? At any rate, if English Masons were as chary of their independence as they are of their less important privileges, and showed themselves equally determined not to accept the obligation of carrying out the designs of the foreign lodges, honest men would find their neighbourhood a much more wholesome one, and would be much facilitated in holding their own.

The correspondent of the *Otago Daily Times* wires as follows, under date Auckland, October 23:—"Bishop Cowie, in his synodical address, said it was never more necessary than at the present time that the clergy should be men of education. The melancholy exhibition of defective knowledge of the Holy Scriptures and of superstitious application periodically displayed in Auckland by travelling and unaccredited lecturers on the Bible might well cause dismay to those whose prayer it is that the Word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified. These remarks evidently went into the breasts of some of his hearers, for in the course of the discussion that took place at the Diocesan Synod last evening as to the desirability of making an appeal to the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge to augment the home missions fund, the Rev. Mr. Beath scored very strongly against the proposal. He urged that if such an appeal were made the S.P.C.K. should be put in full possession of the facts. They should know, he said, that the people of Auckland, though not very liberal religiously, thought nothing of putting thousands of pounds through the totalisator, kept opera and other professional companies going all the year round, entertained all sorts of travelling preachers, fed them profusely on tea and cake, and sent them away with their pockets well lined, while the actual wants of the church were neglected. These remarks were received with loud applause, and caused a good deal of merriment."—A divine, nevertheless, who, like Bishop Cowie, holds the right of private interpretation, appears rather inconsistent in the conditions he would impose upon preachers of the Gospel. Where, in fact, is the Bishop to find the authority necessary to accredit them? The stump evangelists have decidedly the advantage of the Bishop, and would be dull, indeed, not to keep it. What freer course, indeed, can the Word have than that which they bestow upon it? And as to its being "glorified," that also is a matter of opinion. In fact, so far as the Word of the Lord has been glorified at all among Protestant peoples, it has been so chiefly by means of uneducated preachers. The Anglican Church, least of all, can justly complain concerning the matter, seeing that at the beginning of the century England was saved from infidelity, risked by the neglect and worldliness of her educated ministers, by the wild and untutored preaching of the Wesleyans, and that all the religion now obtaining among certain portions of the masses is due to the riotous piety of the salvation Army. Neither by reason nor experience can Bishop Cowie establish his argument. As to the Rev. Mr. Beath's tilt against "wine and cake" in the cause of bread and butter, it was not very dignified, and hardly harmonised with Bishop Cowie's plea for educated preachers. No wonder the occasion was one of merriment. As reported, at least, it seems to have been in several particulars highly ridiculous.

We owe to our friend, the misplaced emergency-man of the *Napier Telegraph*, a knowledge of a possible derivation of the word "cad." Our friend, it seems, as he lately explained in a note to a much admiring circle of subscribers and the public generally, began life in the colonies as a "cadet." Here is another example of how our friend makes good his claim to the abbreviated title. "Our cablegram the other day mentioned a report that the Pope desired to confer with Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien. We thought it strange that His Holiness wanted to confer with a couple of runaways. A cablegram to-day puts the matter right. Dillon and O'Brien wanted to see the Pope, but His Holiness declined to receive them. Dr. O'Dwyer, the Bishop of Limerick, is the only Irish Prelate who has faithfully carried out the decrees of the Vatican by denouncing Dillon as the man deserved. For this the Bishop has received the acknowledgements of the Pope, so it was not likely Dillon would be listened to at Rome." Much our "cadet" knows about the Pope—and as for Dr. O'Dwyer—the Bishop has hardly bargained for the admiration thus bestowed upon him.

A poor lady, who writes a paper called "Five O'Clock Tea" for the *Canterbury Times*, and who ventured on a little vapid joke as to the impropriety of speaking of wine and ham-sandwiches under the name of tea, has been taken to task by a correspondent signing herself "An Irish Girl Graduate." The poor lady expressed herself thus "I am glad we are not Irish enough for that sort." It should be sweet revenge for the "Irish Girl Graduate" that the editor feels himself obliged to explain in a foot-note, that the poor lady only meant to allude in a harmless kind of a way to the traditional bull of the stage Irishman, whom the editor stupidly takes for a real character, and since such was the lady's taste and her necessity, she may well be excused,