

tell you now for your "information," that had I have called you a *baptized* infidel" you would have been called out of your name, seeing I believe you never were baptized.

After telling me I need not expect, or, rather presume to ask," for mercy, you remind me of having given the world a "portrait in the "Man of Sorrows:" and in return, allow me to remind you that I am now giving them another in the "Man of Sin." And let me ask you, what have you to do with the "Man of Sorrows," unless it be to show your spleen, and expose yourself?

Surely, Sir, you must have thought, that those who read your book would never take the trouble to examine to see if what you said was correct, or, with all your thirst for revenge, you would certainly have had more love for yourself, admitting you had none for me, than to have told such malicious lies for the purpose of making me appear a public liar! You say on page the 6th,—that after promising to "give a reply," you turn over and "lo! I say, I shall not *attempt* a reply." You know it is not so: and you knew it when writing it, as you acknowledged at the commencement that my book was before you.

We have got no further yet than your eighth page: and though this is but our second sitting, I can assure you, Sir, that we shall find but little difficulty in producing a striking "likeness;" for every time I take up my pencil you look more and more like yourself. And the leading feature of your "portrait," and that which must at once strike the eye of every beholder, is that of LYING! For had you not have been accustomed to it, it could hardly be thought that you would have made such rapid advances in so short a time. Having already made so many false assertions, and imagining that others will readily believe all that flows from your pen, without once questioning the truth of it, you grow bold in calumniating your neighbour, and fearlessly state as facts all that your evil heart would desire to be true. Maddened by revenge and blinded by prejudice, you madly rush on resolving either for "death or victory!" and without stopping to reflect on its consequences, you unceremoniously state that what I have written on "*Baptism*" I have copied from "*Pengilly's Scripture Guide to Baptism.*" You remind me also of the "frightened horses" standing by the water's edge." But I believe I should have said "*terrified horses*:"—well be it so;—and allow me to say that it happened very well they were not "*asses*;" for I might have concluded that