

to make assurance doubly sure he selects other criminals as interpreters of the law; and as all are in the same boat, the law will never be successfully invoked against one of the gang. Take, for instance the group selected by Marconi-George lately to draw up a Bill for Ireland. Would any sane man trust one of them in his fowl-yard at night? If you gave one of them a letter to post you would have serious doubts as to whether he left the stamp on or not. But although they are known to the public, as rebels and liars and swindlers, there is no present redress, for they have made a man of their own kidney chief interpreter of the law and he has gone so far as to punish other decent people for repeating treasonable words uttered by himself. This is so astounding that it is difficult to believe. But any man can read for himself speeches made by the Galloper, afterwards collected in a little book known as the *Grammar of Anarchy*, for the circulation of which Irishmen were gaoled. Here, in New Zealand, we have the sorry sight of a known incompetent, elected by the foulness of the Pitiful Protestant Asses, and we know that nothing but a dirty campaign to stir up sectarian hatred could have produced such a result. Everybody except the P.P. Asses knows that the only fair democratic government is that elected by Proportional Representation. We also know that the political gang in power would not give the people the chance of an election on the basis of Proportional Representation because it would mean the end of their domination. In other words, the public knows very well that a gang of politicians can—and did—with impunity flout the wishes and the interests of the people for the sake of their own selfish ends. And incredible as it seems, the people stand it just as patiently as they stood the methods by which men were driven by despotism to fight—not for Belgium, Lord Loreburn tells us, but because we wanted to support England which was bound by a secret treaty to go to war in support of the most corrupt military power in the world. We stand an undemocratic election just as we stand the manslaughtering of people at railway crossings, just as we stand unequal taxation by a gang that drained the workers of their blood but would not drain the profiteers of their gold. And, considering our supine acquiescence in the truth that in New Zealand there is no government either for the people or by the people, we may be said to have got exactly the sort of government we deserve. It is a bad one: it was elected by foulness; it has no claim to represent the people. But it is just what we merit. In fact, we hope it will become worse as time goes on. If it becomes very bad there is some hope that the people may awake to the fact that they—and not a gang of capitalists and bigots, elected by profiteers and woveers and calumniators of the dead,—are the Nation, and that it is time the tail stopped wagging the dog. To our mind no greater indictment of the present Government could be framed than simply to say that they know by what tactics they were elected, and they remain on such a title. Oh, yes! the tail wags the dog in New Zealand all right; but we have seen dogs that could bite their tails.

A Meditation for Seonini

Catholic soldiers of Catholic France, led by the Catholic general, Foch, saved Protestant England from Protestant Germany. Catholics of New Zealand sent their full quota of soldiers to fight as volunteers. What is our reward? Catholic Ireland is now plundered, oppressed, and harried by Protestant England, and Protestant parsons, of Churches that were conspicuous for the small number of their volunteers, insult us and move a Government by pot-hunters to persecute us here.

During the epidemic, our priests were day and night in the hospitals and in the homes of the sick. Our nuns labored heroically, nursing and feeding stricken sufferers, no matter what their religion was. At the present time, the hirelings who did not visit the hospitals, who did not tend the sick, who did not send their lady-assistants and their Sunday-school teachers to wash and feed the afflicted, now sound

the Orange drum in their tin temples and call on the Massey Government to persecute the nuns and priests who know, as they always knew, what real charity is. And the very people whom our nuns helped are often only too willing to join hands with the hireling bigots in the work of persecution. What thanks have we had from the Massey Government for what we did during the war? What thanks have we had for what we did during the epidemic? What can we ever expect from a public so ungrateful, so debased, so uncharitable? And what lesson are we to learn from it all but that we must depend on ourselves, that we must be united, that we are surrounded on all sides by enemies who hate our race and our religion? The enemies of Catholic Ireland are against Catholics everywhere. The Government of New Zealand, with its Past Orange Master at its head, is the tool of the rabid bigots who hate us, and it will do as little for us as it does for a small Catholic nation unless we are united as one man and prepared to fight to the last ditch for our rights. We are plundered to maintain godless schools, our teachers are persecuted, our religion is attacked, and we have ample evidence that there is no wrong that will not be done to us if only the noisy bigots make sufficient demonstration. We know what has been done by Orange savages in Belfast. The recent Marriage legislation is a sign of what may any day be done in New Zealand at the bidding of a horsewhipped cad and his fellows, whether in Parliament or out of it. Therefore we want union, and we want grit and determination. Only slaves who are not fit for freedom would submit to persecution without a fight to a finish. And *seonini* and slaves are synonymous. Our teachers have been refused free passes when they go to teach children who love religion. A subservient Minister of Education has been brought to heel by the bigots, and our scholarships, won in fair fight, are taken from us. We have evidence that these attacks are prepared by the followers of the horsewhipped cad: we have evidence that those who are kith and kin with the assassins of Belfast hold the Government in the hollow of their hands. They tell us that they contemplate further attacks upon us, and they feel reasonably sure that the Government is too dastardly and too vile to resist them. Let them do their worst. All that they can do will only strengthen our cause and make the Catholic Church in New Zealand as vital and as glorious as it is in persecuted Ireland where Orangedom, backed by the armed assassins of England, is unable to break the spirit of our people, even though churches are plundered, priests shot, convents raided, and women and children murdered—all with the connivance or approval of Lloyd George and Sir Edward Carson. We know what foes we have to face: we know how barbarous, how savage, how false they are. But if we are only united we need not care what they do, just as nothing they can do can make us fear them. They, and their poor, pitiful, place-hunting politicians may cry "To Hell with the Pope," but we will rally like one man to the defence of the Faith of our Fathers.

How Empires Decay

In *A Guildsman's Interpretation of History*, A. Penty writes: "Reading Greek history reminds us that the Class War is not a doctrine peculiar to the present age. . . . Unregulated currency having given rise to economic individualism and destroyed the common ownership of property, the solidarity of society fell to pieces. It had undermined alike the independence of the peasantry and the old religious aristocracy which had hitherto governed Greece, and had concentrated power entirely in the hands of a plutocracy which, like all plutocracies, was blind to everything except its own immediate interests. It was thus that Greek society, from being united, became divided into two distinct and hostile classes in which the possibility of revolution became an ever-present contingency."

"Uncontrolled currency brought the same evils into existence in Rome, where the concentration of capital in the hands of a few and its accompanying abuses developed to a greater extent and far more

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