

ligious man." Now, these religious persons—descendants of the scum of England and Scotland, planted in Ireland for the Machiavellian purpose of a tyrannical Government, skilled in the choice of its tools—had their own troubles. As late as 1840 the Orange saints were themselves subjected to the domination of the Established Church, and that variety of Protestantism knew at times how to chastise them with scorpions. Swift scoffed at the Presbyterian as "an angry cat," and Dissenting Ministers used to be haled to prison and fined for preaching in their own meeting-houses, by the heads of the Church which paid Swift. Moreover, the Ascendancy Protestants fined Presbyterian elders for living in sin *because their marriages had not been solemnised according to the rites of the Established Church*. In the eye of the law such persons were regarded as living in concubinage and their offspring as illegitimate. As late as 1840 an Episcopalian was arrested and put on his defence for bigamy. He put forward the defence that his first marriage had been solemnised in a Presbyterian Church, while the second was celebrated according to the rites of the Church of England. The Irish Chief Justice, in pronouncing the first marriage invalid, declared, "the law of this country does not recognise the orders of the Presbyterian Church, because it is not episcopal and conformable to what the Act of Uniformity had made law." This view was confirmed by the House of Lords, where the Bishop of Exeter denied that "there was any Presbyterian Church in Ireland at all," and said that if any body was so called it was in violation of the canons. Then the row arose. There were war-whoops on both sides. Bishops and moderators had a royal Donnybrook. For four lively and happy years they fought it out in church, conventicle, and tin-temple. And at last an Act was passed legalising Presbyterian marriages. That done, the Orangemen happily settled down to fight among themselves and to sing through their noses:—

Behold how good it is and how becoming well
Together those brethren are in unity to dwell.

Who knows but that in the incident we have related is to be found the origin of the present-day Orange madness at the sight of the words *Ne Temere*? The people who suffer from "a settled hallucination and an annual brainstorm" run amuck still if you whisper *Ne Temere*. They have not the remotest knowledge of the meaning of the legislation of the Church, but they have heard from some local Smiter-em-Barebones that it has something to do with invalid marriages, and they never stop to ask for a right explanation. A chorus as of Swift's angry cats on a roof at night is raised, and the welkin rings with the pious hymn, "To Hell with the Pope."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

NON-CATHOLIC.—The *Ne Temere* Decree does not say that such a marriage is an illegal marriage. That is what P.P.A. parsons say it says, which is a very different matter.

MICK.—We heard all those old yarns about the different heights of cheek, imagination, and so forth. They have not even an academic interest for us. But if you want a new one take this and depart in peace: "What is the height of swank?" "To wear big gloves driving a Ford and think you are a motorist."

P.J.M.—We never notice that paper. It only wants notice. As for its editor, he once made a speech in Eltham in which he said that the *Tablet* attacked the Salvation Army Homes. We promptly denied it. He came again and said he had in his possession a copy of the *N.Z. Tablet* of March 15, 1918, in which the attack was made. We offered a gift of £10 to the Red Cross if he would produce that copy. It has never been claimed and it stands still. That is enough about that gentleman. To say a word more would be superfluous. But for the further confusion of the person we say that *no copy of the Tablet ever published bears the date given by this reverend P.P.A. editor*.

GABE.—The trouble is this: We are Christians. We believe that there are such things as virtues and vices. We hate sin and we try to imitate Christ. Therefore our outlook on life is altogether different from that of the British politicians and pressmen who lie like devils, who sell their souls for gold, who tear up treaties, who profess that there can be no question of conscience when interest is at stake, who make a mockery of the ten Commandments, who give the lie to their hypocritical psalm singing and their Puritanical Sunday-school whining. We are different; and thank God for it. We are satisfied to put honor and truth and justice first. We have made sacrifices to provide for our children schools where they will be taught these things. Catholics are Christians, and the rest—with few exceptions—are shopkeepers by religion.

A small number of very rich men have been able to lay upon the teeming masses of the laboring poor a yoke little better than that of slavery itself.—Leo XIII.

The derivation of our word "salary" is very curious. In ancient times Roman soldiers received a daily portion of salt as part of their pay. "Sal," in Latin, is salt, and when the salt was, in course of time, commuted for money, the amount was called "salarium," or salt money. Hence our "salary," and hence, no doubt, the expression, "Not worth his salt!"—that is, his salary.

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