

it is impossible for me to tell how you might have explained what you did say, I shall repeat a little that was said both by you, and me, as probably it may refresh the memories of the persons to whom you allude, admitting it has not the effect upon you. You asked me if I believed the following passage, "And he brought forth the people that were therein, and put them under saws, and under harrows of iron, and under axes of iron, and made them pass through the brick-kiln : and thus did he unto all the cities of the Children of Ammon." 2 Sam. 12, 31. And a similar passage, 1 Chron. 20, 3. You may recollect, that I told you I did believe it, and that because the BIBLE said it.—You may bear in mind also, that you denied it, and brought forth the *love* of God as an argument against it :—and asserted that it meant nothing more than that they were employed to *make*, or *work* at "*saws,—harrows,—axes,—and brickkilns, &c.*" If your memory is not too treacherous, you may call to mind also, that I observed, I was on my way, going to preach that night, and if what you said was correct, and the Scriptures *we had* were not the word of God, and did not mean what they said, that the very text I was about to preach from, was not to be depended upon, and I might be the means of leading the people astray, which made me feel awful.—If what little of the conversation, I have here repeated does not remind you of your assertions, I feel fully satisfied that the whole would not. But how could you know that you were the one "there portrayed," if the picture given did not *look like you*? After having given full vent to your rage, and vomited out all your poison, and having inflicted wounds incurable, you then say, "I freely and fully forgive you." *Astonishing!*—Such an act of mercy ought to be recorded on *steel*, to the honor of your compassionate bowels!!—You do not *kill me*, but you *bruise* and *wound* me, till you feel assured I *cannot live*; and then turn round and say, "*I freely and fully forgive you!!!*" And so much is your *pity* and *tenderness* excited, that on seeing me wounded, and, as you imagine, *dying*, you cannot help exclaiming "God be merciful to *thee* a sinner!" To this short prayer you have my hearty AMEN! But allow me to tell you, that while you "regard iniquity in your heart, the Lord will not hear you," (Ps. 66, 18,) whether you pray for, or against me. Sir, your driveling arguments on *infant sprinkling* are things by far too mean for me to stoop to, I shall therefore listen to nothing that you might have to say on any such an *unscriptural* subject: as I have already written