

also to the spiritual welfare of the children. Husband and wife are trustees for God. They are responsible to God. It is consequently the father's duty to prevent any interference with his family that is not justified by the laws of God. It may be his duty to resist even the State and to drive its agents from his home. The State may help him but it has no right whatever to usurp his authority, as it is powerless to relieve him of his responsibility towards God. No Beck, no Parr, no tinkering busybody has any right to come between a father or mother and his or her duties towards the children. Any such interference must be resisted to the very end. Better be true to God and smash the State than be true to an unauthorised, unchristian authority and false to God and to self. The Christian father who does not see to it that his children are brought up Christians is a renegade and a traitor.

3. Here we come to the question of Education. A man's children continue his own personality; therefore he is bound to give them such a mental, moral, and physical upbringing as will enable them to lead good and useful lives. The Duty is on him and not on anyone else. He, not the State, is answerable to God. He is bound to see that the children are educated in accordance with the Law of God. The right of a parent being a natural right the State has no power to usurp it. A State monopoly in education is simply tyranny and every true man ought to resist such tyranny and crush it. Such tyranny is responsible for the destruction of home-life and for the ruin of the population of countries in which godless schools are foisted on the people by godless politicians.

### The Orangeman's Liturgy

The Orangeman's religion is to hate Papists and his chief act of devotion is to assemble in force and murder some defenceless Irishman about the time of the Glorious Twelfth. That is the date of the "annual brainstorm" which is as unavoidable as sneezing after snuff. On the Twelfth the Orange piety is at its highest, and even tepid and timid souls froth and fume and curse the Pope valiantly. To see Professor Dickie shambling along the street on ordinary days you would say that butter would not melt in his mouth. To watch Pastor Knox gliding by in his motor, you would say that the milk of human kindness was oozing out of him. But when the Twelfth comes we find that scratched Russians are tame compared with them. In hand with the "ecstasy" goes a ritual that is as sacred as the memory of King Billy. Carson offended not a little in the early days when he was rather clumsy in wielding the wildness of the Orangemen for Tory ends: he had not sufficient regard for processions and flags and curses; and he made an awful mistake when he had the impiety to substitute the hymn, *O God Our Help in Ages Past*, for the orthodox and canonical:

Sleeter, slaughter, Holy Water,  
Scatter the Papishes every one;  
When we go to battle  
The cannons will rattle,  
The Protestant boys will carry the drum.

Carson soon conned his brief well and became as Orange as the rest of them. But the introduction of a foreign element into the camp has corrupted to some extent the original purity of the Orange orgies. It was bad enough to have King Billy flanked by old Dizzy in times gone; but it is beyond the beyond altogether to find Carson and Galloper Smith among the saints now. And as a matter of fact, we are told that the image of the "bould Galloper" is held in just as high reverence now as the banners that bear the enlightened mottoes, "No Popery" or "To Hell with Sinn Fein!" The Orangemen loved their ritual and rejoiced in processions and bands and uniforms. In fact they were incapable of working themselves up to a proper pitch of insanity without such outward signs. The curses and the smashing of windows were

in keeping with the noise of the drums—and of the parsons. Only a man wearing a busby and a vivid sash could put the true note of fervor into his "To Hell with the Pope!" It was Archbishop Whately who said: "The very name of Orangeman is a sign chosen on purpose to keep up the memory of a civil war, which every friend of humanity would wish to bury in oblivion. It is doing what among the heathen was reckoned an accursed thing—keeping a trophy in repair." And Curran was no kinder when he described the Twelfth and its ritual as "the unrolling of a mummy—all old bones and rotten rags." The Orangeman is the only person in the world—except a New Zealand Cabinet Minister of course—who deems himself capable of improving on the Law of God. One Reverend Dr. Drew, a tall candlestick in the temple of King Billy, once gave birth to an *opus magnum* called *Twenty Reasons for Being an Orangeman*. Mr. Dooley says that a fanatic is a man who acts as he thinks God ought to act if He knew the whole facts of the case. Mr. Dooley's irreverent skit is illustrated beautifully by some of the Reverend Dr. Drew's lucubrations. Among his "reasons" we read:—

"Because it cannot be otherwise, but that under the downward progress of British legislation God will be made angry, and the nation imperilled, Protestant unity and testimony are therefore required to deprecate God's indignation, and to bide the time of needful resistance."

Beautiful, isn't it? But listen to this:—

"Because all truckling to Popery has, in every instance, been attended with renewed clamor for further concessions in violation of pledges given by Roman Catholics."

Did anybody ever read such nonsense as that? And it written by a Reverend and grave Presbyterian too! Yet, if we pause for a moment we will recognise something familiar in the jargon. Is it not the self-same note of all-fired conceit, of superabounding, Pharaasaical righteousness, of diabolical intolerance that is the ineffaceable character on the soul of the wower whether in Armagh, Timbuctoo, or Ashburton? The words are the words of Dr. Drew, but the cheek is the cheek of an Elliott or a Nosworthy. Like the "Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady" in the awful doggerel of that truly British poet, Kipling, they are all the same under the skin, whether an Ulster sun or a Canterbury Nor'Wester smites them. The howling for a Referendum to enslave their fellows; the frothing and fuming about driving conscientious objectors to the slaughter; the circulation of filthy books and pamphlets, are all part and parcel of the creed of men who disregard the Law of God and the Law of Nature and set their own selfish notions as the standard by which all men must live. The Orange ritual is a queer thing, as we have seen. The Orange hymnology is a fearful thing too. Just think you hear the chorus on a Holy Twelfth roaring out the popular song—

"We are the true-born sons of Levi,  
None on earth can with us compare;  
We are the root and branch of Jesse,  
The bright and glorious morning star."

Imagine you hear a harmonised rendering of—

"Our master there he fills the chair, his rules and laws  
we must obey,  
As our flags we hoist, *The Protestant Boys* is the  
favorite tune we play;  
*The Highland Lad*, *Kick the Pope*, *Tartan Plaid*,  
and *Who's A'fraid?*  
*The Orange and Blue*, *Boyne Water* too, and that  
favorite tune called *Lisnagade*."

And surely, the tender charity and the Christian elevation of sentiment in the following would move a mule—

"Come all ye blind-led Papists, wherever that ye be!  
Never bow down to priests or pope, for them God  
will disown;  
Never bow down to images, or God you'll not adore,  
Come join our Orange heroes and cry 'Dolly's Brae  
no, more.'"

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