

We have endeavoured to find a parallel for the above abusive strain, and for the sake of brevity and point, we give the following.

"Thy school is nothing but a stinking pig-stye. Dost thou hear me thou Dog! Dost thou hear me thou madman! Dost thou hear me thou huge beast!"

Gentle reader, whose language is this, and from what school of Divinity does it proceed? Could you believe that it smacked strongly of the Geneva Conventicle, or that the above is a polite specimen from "Jack Calvin" himself in his reply to Westphal the Lutheran? And yet so it is. This is a genuine specimen of the Christian dialectics of "Jack" himself, who was burned with a red-hot Iron in his native town of Noyau for an infamous crime,—who burned Servetus to death for the exercise of private judgement,—from whose dark and terrible vengeance many other Evangelical dissentients had to fly—who ruled Geneva with an iron despotism—who was implicated in, and approved of the conspiracy of Amboise and the murder of the Duke of Guise—who brought all manner of calamities, civil war, massacre, spoliation and ruin on his native country—who could never brook opposition even from his friends—who was notorious for using the most brutal, vile, and insulting language—who in fine died in despair, of a loathsome disease, and blaspheming the God that made him!

And forsooth, we are to be called to an account for not speaking of this wretch as if he were a canonized Saint!—What a founder of a Church!

#### THE TIMES AND THE CROSS.

Our article last week under the rubric of "The Times" has been read by thousands of our fellow-citizens in the metropolis and province of Nova Scotia. It has opened the eyes of many, forced men to think on Catholic subjects, who have never reflected upon them before, and struck terror and dismay into the heart of every bigoted Catholic; feel too, that they can be no longer insulted with impunity; and Irishmen, that an assault upon their country is sure to be returned with interest. Certain it is that many of our opponents never imagined that so much could be said "on the other side," and their exclamations of surprise to that effect have been loud and frequent. Though reluctantly forced to assume a defensive and hostile attitude, we are by no means sorry that this brief skirmish has taken place. If we have wounded the feelings of some, we hope it will induce them to reflect on the many painful wounds they have inflicted on their Catholic neighbours, and teach them to observe more cautiously in futuro the Golden Rule of the Gospel.

The ruse adopted by the Times, to evade our arguments, and the classic language in which its literary abortion is published to the world, dispense us altogether from the necessity of comment. We thought we had to deal with grave divines, or erudite scholars; but we are fully undeceived. We had made every preparation for carrying the war into the enemy's camp, but on reading the last Editorial of the Times, we were completely disarmed. We have no desire to "impale a glow-worm" or "break a butterfly on a wheel," and we are sure that any jury of scholars would pronounce us guilty of wanton and unjustifiable homicide if we dealt another stroke to our prostrate and almost lifeless foes. Nay, in the abundance of our charity we declare, that we pity and forgive them. Their punishment has been somewhat severe, but their insolence was most outrageous. We trust that they have learned a useful les-

son from the past, and that the occurrences of the last few weeks will convince the really well disposed and sincere members of all parties, that social harmony cannot be secured without mutual respect and reciprocal toleration.

#### JUSTICE TO THE TIMES.

To prove the sincerity of our opinions, and the accuracy of our judgment in the preceding article, we have resolved on publishing for the benefit and amusement of our own readers, the entire Editorial of the Times of Tuesday, in reply to the last Cross. We commend to their especial notice the varied beauties of this delightful essay—its logical acumen, its profound theology, its rhetorical flowers, its brilliant flashes of wit, its lofty "stilt" and aerial "lightness," its "backwardness" in the "mazes of metaphysical abstraction" its choking "mystifications" such as "In every black there is a white" and above all its horror of "holy water" which the Old Gentleman himself would admit to be most natural! The grammarians of the Times wont allow us to treat that Journal as if it were a noun of multitude, and although it has a brace of Editors who are identified with the Paper, they must invariably be spoken of, it seems, in the singular number. The use of the royal and editorial *we* is to be discarded altogether. This odd freak we can easily overlook, but we will not suffer the *Geniini* of the Times, to shift from their own shoulders the responsibility, the deep and "lasting disgrace" of "sowing the seeds of religious strife." We confidently appeal to the whole community on this point.

But we owe an apology to our readers for having so long deprived them of the rich treat which follows:

#### "LAST SATURDAY'S CROSS."

"We have neither time nor room this week, fully to notice the articles in *The Cross* of Saturday. It is rampant as usual, mounted on the stilts of Transubstantiation and Absolution, without producing an argument on either subject which any school-boy may not controvert from either of the gospels. The sins of the *Guardian* and abuse of its Editor occupy four of its broad pages—the *Times* comes in for only two pages and three quarters. These essays are rambling dissertations in which there is much abuse—and a lightness of imagination pervades them, which induces us to believe that they have been penned under the influence of potatoes stronger than holy water.\* Certainly many of the passages savour this idea. One cannot read the quotations which follow without supposing that the writer was far gone—that such countries as Portugal, Spain, Italy, South America, and Roman Catholic Ireland, must for the moment, with the great mass of their ignorant population, and the cause of that ignorance, have escaped his remembrance altogether. Nothing but a state of maudlin excess, could have imagined the following sentence, which is one of the gems of *The Cross*—

"We must express our serious opinion that Protestantism and ignorance are so nearly allied, that one cannot exist without the other?"

Incomparable wisdom. In every black there is a white. The metaphysical mind of the writer was far back in the mazes of abstraction when that passage was penned. Unfortunately for ourselves we cannot prove that the principles of Protestantism carry along with them perfect enlightenment, though it would be easy to show that they make direct approaches towards it—they do not claim white under the influence of human passions, to be *infallible*; but we can safely place them in contrast with the knowledge they impart, for their civilizing tendency, and tolerating disposition, with the intolerance and bigotry, and soul-debasing superstition of that creed, the spirit of which the Editors of *The Cross* so admirably illustrate.

\* Surely the *Times* is in error here, no liquid can be stronger than holy water; as the D—l himself cant stand that!