

XVIII. Cursed is he who teaches it to be lawful to do any wicked thing, though it be for the interest and good of Mother Church; or that any evil action may be done, the good may ensue from it.—R. Amen.

XIX. Cursed are we, if, amongst all those wicked principles and damnable doctrines, commonly laid at our doors, any one of them may be the faith of our church; and cursed are we if we do not as heartily detest all those hellish practices, as they that so vehemently urge them against us.—R. Amen.

XX. Cursed are we, if, in answering or saying Amen to any of these curses, we use any equivocations or mental reservations or do not assent to them in the common and obvious sense of the words.—R. Amen.

Perhaps the above litany to which we most cordially respond may convince some of our honest neighbours of other creeds, that we had good reason for stating that *Protestantism*, and *ignorance* of all against which it protests, are most closely allied.

SAINT CALVIN! AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGEL!!

Assailed in the severest and most insulting language, by men who call themselves Christians, we lately ventured to remonstrate on behalf of the peaceable and unoffending Catholics of Nova Scotia. Everything that we hold most sacred, was exposed to derision by those profane scribblers, and in language which Billingsgate might envy. Some of the descendants of those who drove our priests to the recesses of the forest, and disgraced our Statute Book by the most infamous enactments, fancied that they could still manifest that intolerant spirit which is so much opposed to the meek and blessed character of the peaceful author of the Gospel. We were sorry to discover that there still existed amongst us a remnant of that ancient poison. It rudely disturbed convictions which we had long and sincerely entertained, respecting the pre-eminence of Nova Scotia in religious toleration,—convictions which we have frequently expressed in the pages of this Journal. Our position too was so quiet and unobtrusive, our demands so moderate, our ambition so unpretending, that we could not have been prepared for this combined and sudden onslaught on the poor Catholics of Nova Scotia. Our relations with our Protestant neighbours of all denominations were so pacific and friendly that when this unexpected blow came from their various organs at the press, we felt it to be both treacherous and unchristian. In our social, civil, or political relations, we drew no bigotted line of demarcation. We never voted against any man, either at the hustings or elsewhere, because he was a Protestant. Difference of creed or country never affected our commercial relations, nor lessened the intercourse of business or of friendship. Though numerically the largest religious body in the country we enjoyed few or none of its emoluments or honours, nay we helped to confer many of them on our separated brethren. In a word, we maintain that all manner of practical liberality has been exemplified in our conduct.

However, all this could not protect us from insult, nor save our cherished faith from mockery and derision. And yet, it was that faith which was first preached in our primeval forests by Catholic missionaries. The holy and zealous preachers who first taught the Indian to adore the living God, and to hope for salvation through the blood of Christ his son, were Catholic Apostles; just as the sainted men who converted all our heathen ancestors to the truths of the Gospel, were missionaries from Rome. To treat us then as upstarts in Nova Scotia, is neither generous nor just. More than a century and a half before the first Protestant settler appeared in the deserted harbour of Halifax, had

the august mysteries of our Church been solemnized at Annapolis. On the score of antiquity, therefore, the Catholic religion does not yield to any other in the Province. We shall say nothing at present of the atrocious manner in which the early Catholics were expelled—the men who cleared our forests constructed our roads and bridges, planted our orchards, reclaimed our dykes, and converted our vast plains into smiling meadows, and our hill sides into fields of waving corn.

But we do maintain that an attitude so peaceful as ours did not merit the rude rebuff which we have received. If we had abused our fellow christians, reviled their creeds, or sneered at their various institutions, we should be prepared to expect ungentle treatment. But we did no such thing. We have therefore every reason to complain; and we will complain, and not only complain, but repel with vigour those dastardly assaults. We care not from what quarter an enemy may appear. We will meet him with confidence and courage, and we will show even more clearly than we have hitherto done, that we do not fear the discussion of our tenets, or the examination of our cause.

Of the Guardian as a literary paper we can speak in no other terms than those of sovereign contempt. Its dull pages are not only beneath criticism, but far below mediocrity. Not one single ray of genius illumines the darkness of its bigotry—not one generous sentiment relieves the harshness of its puritanical acerbity. Though we have recently heard that it was edited by a clergyman, we laughed with incredulity at the news. A clergyman is supposed to be a gentleman, at least in education, and we defy the most fervid enthusiast in the conventicle to point out the least trace of the scholar in the drawling, slip-slop pages of the Guardian. The total absence also of good manners and good taste, evinced by the wanton parade before the public of two respected prelates whose difference in religion does not lessen their mutual esteem, nor prevent their social intercourse—is an offence against society and religion which must challenge the reprobation of every honest man. But the occasion it seems was too tempting for the congenial scurrility of the unordained Puritan, and in his jealous rage he could not endure the thought of two Episcopal dignitaries setting an example of mutual forbearance and respect to the narrow minded pitiful sect whose slave he is, and upon whose sufferance he exists.

It is indeed a painful task to wade through the feeble expletives, the sickening common-places and endless tautologies of a rambling writer of this description. We have attempted to follow, and to enliven his tortuous, gloomy track. He complains of our running commentary; but we had no other resource. There was no argument to answer, no theology to refute, no erudition to be tested. It was one dull unmeaning string of helpless inanity, and we appeal to any scholar who has read the Guardian for the truth of this description.

We are bound therefore, to tell him frankly that he is a rash and profane intruder in the temple of literature, that he is totally unfit for the Editorial Chair, that he handles a pen with as much dexterity as a ploughman does a needle, and that if he really believes his cause to be a just one, he ought without delay commit its defence to abler hands.

If the Presbyterians of the Guardian are to continue their abuse of our religion, our clergy, and our sacred institutions, perhaps they could not select more appropriate tools for that purpose than the "aggravated criminal" and the vulgar 'PARASYTERIAN.' But, if they want to conduct a controversy which