

which I told him that my Christians knew how to believe the truths which the catholic Faith teaches, but that they did not know how to discuss them; that as they were not sufficiently learned to solve the difficulties which he had proposed he had evidently intended that they should be communicated to me; that I seized with pleasure this opportunity that he had offered me, to confer with him either by word of mouth, or by letter; that I thereupon sent him a Memoir and besought him to read it with serious attention. In this Memoir, which was of about a hundred pages, I proved by scripture, by tradition, and by theological arguments the truths which he had attacked by such stale jests. I added, in closing my letter, that if he were not satisfied with my proofs, I would expect from him a precise refutation, supported by theological proofs, and not by vague arguments which prove nothing,—still less by injurious reflections, which befitted neither our profession nor the importance of the subject in question.

Two days after receiving my letter, he set out to return to Boston; he sent me a short answer, which I was obliged to read several times in order to comprehend its meaning, so obscure was its style and so extraordinary its Latin. However, by dint of reflection, I understood that he complained that I had attacked him without reason; that zeal for the salvation of souls had led him to teach the Savages the way to Heaven; and that, for the rest, my proofs were absurd and childish. Having sent to him in Boston a second letter, in which I pointed out the defects of his own, he answered me at the end of two years, without even entering upon the subject; and said that I had a peevish and fault-finding spirit