

statement. Well, I suppose I must submit, and I am not in bad company, for he indulged in the same kind of liberty with an inspired author. For when he found out that the sweet Psalmist of Israel dared to say, in the 1st Book of Chronicles, that Abraham's covenant extended to a THOUSAND generations instead of FORTY-TWO, which he (Mr. Torrance) said was the exact number, the gentleman very significantly added his opinion that large allowance was to be made for the poetical statements of King David. On this subject of a personal nature I have little more to say. The gentlemen of the different denominations who invited me to Orillia are yet alive, and they will, when necessary, show that I did not appear before them uninvited. I have no means, sir, of knowing who pays taxes in your town. All I know is that your people look thrifty and happy, and I am glad to believe that you are all able to pay your share of them. Far indeed was it from my thoughts to strip any of them of their rights. I went there, sir, as the simple and humble messenger of Jesus, and in God's name I delivered my message—Ezekiel, if I may, and I am very willing for his sake to endure the contradiction of sinners—Heb. xii. 13; but the gentleman must excuse me when I add that if his creed requires to be broken in winter, and the health and even life of wives and children to be sacrificed,

mothers, sisters and daughters to be imperilled, and Christ's holy sacrament profaned, if this yoke be not light and easy, as we are told our Lord's yoke is, (Matt. xi. 30; it is surely not of God, but of the evil one. And if with all the eloquence the gentleman possesses, he cannot defend his creed from the Holy Scriptures, and he evidently that very same as acknowledged he could not do that, he ought not to cast any reflection upon me; for I had not the making of his creed; it was made without my knowledge or consent, and he need not get so angry with us at its weakness and folly, as to indulge in personalities. First, he snarls at you, sir, and pronounces you as guilty of a fraud on the public, then he showed his teeth at me because I was intrusted with a message to his people; then he grows at the people who announced the controversy for us, at their own expense, and finally he lights upon our old friend the Rev. Mr. Gray, who I know is well capable of taking care of the Edinburgh *Encyclopaedia*. I don't feel sore, sir, as the result of the controversy, and therefore cannot snap, bite, growl and bark at any one, and Mr. John Torrance must excuse me for declining to do so. Wishing you all ten thousand blessings in Christ Jesus, about a set of notes I remain, Mr. Editor, yours Faithfully yours, D. HUTCHINSON.