

efford on the score of *change*, for the said Prayer Book has been changed so often that its original compilers would not at all recognize it in the present day. There used to be a good old maxim amongst learned Churchmen. *Lex orandi, lex credendi*—The prayers always corresponded with the doctrine of the Church in the antique Rituals: and if you wanted to discover what the faithful believed, you had merely to examine in the Liturgies how they prayed. For, in prayer, if at any time, will the belief of the Christian be made manifest. We must, therefore humbly put in a word or two in behalf of neglected Protestantism, which is so scurvily treated in the Book of Common Prayer that one could hardly tell from its pages whether such a thing as a Protestant existed at all. There are marks of the beast in abundance, but on all that relates to the Religion of negation, a mysterious silence. It cannot be that the framers of the Prayer Book were ashamed of the word *Protestant*. It is both comprehensive and ancient. It is a variegated mantle, which in its ample folds, envelops a multitude of sinners.

Behold them! each a godless work!
The Church of Law and Truth—the Kirk—
The Church of 'Bess', the Church of Knox
The Church of Neale, the Church of Fox—
Of Luther, Calvin, Wickliffe—Huss—
The Dane, the Swede, the Greek, the Russ—
The Wesleyan—the Muggletonian
The Hugonot—the 'Humbergonian'—
The Manichæan—Albigenses,
The Irvings, parting with their senses
The Ducking Baptists—Unducked Quakers
Ranters, Jumpers, Seekers, Shakers,
Socialians, Arians, Unitarians,
All Protestant! and all at variance!
The Independents—Oh! kind heaven
How apt the name,—how justly given!
Of virtue, and her works attendant
Of truth and reason independent!
Of all the sects whose faith's a riddle,
Who wane, and wander like the moon,
Who turn the Bible into a Fiddle
And set its text to every tune.
None can such variations play,
None more intolerant than they!

We said that *Protestantism* is of ancient date. Aye! marry it is, older than any religion on earth. Protestantism came from Heaven itself, but its descent was not very respectable. Lucifer was the first *Protestant*! He protested against God himself, and his Creed was *negative* and brief. Instead of Thirty Nine it contained but one article. 'Non servium.' I wont obey was his motto! I protest I wont!

But to come to our purpose. As an act of tardy reparation to the great cognomen of *Protestant*, we suggest that the following alterations be made forthwith in the Book of Common Prayer.

In the Apostles Creed:

"I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Holy PROTESTANT Church, the NON-COMMUNION of saints, and the NON-FORGIVENESS of sins"

In the Nicene Creed:

"I believe one, Holy, Protestant and Apostolic Church"

In the Athanasian Creed:

"Whosoever will be saved, it is necessary that he hold the PROTESTANT Faith."

and in the end:

This is the PROTESTANT Faith, which unless a man shall keep whole and inviolable, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly."

THE GUARDIAN.

We are waiting patiently until the poor "Criminal" comes down from his suits. We will then take a close review of his uncouth performances. Wait a while. *Nabobish!* The Guardian has complained of personalities; and yet with that consistent modesty for which the Editor is notorious, he has made a cowardly onslaught on a Clergyman, Rev. Mr. O'Brien, who is not here to defend himself, and who, if he were, would make mince-meat of "the soul and bones" of this old sinner. The shameless miscreant has also attacked another member of our communion with whom he had no cause of quarrel, and whose

unoffending disposition would have disarmed the hostility of an honourable opponent. And this degraded wretch talks of "schooling people into good manners!" It would be well for him that he had got a little "schooling" from the gentleman alluded to, and well for the public also. We should be saved from the necessity of teaching him the rudiments of grammar and the first elements of logic. His ponderous lucubrations too, might be occasionally enlivened by some classic wit. As it is, we must take the poor creature as we find him—"a deformed beast of grace" with charity or manners. His ordinary nonsense is ineupportable enough; but when he presumes to hurl his leaden shafts against a gentleman and a scholar, we lose all patience:

'Fate never wounds more deep, the generous heart,
Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.'

"THE ENGLISHMEN, GENTLEMEN AND CHRISTIANS"

Remind us forcibly in their last Hebdomadal effusion of nastiness, of Sir Robert Peel's story of the celebrated pair of Tailors in Tooley street, who drew up a Remonstrance to the Crown, and commenced it in the following pompous strain.

"WE, THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND"

"We, the *Gemini* of the Times, Englishmen, Gentlemen and Christians!!! (O la!) being beaten in argument, routed "horse, foot, and dragoons," plunged "in the mazes of metaphysical abstraction," convicted and sentenced for murder of the Queen's English, but mercifully reprieved on account of our "flightiness of imagination;"—enveloped in the darkness of "Protestant ignorance," and "smothered under its mystifications" exposed in the pillory, and gibbeted: laughed at by every school-boy, and jeered by every tyro in Syntax;—"leathered" with our own dirty apron, as unsparingly as if it were composed of the same soft silk as one of our "Episcopal Bishop's;" foiled by the Editors of the "unpretending little sheet" in all our grammatical attempts "to LEARN them caution in jumping &c."—herely resolve and determine that as "in every black there is a white," and as we are unable to cope with them in argument,—and as they know more of our Protestant Divines than we do ourselves, and as our friends are blushing like scarlet for our theology and grammar—we will cover our defeat by pretending that the articles in the Cross are not written by the Editors at all; and we will accuse the Popish Clergy, and the Popish Bishop, and we will bespatter them with personalities, and sling as much filth upon them as possible, and abuse their country, and turn their sacerdotal garments into ridicule, and their High Masses, and their Sermons, and laugh at St. Patrick, and at Joe. Howe, and at the Governor himself for daring to go to the Irish dinner, and at his "son Frank;" and we will thus glut our vengeance, and mortify the Papists, and irritate the Irish, and get a glorious Majority at the next General Election; and there is not the slightest fear that the Roman Bishop, or Clergy, will ever stoop to notice our Incubations, or contradict our falsehoods; and thus we shall throw dust in the eyes of our friends, and escape with impunity out of this unfortunate scrape, like Englishmen, Gentlemen and Christians, wiping with our aprons our scurrilous mouths, and bawling out lustily, No Popery! No Surrender! Hurra for our Glorious Protestant Constitution!

This is a very ingenious speculation, no doubt, but alas! it will burst like a bubble. We are not to be cajoled after this fashion. Our harpoon is stuck fast in the Great Protestant Whale, and no matter what quantity of froth or foam the monster may discharge, we will not suffer him to escape. We will uncoil plenty of rope, and rest on our oars until the wounded and writhing Leviathan shall be "smothered" in a shower of its own "mystification."

Yes, these English Christians may abuse our Clergy, but we feel we should only insult those whom we venerate, if we attempted to defend them against this Protestant scurrility. After having been called a "DEMON PRIESTHOOD" and "SUFFICIENT RUFFIANS," with sundry other choice christian epithets by the *Times* of London, we do not imagine their tempers will be much ruffled by the polite phraseology of the *Times* of Halifax.