

"But when he hears no Goth, no Turk did bring  
This desolation, but a *Christian King* :  
What, he would ask, his *wickedness* would spare  
When such the effects of his *devotion* are !"

By a slight transposition we may in the same spirit ask, what might we expect from the *enmity* of the *Guardian*, when the manifestations of his *gratitude* are so insulting and so bitter !

"We have always felt it to be an act of presumption and intolerance to interfere with another man's sincere convictions of duty, or arrogantly pronounce a decisive sentence of condemnation against him in the presence of an all-seeing and un-erring Judge !"

This is all very fine in theory, but how has the *Guardian* reduced it to practice ? How dare he arrogantly condemn Catholic nuns for "indulgence vice, and superstition" or "blaspheme things which he knows not" by pouring out his venom on the conscientious tenets of his Catholic neighbours ? We wonder how he could have summoned up courage enough to pen the above sentence, and to publish it to the world side by side with his rash judgements, his stupid sarcasms, and his uncharitable insinuations.

In his next paragraph, this injured innocent, now blabbering all over with gratitude, tells us with no small degree of complacency, that he was acquainted with one of the Catholic Bishops of the Province, that he dined again and again with him both in private and at Government House—that with one of the Catholic priests too "whose presence was as welcome to the Protestants as to the members of his own communion," (a very equivocal compliment Mr. *Guardian*, but your amiable simplicity induces us to hope you did not intend it) he "enjoyed frequent and familiar intercourse, met him at the festive board," &c., &c. And what of all this, most acute logician ? Because you dined in company with a Catholic Bishop, and enjoyed the friendly intercourse of a Catholic Priest, you are therefore qualified to insult their Church, to blaspheme their tenets, to condemn their institutions, and to spit upon their flocks ! Why Sir, if this serves for any purpose, it is to aggravate the enormity of your guilt, to deepen the die of your ungrateful treachery. Little did the Bishop or priest suspect when they sat with you at "the festive board" that you wore beneath your smiling exterior, the dark weapon of calumny.

But, as you have introduced a priest, and pronounced a glowing eulogium upon his character, we will, for once, take you at your word. You say then, he was kind and civil, of warm dispositions and benevolent heart ; nay, that he visited you when stretched on a bed of sickness. What will the whole Christian public think when we tell them a fact which you cannot deny—that it was *this very priest*, this good Samaritan of the Church of Rome, who *was grossly insulted by one of your leading Clergymen* in the house of a Presbyterian, to whose hospitable table both had been invited. We believe the case is, without a parallel in the history of rudeness. The moment your favorite priest entered the drawing room, your minister rose up, went for his hat, and quitted the house without his dinner. Talk of Catholic intolerance after that specimen of brotherly love, as long as you please.

The *Guardian* continues. "None who know us, will suspect for a moment, that we have lost our esteem for our beloved Church, or our veneration for the Protestant Institutions of the Empire." Valueless as we believe the "esteem" to be, the "beloved Church" which, after all is but one third we are told

of a very small Church, could not well afford it. But the veneration for the Protestant Institutions of the Empire expressed by a Presbyterian, is to us a matter of no small amusement and surprise. We thought Presbyterianism was the direct foe of English Protestant Episcopacy, and that the treatment of the former by the latter, was the most unlikely thing in the world to excite "veneration" of any kind. But it was always so with those who have revolted against the Church of God, and who from their fatal principle of Private Judgement have split into more sects, than the heads of the Hydra. They oppose each other with all the fury of sectarian rancour. But, when rebuked by the voice of truth, they proclaim a truce, rush into each other's arms, and forming a congenial alliance of error, make an united attack on "the Pillar and Ground of Truth." So did Herod and Pilate who were bitter enemies before, become, according to the sacred text, the fastest friends, from the day they joined in persecuting Christ, the Founder of the Church. If, however by "the Protestant Institutions of the Empire" the *Guardian* means our Political Institutions, we beg to inform the venerating Editor that Protestantism deserves little or no credit for them,—that all our most valuable institutions from Magna Charta to trial by Jury were of Catholic origin, the work of Catholic heads and hands. It sickens us therefore, to hear this senseless prattle about the *Protestant* Institution of the Empire, our glorious *Protestant* Constitution and so forth.

The Editor is next pleased to inform us that "the ladies of our Congregations were continually going about ; and feeding and clothing hundreds of poor Catholics. Suppose they were. Does their charity purchase a patent for the Editor to abuse Catholics ? We know that there are in this community numbers of our separated Brethren who are distinguished for their benevolence, who are kind in all their social relations with Catholics and who never dream of withholding their bounty on account of a difference in faith. We know that there are Catholics too who act in the same Christian manner towards their brethren of other creeds, and we are certain that the Catholic who would act otherwise is a total stranger to the true spirit of his holy Religion. However, though we are charged with proselytism, we never attempted to make converts under the hypocritical mask of charity ; we never addressed our polemics to a famishing fellow-creature, nor discharged the sharp weapons of controversy against a shivering back or a hungry belly. Not so, we are are grieved to say, with 'some' of those whom the *Guardian* calls "the Ladies of our congregations." Their pious pranks are however, much better watched now than formerly. Those whom the Editor in a gratuitous and unfounded allusion impudently terms "hot headed Priests imported from Ireland" are too vigilant to allow the suffering members of their flock to be tampered with in this manner. Indeed we suspect if we may judge from the great number of fervent converts whom they are constantly receiving into the Catholic Church, that their heads are *too cool* and their arguments too sound for the taste of the *Guardian*, and *hinc illa lacryma*.

But, perhaps, the most amusing question put by the guiltless Editor is the following :

"And are we to begin in this enlightened age &c., to wrangle and contend with each other like children ?" When we hear this modest assurance from a man who has *actually begun* to wrangle with his neighbours we are tempted to exclaim with the Poet.

"To laugh were want of decency and grace  
But, to be grave, exceeds all pow'r of face !"  
We will put a question of our own, which will equally apply to the *Times* and the remainder of the pack of bigots

WHO BEGAN THIS QUARREL ?

"That is the question." We can answer for ourselves and appeal to our Readers and to the Community. Certainly not