

way, alone can there be an entente cordiale between the two islands that constitute the United Kingdom, and this is even more desirable than one between us and France. The Irish have good reason not to love us. For centuries we treated them as a subordinate race, cheated them, bullied them, and rode rough-shod over them. They have been more fairly governed of late, but they naturally wish to be masters in their own local affairs. We should do the same, if we were in their position. On the whole it is more convenient for one country to have one Parliament. But Ireland and Great Britain are two countries, and are termed officially the United Kingdom.

The Irish, says the same writer, want their own Parliament, and it has become part of their being to want one. But the present Liberal Administration is merely toying with the Home Rule problem. There is a dreamy vagueness and fuzziness and indecision about the mysterious promised thing which has been called Administrative Home Rule. Its over-optimistic advocates have been weaving words into webs of air round about it. But (to change the metaphor) there is no mistaking the clearness of the note with which the nebulous scheme has been received by the political leaders of the Irish people. Speaking at Grange, Mr. John Redmond said: "I declare here to-day that we stand where we always stood. We declare that nothing short of a complete measure of Home Rule, and with an executive responsible to it, nothing short of a complete scheme of Home Rule can ever be accepted as a settlement of the Irish question; that nothing short of such a scheme of Home Rule can ever bring peace, prosperity, or contentment to Ireland. Later on, the National Directory on the motion of Mr. Redmond, adopted the following resolution, which sounds a note as decisive and uncompromising as the snapping of a steel trap: "That we declare in the name of the people of Ireland the National demand remains unaltered and unalterable for a native Parliament with a responsible executive having power over all purely Irish affairs, and that nothing short of this can satisfy the aspirations of the Irish race. Further, we deem it our duty to declare that, while we believe the Irish people are prepared to give full consideration to any scheme for the extension of popular power and responsibility, no change which does not give to the freely elected representatives of the people full control over the affairs of Ireland can be accepted or treated as a settlement of the National question or can bring peace or prosperity to Ireland."

A Neo-pagan Fad

The latest English illustrated papers to hand give process engravings of the latest fad of the wealthy and churchless lower orders that constitute the 'smart set'. It is nothing less than the revival of the worship of the Egyptian pagan goddess, Isis. So the fantastic Theosophic cult has found a rival at last in the absurd and idolatrous ceremonies—

Qualia demens
Aegyptus, portentosa colit.

We are not told whether the leaders of the new cult—like those of old—avoid onions and salt, and abstain from the flesh of sheep and hogs. But it matters little. The society, which is high (in an unsavory sense) has long been familiar with other pagan modes—such as divorce, infant destruction, and the practices of the pythones. And in the evolution of folly, the spiritual phantasmagoria may yet resound to the clashing cymbals and the hysterical howl of the Corybantes. Such things are working possibilities to those who, having long ago begun with the theory of unrestricted private judgment in religion, are ending by repudiating the principle of inspiration and reducing Christianity to the level of a mere philosophy of fuzziness.

Disraeli was keen enough to see the drift of private judgment in his day. And he voiced his view in the concluding portion of the following speech which he put into the mouth of Cardinal Grandison in his 'Lothair': "There is only one Church and only one religion; all other forms and phases are mere phantasms, without root, or substance, or coherency. Look at that unhappy Germany, once so proud of its Reformation. What they call the leading journal tells us to-day that it is a question there whether four-fifths, or three-fourths of the population believe in Christianity. Some portion of it has, already, gone back, I understand, to Number Nip. Look at this unfortunate land, (England), subdivided, parcelled out in infinite schism, with new parties every day, and each more distinguished for the narrowness of its intellect or the loudness of its lungs; once the land of saints and scholars, and people in pious pilgrimages, and finding always solace and support in the divine offices of an ever-present Church, which were a true though a faint type of the beautiful future that awaited man. Why, only three centuries of this rebellion against the Most High have produced throughout the world—on the subject the most important that man should possess a clear firm faith upon—an anarchy of opinion throwing out every monstrous and fantastic form, from a caricature of the Greek philosophy to a revival of Fetishism."

The revival of Isis worship is, in all reason, a sufficiently "monstrous" and "fantastic" form of fashionable infidelity.

Visor and Face

Marat and Robespierre have left a numerous political progeny. They 'guillotined' to the tune of 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity', religious and political opinions that did not sit four-square with theirs. They

Stole the livery of the court of heaven,
To serve the devil in.

Their mantle has fallen upon the atheistic Freemason-Radical-Socialist 'Bloc' or 'Machine' who now persecute religion in the name of 'right' and 'liberty', and 'Humanity' with a capital H. It is the old comedy of the Visor and the Face. Their tongues drop manna at times; but it is for export—for the foreign press and public—not for home use. On France's domestic hearth, the Pecksniffian Visor is off, the Mokanna Face shows itself in its native hideousness, and the raucous tongues of a Premier Clemenceau and of a Minister Briand hurl insults at the sacred name of the Saviour of the world, and at a teachers' congress call for the destruction of Christianity (Mdee chretienne) in France.

The voice that speaks for the foreign press, babbles sweetly of 'liberty of conscience'. But it is the sort of 'liberty of conscience' that the dour old Cromwell offered to the Governor of Ross during his Irish campaign. The grim Protector protested that he would not meddle with any man's conscience. But he added: "If by liberty of conscience you mean a liberty to exercise the Mass, I judge it best to use plain language and to tell you now that where the Parliament of England have power, that will not be allowed of." In France to-day the liberty to assist at Mass is curtailed in regard to State employees. The military officer who is reported by the Freemason spies (who are still as active as ever) as an attendant at Catholic worship is broken, or his promotion is stopped. And the postmaster or health inspector, or letter-carrier or official rat-catcher who is 'denounced' for assisting at the Holy Sacrifice may count on receiving his dismissal by an early mail. Yet President Loubet, and now President Fallieres, were graciously permitted by the 'Bloc' to allow their wives to attend the Sacred Mysteries. An English contemporary states that 'every Sunday morning, about ten o'clock, a handsome closed brougham sets down at the doors of St. Sulpice' (the church of our

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