

To the Rev. William Bell.

SIR,—

YOU have again come under the influence of your besetting sin, *i. e.*, your anxiety to become an author is once more made manifest by the publication of another pastoral letter, in which Jesuitical production, under the mask of defending your character against the attacks of Mr. Stewart, you have thought proper to indulge in your natural propensity, of throwing out dark insinuations against persons, whom you dare not name in connection with any thing improper whether of a public or private nature. To reply to the foul calumnies, which you have on many occasions fulminated against several persons, whose characters stand far above the utmost reach of your malignant efforts, to level in the dust every vestage of their respectability, I should not consider on your own account. But lest the display which you bring forth in support of morality may induce the respectable congregation over which it has been your honor to preside, to suppose that you are the persecuted individual which your own gloomy fault-finding temper has imagined, I shall reluctantly trespass on their attention, in order to point out the impropriety of your proceedings, and to shew the groundless nature of that discontent with which you have frequently insulted your hearers, and profaned the Sabbath, by indulging in, and giving vent to violent and ungovernable passions in that very sanctuary where you have so often exhorted others to meekness, forbearance, and christian humility. But before taking notice of the letter you have just addressed to your Congregation, it may not be amiss to revert to a few of the outlines of your public proceedings since your arrival at this place. This becomes important, because it will enable me to contrast the professions you make and the zeal you would fain have it supposed you entertain for the blessings of all christian institutions, particularly the observance of the Sabbath, with your own frailties and failings, and before I have done with the subject, induce you, by viewing a correct likeness of your own weak nature, to utter in the sincerity of repentance the following prayer. "The mercy I to others shew, that mercy shew to me."

Perhaps it has not escaped your recollection, that upon your arrival here you stepped into a living of £100 Sterling per annum, that you received as further encouragement from Government, Eight hundred acres of valuable land near the town, besides one of the best twenty-five acre, or park lots, and two first rate town lots, all which, it was reasonably supposed, would have produced satisfaction and gratitude, particularly when you considered these solid advantages over the precarious charge of an inconsiderable school in the Highlands of Scotland. But was it so? it was not: so far from any such feeling being produced by the enjoyment of these comfortable circumstances, obvious in