

hour!" of whom the world was not worthy."—When instead of assisting in the reformation, and purgation of the church of Christ—he seemed intent upon destroying it—when he prostituted those advantages which Heaven had favored him with, (for a better purpose,) and endeavored in his little sphere to become a mis-Leader of the people—when he endeavored to confound men's minds, and take possession of their rational faculties by a *coup de main*—by positive, violent, dogmatical assertions; and by uttering these assertions as if *inspired*, worked on that *something* in the human mind, which has always a tendency to whatever is *novel*, however visionary, enthusiastical, or fanatical it may be: and thus in some instances he deceived the sincere, but *unstable* and *unwary*; and also led astray a few who were *already* but a small remove from insanity—when he covered the *hook* of his designs with the *bait* of a rapid eloquence—when inch by inch, little by little, indeed almost imperceptibly, he brought forth his (otherwise hideous) mass of absurdities, compounded of some truth, more error, and a still greater proportion of *Nonsense*, and covered this idol, of Irvingite creation, with gaudy, tinsel garments, made up of a *shew* of Scripture distorted by his great volubility of speech; and ornamented with the flowers of an oratory worthy of a better cause—when this occasioned admiration (in some already mentioned instances,) to *gape so wide that it swallowed his pernicious Errors by wholesale!!!*

During all this time I regularly attended the discourses of Mr. Caird, while (in a place where he ought not to have been allowed, and with the tacit, silent connivance of those who ought to have opposed him) he night after night, and at each time for hours together laboured to hew out a channel for his stream of Error. I narrowly watched him as he slowly, (and slyly) lifted his flood gates in order to make way for the flowing of his River—of Destruction—I noted down whatever was advanced, contrary, to what I conceived to be the Truth, and classed it under (I believe) 18 or 19 particulars; leaving a large Margin. I sent this Manuscript to Mr. Caird with a note requesting, that, if I had mis-conceived him in any particulars, he would mark it on the Margin with his negative; and that all particulars, wherein I stated his opinions rightly he would mark with his approval; and told him that on his returning me the paper, he should hear from me again.

This request he did not comply with; and finding, that no body else made any attempt to arrest the spreading mischief; nor to arcuse the attention of those who were fast lulling to sleep by his Siren song—I wrote to Mr. Caird again (in substance) as follows—

SIR,—I perceive you are a zealous man—I believed you to be a good man—I am willing to believe so still. I think, you have advanced many dangerous, if not destructive, Errors. These are the more dangerous, as they were *mixed up* with many solemn and weighty truths. The people who have allowed you a place in which to advance those sentiments, will, of course, allow you the same place for their investigation. I therefore request you will meet me in that place, and for that purpose, on Thursday evening next at half-past seven o'clock, that, we may "Gather the *good* into vessels, and cast the *bad* away." If either of the Methodist Preachers wish to take my place, I shall (with your concurrence) resign it to him.

I am Sir, &c.

This note was delivered at Mr. Caird's Lodgings,—but as Error ever flies the force of Truth, he left town the same day without giving any reply!

His confidants from time to time urged me to have a *private* conference with him: but I answered—No! that those who had had private conferences with him, had no witnesses but those who were of his own party, and that they undeviatingly stated, that he found no difficulty in putting down all who opposed him; that, therefore there should be no "hearsay" about whatever

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