

well-informed friends. When peace comes, he adds, the Free State will somehow have to absorb tens of thousands of young men who are at present the tools of the architects of chaos—"the women are beyond my comprehension." These young men were kept out of the war by Irish public opinion, and by it were driven into a guerilla war against the British Army. Sir Horace thinks that "when peace comes, reconstruction may be as surprising as the destruction has been wanton and disastrous." The reason he gives for this belief is that Ireland depends mainly upon agriculture, and that industry, though functionally deranged, has not been permanently injured. If the British people consent to waive their claim of Ireland's share of imperial expenditure in the past and allow her future contribution, as in the case of other Dominions, to be settled by agreement between the two countries, Ireland should be solvent in a few years. His letter concludes:—"As for the moral situation—is it worse than that of many another new State set up at Versailles?"

Science and Religion

Mr. H. Belshaw, M.A., F.R.E.S., delivered a lecture recently on the West Coast which makes one marvel at what ignorance even a man with university degrees can display when he leaves his last. Of course, he was speaking in a Methodist church, and, as we all know, religion, outside of the Catholic Church, is almost a matter of personal taste. There are no limits to what a Low-Churchman may hold or reject, and even an Anglican bishop can do some rail-sitting where there is question of deciding between Rationalism and Christianity. But that a university man should be so ignorant of the wonderful learning and culture of the thirteenth century as to speak of the "great transformation which took place at the time of the Reformation by the inventing and use of the printing press which enabled people to read and think for themselves, and thus break away from established dogma" is a sad commentary on modern education. Can Mr. Belshaw think as clearly or to such good effect as Aquinas, or Scotus, or Dante? Can our universities turn out another Leonardo? Can our architects rival the cathedrals built in little towns by the local guildsmen? The lecturer's reference to Luther is astonishing considering what we know of the latter's manner of life. And for a man with a university degree to refer as he does to the Galileo incident, so beloved of readers of cheap R.P.A. pamphlets, is strange considering that nowadays educated Protestants agree with that anti-Papal scholar, Huxley, who admitted that "the Cardinals had the best of it" in the case. Mr. Belshaw performs the feat popularly known as talking through his hat when he asserts that the Church has no vital message for the uplifting of the world, instancing the Great War. Unless we are very much mistaken, such good judges as Admiral Beatty, President Wilson, Signor Nitti, and Signor Mussolini would admit that it was because rationalists and lecturers who, unlike the men of the Middle Ages, read more than they think, led people away from the Church and made them deaf to her message that the Great War was possible and the sham Peace an accomplished tragedy. "If," he says, "the Churches went to the root causes of wars, they would be impossible." He is quite right until he is wrong in assuming that the Church does not go to the root cause. It did just this and was denounced by every British profiteer, patriot, and propaganda agent as pro-German! We recall clearly how our press in this country received the Pope's peace proposals. The wild editors of the dailies fell over one another in proclaiming that the Pope was working for Germany and that his note was inspired by Berlin, if not actually dictated by the Kaiser. A little later, President Wilson published his proposals, based on those of the Pope, and they were hailed with enthusiasm by the same editors and by numerous patriots who found nothing German at all in them. Wilson's programme owed its inspiration to the Church, and had it been carried into execution, as the various representatives of the Entente Powers pledged themselves to carry it, it would have made the world a better place to live in to-day. Judging from the report in the *Argus*, Mr.

Belshaw's views on history, religion, and social reform are not in keeping with the hopes raised by the letters behind his name. They smack strongly of the literature of Mr. Grant Allen, Ray Lancaster, Clodd, and McCabe, writers laughed out of court long ago by serious critics. The perusal of the column devoted to him in the *Argus* endorses the old Roman's advice: *Ne sulum ultra crepidam!*

No Popery Stunts

A wild and weird parsonical body arrived in Dunedin recently and advertised that if the public would patronise him he could a tale unfold that would make them sit up and take notice. Dunedin, like Mr. Massey, has grown weary of the tales of rambling parsons, and the visitor had to address practically empty benches when he took the floor to recommend to our peaceful citizens the American murder-club known as the Ku Klux Klan. Our people have too much common sense to go in for hooded and white-sheeted masquerades, with violence, arson, and assassination as side-shows; and if there be any who might secretly entertain a propensity for applying such methods to their Catholic neighbors, they have now discovered that the game does not pay. Was it a mere coincidence that the advent of the Ku Klux Klansman, who was not, we believe, a wild man from Borneo but only a tin-tabernacle preacher from Canterbury, was closely associated with the spread of No-Popery pamphlets of the real old-fashioned style that a mongrel cur would, after one sniff, avoid as carefully as he would the carcase of a rat sodden with Bubonic germs? At any rate, both the Klansman and the putrid pamphlets troubled the air of this city contemporaneously. We have seen a sample of the latest output of "Protestant Literature." As usual it quotes the ex-priest Chiniquy who, after being expelled from the ministry for his scandalous life, was received and petted by the Presbyterians until a habit of pocketing the plate made them weary of his ways, and who finally descended to making a living by concocting lies and turning out such filth as certain parsons create a demand for. On the authenticity of witnesses such as the Chiniquy miscreant, the learned and pious author of the pamphlet (who spells the genitive case of the noun *matrimonium*, *matrimonice*!) tells the worshipful patrons of Protestant literature that the Pope and his priests are liars, slanderers, swindlers, thieves, assassins, murderers, and promoters of strife. We are entitled to fair treatment by the law of New Zealand. And behold we have a Government in power which makes it possible for Protestant scoundrels to circulate filthy books about us, to call us in so many words thieves and murderers, and to pander to the bigotry of the uneducated members of the more negligible sections of Protestantism. The pamphlet we have before us was passed on to us by a decent and disgusted Protestant who certainly does not stand for such methods or for the political importors who thrive by encouraging them. In fact it is a downright insult to offer to any clean-minded and educated person such a pamphlet, and it is only a lack of recognition of what is due to self-respect that prevents anybody to whom one is offered from literally wiping his feet in the face of the pimp who does this dirty work. In this connection recall what Bishop Hughes told the New York State authorities in 1854: "If the State will not protect our property, then the State intends that Catholics should defend their property themselves." Now among our "property" we certainly reckon our good name, that of our Church, that of our schools and convents. And if the State authorities in this country continue to countenance a campaign of calumny against all these we ought to take serious notice of Bishop Hughes's words.

Don't be afraid of the obscurity of your position. A man's worth comes not from the importance or the tumult of his acts, but from the will that moves him. A wisp of straw, picked up through charity by a farmer's wife for the nest of her fowls, will fetch a far greater reward than many brilliant actions done through pride.—Rene Bazin.

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