

was forbidden. But no prohibition was issued by Act of Parliament against innocent amusements—it being always, of course, understood that the great object of the enforced rest—the sanctification of the Sunday—had been duly and faithfully attended to. The object of all such Sunday legislation is, or ought to be, not so much coercion as protection. After the Reformation the 5 and 6 Edward VI. prohibited 'lawful bodily labor' on Sundays, but allowed farmers, fishermen, and others to do work in harvest or at any other time when necessity demanded it. This Act was repealed under Queen Mary, but was revived under James I. According to Strype's 'Annals' (iii., 585) all sorts of Sunday amusements were prevalent during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. On her reception at Kenilworth, in 1575, says Strype, 'the lords and ladies danced in the evening with lively agility.' Sports, plays, interludes, and presentations, according to the same authority (v., 211, 495), were also carried out on the Lord's day under the favoring eye of 'the virgin queen.'

Towards the close of the sixteenth century the Sabbatarian controversy began to wag its voluble tongue. It was a long and bitter war of words that volleyed and hit like grapeshot. The Puritan party, who originated it, departed from all Christian antiquity and desired to turn the Sunday into a day of gloom and woe, which would make the Jewish Sabbath (Saturday) by comparison a day of joy. They triumphed in the Long Parliament, and proceeded by legislative measures of extraordinary severity to force their views upon the nation. One of the strangest vagaries of the Puritan zealots, of the day was that of applying the name 'Sabbath' to Sunday. The use continues, strange to say, to this day among Presbyterians and various minor sects. It is a tricksome, unscripural, and unscholarly misuse of plain terms. The word 'Sabbath' is, in this sense, unknown either to Jews or Christians. In Jewish usage 'Sabbath' means, and has always meant, the seventh day of the week (Saturday). In the liturgical books of the Catholic Church Sunday is called the Lord's day (Dominica). Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, are known (as in the old Jewish way) by numbers instead of names (second, third, fourth, fifth, and sixth days respectively). Saturday is always called the Sabbath. In many of the languages of Christian peoples Saturday is still called the Sabbath. Thus, in Italian, it is 'Sabbato,' in Spanish 'Sabado,' in French 'Samedi,' in German 'Samstag'—all meaning 'Sabbath' or 'Sabbath-day.' It is passing strange that the ignorant, unscripural, and tricky abuse of the word 'Sabbath' should endure to the present day among people who profess to thumb their Bible and make it their rule of faith and conduct

James I., in 1614, and his son Charles I., in 1633, issued proclamations allowing all their subjects except 'Papists and Puritans' to indulge moderately in certain games and recreations after divine service on Sundays. Isaac Disraeli says that their object was 'to preserve the national character from the gloom of Puritanism.' Charles II.'s statute of 1676 is, however, according to Schaff, the most important bit of English legislation on the subject of Sunday labor and Sunday rest. With various unimportant modifications, it is in force in the British Isles at the present time. It moulded the Sunday legislation of the United States, that is, in substance, the law which prevails in the Australian Commonwealth and New Zealand.

The War Commission

The findings of the South African War Commission have come with the impact of an icy douche upon the colonial editors who, during the course of that long struggle, were (figuratively, of course) decorating our city walls with the heads of the 'pro-Boers' and 'traitors' whom they were day by day discovering among the liege subjects of her late Britannic Majesty. Adverse

opinions as to the justification and conduct of the war found free and frank expression in the leading columns of British journals of repute. Yet nobody went on fire. No such tolerance was, however, found in the great body of our colonial secular journals. The British Liberal and Radical parties were labelled by them with various fancy nick-names—'Little-Englanders,' 'Pro-Boers,' 'traitors,' etc. Hints or charges of military ineptitude on the part of British officers were resented as a sort of Macedonian atrocity. An unreasoning and intolerant spirit of suspicion was in the air, even in the days of rushing victory, as senseless in its way as the 'we-are-betrayed' mania that followed the great disaster of Sedan in 1870 and the 'Prussian spy' fury that marked the early days of the siege of Paris.

The War Commission performed its weary, unpleasant, and thankless task with searching thoroughness, splendid fearlessness, and a deep and ever-present sense of the highest patriotism. It has laid bare the muddling and incapacity that made the late war a repetition of the blundering campaign of the Crimea. If, however, its labors result in the speedy introduction of needed reforms, a service of inestimable value will be rendered by them to the Empire. One of the most remarkable witnesses that appeared before the Commission was the distinguished soldier and author, Sir William Butler. He was in command in South Africa just before the outbreak of the war. 'Sir William Butler,' says the 'Manchester Guardian,' 'was the only man in South Africa who understood both the art of war and the political situation.' 'The essence of the Boer position,' said Sir William in the course of his evidence, 'was this—suspicion, they suspected everything we did, and you will find that running through all my despatches. The essence of the difficulty of the position was suspicion on the part of the Boers that they were going to have repeated a raid or a series of raids, and they had not been prepared in 1895-96: as a matter of fact, they had hardly any ammunition at the time, and the first thing they did after the Raid was to begin to lay in rifles and ammunition, to build forts, and order guns. In that sense they were prepared for war, but, according to my belief, in that sense only. You will find all through this suspicion on the part of the Boers that they were to be raided. The idea that the Boers wanted to produce war is, to my mind, wrong, it is a wrong reading of the situation, and on that all my preparations were based, and I was right. As a matter of fact, the Boers never did move until the reinforcements had arrived and the Army Corps was mobilised.'

We are gradually getting at the facts of the origin of that long and melancholy struggle and stripping it of the iridescent romance in which it was enwrapped by imaginative journalists and interested politicians. The publication of Sir William Butler's quoted words three years ago would have been received by a large class of Australian and New Zealand newspapers with angry cries of 'pro-Boer' and 'traitor.' But those were the days when an ice-bag would have been a useful adjunct to the editorial sanctums of a good many of our secular contemporaries. Happily, they have had time to burn out and attend to that ancient and valuable precept of hygiene which enjoins journalists as well as other mortals to keep their feet warm and their heads cool. In those hysterical days of September, 1899, the party—political, military, and journalistic—were whooping for a fight to 'wipe out Majuba,' to 'knock spots off' the Transvaal—and to retain all such spots, especially if they formed part of the goldfields of the Rand. They proclaimed that a campaign against the two little Boer republics would be a brief military picnic, concluding with roast turkey, plum-pudding, and bumpers of champagne at Pretoria on Christmas Day, 1899. People 'were being told,' said Sir William Butler, 'that it was a case of ten millions of money and the whole thing over at