

ers. In our issue of November 23—a fortnight before the general elections—we took pains to emphasise in our leading columns the spirit of freedom with which Catholics, at least, should approach the electoral urns. And we quoted the following words of Dr. Barry, spoken in England, as being a true statement of principle and policy for the guidance of his co-religionists in New Zealand: 'What are Catholics to do,' he asks, 'at the general election? "All vote one way and keep in the Tories," says a Conservative. "All vote the other way and turn them out," replies the Liberal. But we know before a vote is cast that neither Whig nor Tory will get his desire. Catholics are agreed in religion, but in nothing else. There is no power on earth to which they would hearken that can counsel them to be of one mind in politics. We must each of us decide for ourselves.' These are words that the Rev. Mr Gray would do well to mark, learn, and inwardly digest when next he goes electioneering.

The French Tyranny

A brief cable message in last week's daily papers announced that the French Senate had adopted the Bill for the separation of Church and State, as passed by the Chamber of Deputies. This fresh legislation comes into force with the dawn of the New Year. Nominally, a separation takes place between Church and State in France, and the Church is supposed to go on her separate way rejoicing. But this is a mere legal fiction. As a matter of fact, the Church sets out upon her new career plundered of her property, stripped to the bone, hampered in her organisation, loaded with fresh manacles, subject more than ever to the caprice and tyranny of the secular power, and shorn of the services of thousands of religious who have been driven out at the point of the bayonet and compelled to seek homes or graves in foreign lands.

Marina, the desolate wife in Byron's 'Two Foscari,' says—

'The country is the traitress, which thrusts forth
Her best and bravest from her Tyranny
Is far the worst of treasons. Dost thou deem
None rebels except subjects? The prince who
Neglects or violates his trust is more
A brigand than the robber-chief'

But there are tyrants a-many besides those—rare nowadays among Caucasian peoples—that wear the regal or imperial diadem. And the so-called Separation Bill represents, in all its circumstances, one of the worst forms of religious tyranny and treason to a sacred trust that have been perpetrated in our generation. Many of its Freemason and Radical supporters frankly acknowledged that it was merely a means towards an end. And the end they had, and have, in view is the destruction, not alone of Catholicism, but of religion and religious ideals in lodge-tidden France. So much is acknowledged by a well-informed Protestant writer in a recent issue of the London 'Church Times' (Anglican). The Jacobin State in France (says he) 'has shown that it regards not "le clericalisme," but "la chretiente" as "Pemméi." The most politically humble and self-effacing Christian Church, if it maintained unearthly and supernatural claims upon the human conscience, would be intolerable to the Combesist, who cries "écrasez l'infame." When Victor Hugo was buried in the ancient church of St Genevieve, every vestige of Christianity was removed from the building, without and within. That is the spirit which has torn the crucifix from the walls of the law courts, and forbidden the half-masting of ships' flags on Good Friday, which prohibits the President of the Republic from attending public worship, or any official of the State from wearing uniform in church. Indeed, there are few departments in which even small officials can attend Mass without a black mark being affixed to their names.'

Threatening Rebellion

John Mitchel once said that it is easier to come to a meeting with rotten eggs than with sound arguments. That is just the impression left upon our mind after a perusal of the report of the recent Orange 'national' demonstration held in Melbourne to protest against the petitions of the Commonwealth Parliament to King Edward VII. on behalf of Home Rule for Ireland. What we may call the addled egg fallacy was oppressively obtrusive during the whole proceedings. But the demonstrators were, by long previous custom, inured to the atmosphere. The demonstration (says the 'Tribune') was shorn of its best intended glory 'by the failure of G. H. Reid to heave his corpulent waistcoat in view of the audience. The heavy politician,' adds our Melbourne contemporary, 'was busy earning fees in Sydney Supreme Court, and he let the Empire rip for the time being. . . There wasn't a representative Australian on the platform, which fact is as significant as Wilks' admission that the audience was Orange, or of Orange sympathies.'

'Quel che nasce di gallina,' says an old Italian proverb, 'conviene che razzoli'—he that comes of a hen will naturally scrape. And long experience has taught us what sort of oratorical Catherine-wheels and gutter-bullies we may expect to come as a matter of course of an Orange platform. Nobody was therefore surprised at the exhibition of verbal pyrotechny and glowing religious hate that marked the recent demonstration in Melbourne. It came, too, as a matter of course that those vociferous 'loyalists,' who are ever slaying 'rebels' with their mouths, should receive with marked favor a proposal to resist 'at the point of the bayonet' a broad-minded scheme of legislation that was carried in the House of Commons on the first of September, 1893, by the substantial majority of thirty-four votes. Similar threats were issued in 1886 and 1893 to 'line the ditches' north of the Boyne with bayonets, if the King, Lords, and Commons of the United Kingdom dared to exercise their right and prerogative of granting to the Cinderella nation of the West an instalment of the self-government which is enjoyed by every State of the Australasian group.

Colonel Saunderson (an Ulster Orange Member of Parliament) was one of the militant brethren who threatened to 'put fifty thousand men under arms' the moment Home Rule became really imminent. The menace was, of course, a brutum fulmen—a thunderbolt of goose-down. T. D. Sullivan rallied in the following merry measure the voluble and demonstrative Colonel, his echo and familiar spirit, Colonel Waring, and Mr. William Johnston, of Ballykilbeg, the three parliamentary arc-lights of the lodge in 1893:—

"When Gladstone gets his Home Rule Bill,"
Says Saunderson to Waring,
"Then you, and I, and Ballykill,
Will show our martial daring.
Without delay, the very day
That down such gage he pitches,
We'll fill our flasks from jars and casks,
And march to 'line the ditches.'
With skill and might and valor bright
We'll set the world a-staring"—
"We surely will," says Ballykill;
"Of course we will," says Waring.

"If in the fields the rebel rout
Will not confront our Lodges,
In street and lane we'll find them out,
Despite their craven dodges;
We'll pot the rascals at their doors,
We'll club their babes and spouses,
We'll sack their shops and wreck their stores,
And loot their public houses.
And then 'twill be a joy to see
Our boys the plunder sharing;
The victors' toil deserves the spoil"—
"Of course it does," says Waring.

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