

to meet you at any given point of attack. Before taking up the pen, and since I began to write, I have often thought of the motives which could have induced you to arouse from its slumbers such a hateful controversy by retarding my work in its progress to oblivion, and calling the attention of the public at large to its uninteresting but *harmless* details. Did you with an opportunity of exhibiting to the world a specimen of your talents? In this you have lamentably *failed*, for before the appearance of your work many were disposed to class you with those dark lanterns which have light *in themselves* though they impart little to others. Did you imagine that I had been too successful in dispelling the gloom which has hitherto surrounded the Scottish Reformers and the Church which they were honored to establish? I trust that such base attempts to arrest the progress of light have been signally frustrated and crushed for ever. Did you feel a secret wish that I should attain "the happiness," as you express it, of seeing the superior excellence of those principles which you profess, and of those forms to which you adhere? Alas! The example which you give of their practical influence is not just so amiable as to awaken attachment, and you must be well aware that it is not in human nature to be *lashed* into affection. I would beg leave to recommend to your serious attention the language of your favorite Hooker, "The time will come when a *few words* spoken with meekness, humility, and love, shall be more acceptable than *volumes of controversy*, which commonly destroy *charity*, the *very best part of true religion*." But if you have come to British Colonies with that intemperate zeal about *modes of faith* and *forms of worship* which you have most unguardedly expressed, and which would have disgraced the darkest age of popish domination, I would advise you as a friend, and as a christian, to retire to the glens and mountains of your native country, where you will live respected, because you will live *unknown*.

I am, Sir,

With all due respect,

Your obedient Servant,

GEORGE BURNS.

Saint John, April 7th, 1818.