

terians, in proportion to their power, have, both in Scotland and elsewhere, taken the first rank, perhaps both in deeds and doctrines, breathing the thirst for blood. It, therefore, ill becomes a Presbyterian minister to hold up his hands in holy horror at the blood which others shed in the name of religion. It is known by what name our Lord styled those who saw so plainly the mote in their brother's eye, but saw not the beam which was in their own eye.

Mr. Editor, I have finished. I have not either the time or the inclination to continue a controversy with one whose deceit is so palpable as I have shown his to be, and whose blunders are so numerous that to refute him will scarcely redound to the credit of his opponent. Rev. Mr. Scobie may perhaps reply to this. While I hold myself free to take such course as I may see fit in the future, it is probable that I shall take no more notice of his attacks upon Catholics. However, I must not conclude without thanking you sincerely for your very great courtesy in putting my letters before the public.

Your obedient servant,

JOS. P. MOLPHY,

Pastor of Catholic Church.

Strathroy, Dec. 12th, 1876.

[From the WESTERN DISPATCH of December 27th, 1876.]

THE CHURCH OF ROME.

To the Editor of the Strathroy Dispatch.

DEAR SIR,—I hope you will kindly favor me with space to reply to Rev. Father Molphy's letter. I was glad to see from the last effort of the Rev. gentleman, that both my sermon and letter have gone right to the mark. I had a notion that my letter, especially, would do its work well, and prove itself an impregnable fortress against all his boasted logic. He goes round and round, views it from all sides, and finding that he cannot overturn a single argument, he frets, and fumes, and tries to retreat amid a shower of mud which he throws with priestly indignation at its composer. Well, I suppose it is fallen nature to writhe and groan when overpowered, and hurt, and forced into a corner; and that even a priest, though he claims the power of forgiving sin, and creating Christs without number, sometimes feels himself brought down to the level of an ordinary mortal. I do sympathize with the Rev. gentleman in the anguish of discomfiture. Had I known that my letter would drive him to seek shelter under the grossest personal abuse, and to determine to leave the field before the contest was properly begun, I would have dealt him blows with a gentler hand. But since he has retired I would shout after him what he ought to learn in humility, that error is a feeble weapon to raise against the truth, and that all the fallacious logic of the Vatican will not overthrow the word of God.

Though it may not be beneficial, I am sure it cannot but be amusing to notice the disturbed state of the Rev. gentleman's mind, when meeting face to face with truth he cannot assail. He insinuates that my sermon must have been composed by some abler person than I have proved myself to be, and in a few sentences further on, he proves by *his logic* that it cannot be either mine