

feeling, no grudge, no animosity. I have written plainly and pointedly, because I believe that the subject demanded plainness of speech; but I have said all that I have said, with as little ill-feeling as I should say, that two and two make four. I abhor your errors, as I abhor the gates of hell, and deem it my duty to lift up my voice against them: but I have no personal pique or revenge to gratify in addressing you as I have done.

To my certain knowledge, a large number of your ministerial brethren are profoundly ignorant of the religious literature of other Denominations. Hence their frequent misrepresentations of the doctrinal views and church polity of other Societies. Indeed, a general ignorance, prevails among your people, of what other Denominations do believe. I could give you a hundred instances of this, let one suffice for the present. One of your ministerial brethren told me on one occasion, that Presbyterians believed and preached that "there are infants in hell a span long." On asking him whether he had ever heard any minister preach such a doctrine, he replied that he had not, but a reliable friend had told him that he had!!! I have myself been charged with holding and teaching a similar tenet.

This very preacher, on one occasion, wound up a long sermon against Calvinism (?) by saying that "he would not trust his life in the hands of a man that was a Calvinist"!!! Your people of course, take it for granted that what you and your brethren say on these subjects in the pulpit is quite correct. Hence the violent prejudices which many of them exhibit towards other Denominations, and their profound ignorance of the doctrinal views held by them.

It is a duty, Mr. D., which you and your ministerial brethren owe to yourselves and to your people, to make yourselves acquainted with the religious views of other Denominations. Your ignorance of these views is the source of many errors, and lays the foundation for the most unreasonable prejudices.

I have many things yet to say, but as I have already protracted this letter beyond the limits I had at first assigned to myself, I must draw to a close.

It is to me a matter of profound regret that there should be so many professing Christians in this community, who, whenever error is to be exposed, or truth defended, are ready to raise the cry—a cry which has been rung in my ears for weeks past—"Don't meddle—you'll hurt yourself." These timid, time-serving souls love truth so little, that for the sake of maintaining a dishonorable peace with its enemies, they will quietly stand by and see it sacrificed or trodden to the earth.

"Let us alone, what have we to do with thee?" was the cry of the 'unclean spirit' in the poor demoniac, when Christ approached to drive him out. Whenever rascality or corruption is to be exposed, hypocrisy or imposture to be unmasked, or false systems to be assailed, that cry is still repeated: "Let us alone, what have we to do with thee?" The fear of giving offence—of hurting somebody's feelings—has spiked the gun of many a professed soldier of the Cross. Rather than jeopardize their friendship with their fellow men, they will ignominiously permit their swords to slumber in their scabbards. The enemy may come in like a flood, but they will raise up no standard against him. Time-serving, men-pleasing world-loving souls are these! The cause of truth and righteousness may be assailed before their eyes, and when some more bold and fearless soul would draw the sword to defend it, they instantly raise the old and cowardly cry: "Let them alone; somebody might be wounded!" and this, in their estimation, would be a far greater calamity than the overthrow of truth itself.

I fear that this man-pleasing spirit has crept into the Church of God, and that Christ is often betrayed in the house of his friends. Where now do we find the spirit of Paul, of Knox, of Luther, and Calvin, under whose giant-tread the serpent superstitions of former ages writhed, and were almost but exterminated? Have valiant men ceased in Israel? Is there none to come to the help of the Lord against the mighty? Shall we sheathe our swords when the hosts of darkness are at our very gates? or shall we draw them and drive back the assailing foe? Up, soldiers of Christ!—quit you like men; and with the life of God in your souls, and the sword of the Spirit in your hands, pursue these abominations to the death!

CHARLES WALKER.

WELLAND, November, 1863.