

openly in the Church, deploring and bewailing former sins.—*Johnston's Unbloody Sacrifice.*

'Our confession must be *integra et perfecta*, not by halves. All our sins must be confessed, *omnia venialia et omnia mortalia.*

... He that would be sure of pardon, let him find a priest,* and make his humble confession to him. Heaven waits and expects the priest's sentence here, and what he binds or looses, the Lord confirms in Heaven.—*Bishop Sparrow.* Sermon on Confess.

'It is confessed that all priests, and none but priests have power to forgive sins; that private confession to a priest, is a very ancient practice in the Church.—*Bishop Montague* in the *Gagger Gagger.*

Are the Editors of the *Times* better Theologians than those Protestant Bishops?

'Confession is an excellent institution, a check to vice. It is admirably calculated to win over hearts, which have been ulcerated by hatred, to forgiveness; and to induce those who have been guilty of injustice to make restitution.—*V laire.*

'What restitutions and reparations does not Confession produce among the Catholics!—*Rousseau.*

We now leave the people of the *Times* to answer their own Divines on the practice of Confession and the doctrine of the forgiveness of sins through the Minister of Christ.

'Within the last few weeks' they say they have 'lost all respect for us.' We are exceedingly happy to hear it. Had we known that we enjoyed their respect or approbation before, we should have begun to suspect ourselves. We cannot place much value on the former respect of the *Times* when it induced the Editors to commence their wanton, wicked and calumnious abuse of ourselves and our fellow Catholics.

They continue to charge us with ambitious designs, and pretend that we are seeking for universal domination in the Province. We again assure them that not only is this inflammatory charge both false and unfounded, but that the Editors of the *Times* themselves, do not in our opinion, believe one word of it. It is all a petty, Electioneering trick, by which the people of the *Times* have already lost much more amongst the Catholic freeholders of the Province than they will ever gain from the small and contemptible crew of orange bigots to whose stupid prejudices and unchristian rancour they have so wickedly pandered.

* We fear it would be difficult to find one in the English Church.

In one of the Letters* printed in the *Times* we have seen a flimsy objection from Tertullian against the Real Presence, for which we have prepared a conclusive answer, though we can not find room for it this week. Not that we consider ourselves bound to notice the incoherent ravings of every anonymous scribbler in five newspapers, but, we are so gratified on meeting with any thing which would in the least degree betray the scholar or the Divine, that we will shew this writer, of whose admiration for Tertullian we have some doubts, that that acute reasoner and able scholar was a decided advocate for the Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist.

* Subscribed a Layman, though written we are sure by a Clergyman.

THE UNICORN OF THE ROUND CHURCH.

'Some preachers prepared only on two or three points, run the same *rol. d* from one end of the year to another.' So says Addison, and we find it difficult to contradict him when we remember the monotonous gyrations of this Roundabout orator. His 'points' are few indeed, and all confined to Popery. His genius can take no higher flight, his hashed and insipid discourses can be seasoned with no other condiment. Popery is his endless theme, the abominations of the Scarlet Lady his day-dream and his night-mare. Take these away, and he is ruined. Deprive him of those richest portions of his spiritual

stock, and he is straightway a bankrupt. Condemn him to preach for a month without abusing Catholics, and he dies from inanition; the food supplied by the Bible becomes nauseous without the anti-popery mustard—the bilious bigotry of his stomach rejects it; he languishes, pines, and dies. Then indeed there would be 'weeping and wailing in Karna,' then would mourn the babes of grace, and

'All round his Church, they'd wear the green willow'
For their departed Apostle.

Some of his 'antick rounds' have been lately described for us by two or three of his hearers, and if we may judge from their account, he is either suffering under some 'aggravated' symptoms of his cruel malady, or he is apprehensive that some of the 'Olden Monks' of St. Mary's are poaching amongst his holy preserves. It could not be with the hope of making converts that he so roundly belabours his pulpit and the papists with his brawny fists. Catholics can hear only the distant rumblings of his 'drum Ecclesiastick' as they wend their way from the Church of St. Patrick, and we never heard of his hooking even one 'loose fish' in all his piscatorial excursions. Can it be from any innate pleasure the Saintly man feels in abusing his neighbours?

'For Gods, we are by Homer told
Can in celestial language scold.'

Or is it to show his superior zeal to his brethren amongst the Clergy? Thank God, there are not many of his order in the Province who are fond of pummeling their pulpits with ranting abuse of their harmless fellow-citizens. We believe that the Lord Bishop himself (we beg pardon for the comparison) is as popular a preacher as the huge Irishman of the Round Church who loves his Country so dearly. And yet, we can never hear that his Lordship launches his anathemas against his Catholic neighbours or the venerable Church from which he professes to derive his priestly ordination. His audience, however, are not the less pleased with his musical voice and graceful delivery. But, we dare say the Big Irishman of Dutchtown thinks he is a wiser man and a greater Saint than the Lord Bishop himself; and that if he held the reins of government, he would speedily transmute all the benighted Papists of Nova Scotia into staunch Protestants, with the soundest of appetites, eschewing salt cod and shell-fish, together with the errors of Popery, and eating meat, 'any day that a dog would eat it' as they pithily say in Ireland!

All we shall say to this supposition is, *Bathershun!**

We would earnestly recommend him to form 'a solemn league and covenant' with the unpretending Editor of the *Guardian*, and commence a joint-stock crusade against Pope and popery. The 'Lion and Unicorn' Churchman would roar so furiously as to frighten the timid, and 'Johnny' with his languishing airs, and side long glances would do all the 'soft sawder.'

If such a 'holy alliance' should be formed—if two such 'sols of thunder' and grace

'T' a one as famous for a scolding tongue
As the other is for beaucous modesty†

should club their forces.—we go to 'Bishop Walsh' and the 'olden Jesuitical monks' of St. Mary's! Their 'occupation' would soon be 'gone.' The 'glebe-house' would become tenacious, and the Church deserted.

We hope the people of the Round Church will thank us for having furnished so good a text to their godly preacher, for his next philippic against popery. We may have 'a little bird' there also, to report the proceedings for the future amusement and edification of our readers. We have ample notes already of the celebrated Famine Sermon, 'carefully collated' with the Speech at Mason Hall. But of this, more hereafter. *Sat prata hiberunt.*

* The Round Parson of course knows his native language, and we need not translate the vernacular into the harsh Saxon dialect.

† Shakerspers.