

the Bulgarian atrocities. Mr. Gladstone made the summer air vibrate with tingling and impassioned speeches; he poured letters like torrents of hot-shot into the newspapers; 'he darkened the sky,' as one of his biographers says, 'with controversial post-cards'; he indicted the Ministry for their support of the Turkish Government; and for four years he sustained the anti-Turkish campaign with such passionate enthusiasm that in 1880 the Tories were thrown out and the Liberals were returned to power with an overwhelming majority. In the meantime Russia had also been through a paroxysm of holy rage over the Bulgarian atrocities. In 1877 she declared war against the unspeakable Turk, and at its close Bulgaria became an independent State.

Mark Twain's 'Pudd'nhead Wilson' invented a hundred maxims of wisdom. He did not, however, learn them from practice, but from observation. 'To be good,' said he, 'is noble, but to show others how to be good is nobler, and is no trouble.' It is even so with Russia. She prodded a lesson of humanity into Turkey with the point of a triangular bayonet, she drove 'the Sick Man' (for the moment) up to high moral altitudes with the gentle suasion of shrapnel shell and hypodermic injections of lead. But like Pudd'nhead Wilson Russia found it nobler to teach humanity to the Turks than to practise it herself upon the Jews and Catholic Poles that have the dire misfortune to live within her borders. Lovers of popular liberty looked for a new era of tolerance and internal peace when Tsar Nicholas II. issued his manifesto a few years ago. But the pompous document was speedily followed by the crushing of the liberties of Finland under the heels of a ruthless military tyranny. This was succeeded by the heartless expulsion of unoffending Jews from Kieff. And now General Bobrikoff—the military tyrant who dragooned the gallant little Finns—has been appointed to lord it with his legions in Kieff; a fresh persecution is announced for the half-million of afflicted Jews in the Ukraine; and fresh massacres of those law-abiding and sorely-tried people have made the name of Kishineff a name of horror like that of Mullaghmast. The reports published in the great London dailies give terrible pictures of the work of the infuriated mobs of anti-Semites. As stated in our last issue, the pretext for these atrocities was the familiar old calumny of ritual murder. Plunder and racial hate were the real motives. An unfriendly Russian tribunal showed how groundless the accusation was. But anti-Jewish, like anti-Catholic, prejudice does not listen to evidence. It has neither a head to think, nor a heart to feel. When it moves, it is in wrath; when it pauses, it is amidst rum. Envenomed and inflammatory articles appeared in the anti-Semite paper, the 'Bessarabetz,' of Kishineff. The attention of the civil authorities was called to the dangerous character of those shrieking appeals to the worst passions of the Russian mob. But no steps were taken to interfere with their publication. In the circumstances, the action of the Russian authorities was naturally regarded as a condonation of, or encouragement to, violence against a people who were already placed, in effect, outside the protection of the law.

About one-third of the Kishineff population of some 140,000 souls are Jews. Organised gangs of ruffians set upon them, armed with small hatchets, heavy clubs, and stones. During the two days the riots lasted some 2000 shops were looted, property to the value of several million roubles (of 2s 10d each) was wantonly destroyed, looting was conducted in systematic and wholesale fashion, the Synagogues were defiled, the Sacred Books in them torn to pieces, whole streets were covered with wreckage and debris, women were outraged and murdered, children were brained and thrown out of second or third storey windows, 60 to 70 Jews were slain outright and the bodies of many of them horribly mutilated, 500 were wounded, and several thousands of the unhappy people were left without food, clothing, or shelter. The details resemble, in many respects, those that marked the frantic Orange Saturnalia that turned the astonished eyes of the civilised world upon Belfast in 1886. The authorities at Kishineff seem to have behaved with the most criminal negligence or partiality. 'A large military force of all arms,' says the London 'Times,' 'is quartered in the city, yet it was not until the massacre had lasted a whole day that efficient steps were taken to put a stop to it.' Reuter gives the finish-

ing touch to the sickening picture by reporting that 'even officials in their uniforms' took part in the massacre. It is said that the Governor and other functionaries have been deprived of office for their remissness. They ought to have been deprived of the free enjoyment of their heads as well. Local non-Jewish correspondents of the 'Nowosti' rightly lay the blame of all this foul and wanton savagery at the door of the editor of the 'Bessarabetz.' 'Everyone here,' they say, 'is convinced that the outrages are the outcome of the propaganda of the editor of the "Bessarabetz," for until these unhappy occurrences the Jews lived in the utmost harmony with the Christian population.' The whole of this shocking story of plunder, outrage, murder, and mutilation gives a fresh point to Napoleon's famous saying: 'Scratch a Russian, and you will find a Tartar.' Russian 'humanity,' at any rate, seems to be reserved for export, and not for home use. And the nations that raved and stormed over the atrocities in Bulgaria and Armenia are as mute as dumb dogs. Which goes to prove that in this world there is one law for the big bully and another for the small.

A Breeze in Palmerston North

A certain Presbyterian clergyman has been 'tearing around considerable' up Palmerston North way. This latest 'ruction' is all about the new Bible-in-schools scheme, and in the columns of the local daily he has 'lit out' against opponents, all and sundry, in a way that is vastly more suggestive of muscular energy than of brain-metal. When resident in Dunedin, this clergyman's not infrequent controversies in the local papers were by no means characteristic of the amenities of the 'Polite Letter Writer.' Neither are his contributions to our Palmerston contemporary examples of sweetness and light. He made a rough and wholly unprovoked attack of the mud-volcano kind, on Catholics—flinging at them throughout the offensive theological slang-word 'Romanists,' a term that well-bred people nowadays agree to leave to Orange lodges and farthing-candle controversialists. The attempt to ring the demon of sectarian passion into the Bible-in-schools controversy signally failed. Such failures go to make up the happiness of life. Several non-Catholic correspondents—including a Protestant clergyman who is president of the local Bible-in-schools association, of which this Scottish cleric is secretary—wrote strong and manly protests against 'his uncalled-for and unfair attack on Roman Catholics.' Father Tymons also administered to him a dignified and good-tempered rebuke. The air of Palmerston North is clearly choke-damp for religious strife. And Palmerston North is to be congratulated on the fact.

Catholics are painfully familiar with these gratuitous, Dervish-'rush' attacks. Dr Starbuck, a distinguished American Protestant writer and divine, says of them that they 'easily take the place of knowledge, of cultivation, of good manners, of deliberation in statement, of justice, of charity, and of all other requirements usually supposed to besem a minister of the Gospel.' The staple of the Palmerston attack consists of alleged 'fact' and 'argument.' The 'argument' is chiefly fallacy. The 'fact' is for the most part evolved out of the inner consciousness of the writer. Here, for instance, is a mild sample 'argument'—it is in its way a gem of purest ray serene: 'The Bible has been read for many a year in the public schools of Germany, Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Scotland, the Board schools of England, Canada, and nearly all the United States of America. . . . It is in the few countries where the Bible is excluded from the schools that there is unrest and agitation, as in Victoria and New Zealand.' The sweeping statement in the first sentence just quoted requires serious qualification. But, for the moment, let that pass. The inference is that 'unrest and agitation' would cease in New Zealand, and the peace of Nirvana settle down upon the land, if the Government would only put on a white 'choker,' relieve Protestant clergymen of the duty of imparting religious instruction to the young, turn into the established religion of the country a new (Unitarian) sect hatched out by six other sects, and compel the whole people to pay for the teaching of its tenets in our public schools. The six denominations—or, rather, parts of six denominations—that fathered this proposed State religion are by no means unanimous on the subject. When they have