

will declare that there is no such thing as perdition at all. He must know that all around him there is strife and confusion, and that variance and disputing are the order of the day; why, then, when there are so many parties opposed to one another, should he condemn those who having failed to reconcile the warring elements have struck out a new path for themselves, or gone in upon an old one struck out for them long since? To do so is unreasonable, and inconsistent. Meantime, it might, perchance, prove on close examination, could such be made, that the "renegade" clergyman who had given up his source of livelihood, and, to a great degree, his friends, in answer to the call of conscience, was the honest and trustworthy man, while the apparently steadfast clergyman, breaking down the faith he professed to teach, obedient to a law he regarded as sacrilegious, or obliged to use a system, and accept all its contents upon oath without any mental reservation, whose use, nevertheless, he looked upon as little less than sinful, and whose contents he rejected in his heart or explained away, was the real apostate from the truth. At any rate now, when all the non-Catholic world are changing their beliefs, and hardly any man of mature years, even though he be an Anglican clergyman, continues in the creed taught him in his youth, it is an absurdity to stigmatise any particular class of men who have changed their opinions as "renegade," and we should expect to find such an epithet only, where, perhaps, we have in fact found it, that is in the "alums of literature." In conclusion, we recommend the "Passing Note" writer to enter upon some other defence of his colony. No answer has as yet been made by him to Mr. Rose's assertions that will carry the slightest weight with it. On the contrary, we say again, he has but added to the gravity of the accusations in question by putting forward a suspicion of their truth in the necessity he has seen for enlisting the "No Popery" cry in their discredit.

WHAT A PROPOSAL!

IN Colonel Gordon's letter, published by the *Times*, the following passage also occurs:—"I am not well off, but I would offer — or his agent £1000 if either of them would live one week in one of these poor devils' places, and feed as these people do." The people are the Irish peasantry and the gentleman whose name is not given is evidently an Irish landlord. But Colonel Gordon does not know what he is doing; he insinuates that the landlord belongs to the same order of beings as that to which the peasant belongs, and that is a most absurd insinuation. The Irish landlord, even the meanest squireen of them all, and who owns but an acre of land, is a "gentleman" above all things; and people who are not "gentlemen" cannot in the least understand what that term means. *Noblesse oblige*, they used to say in old times, but that originally meant, we believe, that the nobleman was obliged to observe a line of conduct in everything distinguished for its nobility. To be a "gentleman" in Ireland meant nothing of the kind; it imposed no high duties upon any man, but it gave him a right to look down on every humble calling; to despise all kinds of handicraft, to shun contact with the tradesman or the shopkeeper as if he must communicate some unsavoury effluvia to any one holding close intercourse with him. Indeed, we believe that if ninety-nine out of every hundred of our worthy fellow-colonists who now, as we perceive by the tone of some of our contemporaries, sympathise so much with the Irish landlords in their difficulties, were transported across the ocean and set down in the middle of the class they so much commiserate they would be very much chagrined with the treatment they would receive. The landlords would not take them up with a pair of tongs, as the saying is. All because they were self-made men and of business associations they would be snubbed in a way that would enable them to realise that the poor tiller of the earth had a hard time of it among so haughty a race. And so he has, he is not regarded as thoroughly human, or treated as if he were such; he is made to be kicked and kicked again, and all the time to fawn upon the foot that kicks him. That is the meaning of all these complaints we hear of the spoiled manners of the people, of their loss of lightheartedness and good humour, and all the rest of it. We believe, in all sincerity, that the "gentlemen" do not realise the sufferings of their unfortunate victims. They and their fathers before them have become so used to look for worship, and the worship has been so submissively paid to them and all their belongings that they have come, in fact, to regard themselves as possessed of feelings and wants that are by no means shared in by the "common people" as they call them. Colonel Gordon, then, does not know what he is doing; he might as well offer that landlord £1000 to go down into his dog-kennel for a week and feed on greaves, and that is an insult so gallant a soldier would offer to no man.

MURDERED.

THE *London Times*, one of those newspapers that calmly walks over everything that stands in the way of coercion and oppression for Ireland, and in whose wake some of our contemporaries out here go hobbling along grotesquely enough, says, "Trying by means of social war to compel a landlord to submit to Griffith's valuation is trying to make him submit to robbery." But what are we to consider trying to compel a

tenant to pay a rack-rent on penalty of, it may be, death. If the one be robbery, surely the other is something like murder. And let no one suppose that death has not been, and is not still occasionally, caused by eviction. Two instances of this have within the last month or so been made public. The one is that of the old man Kavanagh, who died on the threshold of his door, as he was being carried across it to be flung into the ditch, on the order of the Right Honourable Earl Fitzwilliam. But the bearers finished their task upon the corpse and laid it down by the roadside, under the roof of One Who we may be very sure has recorded the deed. The other was that of a boy of seven, who took his death of fright at seeing his mother violently dragged out. He eat no food from that time, raved in his sleep, and died in four weeks. How many such deaths, however, have there not been that were never reported to the public? They are legion; and, though the newspapers have said nothing about them, their memory lives in the mind of the Irish people throughout the world. Is it not an English saying that "Murder will out," how, then, do the English newspapers rail at those appointed to reveal it?

"BULLY" FOR PROFESSOR ROBERTSON SMITH.

OUR contemporary, the *Otago Daily Times*, from whom we have in our day learned so much that is neat and perspicuous, has also instructed us that the matter of mileage is most important. Justice herself, he says, is to be guided by it, so that whereas at one milestone she may without damaging her reputation blink most astonishingly from under her bandage, at another milestone she must not dare to shake an eyelash. We have been prepared to find, then, that what could not now be said in Ireland without bringing the speaker under grave suspicions has been said in Scotland without incurring for the speaker the least doubt. At least we cannot conceive that any one will have the temerity to find fault with the loyalty of a famous minister of the Free Church, no matter how revolutionary the expression of his sentiments may sound. Can it be, however, that the Rev. Professor Robertson Smith, who is the minister alluded to, has been himself so harried by the hounders-down of heresy that he, as a matter of necessity, sympathises with all who suffer from tyranny, and adopts their cause. But, whatever may be the explanation of the matter, it is certain that, in the sermon delivered by him on St. Stephen's Day, at the Kelvin-side Free Church, Glasgow, there were passages that would justify the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in going back as far as last October to arrest any preacher in Dublin. "Rebellion," said the Rev. Professor, "on the part of an oppressed people, who have vainly sought relief by constitutional means, is one of the inalienable privileges of mankind." The rev. preacher, however, is a prudent man. As a commander in war, we have no doubt, he would be one of those to put his "trust in God and keep his powder dry." "It was, indeed, a crime," he continued, "to undertake a hopeless rising against the established authorities, because such a course would necessarily bring increased trouble without bringing deliverance to the oppressed. But in such a case the criminality lay in the reckless display as to time and means, and not in the assertion of the two principles that rulers were established for the sake of their subjects, and that their subjects acting together on the ground of a common oppression, were entitled to depose a ruler who had ceased to make the good of his people the principle of his rule." A practical man is the Professor, then, and one who, we can well fancy, would, as a matter of course, turn the whale of Jonah into an hotel. Bide your time, he says, and then rise; but it will be a mortal sin for you to strike a blow before you are quite sure of making an impression. That is the way to talk to an oppressed people, and we could wish, for the sake of seeing Professor Robertson Smith in his proper place at the head of a troop of heretical Covenanters well armed, that Scotland was oppressed in some kind of way and driven to rebellion with every prospect of success. It is, we need not say, too much for us to claim that the Professor was giving out Scripture for the use of Irish Papists in their extremity; that would work his ruin at once. There would not be the ghost of a chance of his escaping the ire of the Ecclesiastical Courts then, but, his rottenness as to Deuteronomy and Jonah would be as plain to them as daylight, and as objectionable. Meanwhile Irish Papists may like the dogs, pick up the crumbs from beneath the table of the Free Churchmen to serve in the day of need. And if Free Church Ministers elsewhere choose to go on in a small way with speaking of Irish sedition and murder, let them comfort themselves with the thought that Professor Robertson Smith is, after all, a heretic. There is still balm in Gilead.

Colonel Gordon says, again in his letter that "crime in Ireland is not greater than that in England." CRIME OF A LIGHTER HUE. He might have gone further without danger of exaggeration, and said it was not so great. We have seen a deal of English crime lately, not indeed of good will, but because we have felt obliged to report it as a set off against the loud howl prevalent with regard to crime in Ireland. Nor have we yet done with the matter, for the howl in question is still ringing abroad. Here then are a couple of paragraphs clipped from the