

The Stoke Orphanage.

We beg to acknowledge the following sums entrusted to us for the Stoke Orphanage:—

	£	s.	d.
Previously acknowledged ...	46	5	0
Mr. Griffin (Nightcaps) ...	1	1	0
Mr. Wm. Murphy (Hamiltonburn) ...	0	10	0

We shall be glad to receive, acknowledge, and forward further subscriptions entrusted to us for this great and sorely-tried charity. Rev. P. Murphy, Adm., has kindly consented to act as Treasurer for moneys received by us for this purpose.

EDITOR, 'N.Z. TABLET,'
DUNEDIN.

MANAIA CONVENT ART UNION.

WINNING NUMBERS

10407, 1911, 3022, 1732, 3057, 1657, 544, 1387.

The Special Prizes have been won by T. McPhillips, Father Goggan, M. Paul, W. McCarty.

MARRIAGES.

MCKENZIE—BEIRNE.—On May 20, at St. Joseph's Church, Waimangaroa, by the Ven. Archpriest Walsh, William, the eldest son of the late Thomas McKenzie, Esq., of Waitahuna, Otago, to Katherine, youngest daughter of Francis Beirne, Esq., of Waimangaroa.

FITZGIBBON—BYRNE.—At St. Mary of the Angels', Wellington' on June 3, by the Ven. Archdeacon Devoy, assisted by the Rev' Father O'Shea, S.M., Miss Alice Byrne, daughter of Mr. William Byrne, Killenaule, County Tipperary, Ireland, to Mr. John Fitzgibbon, son of Mr. Michael Fitzgibbon, of Loburn, Canterbury, New Zealand.

DEATHS.

RYAN.—On June 4, 1903, at Waitahuna (suddenly), Michael Ryan, native of Thurles, County Tipperary, Ireland, in his 71st year. Deeply regretted.—R.I.P. Australian papers please copy.

McCOSKER.—At Riverside, on Saturday, May 30, 1903, Ann, the beloved mother of Hugh McCosker; aged 88 years.—R.I.P.



'To promote the cause of Religion and Justice by the ways of Truth and Peace.'

LEO XIII. to the N.Z. TABLET.

THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1903.

THE NEW 'MORALITY'



It is nearly twenty years since, in our student days in France, we heard the elder COQUELIN recite, in his inimitable way, one of his own monologues which told of the sea of troubles that would break over the judge, the policeman, the father of a family, etc., '*si le bon Dieu n'existait pas*'—if there were no over-ruling Creator and Judge to whom each of us is responsible for his actions. It was, in effect, a long-drawn paraphrase of the saying of the First NAPOLEON: 'Without religion men will kill one another either for an apple or for a pretty woman.' Without God there can be no morality. 'It has neither foundation nor coping-stone, neither root nor sanction. Having no dependence on any person or thing, it depends solely on caprice. We may take or leave what we like, according to our passions.' Our belief, true or false, rules our conduct, whether for good or evil. The sense of duty is, as we know by common experience, the ruling sense of the human race. Religion supplies the only principle which can serve as the basis of our idea of duty. It alone can give to morality the fixed sanction which is its safeguard. It has for ages dominated, at least

in a considerable degree, the lives of men; it has made it possible for men to live together in society by securing their acceptance of those divine principles of guidance—or the rules of the game of life—which we call the moral law; and it has thus prevented the human race from acting on a large scale the tragedy of the Kilkenny cats.

Agnosticism and the new materialism, however, see no God beyond—no controlling Power, no guiding Mind. They have no sane message to give the world as to the origins and end of matter, life, mind, will, conscience. Their philosophy of life is mainly destructive. When they attempt to build up, their voices are the voices of Babel. They take away the last basis and sanction on which the moral code rests. But they know that human society cannot wag along without law. They have, therefore, cast uneasily about to find a new code, or at least for a new basis for the old. Willingly or unwillingly, they confess their inability to devise anything to supersede the grand old moral law; they acknowledge that charity, justice, brotherly love, etc., must continue to exercise their sway upon this old world if human intercourse is not to be turned into a red and raging chaos. In the old, old way when a man is tempted to crime or sin, he thinks of the all-seeing God, his great Creator, his loving Father, his all-just Judge, before whom he must one day stand to render an account of his life-stewardship. And the thought gives him pause. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. The love of Him is its end. But the puny philosophers who try to get rid of God, endeavor thereby to snap the last strong ties that hold people fast to the only ultimate and effective sanction of right living and virtuous conduct. What new motive have they devised to keep mankind from kicking over the traces of moral law and turning human society into a raging anarchy?

The answer that comes from their ranks is a chorus of rasping discord and contradiction. The new 'morality' is an angry Babel, and the mutual recriminations of its professors are painful and frequent and free. Each one has his own theory as to the origin of things, the beginning of life, mind, will. Each has his bolus, his plaster, his Pink Pill for the prevention or cure of humanity's moral ill. Each has his patent kicking-strap, curb, bearing-rein, or mechanical whip to make the human race work creditably in harness and do away, if possible, with the need of the Divine Will of an infinite Creator as the Guide, Lawgiver, and Judge of our race. The discussions provoked by the Bible-in-schools agitation has elicited more or less bald statements of some of the many and varied and contradictory schemes for finding a substitute for the Deity as the source of the moral law. Each year a fresh crop of 'systems' comes up, like the flowers that bloom in the spring. To Professor TYNDALL, for instance, and to TAINIE, you are nothing better than a rather well-made clock—that has no Maker; you can no more control your actions, good or bad, than an old Dutch 'wall-wagger' can control its striking—a doctrine full of comfort for the burglar and the magdman; and virtue—which is the foundation of personal character, of domestic and social well-being, and of all true civilisation—is a mere 'product,' like sugar or alcohol! COMTE, HUXLEY, CLIFFORD, LESLIE STEPHEN, and other lights of the new-pagan school very properly declare this teaching to be 'degrading,' 'crass,' 'sheer nonsense,' 'too absurd a doctrine even for philosophers,' 'the most illogical form of metaphysics,' etc. Sir JAMES FITZJAMES STEPHEN blows a pretty little soap-bubble theory—a Pantheistic fancy of his own. But SPENCER HARRISON and all the rest fall upon him with great violence, burst his bubble, and (figuratively, of course) beat his brains out. Mr. HARRISON is a believer in Things-in-General. He puts 'Cosmic Emotion' (in capitals) in the place of God; advises you to calm your passions by thinking, for instance, of the beauty of a golden sunset or (say) of the petals of a 'daffy-down-dilly'; counsels the newly-bereaved widow and orphan to bear their bitter sorrow bravely, not by the thought of a future life of endless bliss with One Who wipes away the tear from the eyes of them that mourn, but by reflecting on 'stellar infinities.' For all useful purposes, he might as well ask them to think of the multiplication table. And all the rival professors of the new 'morality' join in ridiculing his fantastic substitute for a Divine Ruler. 'It would,' said one of them, 'be like offering roses to a famished tiger.'

RIDE "ANGLO SPECIAL" CYCLES.