

by the Archangel that 'with God no word shall be impossible.' They are the words of a Father to his children, of a God to his creatures, of a tender master to his beloved disciples, and chosen friends. They are words spoken at the most solemn moment, under the most affecting circumstances, on the eve of a sorrowful departure, to the teachers who were to evangelize the whole world. They are therefore words of truth, clear simple, obvious, natural, stating one only fact, announcing only one proposition, proclaiming only one doctrine. These are "the four Latin words" which have stood the test of time, which no sophistry can refute; no distortion obscure, no ingenuity explain away, no impiety destroy. These are the words which Luther himself, (the author of that Religious Comedy called the Reformation, which like all other comedies ended in a mock marriage) declares he could never get over, though strongly inclined through hatred of the Pope, to deny their only legitimate meaning.*

These are the words which the same Luther asserts were cruelly tortured by three of the leading Reformers. Hoc est Corpus Meum

THIS IS MY BODY.

"Carlostadius" said he, "ex his sanctis verbis misere detorquet pronomen Hoc: Zuinglius verbum Est macerat: Cœlampadius autem nomen Corpus torture subjicit." Carlostadius miserably distorts the Pronoun THIS; Zuinglius macerates the verb is; whilst Cœlampadius puts on the rack the substantive BODY.

These, we repeat, are the sacred words held up to derision in the columns of the Guardian. But whilst we fling back the wanton insult with all the contempt it deserves, we are not sorry to be forced to say so much upon a subject with which we believe few readers in the Guardian are at all acquainted.

Well: against such a venerable article of our Creed, the Guardian, wantonly and deliberately publishes a vulgar, offensive, and unchristian attack, and having thus wounded us in a most sensitive part, it expected that we should be silent, or that if we ventured to remonstrate, it should be

"With bated breath and whispering humbleness"

It publishes an unprovoked attack on our religious institutions, and calls them "nurseries of indolence and vice, and superstition" and yet it has the modesty in the very same article to lec-

*We give the entire text from Luther's *Epist. ad Argentinenses*, "Hoc diffiteri non possum, quod di Carlostadius aut alius ante quinquenium, mihi persuadere potuisset, in Sacramento prætor panem et vinam mihi esse, ille me magno beneficio devinctum reddidisset. In hoc materia multum desudares, omnibus nervis extensis me extricare cenatus sum, cum perspiciebam hoc in re *Papatus* imprimis me valde incommodare posse. Verum ego me captum vidio, nulla evadendi vice relicta est. *Textus Evangelii nimis opertus est, et pæcus*, qui facile convelli non potest, multo minus verbis aut glossis a capite vertiginoso confectus convelli."

"This I am forced to confess that if Carlostadius or any one else, could have persuaded me before five years, that there was nothing in the Sacrament but bread and wine, he would have placed me under a very weighty obligation. Labouring much in this matter I tried to extricate myself by every means in my power, because I clearly saw that in this affair particularly I could give great annoyance to the Papacy. But I see myself caught, and no way left for escaping. *The text of the Gospel is too plain and open*, and it cannot be easily torn to pieces, and least of all by the words or glosses of a distended brain."—No bad comment from Doctor Martin Luther on "the Four Latin Words" which are sneered at by the Guardian.

ture us on the "proprieties of language! It directed against us its cowardly blow, and it supposed we should immediately fall on our knees and thank our rude assailant, and implore him to be more merciful for the future. Our sisters, our nieces, our relations and dearest friends who have devoted themselves in religious houses to the service of God, to the relief of the poor to the ministration of the sick, to the instruction of the ignorant are said to be living in "nurseries of indolence, vice, and superstition" and the uncharitable and unmanly bigot who uses this vile language, this dastardly calumny, has the brazen audacity to complain if we retort in "words that burn!"

"Quis tulit Græchos de seditione querentes!"

We dare say the Editor of the Guardian never saw a convent in his life. He certainly can know nothing of the interior of a religious institution of this kind, or of the lives of its inmates.—Some lying impostor of the Maria Monk School must be his only source of information, and nevertheless, this arbiter elegantiarum, this literary Chesterfield is shocked at the naturally indignant language of the *Cross*!

Having made these general observations, we now proceed to examine more minutely the specious pleading of this fractional organ of Presbyterianism. The Editor's first sentence is sufficient to condemn him.

"We have never had any quarrel with the Catholics of Nova Scotia."

Therefore, inconsistent scribbler, your attack upon them was more heartless, and cold-blooded. If they had ever abused, insulted, or quarrelled with you, there might be some excuse for your onslaught. But, by your own confession, they have done no such thing, and we may take it for granted, that they would never quarrel with you, if you had not commenced the quarrel yourself.

"We have received from many of them numerous tokens of respect and kindness."

A very grateful return, truly, have you made the Catholics for those numerous tokens.

"And we felt bound in common justice, and still more constrained from a sense of gratitude, to show them any little proofs of kindness and good will, which we had in our power to manifest!"

So the *Guardian* thinks it is "common justice" to abuse his kind neighbour! And he is "constrained" (*quelle douce violence!*) "from a sense of gratitude" (the Lord deliver us from such gratitude!) "to show them any little proofs of kindness and good will," such as "cakes and wafers" scraps of "Latin words" foul spittle upon every thing we hold sacred, and the attribution of "indolence vice and superstition" to the most enlightened, the purest, and the most active of our Catholic Ladies! These "proofs of kindness" are no doubt exceedingly "little" but we believe that they were all that the very little mind which inspires the *Guardian*, "had it in its power to manifest."

Catholics of Nova Scotia, we beseech you to engrave deeply on the tablets of your memory those little "proofs of kindness and good will" which the grateful writer of the *Guardian* has been constrained to manifest in your favour! When the Protestant poet *Denham* in his *Cooper's Hill* describes the sacrilegious spoliation of the monasteries and great Catholic Institutions under that monster of cruelty and lust, the eighth Henry, he imagines a stranger entering the country, and indignantly asking "What barbarous invader sack'd the land?" and he continues in this manner: