

tered pillar, no not one single foot of it; all that you could gather up, would be but these mere ornamental appendages, which, detached from the shaft on which they grew, are as worthless as they are fair and frail.—*Rev. Henry Blunt.*

**THE CHURCH.**

COBOURG, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1839.

The *Christian Guardian*, since it was consigned to the direction of the present editor in the spring of last year, has waged incessant warfare against the Church of England, both at home and in this colony; and, although professing to be the organ of the Wesleyans, has calumniated the divines, living and dead,—assailed the institutions,—and impugned the christianity of that establishment, of which Wesley declared he lived and died a member. No source, however foul; no falsehood, however stale; no perversion, however monstrous; no sophistry, however flimsy; no garbling, however palpable; has been left untried by the conductor of the print to which we allude, in the course of his Albigenian crusade against the Church of his Sovereign and of the Empire.

It has not been from inattention to this hostile conduct, or from any inability to refute the groundless and reiterated charges which a sincere Christian, and a true Wesleyan would never have adduced against our Church, that we have bestowed so little notice on a virulent foe, and omitted to rebut the "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitable-ness" which he has exhibited with such a frightful undisguisedness, and which, we can truly assure him, have caused us as little annoyance as surprise. Our motive for preserving a silence, rarely broken, on these ungrateful topics, has been a strong reluctance to trouble our readers with controversy, or to enter into strife with an individual, whose conduct has long been reprobated by every loyal member of his own denomination. Still this forbearance has its proper limits, and we must not refrain from occasionally showing that it is not because truth is wanting to our side, that we abstain from irritating discussion, or the unmasking of malevolence and envy: moreover, it is a solemn duty which we owe to the sacred memory of the departed worthies of the Church, to guard their fair fame with jealous vigilance against the calumnies of men, no less than the ravages of time.

Were we to apply ourselves to a separate exposure of every historical misrepresentation, so hardly ventured on by the Editor of the *Guardian*,—of every false gloss which he throws over the annals of our hierarchy,—and of every modern libel which he borrows from the revolutionary and democratic press of the present day, we should have no space left for subjects more profitable to our readers, and more pleasing to ourselves. Suffice it to say, in general terms, that there is scarcely a single quotation from history, or a single statement relative to the Established Church, which appears in the columns of the *Guardian*, that is not wrested from its legitimate application, or aggravated by every exaggeration that the ingenuity of enmity can invent. We confess it is with loathing that we discharge this part of our editorial duty: but we should lamentably fail in fulfilling our responsibilities, did we not, while endeavouring to build up the temple of our Church in this Province, use the sword as well as the builder's tool,—did we not guard the tombs of the martyrs and fathers of the Reformation from modern desecration, or did we, from an ill-judged charity, permit falsehood to work its wicked designs, altogether unchecked and uncontradicted!

Having thus promised, we will, in corroboration of what we have advanced, adduce one signal instance, out of a host of others, of the reckless manner in which the editor of the *Guardian* falsifies history, to assist him in casting opprobrium upon our Church. In his paper of the 17th of October last, we find the following paragraph;—one which we had marked for comment at the time, but the consideration of which a press of other duties had constrained us to postpone. A recent attempt in the same journal to convict ourselves of historical inaccuracies, reminds us of the duty we had deferred, and we therefore seize the first leisure hour to fulfil it.

"Parker, Queen Elizabeth's first Archbishop of Canterbury, was a meek, humble and good man before his elevation to the Archiepiscopacy; but afterwards he was a gambler, a sabbath-breaker, and a persecuting tyrant,—scarcely a shade better than Laud himself, to his conscientious, non-surprise Protestant brethren."

These are the words of the *Guardian* of the 17th of October last; and here then we find an English Protestant Archbishop called, 1. a gambler; 2. a sabbath-breaker; 3. a persecuting tyrant. These are grave and unqualified accusations, and they are made with so easy and confident an air, that the reader unacquainted with history, would take it for granted that Parker was as bad as he is described, and would begin to suspect that directly a man becomes an Archbishop he must, *ex-officio*, become a gambler, a sabbath-breaker, and a persecuting tyrant!

Such are the charges against Queen Elizabeth's first Archbishop of Canterbury,—and this is our answer;—they are not only not true, but they are the very reverse of truth. Parker was a great and a good man; and, after answering the charges of the *Guardian* seriatim, we will rapidly sketch an outline of his character from authorities which no one can impeach, and then contentedly abide the verdict which, after hearing both sides of the question, the public may pronounce in the matter.

**1. A Gambler.**

We are at a loss to conjecture where the *Guardian* found even a shadow for this assertion. STRYPE, who wrote a most minute life of the Archbishop, informs us, that "he never delighted in plays and jests, nor in hunting and hawking; no, not when he was a young man." NEAL, the historian of the Puritans, and who, as will presently be seen, most glaringly perverts every part of the Archbishop's conduct, does not, so far as we can see, hazard the charge of gambling; and we have searched Aikin, Hallam, and Lingard in vain for a fragment, a hint, or an intendo that could in the slightest degree justify a person in imputing this vice to the Archbishop. If there be even any pretext, or any authority, however discreditable, for affixing this stigma upon the memory of Parker, we call for its production:—if there be not any such, the Editor of the *Guardian* has placed himself in no very enviable position.

**2. A Sabbath-breaker.**

For this gross misrepresentation we suppose that our contemporary is indebted to the page of the unscrupulous NEAL, who, in a scandalously partial summary of the Archbishop's character, denounces him as having "too little regard for public virtue; his entertainments and feasts being chiefly on the Lord's day;" and who makes this statement on the

authority of *Strype*. Now what will any candid person say, when he refers to *Strype*, and finds that the "Sabbath-breaking" was of the following description?

"On this Trinity Sunday, (whereon the said Curtes was consecrated,) the Archbishop made another most noble feast, which might justly be called *convivium archiepiscope*, when an Archbishop of Canterbury invited an Archbishop of York to be his guest, viz. Grindal, who was come thither to be confirmed. And this feast he made on this day, in commemoration of King Henry VIII. who had reformed that church, that was dedicated to the Holy Trinity, excluding the monks thence. There were present, besides the said Archbishop elect of York; Horn, Bishop of Winchester; Ghest, Bishop of Rochester; and Curtes, aforesaid of Chichester. At the lower tables sat all the ministers and servants whatsoever, even the children, that belonged to that church, that they might remember the pious institution of the said King Henry. At the remotest tables, but in the same hall, in sight, sat the poor of both sexes of the hospitals of St. John and Herbaldown; that by looking on them, while they were feasting, these Archbishops and Bishops might in their present height remember the merciful God that had wrought great deliverances for them, and had brought them to that state, out of their former dangers and calamities, when they themselves were poor and distressed: as the pious Archbishop meant, by so placing them."

The Archbishop was also in the habit of entertaining Queen Elizabeth with "noble feasts," when she visited him during her Progresses, and we have yet to learn that by discharging the duties of hospitality to his Sovereign, or by holding such a banquet, as has been described, on a Trinity Sunday, he can fairly come under the designation of "a Sabbath-breaker." It may not accord with our modern notions to hear of a prelate making such a feast upon a Sunday, but we must take into account the manners and peculiarities of the age, and remember that to such feasts there was much of a religious character attached. In the earlier days of our Reformed Church, it was no unusual thing for the clergy to entertain their parishioners on a Sunday between the services; and, if our memory does not betray us, the apostolic Bernard Gilpin, and, at a later period, the no less apostolic Dr. Hammond, are related to have complied with this ancient and laudable custom. Of Dr. Bull, the learned and pious Bishop of St. David's, we read that "all the time he lived at Brecknock, which is a very poor town, about sixty necessitous people, truly indigent, were fed with meat, or served with money, every Lord's Day, at dinner time." In truth we do not envy the man, who when contemplating the picture of ancient manners presented by the hospitable hall of Canterbury on a Trinity Sunday,—and who, when, in imagination, behold- ing "the children" and "the poor" feasting under the same roof with mitred prelates,—can, out of such a spectacle, ungenerously fabricate the Pharisaical charge of a violation of the Sabbath! So far, therefore, from the Archbishop's hospitality being a reproach to him, it is one of the brightest features in his character, and proves how well he understood at least one of the duties which in Scripture are attached to his venerable office. His style of living was in accordance with the demands of his age, and the obligations of his sacred functions. "Nothing was to be seen in his household, but what savoured of modesty, of piety, civility, and sobriety;" and the "honest chronicler" *Strype* has not left us without a description of the manner in which the "daily eating" was conducted in the mansion of this, so called, "gambler," "sabbath-breaking" Metropolitan;

"The steward, with the servants that were gentlemen of the better rank, sat down at the tables in the hall on the right hand; and the Almoner, with the clergy and the other servants, sat on the other side. Where there was plenty of all sorts of wholesome provision, both for eating and drinking.—The daily fragments thereof did suffice to fill the bellies of a great number of poor hungry people that waited at the gate. And so constant and unfailling was this large provision at my Lord's table, that whosoever came in, either at dinner or supper, being not above the degree of a Knight, might here be entertained worthy of his quality, either at the Steward's or at the Almoner's table. And moreover it was the Archbishop's command to his servants, that all strangers should be received and treated with all manner of civility and respect, and that places at the table should be assigned them according to their dignity and quality; which redounded much to the praise and commendation of the Archbishop. The discourse and conversation at meals was void of all brawling and loud talking; and for the most part consisted in framing men's manners to religion, or in some other honest and beseeching subject.—There was a Monitor of the hall. And if it happened that any spoke too loud, or concerning things less decent, it was presently hushed by one that cried *silence*. The Archbishop loved hospitality, and no man showed it so much, and with better order: though he himself was very abstemious. \* \* \* He eat sparingly. Drunk but little wine. Was addicted much to study, meditation, prayer, religious exercises, and other excellent actions. Was never idle, (nor would he suffer any of his family to be so;) nor so constantly busied himself in one virtuous employment or other, that with very weariness he fell often into feverish distempers."

**3. A persecuting tyrant.**

With this hateful title sectarians have branded every minister and every member of the Established Church, who has refused to surrender its rights and possessions, or to permit men to live on its revenues, who preached doctrines subversive of its existence, and contrary to their ordination vows. The Archbishop was, certainly, a strict disciplinarian, and, as the Roman Catholic Historian, Dr. Lingard, observes, "defended with vigour the interests of the Church." His lot was cast in a very arduous and trying period, for he had to contend with the Romanists on the one side, and the Puritans on the other. Had he been "a tyrant" to his "non-surprise brethren," he would not, as he did, have possessed the esteem of the most eminent foreign Reformers, have held correspondence with them, and have been commended by them for his endeavours to bring the distracted Church into a state of uniformity and decent order. It is worthy of remark that the first blood spilt in Elizabeth's reign on the score of religion, was not until *after* his death; and it vouches for his humanity, that he entertained as guests and treated in the kindest manner, Tonstall and several others of the deprived Roman Catholic Dignitaries,—towards whom and the members of their communion, says the Whig Hallam, he was reckoned "moderate in his proceedings." To this we may add that this "persecuting tyrant" interceded most earnestly for some Dutch "Protestant brethren," who had fallen into the hands of the Flemish Inquisition, and many years after "his elevation to the Archiepiscopacy," was addressed by Fox, the Puritan Martyrologist, as *episcoporum decus, ac sydus excimium*, the ornament, and most brilliant light of the Episcopal bench. His "persecution," in fact, was the maintenance of Episcopacy; and his "tyranny" preserved our Church at a season, when nothing short of a combination of piety, vigour, and prudence could have preserved it from spoliation by the Queen and her courtiers, and from innovation and final subversion by the republican Puritans.

Such is our specific refutation of the specific charges advanced against the second Protestant Archbishop of the Church of England. It would not however be doing justice

to our subject, were we to dismiss his name, without placing it in a fuller and a fairer light. MATTHEW PARKER was chaplain to Queen Anne Boleyn, and by her, not long before her death, was particularly besought to watch over the spiritual growth of her infant daughter, afterwards queen, Elizabeth. He imbibed the pure doctrines of the Reformation from the martyrs Bilney and Barnes. In the reign of Edward VI., he preached boldly to the rebels, who had joined Kett in his Norfolk insurrection, and his intrepidity on that occasion had nearly cost him his life. He lived in the esteem of Ridley and Latimer; and during the persecution of Mary held fast his faith in the shelter of an obscure retirement. When Protestantism revived under Queen Elizabeth, this "humble and disinterested man, as he is justly termed by Sir James Mackintosh, accepted with an unfeigned reluctance, which he with difficulty overcame, the trouble-laden mitre of Canterbury. The cares and molestations that he would fain have escaped, were not slow to overtake him in his lofty station; but having assumed the burden, he was determined to sustain it; and by his firmness equally manifested in opposition to the Queen,—to Leicester, the infamous Patron of the Puritans,—to the Romanist,—and to the Nonconformist,—he succeeded in placing the Protestant Church upon a solid and firm foundation. His munificence in supporting colleges and schools, and his patronage of literature, were princely and unbounded; and as to Cranmer we are beholden for the first publication of the Bible, so to Parker we owe "the second publication of a fair well-translated large Church Bible." Protestantism at large is his debtor; and no one but a very ignorant, a very wicked, or a very prejudiced man, will ever revile his memory.

Yet Archbishop Parker is one of the very many butts, at which the editor of the *Guardian* has aimed his shafts, in the futile hope of piercing the Church of England in a vital part. Protestant gratitude is trampled under foot,—the companion and cherished friend of Protestant Martyrs is stigmatized as an ill-liver and a tyrant,—history is falsified and set at naught,—and all this to disparage in the estimation of the Canadian people, a Church to which the *Guardian*, in a happier hour, has borne a very different and a very honourable testimony. It is not merely the Canadian branch of the Established Church that the *Guardian* has for many months past assailed,—but the Church of England, and the Church in England, have alike been included in the "fell swoop" of his reproaches and anathemas. But how inconsistent! In January 1838 the pen, that has subsequently been dipped in nought but gall, traced in glowing characters the involuntary eulogium which we proceed to quote:—

"The writer of these observations is happy to avail himself of this opportunity to acknowledge an improvement in his own feelings of cordiality and respect towards the Church. The unfavourable impressions of early years, derived principally from the perusal of *Simpson's Plea*, and successive volumes of the *Electric Review*, (works which tell but half the truth in relation to the Church,) have been, in a great measure, effaced, and succeeded, we trust, by juster views and better feelings, derived from more extensive reading and personal observation.—To what branch of science—to what department of literature—to what doctrine of Christian theology, or topic of biblical criticism, or even noble arm of modern martyrs, has she not been the most liberal contributor? and the writer must possess a blind and unsusceptible heart indeed to have listened to the hallowed and anointed eloquence of her Sumners, her Noels, her Melvills, her Dales, and Snows, and Stowells, and Marshes, and Macneiles, and Bickersteths, and Bensons, without inwardly exclaiming, Blessed is the Church that raiseth up such champions for the truth, and happy is the people who sit under such a ministry. And the ordinary opportunities of observation, with a candid and religious spirit of inquiry, will produce in the mind of the reflecting traveller the conviction, expressed strongly on one occasion by a Dissenting minister, that there is at this very hour a more extensive revival of experimental and practical religion in the Established Church than in any other denomination in England."

These are sentiments, the offspring of truth, and such as befit a Christian, and a follower of John Wesley; but how they are to be reconciled with the invectives and calumnies which the writer of them has subsequently heaped upon the same Establishment, it is not very easy to imagine. A discerning public, however, cannot fail to marvel at the startling inconsistencies into which ambition and fanaticism will hurry their victims, and to mark the contradictions into which human beings are betrayed when they fight against their reason, their conscience, and their Bible. Neither is it difficult to perceive that, as the Church waxes in spiritual strength in this Province, the fury of its antagonists increases in an equal proportion, and attains to such a height, as to make us recall the time, when the Puritanical preachers,—whose predecessors Archbishop Parker so justly silenced,—stirred up the people against Church and State in such texts and phraseology as the following;—"Curse ye Moroz, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof, because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty!" "Turn your ploughshares into swords to fight the Lord's battles!" "Cursed be he that keepeth back his sword from blood." "Vex the Midianites! Abolish the Amalekites! Leave not a rag that belongs to Popery! Away with it, head and tail, hip and thigh! Up with it from the bottom, root and branch! Down with Baal's altars; down with Baal's priests!" "It is better to see people lying in their blood, rather than embracing idolatry and superstition!"

To a similar pitch of rabid frenzy against Church and State, the Editor of the *Guardian* seems rapidly approaching, and, like the Nonconformists of Charles I.'s day, from whose sermons we have just quoted, he already walks, with anticipated triumph among the prostrate shrines, and desolated places of the Church. But the power and the will are not always found together; and he may find it as difficult an undertaking to level the walls of our Church to the dust, as to wither the christian and ever verdant wreath of palms that encircles the memory of Archbishop Parker. Worthily, nevertheless, does the *Guardian* walk in the footsteps of the regicidal antagonists of Church and State,—the *No Bishop* men, whom he has chosen for his guides. They, in their generation, demolished the Archbishop's monument at Lambeth, uncoffined his body, and buried it in a "stinking dung-hill"; the *Guardian*, in his, wreaks his wrath on the good name of the Archbishop, and would fain consign it to the "dung-hill" of popular execration and contempt. But as the meek Sancoft, at the Restoration, gathered together the dishonoured bones, and re-interred them in a fitting manner, and also reared anew a godly monument,—so have we, to the best of our humble ability, cleared our great Prelate's fame from the aspersions so wantonly cast upon it; and much mistaken shall we be, notwithstanding all the *Guardian*'s vituperation, if the candid investigator of history, when he traces the biographical records of our Church, and follows the track of those devoted men who cemented its Protestant corner-stones with their blood, or guarded it from sacrilege, lingering superstition, and growing fanaticism du-

ring the reign of Queen Elizabeth,—much mistaken shall we be, if such a searcher after truth does not reverentially regard the arch-episcopal virtues of Matthew Parker, and willingly join with the laborious and faithful *Strype* in bearing this testimony to his worth:

"And indeed, I think, had not the Church met with such a stout and unwearied patron of it at the time, when there was such continual struggling to throw off its godly orders, and break in pieces those constitutions on which it was first established, it would, in all probability, have never been able to have subsisted afterwards. So that I may call him our Church's Nehemiah. For as the Jewish Nehemiah built the walls of Jerusalem in so much opposition, and thereby got himself such everlasting fame for his good deeds to the state of Jerusalem, of whom Josephus writes, *He left the walls of Jerusalem his eternal monument*; so the walls of our Jerusalem shall be Archbishop Parker's eternal monument; partly for building them up, chiefly for preserving them, being built, from being thrown down again.

"And so with all honour and respect we cease this long narration of Archbishop Parker, taking our leave of him, as one of the best deserters, in this our island, of religion, learning, antiquity, of his country, and of the Church of England, TRIUMPHANT AT LAST OVER THE MALICE OF ALL HIS ILL-WILLERS."

Amongst the themes of honest gratulation in which Englishmen may indulge when gathered round the festal board on ST. GEORGE'S DAY, is the estimate of their national character which prevails in foreign, distant, and scarcely civilized regions. In nothing is the greatness and glory of England so conspicuous, as in the moral and religious position which she occupies: the lustre of her fame in arts and arms, fades before the brightness of her spiritual conquests; and while foreign nations admire and fear her for her prowess and resources, they respect her more for the attributes of moral worth and sterling integrity which encircle the character of her people. The following testimony is one to which every Englishman will refer with a pardonable exultation, and it gives us unfeigned pleasure to record it. It occurs in the narrative of a "Ramble amongst the rocky mountains of Socotra, by Lieut. Wellsted," and we are indebted for the extract to the *United Service Journal*:—

"Some of the party spoke Arabic, and I was in consequence able to converse with them. I was most anxious, since they had been in pretty constant communication with the English for some time, to know what they thought of us, as contrasted with other visitors. Their reply was a very simple one: 'You always pay for what you receive, and never maltreat us or our females, as the pilgrims and others who have touched here did before you; so that we, who at first always fled at your approach, no longer do so, but bring our sheep, as you have witnessed this evening, and eat them with you.' I observe that more than one foreign traveller in the East has brought a charge against the English, that they are repulsive and imperious in their demeanour towards the Asiatics, and are, consequently, hated by them. This is just one of those sweeping clauses which sounds high, and has just enough of truth in it to allow of its occupying the attention until we reason or examine the grounds for such a position. No European can be liked in the East; both the Hindoo and Mahomedan religions forbid it; but, let it be asked, what other European nation has been more successful than ourselves in obtaining their good wishes? The Dutch, the Portuguese, the French—they were severally in power in India. Were they then loved more than ourselves, or than they are now at Java, Malilla, and Algiers? Had the English been in possession of the latter city as long as the French, I think our relations with the Bedouins which surround it would have been different, and that we should have been able to have shown ourselves without the walls without the certainty of being shot at from every bush. Admit that the manners of my countrymen are not the most bland and conciliatory in the world, to what high moral attributes and principle are we to ascribe the superior regard and consideration an Englishman enjoys in those countries over most other foreigners? 'I observe this difference between an Englishman and any other Frank,' said a merchant once to me in Cairo; 'I believe the word of the former, I do not that of the latter. When another Frank owes me money I am anxious to get it paid, for I am convinced he will not do so until he is absolutely obliged. With an Englishman, on the contrary, I feel no anxiety, for he seeks me out and seems uncomfortable until my debt is discharged.'"

England, taking it all in all, is a matchless country; but they who would concede to it this pre-eminence simply because it is

a lovely spot—  
Its hills are green, its woods and prospects fair,  
Its meadows fertile:

or because its inhabitants are brave and enterprising, and its fleets and armies invincible, would be withholding from it the grand characteristic of its unrivalled and imperishable fame. The extract we have just furnished will supply to Englishmen a reason for national gratification, higher and better than the proudest achievements in arts and arms which their history records. But what, it is natural to ask,—what is it that has begotten this high and generally diffused tone of sterling principle and honourable feeling? From whence are these moral attributes derived, which shed such a lustre upon the national character? Our answer simply is,—England has the advantage of a Protestant Church Establishment, and the influences of that Establishment are transfused through every channel, through every vein and artery of the social and political body. In a venerable sanctuary, with all the solemnity of a Scriptural and holy ritual, the monarch is crowned: when the Legislature is convoked, their deliberations are preceded by the implored blessing of the Almighty through the only Saviour and Mediator: the soldier and the sailor enter not upon their perilous vocation, unprovided with the regular ministrations of religion through the operations of the same Establishment: the gaol, the hospital, the asylum, are all included in its beneficent workings; and while scarcely a Corporation in England, we believe, enters upon its functions without a preliminary acknowledgement of the God of nations and the Saviour of the world, there is diffused far and wide throughout the land, amongst high and low, rich and poor, the ignorant and the careless, the knowledge of Him who is "the way, the truth, and the life." Silently, yet surely, we can believe, these influences work: the waters of life, circulating thus through so many diversified channels, though they may often traverse a sterile and unproductive soil, must convey a corresponding refreshment and blessing to the land. Nor is it difficult to discern the results of this wisely constructed and widely operating Christian system. They are manifested in the prosperity to which, in spite of every impediment and every calamity, the nation has steadily and progressively advanced: they are declared in the institutions of piety and charity which crowd the land: they are announced in the homage which is paid to the moral worth of the national character, amongst the rocky cliffs of Socotra, amid the snows of Greenland, and the burning sands of Africa.

And if to the Protestant Establishment of England, these features of her most distinguished national glory are mainly and primarily to be ascribed, why is a boon, so fraught with blessings, sought to be wrested from her Colonial dependen-