

ment. The great question is certainly how much "devil" shall we see before the matter is finally settled. It would be ill for us to be deceived. All has not ended with the collapse of the strikes in New Zealand, and the victory of the U.S.S. Company. An eddy here and there may ebb or flow; some more successful Mrs Partington may repulse a lesser current with her mop. But the tide still keeps rising, and sooner or later, it must reach its full. These strikes are but froth lashed up at different points by accidental winds. They may tell us something concerning the existence and the nature of the flood beneath, as well as of the manner in which the wind affects it. But they finally determine nothing. Successful or collapsed they leave the great question still to be settled.

MR. WILLIAM HUTCHISON, M.H.R., in the letter to the *Daily Times* to which we have already referred, lays out rather a formidable course to be pursued by our new Parliament. Speaking of the demand and supply of labour, he says: "We shall relegate this 'deeper question' to our coming Parliament. Its members will certainly have to strain their energies, crack their sinews, and all but break their hearts over its solution, for, according to Carlyle, 'This that they call the organisation of labour is the universal vital problem of the world. It is the problem of the whole future for all who will pretend to govern men.'" It sounds funny enough to hear such a course laid down for a Parliament at Wellington. Have we, indeed, been used to entertain such serious thoughts connected with that assembly? And yet Mr. Hutchison is right. The problem, the vital problem, is there to be solved. The riddle of the Sphinx was not more fateful for those to whom it was proposed than it is for all of us.—What chance is there that even our new Parliament, high as are the expectations formed respecting it, especially by its new Members, can solve it? Analogy, we are told, is the very guide of life. Alas, analogy is against us. No Parliament that has ever sat in New Zealand could settle the question. What, indeed, have they made of questions less important and far less difficult? Goethe likens the task that fell to the lot of Hamlet, to an oak tree planted in a china pot. The idea is, with some defiance, perhaps, of the laws of arboriculture, that the unstunted oak would break the pot. The task would burst up the weakling undertaking it. A straining of energies, a cracking of sinews, and a breaking of hearts at Wellington—supposing such an organ to beat there—we may possibly witness. But let us hope even against hope, or, pretend to do so, if that be any good. We doubt if Mr. Hutchison himself does much more than that.

THE Rev Dr. Parker, a light of the London Non-NICE POINTS. conformists, declares that the England of genteel poverty and genteel misery is darker even than the realm described by General Booth as "Darkest England."—An advertisement for a copying clerk at 26s a week, within his knowledge, brought more than 2000 replies within four postal deliveries, and many of these were from university graduates. Qualified govern-esses were walking the streets not knowing where the next crust of bread would come from. An educated youth told him that he dared not ask a slight increase to his pound a week, because 20 men were sitting on the office steps who would do all his work for half his income." But this is in great part the result of the education system as it now exists. Dr. Jessopp had already told us that it caused an inflow from the country to the towns, the little learning obtained giving birth to an ambition for a softer method of life. Dr. Parker recommends as a remedy that children should be brought up to trades. Is there, then, no danger lest these also become over-stocked? We see at least that in Dunedin it has been found desirable to propose means by which, when times are slack, work may be provided for tradesmen out of employment. Undoubtedly the labour question considered in all its bearings, not only as relates to handicraft but also including head-work, presents many nice and difficult points for settlement. Among them not the least important, or, possibly the least difficult, is that of bringing about such a state of mind, and perhaps also of body, among the multitude as will make rough occupations agreeable to more highly instructed people. The theory is we know that the question settles itself, but such facts as those quoted by Dr. Parker practically and completely overturn the theory.

*Truth* has been engaged of late, as, indeed, has A FAIR SPECIMEN, often been the case, in exposing a series of impostors. Is it not Henry Kingsley who, in one of his unpleasant and rather silly books, introduces his readers to an old lady who unites Evangelical principles to a devouring love of horse-racing? *Truth*, in his issue of November 20, introduces us in real life to a gentleman of very similar tastes. The individual in question is one Mr. James Butcher, secretary of an association bearing the double title of "The Prayer Book Revision Society and Protestant Lecture Society," and whose chief work, as *Truth* informs us, is the combating of "Romanising influences and tendencies." Mr. Butcher appears to be a man of approved piety and zealous in the

discharge of his duties. The Rev. Samuel Wainwright, D.D., called by *Truth* "a Boanerges of Protestantism," testifies to his "undertone of earnest moral purpose." Dr. Cranage, of Wellington, speaks of him as "a man of just the right stamp for these perilous times"—considered perilous, we presume, with an eye towards the encroachments of Rome. The Rev. Basil Duckett Aldwell, of Southsea, describes him as "conversant with the principles of the Reformation and eloquent in his exposition of them." "The flame of Protestantism," he adds, "burns in his heart." "While the Rev. J. B. Waddington, of Clitheroe, prays devoutly:—'May the Divine blessing manifestly rest on the work of this laborious servant of Christ.'" Mr. Butcher, nevertheless, also followed more sporting courses, and, as *Truth* tells us, persuaded one of his friends that "certain prominent lights of the Prayer Book Revision movement were desirous of supplementing the diffusion of Protestant principles by a system of extensive operations on the turf." To make a long story short, this light of anti-Romanising undertakings, by a pretence of operations on the turf conducted by a betting syndicate of gentlemen—having no connection with anything of the kind, and, further, by quoting the name of an honest broker on the Stock Exchange who had no real existence—swindled two friends of his out of a considerable sum of money. Evangelical pursuits and horse-racing, meantime, may or may not go together hand in hand. Henry Kingsley, if we recollect aright, suggests that such may be the case, and Mr. James Butcher gives us a practical proof that the combination, if not a still worse one, really exists. What it is important for us to note is the exposure that is once more made of the kind of men—and the women we know are not far behind them—who come forward and are accepted as exponents of the principles of the "Reformation" and champions against Rome—both offices, we also acknowledge, being worthily filled by them. For so much we are debtors to *Truth*.

THE members of our new Parliament are preparing A SUGGESTION. for their momentous assembling at Wellington. And, we confess, the meeting of our new Parliament, our labour Parliament, as at least it presents itself to the imagination, cannot fail to be interesting. What are the chances that it will prove equal to the work proposed for it? Will it help towards solving the problem suggested by Dr. Parker's revelation? In the late labour procession in Dunedin we noticed a display that struck us forcibly as of evil portent were it typical. Other such instances there may have been. We do not know. Every man's attention is caught by that which most nearly concerns himself. The compositors and printers made an imposing appearance, and prominent among their mottoes, was the well known one "The pen is mightier than the sword." There was not however, even one solitary representative of the pen to be seen. Is the consideration of brain-work, therefore, to be excluded from the labour question and is every calling to be viewed only with respect to its mechanical branches? Still even the position of the capitalist, the man who has had the wit to acquire wealth, may require to be duly considered if a true solution is to be arrived at. In the existence of the "mute inglorious Milton" we have no very firm belief. We hold that genius will out, and that brains, wherever they exist, must make themselves known. They are, indeed, too rare and valuable a possession to be permitted to remain useless in obscurity. We would fain hope that some, at any rate, of our new Members are Miltons cleaving their way to fame. We trust that the processional display to which we have alluded was not typical in their regard, but that, having brains themselves, they will be so placed as to give consideration to the claims, not only of the hands but also of the head, in the question to be settled.

A CHEAP edition of the late Charles Kingsley's ROOM TO PAUSE, famous romance, "Westward Ho!" has recently been published. It has had an enormous circulation, and, as a necessary consequence, the doings of the Spaniards in South America have been again condemned far and wide with horror. It is unfortunately impossible that a tenth of the people who have been misinformed in the manner alluded to will read Sir Arthur Helps' "Life of Las Casas," in which they would find set forth with truth the action of the Catholic Church in endeavouring to repress, rather than in co-operating with, the evil deeds of Spanish adventurers. What deeds of the Spaniards, however, could exceed some of those established as having attended on the expedition of Mr. Stanley, committed by men who had enjoyed the privileges of the Reformed religion and the full blaze of enlightenment as it had been developed during close upon four hundred years, and which still must have disgraced the most ferocious Spaniard bred in the darkness of the Sixteenth Century. Some reason, therefore, is there to take Charles Kingsley's random and bigotted statements with caution—as well as to modify the condemnation pronounced against the Spaniards, lest it should reflect unfavourably on the British civilisation of the period.

THE Behring Sea dispute still wears a somewhat serious aspect. The United States and Canada, so far as reported at the time at which we write, are at loggerheads about it. Still, there is the calm assurance that it will