

postacy, though I am afraid it is hope against hope.

Should these letters fall into the hands of any of my Protestant brethren, let them not think hard of me for the harsh language I have made use of to my Son—let them; I say; forbear until they coolly deliberate on what they would say or do were they placed in similar circumstances. I do affirm from my heart that I am not a bigot, but ready at all times to give an account of the hope that is in me according to the advice of the Apostle. I have endeavoured to condense in this essay as much matter on controversial points as the bounds would permit; nor have I written one sentence to my knowledge but what is supported by authority both sacred and profane; nor am I afraid to meet any individual, be his talents what they may, because I have the open, certain and beaten track to follow, viz,—I have the eternal, unequivocal and gratuitous promise of Jesus Christ, the glorious founder of his Church, which cannot be broken by the powers of Hell; and I am assured that nothing but the powers of darkness could darken the understanding of men, and cause them to shut their eyes, their ears and hearts against the promises and precepts of the God of truth, and strain every nerve to turn those promises into fables—but, may the Lord of life open their eyes and hearts in time to secure their eternal happiness.

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