

we have done something in this direction. And we should gladly see this valuable work replace the cumbersome, costly, and (in too many cases) useless agglomerates of binding and printed paper that have been introduced into so many Catholic homes in New Zealand by oily knaves from ever-sea.

'De Mortuis.'

Among the correspondents who write us all too rarely is a gentle soul who would not break a bruised reed. 'Were you not,' says he, 'rather rough on poor old Chiniquy in that answer to a correspondent? "De mortuis"—you know the rest.' Our gentle friend refers to the old Latin proverbial saying which discounts evil-speaking of the dead. A sound general maxim, it's faith. But it may easily be over-worked, or set to tasks for which it was not originally intended. The modern Italian version of it is Dantesque, and better fitted for its work: 'Oltre la tomba non va ira nemica' ('Personal enmity passeth not the tomb'). Here is how Dean Swift sarcastically paraphrases a misapplication of the Latin motto:—

'De mortuis nil nisi bonum:
When knaves are dead, let all bemoan 'em.'

We are not as sentimental as Laurence Sterne, who wept salt tears over a defunct donkey. As a general principle, we believe in silence regarding the 'ex-priest' tribe, whether sham or true, living or dead. But it is a different thing when (being alive) they become aggressive; or when (being dead) they are made offensive (as in the present instance) by the distribution of their filthy books. In the former case, we reach for our tried and trusty horse-whip. In the latter case—well, we use just enough moral phenyle to abate the nuisance when ghoulish 'resurrectionists' leave scraps from their 'yellow' charnel-house at our doors over-night.

A Corellian Scream.

It is not pleasant to hear a woman scream—least of all in the market-place. But screaming is Miss Corelli's way when she deals with persons or things affecting the great organisation at which she flings the unmannerly nickname, the 'Romish Church.' It is her 'argumentum ad baculum'—the ultimate argumentative weapon of her peculiar school of ratiocination. She screamed at 'Rome' in her 'Master Christian'—that dull and not over-grammatical production in which she drew her inspiration from the French decadents, known as 'the Satanic cult,' and into which she dragged the Saviour of the world, and made Him talk some five hundred pages of her own silly slop and senile twaddle. Miss Corelli's latest screams have been directed against the young Queen of Spain. The 'Rapid Review' has permitted the panegyrist of Barabbas to outrage sense and sentiment in two hysterical mock-heroic articles that accuse the young Queen of all manner of hypocrisies and high crimes and misdemeanors. Among other tit-bits of hysterical romance, the young Queen was—in the face of authoritative denials—accused of having taken an 'oath' of 'abjuration' which anathematised 'the English throne,' did likewise to her mother, and 'condemned to eternal damnation' her grandmother, the late Queen Victoria. Of course, Queen Ena's profession of faith did no such thing. It was precisely the same, as is made by converts every day of the week in Australia and New Zealand. Miss Corelli has been wasting her high-frequency currents of indignation on oaths that no Catholic man or woman ever took. Yet, almost in the same breath, she extols the royal oath which compels a British Sovereign on his accession to swear that the ancient faith of the vastly greater body of Christians is damnable superstition and idolatry. That is a coarse ignominy, a 'relic of barbarism,' from which Catholic Spain, at least, has protected the honor and conscience of its King.

The tirades in the 'Rapid Review' are pitched in an ear-piercing key. By an easy association of ideas, they

recall to our mind the shrieks that split the air when the peer, in 'The Rape of the Lock,' cut the fair tresses from Belinda's neck:—

'Then flashed the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rent th' affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying heav'n are cast,
When husbands, or when lapdogs breathe their last;
Or when rich china vessels fall'n from high,
In glitt'ring dust and painted fragments lie!'

Miss Corelli's most pressing need is a full dose of soothing syrup. She has other urgent needs besides: for instance, to cease mistaking gossip for gospel; to know that there is only one Searcher of hearts and consciences, and that His name is not Corelli; to learn at least fragments of the penny catechism before setting up as a court of last appeal upon the doctrines and ritual of the 'Romish' Church; and to try hard to believe that Catholics are not quite all, in the matter of morals, Chadbands or Charles Peaces, nor, in the matter of intellect, anthropoid apes.

Home Rule

Colton has well said that bigotry is ready to murder religion in order to frighten fools with its ghost. There is in Ireland a form of sectarian passion which strangles truth in order to make a scarecrow for the imperial public opinion that would accord to the most distressful country the right—enjoyed by all these colonies—of managing its own affairs. The scarecrow is the religious ascendancy bogey. After the recent elections, Captain Donelan (a Protestant M.P.) said on the occasion of his unopposed return for East Cork:—

'I am proud to know that my relations with my true-hearted constituents have always been of the friendliest and pleasantest character; and time only serves to strengthen the ties of goodwill that have so long united us together. I am, indeed, a very striking specimen of those poor, benighted Protestants from the South of Ireland, whose future fate is an object of such extremely tender solicitude to the Tory Party. And it is certainly little wonder that English electors should hesitate to vote for Home Rule when they have such shocking examples of Catholic intolerance before their eyes. Mine is indeed a very sad case of cruel persecution, for on four consecutive occasions I have suffered the martyrdom of being unanimously elected to represent one of the most overwhelmingly Catholic constituencies in Ireland in the British Parliament.'

But Captain Donelan is only one of many. 'Is it possible,' said Mr. Devlin, M.P., in Melbourne recently, 'for the Irish Party to be working and fighting to establish the ascendancy of any religious party in Ireland while they themselves have been instrumental in returning nearly one-fourth of their own members—Protestant Irishmen—in overwhelmingly Catholic constituencies?'

'It has been said,' added Mr. Devlin, 'that Protestant Ulster is opposed to Home Rule. I would point out in reply to this that Protestant Ulster returned 17 out of 32 Members to the House of Commons pledged to Home Rule, and that Protestant Ulster is not opposed to Home Rule; for out of the fifteen, four members would not touch the bigoted party with a forty-foot pole. Who are these gentlemen in Ulster who are opposed to Home Rule? First we have a young gentleman of twenty-five, a son of the Duke of Abercorn, who is drawing £1200 a year, and he draws it very well too. Then comes Mr. Arnold Foster, drawing £2500 a year with hardly any effort. Then Mr. Gordon drawing £800 a year, which he accepts because it is a position with great hopes and possibilities. And there are several others drawing sums between £1500 and £5000 per year. Of course these gentlemen cannot be blamed because they watch their own interests first and the interests of the country take second place. They are, of course, opposed to Home Rule, because under the present system they have a fine opportunity of making money without very much effort.'

Addison was right—gold is a wonderful clearer of the understanding!

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