To the pious and learned man Dominus Christopher Goodman the Englishman, most faithful minister of the word of God at Geneva.

I send greetings. For the fact that you wrote to me, most beloved in Christ, I am very grateful. For you know, if you think over to yourself all that concerns us, how dear and delightful you have always been to me. Therefore the memory of you cannot but be most pleasant to me. But if spatial distance and the different nature of our callings stood in the way of our living together, nevertheless love for you has never been lessened in my mind, nor, as I trust, will it decrease in any way. But the matter about which you now write is like this. My Julius gave me some report about your little book. But before I had leisure to study the matter, I heard that some sort of dispute had sprung up about this whole business. Therefore I decided not to get involved. For in resolving quarrels I am not very fortunate as an arbiter. I know you have not forgotten what occurred in my experience when I was at Argentina (= Strasbourg) and you were setting out from me there for Frankfort. My conscience is my witness before God, how close to me I had previously considered you and my Whittingham.

For I well know that I owe a very great deal to each of you, and as long as I live I will never forget it. And nonetheless I there felt that, unwillingly in a way and in a way even fighting against it, I was dragged along by our Englishmen to declare my opinion in that case which was then being dealt with and that I ran into some sort of resentment. Now is not the time to attempt to show how ever afterwards I wished that resentment to be obliterated and extinguished. Accordingly, do not be surprised – I ask
you – if now I give neither answer nor definite determination about the matters you
propounded. It is my intention to avoid disputes and quarrels as far as it is possible to do
so. None have come here.

But if they should come to put questions to me, I will deal with them in the same way that
I dealt with you. And you can make this promise to yourself about me – that it will never
happen that I harm you by word or deed – indeed, apart from quarrels and disputes of this
sort I will help you vigorously in any matter whatsoever in which I can. Perhaps I will
seem cowardly or weak. Let others think what they will: that is the way I am. And – to
confess the truth – I am not sorry. When there is a dispute among friends, the arbiter is
scarcely able
to avoid emerging as the enemy of one side or the other. Against papists and against
flesh-eaters¹ I will never fail in my duty to the camp of the evangelicals. I am totally on
fire against their fraudulent claims and lies. But from ruptures among the brethren I have
decided to absent myself as far as it can be done and as far as it will be permitted to me.
Nor on that account – as I persuade myself – will the truth be sacrificed. You [plural]
have there the incomparable man Calvin, whose judgement, most grave and most learned,
you [plural] are easily able to consult and to whose verdict I give the greatest weight and
wonder at in every way. All my people greet you [singular] with one voice. I likewise
desire that you extend greetings in my name to Whittingham together with his wife. And
say that I congratulate him wonderfully on his new marriage. 11 June 1558. At
Tigurum [= Zürich].

Your Peter Martyr.

¹ Sarkophagous, in Greek characters. The word means ‘cannibal’ and is, I presume, used here against
Catholic or Lutheran upholders of a real presence in the eucharist.