

to which, in agreement with her mother, the young lady, who seems to have been a sensible girl, and who afterwards sensibly married a rich brewer, objected, and declared his intention to renounce it. "My courage," he wrote, "is equal to emigrating to Australia, where I am sure I should fall on my feet. I could be a manager of a theatre, a teacher of French, German, Italian, or a curator of a zoo or botanical garden, or I could be a riding-master, or a stock-rider." "As you can never be an Archduchess," he concluded, "I shall be only too happy to cease to be an Archduke, but hope ever to be counted your darling 'Arch-fuckling,' JOHANN." The English girl, nevertheless, was obdurate, and the Archduke held to his rank until some two or three years ago, when, although married to a lady of his own station in life, he was deprived of it by the Emperor of Austria. No one seems quite to understand why, but he had in his youth been rather wildly disposed, and, among the rest, had been a boon companion of the late unfortunate Prince Rudolph. When he disappeared he had sailed in command of a trading vessel, and accompanied by his wife, for South America. It is feared that the vessel was wrecked and all hands drowned during violent gales that recently prevailed on the South American coast. The chances, indeed, seem slight that traces of the wanderer will be found in these colonies, and as he is now a man of mature age, somewhere about forty years old, the opportunity will possibly be wanting to such enterprising individuals as might afterwards be inclined to emulate the "Claimant" and personate him.

#### MISCHIEVOUS INVOCATION.

THE Rev. Charles Clark, who has just concluded a course of lectures in Dunedin, among the subjects with which he delighted an audience—not, perhaps, too difficult to please—included "Oliver Cromwell."

As we might expect, the rev. lecturer is reported to have taken a highly appreciative view of the character dealt with. The Nonconformist minister is never absent from Mr. Clark's platform, and Cromwell is a hero of Nonconformity. Success, we know, is always to be respected. In fact, many very respectable events owe their respectability to little else. Therefore, we may make some allowance for the admiration that, even when the events have been mellowed by the lapse of time, attends on the memory of the Protector. Still, unless success justifies everything, pales the crimson guilt of murder, and makes tyranny seem mild and gentle, Cromwell's memory must be held accursed. Is all that a nation requires to crown it with honour that it may be held formidable abroad? Where is the country in the world into which one ray of a purer light, one feature of a better humanity, or one thought of a higher culture penetrated from Cromwellian England? To every man, however, his opinions. We have little to do with the judgment Nonconformity pronounces concerning the past. Somewhat more grave is it, nevertheless, to find crowded audiences applauding an exhortation to invoke the spirit of Cromwellian Puritanism as suited to the needs of the day—a spirit of intolerance, oppression, ruthless fanaticism, religious persecution! most akin, indeed, to that by which of old the Mahomedan hordes won their victories; and did not those old Caliphs also make their nation respected throughout the world? Do these men really mean what they say? Do these audiences really know what they applaud? We do not know; we hope not. But if such be the case, it is hard to foretell in what respect history may not repeat itself. We offer no opinion as to the position occupied by the Rev. Charles Clark as a lecturer. All who have heard him will doubtless determine for themselves the degree in which they were amused, affected, or instructed. In the degree, nevertheless, in which the lecturer's eloquence is calculated to revive the spirit of Cromwellian Puritanism it is mischievous and pernicious.

#### ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

EXPOSITION of the body of St. Francis Xavier has recently taken place in the Portuguese city of Goa, in South Western India. The veneration of the sacred relics commenced on December 3rd, the

feast of the Saint, and continued for a month. The cathedral was crowded. Indeed, for the first day or two so dense were the throngs and so ardent their devotion, that they defeated their own object, and, in their eagerness to approach the body and kiss its feet, they made anything of the kind for the most part impossible. Our readers, no doubt, are acquainted with the history of St. Francis Xavier, the Apostle of the Indies, whose success in winning converts to the Catholic Church has been acknowledged, even by non-Catholics, as miraculous. St. Francis, they will remember, after some years spent in arduous and successful labours, died in an island off the coast of China. His body, in order that the flesh might be speedily consumed, to make the transport of his bones more easy, was placed in a barrel of quick-lime; but when, after some weeks, an examination was made of its condition, it was found as fresh and incorrupt as at the moment of death. Nay, when it was pierced in any part blood flowed freely from it. This state of things, moreover, not inconsistent with the life of the Saint, which had been notable for miracles, continued for many years, testimony, at long intervals, to the fact remaining. As it is, however, the centuries

have in some measure done their work. The body is shrunken and dried, though still, even leaving out the burial in quick-lime, the long and frequent exposure, and the hot climate, its state of preservation is marvellous. At every interval, besides, at which it has been exposed for veneration cures of disease and other miraculous occurrences have been recorded. In all probability the occasion just terminated has proved no exception to this rule. It seems to us, meantime, that there is a particular significance in the demonstration of Catholic faith and piety that has just been made in the case referred to. It, at least, may be looked upon as a great protest of Christianity against the anti-Christian movement that has set in to Europe from the East. How finely this homage paid to the remains of one who carried the Gospel of Christ into the strongholds of Mahomedanism and Buddhism contrasts with the miserable effort that is being made to reverse the mission and introduce the blighting errors of the heathen world into Christendom. This, however, is but one of the practical and effective, though indirect, protests of the Catholic Church against the dangers and mischief to which Protestantism and infidelity have made the world liable. Surely we may hope that the intercession of the great servant of God who has thus been honoured may avail to hinder the success of the nefarious movement and to defend Catholic populations from the evils that must necessarily accompany its success.

THE judgment pronounced by the Archbishop of AN INCONCLUSIVE DECISION, in the case of the Bishop of Lincoln, may be taken probably for as pretty a piece of accommodation as any authority laying claim to spiritual jurisdiction could possibly make. Like accommodation generally, however, the doubt is as to whether it will satisfy either of the parties whom it is intended to conciliate. The Ritualists will probably consider that, by stripping their ceremonies of meaning, it places them in a ridiculous position—and to introduce ridicule into the sanctuary must seem to everyone bordering closely on sacrilege. The Evangelicals will almost certainly be displeased to find that so much liberty to stray in an idolatrous direction is conceded. Lighted candles are pronounced lawful during the communion. And here, in passing, we would call the attention of the daring foe of rites and ceremonies who carried away the candlesticks of St. John's Church, Boslyn, and left in their place—apparently with scoffing reference to a Gospel parable—a stone—to the decision of the Archbishop. If lighted candles are lawful surely candlesticks, if it were only for the sake of decency and cleanliness, must be no less. In whatsoever sacrilegious receptacle those candlesticks now repose let them be restored to their legitimate use as determined by so high an authority—not the highest, nevertheless, since an appeal to Parliament may still, and most probably will, be made. Wine may be mixed with the water, but not before the people or at the moment of consecration. The officiating minister may stand at the Eastern side of the table—but every act of his ministry must be clearly seen by the people. The *Agnus Dei* may be sung during the service. On every point a concession is made except one—and that is the significant one of the sign of the cross. Thus the celebrant may not make in blessing the people. All this decision has been the result of long consideration and profound study on the part of the Archbishop. His Grace has expressed his sense of the difficulty, and even the impropriety of the task required of him. "The Court," he says, "has felt deeply the incongruity of minute questionings and disputations on great and sacred subjects." Such things, in fact, to put it plainly, should be taken roughly, in the lump, and not be too closely regarded. The national Church might better be taken as a whole without paying inconvenient attention to the jots and tittles of doctrine and ritual. And, if the Church of England is still to stand, we fancy it must be so taken. If every man may form his own judgment and private interpretation is to be the rule, how can uniformity possibly exist? If there be any virtue, in fact, in a national Church, like that in question, it can only possess it as an institution in which men agree to differ. This, indeed, seems to form the gift of the Archbishop's decision. He has, to all intents and purposes, decided nothing—merely leaving matters much as he found them, but pleading, and, as we may well believe, vainly pleading, for peace and quietness.

#### A DOUBTFUL UTTERANCE.

BARON VON MUELLER, the eminent botanist, in responding to a vote of thanks passed to him the other day at Christchurch as retiring President of the Association for the Advancement of Science, spoke a few words, which, although, no doubt, they may possibly have a better significance, seem to us rather contradictory. The distinguished speaker, in referring to the perfection of the Anglo-Saxon race, which he declared to exist in New Zealand—and let us hope, in passing, that other races may show signs here of as high a development—asked how could things be otherwise where the advantages of a beautiful climate were combined with educational institutions and every opportunity for the advancement of knowledge. "Yet, above all this," he added, "there is one more high, and we must not forget