

to the very dirty interior. A Government that is devoid of principle occupies itself with purely domestic questions under the guise of anxiety for the moral welfare of the community; it assumes the office of dry-nurse to the children; it usurps the duties of parents in the home and in the school; it decides that it is not good that the young people should be taught to love and honor God in their school days, and it is part of politicians' duty to wash the teeth of the youngsters. The superficial veneer is widespread. Good form is discussed by callow youths who have little or no idea of what is meant by good morals. Foolish outward observances are inculcated on boys and girls who have not a spark of the inward spirit of true courtesy, which is the offspring of Christianity. Lectures are heard on good manners from public men who in a moment of excitement make gestures that might be expected from street-arabs. The veneer is widespread, but the wash is thin indeed. A temptation, an irritation, and it rubs off and the beast is revealed in all the ugliness of fallen man robbed of the saving principles of Christianity. For there is no doubt of it at all, our New Zealand politicians—from Sir Robert Stout downwards—or is it upwards?—have driven God from the schools and His religion from the hearts of the masses.

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A casual reading of the papers, an occasional overhearing of the conversations in trains and elsewhere, will convince any reasonable man of the depravity of a great number of people in this Dominion to-day. There are, and thank God there will be always, a large number of good people who have the love and fear of God at the root of their lives, but they are in a small minority among the venerated pagans of New Zealand who know no law but that of their own senses, or among the large numbers who direct their actions by the fear of the policemen. That there is beneath the veneer a lack of morality in commercial circles is clear from the profiteering that has gone on in recent years. Perhaps the Government will say that there has not been profiteering, but the Government knows as well as the man-in-the-street that there has, and that it has been on a wide scale, regardless of charity and justice. In fact, the motto of many commercial men seems to be that of certain politicians: "Let us get all we can out of the job." Is there no veneer in administrative circles, no jobbing, no truckling to influence? Was there no discrimination between rich and poor during the war? Is there no ground for the common belief that the present Government is in the hands of two classes—profiteers and bigots? In England a Prime Minister was publicly challenged to say what he got for putting into the British Cabinet a man accused of trading with the enemy during the war. We may not have had a glaring case such as that, but who will pretend that our politicians are animated by principle and by motives of justice? Who will say that they do not put expediency in the first place, and regulate their actions according to the clamor of the bigots and financiers? In social circles, where private misconduct is so often condoned, while the exposure is denounced, is there no sham civilisation, no mere veneer, no making clean the outside of the cup? Look well into it, and see how far and wide the two scandalous principles: *Avoid the policemen*, and *Don't be caught*, are the rules of conduct and the guiding principles of action, and then judge what our boasted civilisation is to-day.

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At the head of affairs in New Zealand are untrained and uneducated men who have never been taught to think, and still less to steer their course by principles. Knowing nothing themselves of the lessons of history, how can they be expected to guide others? It would seem that they are incapable of realising what experience has taught other countries, namely, that there can be no civilisation and no progress that is not based on sound morality in public and private life; and that there can be no sound morality that is not based on religion. Only the man who directs his actions by the higher laws of God can cultivate true

moral virtues; and without religion individuals and nations can never be truly civilised. Our politicians have undermined religion, and therefore whatever of widespread immorality, public, private, commercial, or political, there be in the Dominion is attributable to them. On every politician, past and present, who helped to drive God from the minds of the youth, and on every one of them who even silently acquiesced in that crime, the sentence of condemnation rests to-day, and one and all will have to render an account to God for their crime against civilisation and against Christianity. If the Dominion is to-day full of "dead men's bones and rottenness" the fault is the politicians' and their abettors'.

NOTES

"The Glamour of Cork"

Some time ago we introduced our readers to a delightful little book called *The Glamour of Dublin*. A companion volume, by the same author, now makes its bow to the readers of the *Tablet*, who will all buy it if they are wise. Those who have read the earlier volume—and they are many in New Zealand—were enchanted with its beautiful word-pictures of Dublin—pictures that are like fine etchings illustrating the story, the romance, and the tragedy of Ireland. To readers of *The Glamour of Cork* we guarantee the rare pleasure of another literary treat of a high quality. All that Mr. Kelleher did for Dublin in his first book he has done for lovely, languorous, dreaming Cork in his second. Perhaps only those who know the two Irish cities of which he writes can taste the full flavor of his work; but for all who are able to appreciate fine imaginative prose both books ought to be a boon and a blessing. We hope the author will pardon us for saying that we hope that in subsequent editions of *The Glamour of Cork* he will omit the opening reveries about prehistoric Cork. *De gustibus non est disputandum*, of course; but to us they are no more pleasing than would be a barbed-wire fence through which one has to crawl into a garden.

The Pictures

Between the covers of this little book what a wonderful picture gallery we have! Swift, Mitchel, Paruell, Father Matthew, O'Connell, Tom Moore, Sarsfield, Lord Edward, Elizabeth O'Neill, Mary Aitkenhead—brave men and fair women of great name in Ireland—walk with the visitor who sees Cork with Mr. Kelleher's book in hand. At every page there is a temptation to quote. As we cannot quote as much as we would, we limit ourselves to a few random passages which will be to our readers a promise of the fine quality of what is left for them to read for themselves:

Look at him there, a pilgrim dragging himself on to the Italian gates of the Alps. A young man, 37 or so, but broken of all things save of God. Night is falling as he reaches Ivrea and enters the cathedral. He prays for strength to persevere, for now his heart lifts with an agonising hope. There, up in the valleys of Aosta, opens out the fan of snows about the great St. Bernard, from whose heights—Oh, God, if only he can reach them!—the hills will be visible rolling down to the West and Ireland that he craves for. So he is shaken and exalted by the thousand thoughts and the folly of his adventure, the anguish for home, the phantoms that begin to rise of kinsmen clustering round him at the gates of Cork. "Welcome, welcome back—". But look! How white he turns! The night grows harder with nipping cold, his blood congeals, his skin tingles and is stung, the nails of the coffin riveting in—so his mind wandering begins to vision it. He staggers to a gate—it is a mile beyond Ivrea on the Aosta road—the hospice of Sant Antonio—they admit him: another rover; pilgrims are not always to be trusted. He flounders to a bed in the common ward: neglected, scorned maybe. Vespers ring out. The Brothers are at prayer: the pilgrim