

bit of Latin. Behold, again, the elation begotten of feeding on old Scotia's boastful weed. The Bishop, seeing a glaring error of translation in a passage given as the English of a certain Bull, asked for the original Latin, asked also for the name of the assumed translator. Because, you know, there was a risk of his being put to trouble all for nothing. If that person—we always remember Carlyle's school-master—was that fatuous person the dunce, as there seemed good reason to believe he was, the Bishop would lose his time. The dunce could not possibly be taught or brought by any means to perceive the force of a correction. The revelation of the name, therefore, was necessary. Our dunces we all know by name because, being dunces, they will occasionally betray themselves in public, and cannot be got to hold their tongues. But what was the answer given to the Bishop? Why, a piece of Latin picked up at random somewhere else, ill spelled out, or misprinted, and evidently completely misunderstood by the anonymous scribe—still evidently a dunce—who had laboriously copied it letter by letter. Did our dunce really know that, as a rule, the Pope's Bulls are written in Latin, or had he not quoted from his controversial manual with the implicit belief that Her Majesty's English was the original tongue? Perhaps he thought one piece of gibberish was the same as another, and that, therefore, he might borrow his Latin indifferently. We have, for example, heard the servants in the house with a French maid declare she could not possibly herself understand what she said. It was all one to them.—Our dunce, we may add, knows history sufficiently to swallow without suspicion any whopper the historian places before him? Is it not written in a book? Surely that is enough for him. To question a writer's truth requires some modicum of intelligence. Our "Civis" tells us that the Bishop had dangling at his belt the bleached scalp of a Presbyterian divine. But a Presbyterian divine had a certain right to make a mistake. He was actually under the belief that he had studied Latin sufficiently to interpret it. People who, like these correspondents, had never seen the back of a Latin grammar, unless in a bookseller's window, should know their own qualifications and show themselves less "cheeky."—Modesty, of course, we do not expect from such men, but really they should try to refrain from "cheek." Necessarily the Bishop had taken no further notice of these people. Why should he expose himself to be pelted from behind the Orange ditch with mud while he was attempting to teach the unteachable? Our "Civis" brags on such slight grounds that he and these comrades of his have recaptured the scalp alluded to. Let them, then, have a wig made of it to cover their baldness. Scanty an article as it is, all their noddles may fit in it—and all their brains may repose conceitedly beneath its shelter. We admit, in conclusion, that the donkey is a very interesting animal. If our "Civis," in devout admiration of him, or with a warm fellow-feeling and vivid sense of brotherhood, goes the length of letting loose his bray in a corner especially devoted to his own tuneful piping, that is his affair, not ours. We wish him joy of the hee-haw.

A WORD OF ENCOURAGEMENT. THERE now, be good. You know you are going to do nothing of the kind. You're bad enough we know, but you are not so bad as you try to make out. That warning they are giving us about opposing us by a block vote, is, of course, a mere childish threat. They will never do anything of the sort. Even if Dr Moran's confidence in the good-will and the sense of fair play existing among our non-Catholic fellow colonists prove baseless, there are other considerations on which we may rely. What! copy the bad example of those Papists, and because the benighted beings pursue a wrong-headed and head-strong course, take up the same tactics—merely to chastise them? Why we should have the enlightened majority who so conducted themselves, sending off next to the green-grocer or the tobacconist to buy four-pence or six-pence worth of an indulgence to commit some dreadful sin. If they are going to copy the example of the Papists in one flagrant instance, why should they not follow it, as they understand it, in another? But only think of the encouragement they give us, and of the way in which they cancel their condemnation of us. They could not possibly propose to follow our example, if they really believed it to be a bad or injurious one. What, sacrifice all the interests of the Colony, and themselves act like "half-crazy faddists"! The people who make the proposal alluded to are filled with admiration of us, and, in their secret hearts, believe we are doing just what we ought to do, what they would do themselves if it were possible for them. But we are not a bit afraid. The threat to inflict an impossible punishment is a childish one—above all, it proves to us, as we have shown, that the people who make it think we are doing quite right, and with every probability of success.

WITHOUT MONEY AND WITHOUT PRICE. BUT what are we talking about? Our friends send out to buy indulgences? Why, they have them at home and all for nothing, of a kind, too, of which the Catholic Church is completely destitute. If all they tell us of the Catholic Church were true, instead of being, as it is, a most prodigious whopper, Catholics still would have a little trouble to encounter. They would have to pay

some money here—the prices vary; some of our Evangelical friends state them as rather high, but others make them very low—and they would have to endure purgatory hereafter. But our Evangelical friends really enjoy all these privileges scot-free. The converted man is free from sin. That does not mean that he ceases to commit sin. This he can never do. On the contrary, a constant habit of sinning remains inevitably with him; but his sin is pardoned—past, present, and future. Some Evangelists have declared that there should be no sorrow for sin, because it has been pardoned beforehand. We can understand, for example, the sanctimonious manner in which that shining light of Orangeism, Mr De Cobain, recently met the filthy accusation brought against him, and since taken as proved. There was no need for his repentance. Mr De Cobain was one of the Lord's elect, and could not fall from grace. He was endowed, like every one in the same condition, with a perpetual and plenary indulgence and pardon without money and without price. So much was included in Luther's *Pecca fortiter*; so much was put in practice openly and notably when Luther and his colleagues gave, over their own signature, a written licence to Philip of Hesse to take a second wife, his first being still alive. Philip might die in peace, unshrived, and go, not to purgatory, but straight into heaven with both these ladies, if they would peaceably suffer each other's presence, standing at the side of his bed. Why, then, should they talk of those Catholics in the Philippines. Evangelicals everywhere have more than twice their privileges. We do not say that Evangelicals anywhere, as a rule, avail themselves of these privileges. In fact, we are aware that, as a rule, they do nothing of the kind. But that is because the people are better than their creed, and cannot act logically in accordance with it, and in a manner their right feeling and common sense teach them to be monstrous. In exceptional cases they certainly do so act. Cromwell, on his death-bed, quieted his conscience by recalling his privileges as one of the elect, and William the Silent availed himself of them in a manner similar to that conceded by authority to Philip of Hesse. It is quite unnecessary, therefore, that the green-grocer or the tobacconist should be licensed to sell pardons to our Evangelical friends. Every man-Jack of them has a full stock always in his possession, and can make use of them whenever it pleases him. All that is necessary for him, in order to do so, is that he should accommodate his conscience to the full provisions and logical consequences of his religious creed.

RATHER a bad typographical error occurred last A CORRECTION, week in one of our articles. Owing to the hurry caused by the holiday, it escaped detection both in proof and revise. In the right-hand column of page 5, line 10, for "the rank nature of the language" read "the frank nature of his language." The difference of signification is very obvious and of some importance.

BUT as to that lunatic charge brought against the IRREPRESSIBLE, Catholic Church of selling indulgences to commit sin and crime, as if any man in his senses could believe such a thing consistent—to speak of nothing else—with the civilisation prevailing in Catholic countries, it is time-honoured. Dr Milner traces it back particularly to one Friar Egan, a fore-runner of the interesting Chiniquy, and other rascals, who, in our own time, have turned their apostasy to a profitable account. Egan came over from Ireland to England some time in the seventeenth century, and seems to have made some money there. He did not turn out satisfactory, however, and it was reported that he had gone back to spend his ill-gotten gains on himself purchasing forgiveness for what he had done. Dr Newman, in one of his works, deals at some length with the subject, alluding to what he calls the "Great Protestant Tradition." He quotes a passage from the *Times*, and takes it as his text. "It is the practice, as our readers are aware, in Roman Catholic countries," said the *Times* in June, 1851, "for the clergy to post up a list of all the crimes to which human frailty can be tempted, placing opposite the exact sum of money for which their perpetration will be indulged." Into the explanation given by Newman, we need not enter. Our readers know enough of the Christian doctrine to apprehend its substance. We may, nevertheless, quote a case given in illustration, and which, we may add, was published as follows in the *Evening Star*, in reply to the letter quoting Mr Moseley's book:—"The case is that of a Protestant clergyman who, at the time of the 'Popish aggression,' testified at a public meeting in England that, on paying a visit to Brussels in the year 1835, he had found affixed to the door of the Cathedral of St Gudule's a catalogue of sins, with a specification of the prices at which remission of each might be obtained. 'The good Belgians,' writes Newman, 'were surprised and indignant at what they thought no sane man would have ventured to advance.' The result was a declaration signed by the Dean of Brussels, his four assistant clergymen, the churchwardens, the judge of the High Court of Justice, two other judges, and others:—'The undersigned look upon it as a duty to come forward and protest against the allegations of the 'clergyman in question.' They declare upon their honour that such a notice as the one spoken of by the said