

tainly in some instances, kept the details concerning it secret. Meantime the value of the re-discovered gold-field would seem to depend on the degree in which the Phœnicians—if, as conjectured, they were the ancient workers of the country—were efficient miners. Were they able thoroughly to exhaust the field and to extract all its treasures? Time could hardly have failed them to do so, for they continued for many generations, following the reign of King Solomon, to retain their special distinction as navigators and traders. It seems hardly likely, in any case, that, as also conjectured, they have left any vast storehouse of wealth to be found by fortunate inheritors who have now entered on the scene of their labours.

THAT
HUMBLED
BARNARDO.

THE benevolent Dr. Barnardo, or somebody on his behalf, has cabled to the Colony an appeal for aid in giving food and shelter to some four thousand children whom he professes to have rescued from the streets. The pretence is, of course, that the

benevolent Doctor rescues children who have no other hope and for whom he provides with the utmost prudence and economy at the expense of a charitable public. As it occasionally happens, however, there is some slight variation between the professions made or implied and the facts as they actually exist. A case, for example, has just been concluded before Lord Chief Justice Coleridge which throws a sinister light on the matter. Dr. Barnardo has been exposed and condemned as a kid-napper, and as having so acted in an extremely disgraceful manner. The case was that of a Catholic boy detained by the Doctor against the will of his mother, and notwithstanding that provision had been made to give him advantages under Catholic protection fully equal to those so provided. The Doctor, moreover, had attempted to silence the boy's mother by threatening her with a public exposure of certain circumstances of a discreditable nature alleged to be connected with her career, and he had had her shadowed for the purpose of obtaining evidence of such a kind against her. The Chief Justice, nevertheless, declared that the attack on the woman's character had entirely broken down, and he scathingly condemned the espionage to which she had been subjected.—“Where she went,” said his Lordship, “with whom she consorted, how long she stayed in this public-house, how long in that, what she was seen to drink, how much more she may be presumed to have drunk, what she paid, and what others paid for her—nay, what language she used, overheard when she did not know she was being watched through a door ajar, language which a lady was not ashamed to listen to and to note down, though she professed to be ashamed to repeat it, all this collected for months with indefatigable assiduity by Dr. Barnardo's friends we have been compelled to listen to at great length, either from affidavits or oral evidence, in order to blacken the character of Mrs. McHugh, and deprive her, if possible, of her control over her own child.”—This hardly looks like the conduct of a man solely devoted to the aid of the necessitous, and making use in the most economical manner of the funds placed at his disposal for their succour. On the contrary, it exhibits the Doctor as lavishing the money bestowed on him for such a purpose in an unworthy manner—expending on an attempt to detain a child he had no right to sums that should go towards the support of children legitimately under his care. The Doctor, moreover, has appealed against the decision of the Chief Justice, a measure which will necessarily involve him in additional expense. People, therefore, who are inclined to respond to the appeal made by Dr. Barnardo to this Colony for aid should be warned that their money, in all probability, will go, not, as they intend it, for the support of destitute children having no other refuge, but to contest the possession of children unlawfully detained, and for whom provision has been made elsewhere,—or to defray the costs incurred in such a contest. Dr. Barnardo, the protector of children of his own creed—rescued by him from the streets and maintained, by a wise and economical expenditure of charitable contributions, is one thing,—but that is the Dr. Barnardo of pretence or imagination. Dr. Barnardo the determined proselytiser, expending on the unjust detention of one Catholic child sums that might support three or four other children legitimately protected by him, is quite another thing,—but that, unfortunately, is Dr. Barnardo as he really exists.—As such, can he possibly deserve the support and sympathy of the truly charitable?

(PECKENIEF)
OUTDONE.

THE reply of the Auckland Trades and Labour Council to General Booth's proposal to establish special settlements of his reformed criminals in the colony is a work of genius. The Council gushes

with sympathy for the General's devotion. No one could possibly enter into the spirit of the undertaking more fervently. They go down on their knees to beg the blessing of Heaven on the General's work. But when it comes to anything more direct or more compromising it is quite a different thing:—“Wishing you God-speed in your laudable undertaking to alleviate the sufferings, and improve the minds and social positions of your less fortunate brethren—still, we cannot suppress the strongest feelings of surprise and resentment at any attempt to impost upon our respectable and law-abiding community

the offscouring of God's most glorious earth.”—God may aid the General in fact, but respectability, as represented by the Auckland Trade and Labour Council, never will—except, of course, by its prayers—which, doubtless, may be acceptable, as are those of the righteous man, to whose effect Holy Scripture testifies. How different, meantime, is the reply which General Booth has received from Cardinal Manning. The Cardinal extends to him the right hand of fellowship without any pretence. “Your comments,” writes his Eminence, “on modern political economy, poor-law administration, government statistics, and official inquiries, are to the letter what I have said in private and in public for years. This is both superficial and unreal. You have gone down into the depths. Every living soul cost most precious blood, and we ought to save it, even the worthless and the worst. After the Trafalgar-square miseries I wrote a ‘Pleading for the Worthless,’ which probably you never saw. It would show you how completely my heart is in your book.” The Cardinal goes on to recall the poor-laws of Queen Elizabeth, which provided for work for the unemployed. “The modern political economists,” he adds, “denounce the giving of work, even in winter, to honest and true men out of work, as alms, and as demoralising. I hold that every man has a right to bread or to work. These modern economists say society must adjust the demand and supply of labour until all are employed. I have asked, ‘How many years are required for this absorption; and how many weeks or days will starve honest men and their children?’ To this I have never got an answer.”—The off-scourings, meantime, according to the Auckland Trade and Labour Council have hardly a right to show their faces on “God's most glorious earth,” as the Council piously calls it. Off-scourings they are, and off-scourings let them remain—shut out from the light of day and from every chance of a better life in the miserable slums, whose brutalising influences have in all probability been most accountable for their state. Let us hope the attitude of the Auckland Trades and Labour Council, sympathetic and prayerful though it be, is not that which characterises the body throughout the colony that they are supposed locally to represent. A proletarian steeped in Pharisaism—outdoing Pecksniff himself, in fact—would be an evil material out of which, as it would appear, the future government of the colony is to arise. But as to the feelings with which General Booth will read the reply, it would perhaps be vain to speculate upon them. Should the outcome, however, be a process of conversion especially applied to the Council by means of the biggest drum and the most loudly-roaring trombone to be found among all the bands of the Salvation Army, it would hardly be more than they merit. In the drumming-out of hypocrisy the Army would have our liveliest sympathies.

OUR contemporary the *N. Z. Presbyterian*, a copy POOR FELLOW? of which has been forwarded to us by a friend, is completely astonished by Bishop Moran's speech at the breaking up of the Christian Brothers' schools. Our contemporary, in fact, is so much astonished that he has not a word to say—though he says a whole lot. What he says, however, as the saying is, is neither here nor there, and may go for nothing, or next door to nothing. It is a mere repetition, rather more feeble and confused than usual, of arguments, if arguments they may be called, that had already been advanced against the Catholic position in every imaginable shape and form, and its motive seems to be rather a weak, half-hearted kind of plea in favour of Bible-reading in the schools, than any serious attempt to answer the Bishop. Indeed, the exception taken to the strength of the Bishop's language is quite silly.—How, for example, could any sensible man be hindered in his just and well weighed sympathies by any violence of language? “We sympathise to a certain extent with Dr. Moran and his fellow Catholics,” says the *Presbyterian*, “and we would do so to a far greater extent if he did not assert their claims in such violent language.”—We are not above making an attempt to remove ignorance wherever it exists and it comes in our way to do so. Alluding to certain fruits of godlessness spoken of by the Bishop, our contemporary asks:—“Why did not the Catholic Church, after having stamped out Protestantism in France, prevent the Revolution?” Suppose, for sake of argument, some atheist were to ask: “Why did not Christianity, after having overcome heathenism in the Roman Empire, prevent the Arian ascendancy?” Almighty God sometimes, for reasons unknown to us, permits the triumph of evil, and the Revolution has not yet prevailed nearly so long as, for example, did Arianism. But was it the Catholic Church that stamped out Protestantism in France? We fancy the point is not certain. Louis XIV in his *dragonnades* and the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, undoubtedly acted without the support or sympathy of the flower of the French episcopate, who, as Saint-Simon testifies, saw his action with sorrow, but did not dare to remonstrate, knowing the temper of the King. Nor is it true that the Church, as our contemporary also states, bolstered up in any particular manner the authority of the Grand Monarque. On the contrary, that King during a considerable portion of his reign had shown himself hostile to the Church, and it was abuses that, contrary to the interests or welfare of the Church, had crept into ecclesiastical affairs during his reign and that of his successor, that tended towards