

New York May 10th Friday/46

My dear friend

if my letters are worth anything you must really give me some credit for writing them - this one at least amid the perfect roar of anniversary trumpets and thunderings and the tumult of dinner parties and fatigues of reporting and corresponding and what not. What an avalanche of flesh and blood a fire of expectation, descends upon "the metropolis" on the Anniversary. Woe! Or perhaps I am at the focus of a tumult which is hardly heard beyond the precincts of "the Tabernacle". Wall Street & Rum is deaf to every sound but that of war. War has come at last. "I had fondly encouraged myself to believe, Sir, should I ~~say~~ say at our anniversary before yesterday, that American blood was not again to be shed, nor American courage shown upon battle fields of blood, but that we were to be permitted to go forth ⁱⁿ selling without garments, clothed in blood, for the rights & truths of the gospel with spiritual enemies alone".

I creep dear David fathers - sad forebodings sometimes assail me. We have sinned and now the punishment seems coming. It is as yet only like the cloud act by our hand, but a war in which such a nation as ours is involved, at this time of the world's history, may set on fire the globe. It seems to me like a great fire that the Devil has kindled by leave of God, to throw the Bible into. I send you a few slips of our late papers in which the position of our forces are shown on the Rio Grande. -

When news came of the first encounter & call
for volunteers, there was a mighty leaping of heart I assure
you. There is something in a call of Country to arms
for defence of territory — the product of habitual
& educational feelings, even when opposed to
mature principles, that the old Adam fights
with a shiver of delight.

Our anxious aims are marked out by
the entrance of one new one, the Unitarian. A
N. Y. State U. Association has been formed. I
attended one of their meetings yesterday evening in
the exquisite beautiful Chapel on Broadway
where Mr. Bellows preaches (and he seems to be
a Christian.) It was a sort of discussion — half
a dozen, Pierpont, Dewey & Co. from Boston & Buffalo
spoke to move or second resolutions. I had feared
Unitarianism, because I suspected there might
be more love & light in it than I knew of. But
my fears are gone. It is — as represented there last
night — a fixed philosophical method. It is a fan-
aticism, by name "Liberal Christianity" & causes
act with success to oppose Christianity, or to advantage
in assisting it, from their lack of internal

Organic strength. Not one Concrete, holy,
"dear Jesus" religious thought was uttered, except
in Mr Bellows prayer. It was all that the world
should be peeped, and truth in its reformed state
spread, &c &c. - No salvation to personal souls; no
spread of the glory of Him who died; no "in the name
of thy Child Jesus"; no - anything that imitates
of Wilberforce, Bunyan, Luther or Paul.

Allah il Allah - God only - "in Lak Lakwah
is a rock of Ages" David, and "we are in Him
that is in his son Christ Jesus" - He led to his
electing place. My brother, and to a high place
we are ~~and~~, already, & 2015 or previous
our 1. X. No need of singing

Oh that my wants were all supplied!

On the high places of the earth
With brow erect I'd ride, I'd ride

Into the helmets of light-eyed worth -

We are entered - the wicket gate is behind - salvation
turn walls shut in the load, and Lion before us.

I was delighted to hear your name spoken
with such warmth of affectionate respect by Baird
in the anniversary of - For. Evang. - Peter.

I have been playing Cicerone to the brother
of Henry Stenby. We got him to make a short
unpithy address for you. My heart was in
my throat and for a moment I
saw you stand off in the person of a stranger who
reads you very ~~pleasur~~ ^{pleasur} ~~ful~~ ^{ful} ~~ly~~ ^{ly} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~with~~ ^{with} ~~interest~~ ^{interest}

Rev. David Turnbull

Talpaiaes, Chili,
Ship Xylon, S.W.

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 45.1
 12.70

May 46
 1856