

private judgment to make a football of it. They are now busy kicking it to tatters, and contemptuously tossing the tatters to the winds of heaven. This is the foreseen and predicted result of the substitution of fickle personal opinion for the old Christian principle of authority in religion, during the great religious revolution of the sixteenth century. On the principle of private judgment, the right to deny is as great as the right to affirm the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. Moreover: once the Reformed principle is accepted, the denial must be considered as sound doctrine as the assertion—the negation and the affirmation of the same thing may both be doctrinally true. Which is absurd. On Reformed principles, the 'new theologians' (who are merely the old heretics in frock-coats and 'bifurcated continuations') are within their rights, and are just as good Protestants as Dr. Martin Luther. To us it is a surprise that surprise should be expressed—much less that a journalistic nine days' wonder should be created—at seeing the 'right of private judgment' in religion pushed to its natural, obvious, and long-predicted conclusion. It would rather be a surprise if this were not the case. And in Germany it seems to have to a great extent undermined or destroyed belief in dogmatic Christianity among the Reformed denominations. As the 'Edinburgh Review' once said, the cradle of the Reformed faith has become its grave. Sic transit the Reformation.

Meantime, Catholics—like Umland's Knab' vom Berge—sit serenely in the blessed sunlight of God's faith, on the hill-top on which His Holy City (the Church) is built; and with sympathetic interest—but without fear—they view the clouds and storms and mists that befog and mislead and dismay the less fortunate dwellers in the valleys far below.

The Earthquake Cure

An earthquake is a rather heroic remedy for the ills that flesh is heir to. The big 'quake' at Cheviot a few years ago is said to have shaken the rheumatism out of a sufferer; and it is claimed that a particularly energetic shock at Manila once restored feeling and movement to the shrivelled limbs of a paralytic. In last year's great 'shake' the people of San Francisco passed through sufficiently lurid experiences—'per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum'. One of the few of their experiences that were of a satisfactory nature was told by an army surgeon in a recent issue of the Boston 'S.H. Review'. Briefly, it appears that the great cataclysm brought about the cure of a number of rum-soaked toppers who were gifted with what the elder Weller terms 'werry good powers of suction'. This was the manner of the cure:—

'After the earthquake the sale of rum was shut off tight. The hard drinkers who were caught in the rumless trap by the shut-down went through a black time of it. There were thousands whom the sudden deprivation of liquor hit hard. They'd been drinking inordinately for years, most of them, and when the hour came which gave them no possible chance to get even a sip of liquor, how they did curl up and beat the air!

'They couldn't eat or sleep, but just tossed around and groaned. Bromides and quieting drams were served out to the worst cases. But the open air and the positive necessities of the situation began to bring them around after the first three or four days.

'They began to eat a bit. The coffee and the rough fare of the camps helped them. They got their share of the tobacco served out to all hands, and that put a bit of spirit into them.

'Just as soon as it was perceived that they were fit to work, they were put at it at the point of the bayonet. They worked, and the work was the great thing for them. The labor drove the liquor out of their systems and made them hungry—and hundreds of 'em hadn't been hungry for food or for anything else, but rum, for years and years.

'It made them sleep. The chill air, full of ozone, helped, too, when they had been hanging around the foul back rooms of grogeries most of their time. It was

positively bully to see the way those chaps came around once the first misery of their condition wore off and they got to leading the normal life.'

According to Ovid, a careful study of the liberal arts refines manners and prevents their becoming rude—'emclit mores, nec sinit esse feros'. It now appears that an earthquake of sufficient horse-power may do better still—it may mend not merely manners, but morals, too. But it seems that, in the case of inordinate drinkers, such as those of whom the American army surgeon writes, we may, after all, have the benefit of the earthquake treatment without the earthquake. The chief thing seems to be: isolation of 'les misérables'; stoppage of alcoholic supplies; medical treatment (where needed); wholesome dietary and surroundings; and compulsory work—if necessary 'at the point of the bayonet'. The inebriate retreats recently provided for by Act of Parliament in New Zealand will, we believe, run on these general lines. We hope they will do for many of our habitual drunkards what it took an earthquake to do for the sodden toppers of San Francisco.

THE PERSECUTION IN FRANCE

THE 'SATURDAY REVIEW' ON THE PAPAL ENCYCLICAL

Under the heading, 'French Christianity at Bay', the high-toned and ably edited London 'Saturday Review' published in its issue of January 19 the following editorial article on the recent Papal Encyclical (which we published in full last week):—

The Epiphany Encyclical of Pius X. is an impressive vindication of the stand that French Christianity is making against the principle of 'atheism by establishment' (to quote Burke's immortal words) embodied in the French Separation Law. The effect is perceptible in the Chamber of Deputies, where legislators seem in hot haste to begin the journey to Canossa by pulling down one at least of the legal barriers by which they have sought to bar the path of loyal Catholics to the sanctuaries of the faith. It is visible also in the columns of the 'Times' newspaper, which on Monday rendered a tardy justice to the 'lofty principles and unshaken faith' that inspire the Pope's protest against the attack on the existence of organised Christianity in France. This recognition of the beauty of righteousness is well. Unfortunately the 'Times' goes on to argue that on grounds of expediency the Pope and the French Church should submit to the inevitable; in other words, should sacrifice what they deem the divine constitution of the Church to gain a few years' respite from spoliation and persecution. That more than a respite could be purchased by such a surrender no one can believe who understands French Jacobinism and remembers the fate of those of the religious Orders that were spared by M. Waldeck-Rousseau to be dissolved by M. Combes. And if 'The Times' has forgotten the fate of the Orders, the Pope, as Mr. Ward, in his brilliant article in the current 'Nineteenth Century', reminds us, remembers it. The truth is that if there is to be peace, the French Republic must restore the Concordat or give to French Catholicism liberties similar to those that all nonconforming churches enjoy in this country. Until one or other of these steps is taken, any concession by the Church would only subject her more hopelessly than ever to a State governed by the apostolic successors of the Jacobins of 1793, who as Burke clearly divined even in the early days of the French Revolution would never tolerate any religious establishment, except one that was 'intended only to be democracy and preparatory to the abolition of all forms of the Christian religion.' M. Clemenceau and his colleagues are animated by a fierce anti-Christian fanaticism. Before such an enthusiasm for the faith as the Pope's appeal has evoked in the hearts of French Catholics they may draw back. Our flabby compromisers then will triumph.

The Fruits of Expediency.

Why—for the last thirty years the French Church has followed those counsels of expediency which 'The Times' and 'Le Temps' still preach to her. And the fruits that she has reaped have been spoliation and

WHENEVER you see a Smiling Woman, think of HONDALANKA Tea! It always gives pleasure.

"HONDEE Launka" is see so-much used tea of see family. Madam, she praise it—so eat is "teea bon"!