dead, when, suddenly, it throws up a sprout right under your feet. Some seventy years ago, before Victoria was colonised, the question of an Establishment was a particularly live one. It shook and jolted the whole of the struggling convict settlement that centred about Port Jackson. The British Government, however, gave the proposal its quietus at the time. It cropped up again, however, and has now been revived in the *Imperial Review*, a magazine published in Melbourne. In the course of an interview accorded to a representative of the *Catholic Press*, Cardinal Moran said that 'the movement seems to be taken up very extensively, especially by the representatives of the Evangelical persuasion. They are anxious to unite all the different forms of Protestantism, to have one strong phalanx to resist the domination of the Church of Rome, and they are ready to surrender their own individual tenets to have the Anglican Church recognised as the Established Church of Australia, corresponding to the Established Church in England.'

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'There is nothing new in this movement,' said the Cardinal with a smile. 'It goes as far back as 1834, when there was an attempt made to have the Protestant Church officially declared the Established Church of Australia. One of the judges of the Supreme Court declared from the Bench that as a matter of fact the Anglican Church had as firm a hold in Australia as in England. However, this matter was referred to the Home Government by the then Governor Bourke, the most enlightened Governor that has yet come to Australia from the Home country, when the Home Government decided that there was no Established Church in Australia, and that all denominations were on the same footing in the presence of the law. Successive Governments in Australia have professed to recognise this decision of the Home Government; but as a matter of practical policy both the Australian Government and the Home Government have acted as if the Protestant Church had an established position among us. Hence all the appointments made, almost without exception, have come from that favored Church.'

Colonial Youth.

To judge from an article in the *N.Z. Times*, most of the bad qualities of New Zealanders seem to have been imported along with our French ball-shoes, Brummagem watches, and American plug tobacco. Our good qualities are our own, and that, at least, is a comfort. Thus, our solecisms of speech came from the region of the Seven Dials, our low birth-rate is, like Worth gowns, a Paris fashion, and the spirit of irreverence of our Colonial youth—the theme of a thousand sorrowful or indignant pens—arrived by the 'Frisco boat. 'American methods and ideals,' says the writer, 'have unconsciously permeated our family life, just as American machinery and implements are crowding our factories and farmyards. Children join in conversation at table, express contrary opinions to those of their parents, and d fend their vi ws with a courage worthy of a better cause. Any one who has watched the young Colonial addressing the Premier or Governor has been astounded at the complete "sang froid" of the youth, his easy familiarity, his keenness in pressing his point and his complete unconsciousness of any social gulf between notabilities and himself. In the majority of Colonial homes we allow our children a latitude which gives newcomers quite a turn; we tolerate objection and contradiction and even what looks dangerously like impertinence, and we correct the children when they overstep the mark not by the old-fashioned methods of external application, but by a mild remonstrance which only aggravates the evil. We consult the child, consider him and entertain him, are kind to him in the matter of his stomach, his back and his amusements; but we are utterly inconsiderate to him as a being with a will to be trained. We make a god of him and then wonder that he does not worship us. The result raises the question whether Plato's advice that no child should be reared by his own mother is not worth considering in modern times; and were it not that the method recommended by the Greek sage had been superseded by the Christian ideal of the home it would have been in vogue long ago.' Better things are, however, promised for the future. 'But,' says the writer of the article, 'the fault is with parents, for, according to the ancient philosopher, while few men feel themselves qualified to break in a colt, every man seems to think himself able to rear a child.'

Wanted: More Consideration.

We are all familiar with the class of enthusiastic disputants who, having been convicted of evolving argumentative matter out of their inner consciousness, retort, in effect: *Tant pis pour les faits*—so much the worse for the facts. It seems to be forgotten by them that a fact or two are at least as useful in discussion as an occasional joke is, according to Artemus Ward, in a comic paper. Of late we must have seemed (to use Kingslake's words) 'odiously statistical' and unpleasantly fact-full to those who, in the hope of securing a passing po'itical advantage, have been beating a clamorous tom-tom regarding the alleged 'stuffing' of the public service with Catholics. At any rate, we have succeeded in at least partially stifling the outcry, for the present, so far as Otago is concerned. The *Oamaru Mail*, quoting our figures, says that our exposure of the charge '[illegible] conspicuous for its calm dignity,' that 'it is most convincing,' and that we did not, like those who raised the clamor, write 'at random, but after careful investigation.' 'The Colony,' says the *Mail*, 'is is much indebted to the TABLET'S editor for having thus exposed the fallacy of a venomous accusation which is all the more dangerous because it tends to excite religious rancor.' And it appropriately suggests that, 'as other religionists, not Catholics, have been given the preference—if their preponderance in the service, in proportion to population, be an evidence of preferential treatment'—those who have raised this theatrical storm about 'stuffing' should, to be consistent, 'insist on Catholics being treated with more consideration.' This is a phase of the question with which we intend to deal at the proper time.

The Anarchists.

The anarchist question—which in these colonies is practically confined to sundry exhibitions by 'Weary Willies' on the Melbourne and Sydney wharves—has bulked up pretty vastly in the American press since the murder of the late President M'Kinley. 'Arnychists,' says Mr. Dooley,' 'is sewer gas.' They go 'again polis'men, mostly,' he adds—probably 'because polismen's th' nearest things to kings they can find.' A proposal has been made in all seriousness to deport the whole American fraternity, with their carving-knives and picrine bombs and infernal machines, to some desert island where they can hack and hew and blow one another to smithereens in peace.

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'Modern anarchy,' says the Boston *Pilot*, 'had its origin in Communistic Socialism when at the Sociolist Congress, at the Hague, in 1872, the Russian Bakunin broke away from its too moderate propositions and set up the International Federation of the Jura in Switzerland. On the death of Bakunin, Krapotkin and Reclus, both men of a high order of intellect and liberal education, became the leaders of the movement. But mere expositions of the philosophy of anarchy—the right of the individual to happiness and the free development of himself, with the included right to oppose and destroy whatever stands in his way, as centralised power, religion, family, property, patriotism, etc.—did not satisfy the ignorant, irreligious, idle, or unfortunate and disconsolate men that rallied to the call of the cultured Krapotkin and Reclus. The anarchist mob wanted deeds, not talk. Bomb-throwing, with its hecatombs of dead and wounded, as in Chicago, Barcelona, Paris; the assassination of rulers, as President Carnot in France, the Empress Elizabeth in Austria, King Humbert in Italy and finally President McKinley in the United States, "meant business," to the poor dupes of the anarchist philosophers, who cannot see that their own condition remains as bad as ever, for all the blood-spilling.'

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Bakunin—who, by the way, was a dilapidated aristocrat from Moscow—'passed in his checks' in 1876. But he was one of the leading spirits in the anarchist propaganda and is to this hour a living force in the movement. Here is a fragment of the anarchist creed, as it appears in his *Revolutionary Catechism*:

'First, the Revolutionary is vested with a sacred character. Personally he has no possessions, neither interest, sentiment, property, nor even name; all in him is absorbed by one object, by one thought, by one sole passion, the Revolution. Second, in the depth of his being he has broken in an absolute manner every bond with all the civil existing order, with all the civilised world, with all the laws, customs and systems of morality; an implacable adversary, he does not live for other motives than to procure the destrucion of these. . . . The Revolutionary despises public opinion, and simultaneously hates and despises morality as it is practised in all its various manifestations. For him, all that favors the triumph of the Revolution is legitimate, and all that opposes it is immoral and criminal.'

CATHOLIC PUBLIC SERVANTS.

THE CHARGE OF 'STUFFING'

THE following appeared in the columns of the *Otago Daily Times* during the course of the past week:—

Sir,—I have called in vain for the publication of figures and the production of name-lists—the only genuine and final tests—in connection with the alleged 'stuffing' of the public service, and of special branches and offices thereof, with a scandalously high percentage of Catholics. The further I inquire into this question of the position of Catholics in the public service the more amazing it seems to me that such an outcry could ever have been raised. Out of a multitude of fresh facts and figures before me, I beg to submit the following to the consideration of your readers:—