

In the present instance, however, Reuter's Rome correspondent got on the track of the cable-rigger within the space of three days. And this is what he reports: 'Reuter's Rome correspondent states that the Vatican denies that any resentment is felt against the British Government owing to the prohibition of carrying the Host in the procession. The Pope and other dignitaries quite understand the cause of the prohibition, and express great satisfaction with the liberty granted to the Congress. They consider that such liberty should be a lesson to the Jacobins of all countries.'

The Medical Charlatan

There must, after all, be some modicum of truth in the lines of *Hudibras*:

Doubtless the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated as to cheat.

The moth may possibly know a few moments of delirious joy in the warm, wild whirl that lands it in the candle flame. The big, deep-chested, *bien armado* (long-horned) black or brindled bull from the Andalusian meadows has (we were once solemnly assured) the time of his life going and tossing the used-up nags ridden by the *picaderos*, chasing flying *chulos* to (and sometimes over) the six-foot first barrier of the *plaza de toros*, charging, with storms of furious hope, the risky and nimble-footed *banderilleros*, and indulging in other forms of superlative bovine exertion before he feels the famous *espada's* heavy blade descending into his vitals, and, beaten at last and prostrate, receives the welcome blow of the sharp *punterillo* that brings to him the end of all. And so, conceivably, there may be a joy—the joy at least of the hope that tells a flattering tale—in the breasts of the thronging crowds that trip each other's heels as they press into the sanctum of that parasite upon our social life, the clamorous quack or the medical charlatan.

However that may be, there are evidently great numbers of people who are drawn to the quack and the irregular and fraudulent practitioner as nibs and iron nails are drawn to the poles of a horse-shoe magnet. And this passion for being 'taken in'—this pleasure 'of being cheated as to cheat'—is, like the passion for fiery waters, proof against the warnings of reason and experience. Last week, one of the worms turned in Sydney—a far too rare experience in the annals of this form of heartlessness and imposture. A case was instituted by a farmer for wrongful treatment against a 'medical institute' which did business for a time in New Zealand, and which vainly sought the hospitality of our advertising columns. The plaintiff was awarded £450 damages; the jury added to their verdict a rider 'urging that measures be taken by legislation or otherwise to suppress all such pernicious institutions as the one in question'; and Mr. Justice Cohen, in summing up at the Supreme Court, blistered the business with the following comment:—'There are occasions when, in the public interest, however strong the desire of a judge to preserve his mind utterly undisturbed may be, he should give fairly full expression to his feelings. This is an occasion when public interest calls for a frank and outspoken expression. This institute, by those concerned in its management, for cruel cunning, unmeasured audacity, and hypocritical pretence—I doubt whether the annals of the courts of this State disclose a case to which the application of these epithets could be more justly applied—is a strong illustration of man's inhumanity to man. It shows how crafty, cunning, and designing men in their haste and hunger for money can set at naught the feelings and sufferings of their fellowmen, no matter what sacrifice may be involved in their machinations. The circumstances of this case show to us humanity in one of its worst forms. The whole atmosphere of the institution reeks with wickedness, and it is only men with callous dispositions and with their hearts stone-steeled, perhaps by hunger for money, who can trade upon the credulity of their fellowmen as the proprietors of this institution preyed upon their fellowmen.'

In our primary and secondary schools nowadays, the 'young idea' is packed with odds and ends and snippets of enough 'ologies to fill a barn. A Professorship of Common Sense would be a useful addition to the steadily growing length and girth of our school curricula. Meantime, our Legislature so far regards the public in *statu pupillari*—in its legal childhood or minority—that, in the Quackery Prevention Bill, it is taking steps to protect its wards in some measure from the wiles and ways of the white *tohunga*, alias the medical charlatan.

'In comes a gancie gash good wife' (Burns) an' mak's
hēr Hōndai Lanka Tea—the favorite wi' shrewd house-wives.

Anarchy in Religion

Time and tide keep working for the Catholic and Scriptural principle of authority in religion. Like many other new inventions made in Germany, the 'right of private judgment,' as against the principle of authority, in religion was, during the times while it was still a novelty, panegyrised beyond what it was worth, and the man who dared to question it took the risk of being kicked past the Tropic of Capricorn, or sent to a worse or better world. But even the Reformers found it necessary to curb the exercise of the 'right of private judgment.' And this they did by making their own private judgment the standard from which it was perilous to depart, by drawing up creeds and confessions, and by the aid of the secular arm, with its ungentle suasion of penal codes of unexampled severity. Catholic apologists in those days predicted anarchy and disintegration in religion as the result of the new invention of the sixteenth century revolution. And they and the leaders of the new movement lived to see the prophecy fulfilled in quite a remarkable degree.

The principle has gone farther and fared worse. The latest realisation of the evils of this anarchy in religion comes to us through a recent issue of the American Congregationalist organ, the *Advance*. 'It is somewhat peculiar,' says the *Advance*, 'that just at a time when there is a general outcry against anarchy in the State there should be so much of it in religion. The determination to throw off all authority in religion seems to grow with what it feeds upon. Creeds must have no authority, the consensus of opinion formed after a conflict of ages must have no authority; beliefs which made epochs in history and produced generations of heroic men and women must have no authority, the mighty men of the past who changed the face of the world must have no authority, the lawgivers of Israel must have no authority, the apostles must have no authority, Jesus Christ must have no authority, except such as belongs to other sages, and these have no authority, the Bible must have no authority, nothing must have authority except the opinion of the man expressing it, and he must be at liberty to change his opinion before noon. A council may be called to pass upon the fitness of a candidate for ordination, but it must have no authority to consider the beliefs which he holds. If this is not anarchy in religion, then there never has been anarchy nor ever will be or can be. And if anarchy is to be treated, this is the place to begin. It is useless to denounce the anarchy of the man who is haranguing on the street corner while supporting a more fundamental and destructive form of it in the pulpit.'

'The Speech of God'

The Rev. R. J. Campbell—he of the revamped old errors known as the 'new theology'—has found it in his heart to say kindly things of the Ancient Faith. In the course of a recent sermon in the City Temple, London (as reported in the *Christian Commonwealth*), he said in part:—'I wish—oh, how earnestly I wish—all members of all Churches and of no Church could come to think of human society as Christians once thought of the Church universal, and undivided. I never go into a Catholic church without catching something of the spirit of that older days. In the silence of the kneeling worshippers; in the sacred lamps that burn before the high altars; in the pictures that adorn the walls showing the stages of the Cross on which the life of Christ was sacrificed, that He might draw all men unto Himself, I see a symbol of the vaster unity that is yet to be achieved. There is a solemn stillness, a suggestion of heaven and of unseen helpers, in that earthly temple made with hands. It is impossible for any man with reverence in his soul to stand in that silence without feeling that it is the speech of God.'

The Eucharistic Congress

It is now nearly thirty years since the idea of organising Eucharistic Congresses occurred to Monsignor de Ségur, who then wore the mitre of the great French See of Orléans. The first Congress (says the *Weekly Freeman*) was held at Lille on June 21, 1881. Since then they have been held at Avignon, Liège, Freiburg, Toulouse, Paris, Antwerp, Jerusalem, Reims, Paray-le-Monial, Brussels, Lourdes, Angers, Namur, Angoulême, Rome, Tournay, and Metz. The assembling of this year's Congress in London is of historic as well as religious importance. No event in England of recent date is of more profound and wide-reaching import than the great Catholic revival which began midway in the nineteenth century. The Tractarian movement was a stirring of dry bones, symptomatic of a religious resurrection, and no feature of that movement is more marked than the recognition of the fact that the Eucharist is the centre,

'Time tries a'—even Tea, and Time has given the laurels
to pure Ceylon Hōndai Lanka.