

## Current Topics

### Home Rule for Scotland

Why should a spiritual people, gifted with genius and imagination, lend themselves to the aggrandisement of a mongrel race of materialists and utilitarians? Why should Scottish statesmen and soldiers work and toil for England at the expense of their own country's individuality and nationality? The Gaels are waking up to the common sense answer to these questions. Not only in Ireland and in Wales, but also in Scotland the movement for independence is growing apace. The soul of Scotland never died. In the old songs, in the old legends and traditions, it slumbered since Culloden. A people possessing the heritage of romance and song that is Scotland's can never wholly be merged in a nation like England. In the Highlands, in the lands beyond the seas whither the Scots wandered, there have always been hearts that beat hotly for their nation's right to her own individuality, and it only needed the war and the rustling of awakened nations all around her to arouse Scotland from her slumbers. The *Scottish National Quarterly* is doing great work for the revival, and the Gaels of Ireland and Wales are stretching forth hands of brotherhood to their kinsmen in Scotland. No doubt, too, what the Scottish people saw of British rule on certain recent occasions in their own country has not increased their love for their fetters. Poor John Bull! Is he going to find himself alone one of these days? Will he call in vain when he wants more Gaelic "missile troops" to hurl at his enemies? He had to go to Ireland for Beatty and to Scotland for Haig. Yet, he will have the Monds and the Ecksteins and the Speyers—until some fine day England—the real England—wakes up too and asks why she should be ruled by foreign financiers. And then the band will play! Is *Deutschland ueber alles* any worse than *Jerry ueber alles*? Scotland, Wales, and Ireland will not have either. Why should England? The fact that the following was published in the *Glasgow Observer* in last May is a fair indication of the feeling among the Gaels of Scotland:—

"We ask, then, this question: Ought not this nation to be proud indeed of its national heroes? Take them as they are, take them as one of them describes the others and as they describe him, and where shall we equal them?"

Look where we may: in the Government, led by such a 'worthy' Prime Minister; in Parliament, with its galaxy of bought servitors, or its typical 'men of influence,' the Bottomleys, Grant Mordens, Highams, and others of this type; at the Bench or the Bar, with a Rufus Isaacs as Lord Chief Justice and an F. E. Smith as Lord Chancellor; or, again, see the exploiters and profiteers, or the commercial leaders like one Godfrey Isaacs, of Marconi notoriety, whose oaths, disbelieved by a British jury, is yet no barrier to a 'vote of confidence' by a body of shareholders, and what are we to think of this nation and its rulers and guides and heroes?

IS IT FIT TO RULE INDIA, OR IRELAND, OR EGYPT, OR MALTA, OR CYPRUS? IS IT FIT TO RULE ITSELF?

Is it not a blot on the map of the world, a danger to progress, a foe of freedom, and the very apotheosis of all that is meant by fraud and force and the power of Hell on earth?

The 'national heroes' may express one another's infamies, and drag the national honor in the mud. But the Democracy, except a handful, is silent, acquiescent, or approving.

Consenting to tyranny in Ireland, in Egypt, and elsewhere, it finds itself enslaved, conscripted, and exploited, the victim of Hunnism, Junkerism, militarism, landlordism, capitalism, privilege and caste.

A nation gets the government it deserves, for the politics of a nation are the morals of the people at large."

### A Plague Spot

Among certain sections of Labor in this country it has become fashionable to think that to be anti-Christian is a sign of progress and intelligence. We would give some of our readers a shock if we disclosed into what circles this damnable notion has made its way. We will go no further than saying that we know that the conductors of a certain little paper that is no longer in being found that to speak of God and of Christianity was like a red rag to a bull as far as some of the Labor elements that supported the paper in question were concerned. Again, one who went to gaol for his principles told us that a letter written by him to a certain club in Wellington, and signed—as an Irish Catholic would sign it—after an invocation of the blessing of God on his friends, caused certain persons in that club to ask him if he was a traitor. Lastly, it is well known that no matter how honest and how able a Laborite is there is small chance of his coming into prominence as long as he openly stands for the sound principles of his religion. We have seen letters written by Labor atheists in which Christ and everything sacred to a decent Christian of no matter what Church were spoken of in terms that made one pity the ignorance and shudder at the blasphemy of the poor deluded writers. We are well aware that official Labor is not identified with such a condition of hopeless rottenness, but nevertheless the plague is there and it is spreading daily. Good Christian Laborites deplore it more than any others; but they are helpless to stem the tide, and they ask desperately what can be done to remedy the evil. Ignorance and the natural perversity of humanity are at its roots. Man is prone to follow the devil rather than Christ. People will scoff at religion as superstition while they will give themselves heart and soul to any fakir or quack who preaches a new doctrine. The spirituality of God and of the angels they reject, but they will embrace the spiritism of the powers of evil without finding in it anything offensive to their peculiar ideas about logic and consistency. The word of the world's greatest thinkers who testify to religion they will discredit at the bidding of a charlatan like McCabe or his master Haeckel. They will swallow the shallow stuff and the falsehoods of the R.P.A. publications and they will never go to the trouble to find out what men who are really authorities have to say about such writings. If it were not so pitiful it would be too ludicrous. The great German biologist, Kohlbrugge,—and with him the first authorities of the day—say that Evolution is a problem of which we know nothing definite yet, but the reader of McCabe will tell you that it is a Gospel. Huxley felt bound in conscience to have his children brought up as Christians, but his poor uneducated dupes think he killed Christianity. Alfred Wallace, the co-founder of the Theory of Natural Selection, said that there had been absolutely no moral progress since the history of man began, but the *ill-torati* of Labor think they have discovered a new moral order capable of superseding Christ's. Sheer ignorance, begotten of sheer pride and lack of humility, and fostered on the sort of "science" supplied by popular magazines and weekly papers, is the concomitant of the modern atheistical attitude; and here and there some puny little professor who attempts to achieve notoriety by being blasphemous, does his bit to swell the tide. It is a noteworthy fact that while nearly all the leaders in science were believers, the unbelievers are those to whom greatness is attributed by prejudiced witnesses and not seldom by forgers, like Haeckel. Maxwell said to Colin MacKenzie: "Old chap, I have read up many queer religions: there is nothing like the old thing after all." Pasteur and Bernhard gave eloquent testimony to the fact that the more they knew the more they believed. Bacon's word remains true for ever: A little knowledge leads us from God, and a great deal will bring us back to Him. The difficulty of bringing back to God the misguided disciples of Haeckel and McCabe is one that no man afford to shirk.

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