

and as one living society, combat the errors of Popery and Puseyism or High Churchism. Let our Protestant Ministers live as members of the same family, and lay that example before their flocks. Let Protestants support no public journal, or no member of Parliament but such as are thoroughly Protestant. When we compare the Protestantism of the most of our newspapers to the Popery of the Romish journals, we must confess great disparity on the score of zeal. I beg now to inform the reader that this letter closes the series on "The more Priests the more Crime," and that I intend, according to promise, after some relaxation, to write a little about the unprincipled and unprotestant doings of Puseyism; and especially that I intend to say a few words about the Hamilton Czar, *alias*, Solomon Pusey, Editor of the *Hamilton Gazette*, and successor of St. Diotrephes &c., &c. In connection with this I would observe, that I am of opinion that the Wesleyans of Hamilton have erred, notwithstanding the solemnity of the occasion, in allowing Father Geddes to trample on their liberties, they should have quietly colared him out of the grave-yard, because the Scripture says "resist the devil and he shall flee from you."

I hope our Popish editors will be more sparing in their challenges in future.

I will close this subject of the "Priests and their Crimes" with the following antique lines:—

THE IRISH PROTESTANT BOY AND THE ROMISH PRIEST.

A pretty Irish boy, of mongrel breed,
 The fruit of Protestant and Catholic seed,
 To mother's church an inclination had,
 But father unto mass would force the lad;
 Yet still the boy to church on Sunday stole,
 And evidenced a wish to save his soul.
 At length, one Sunday morn it came to pass,
 The father dragged the struggling boy to mass;
 The zealous papists helped to force him in,
 They begged the priest to pardon all his sin:
 "No, by the mass," he said, "I cannot bless,
 Or pardon, till the culprit first confess;"
 "Well," said the boy, "supposing I was willing,
 What is your charge?" "I'll charge you but a shilling."
 "Must all men pray, and make confession?"
 "Yes, every man of Catholic profession."
 "And who do you confess to?" "Why, the Dean."
 "And does he charge you?" "Yes, a white thirteen."
 "And do the Deans confess?" "Yes, boy they do,
 Confess to Bishops, and pay smartly too."
 "Do Bishops, sir, confess, pay, and to whom?"
 "Why they confess, and pay the Pope of Rome."
 "Well," quoth the boy, "all this is mighty odd—
 And does the Pope confess?" "Oh yes, to God."
 "And does God charge the Pope?" "No," quoth the Priest,
 "He charges nothing." "Oh! then God's the best;
 God's able to forgive, and always willing;
 To him I shall confess, and save my shilling."

A PROTESTANT.