

the Church of Rome has, on *your* principles, a much more specious pretext for hurling the charge of schism against *you*, than you can exhibit for preferring it against *us*. And well she understands how to use it. Steady to her purpose, she meets all the advances of high churchmen, all their attempts to conciliate her fraternization, with a stern and inflexible refusal "to compromise the plainest principles of christian unity." She tells you pointblank,—“Gentlemen, this, really, is quite condescending! Feeling some little qualms, it would appear, as to the validity of your title, to the appellation Apostolic Catholic Church, you prefer being admitted as tenants in common with us, to denying that *we* have any right, by asserting that the whole estate rests in yourselves. We cannot but feel grateful for *your* generosity. BUT WE WILL NONE OF IT. If we can have no better claim than this to the name, we are done with it.” A mortifying predicament this to be placed in truly! But it is nothing more than the *legitimate* reaction of high church principles and pretensions on their infatuated advocates. To return from this digression, and leaving the church of Rome out of sight, it is with a singular want of modesty, that you attempt to cover *us* with the odium of schism. O Sir, look *at home*! Schismatics! What Protestant Church so much infested with them as your own? Instead of inquiring what descriptions of those mischievous gentry you *have*? I might rather ask, what sort of them, however heretical, *have you not*? Universalists, Swedenborgians, Pelagians, Socinians * * * the catalogue is far from being filled up, but let this sample suffice. Schism! what intelligent child does not know, Sir, that the great schism of the day, of the *age*, that which is rending to shreds “the seamless garment of the Redeemer,” is at this hour *making havock* of your own church—a schism by which it will be well if she

is not ruptured and riven from the centre to the circumference, or worse yet, carried away captive to Babylon. May He who dwelt in the bush, preserve her in the fiery furnace, and bring her forth in renovated purity and power! But, my dear Sir, in the name of modesty, say little about schisms *abroad* while things are in so deplorable a state *at home*.

If we really are as you represent, without an authorised ministry, and therefore without any sacraments, in a state of abandonment to *uncovenanted* mercy, that is, as the phrase, I suppose, means, to “judgment *without* mercy,” then we are fit objects of the deepest compassion, and every effort that wisdom can devise or charity suggest, ought to be employed by those who alone are *authorised* to interpose for our rescue, to “recover us out of the snare of the devil.” But allow me to express an opinion not hastily formed, that the method you adopt to accomplish this object, is not “the *more excellent* way.” He who perfectly knows our moral constitution, has said, “The cords of *love* are the bands of a man.” And we fully believe it. But N. B. these are not the kind of cords *you* make use of. Your mode of proceeding is much more calculated to plant or exasperate prejudice against the church of England, in the minds of Wesleyan Methodists and Dissenters, than to extirpate any that may exist. You make invidious comparisons, insult us by offensive epithets, warn churchmen against us as moral lepers whom they are to “mark and avoid”—in a word, you clothe us in the livery of shame and reproach, and then hooting at us, exclaim, Behold the schismatics! Mark those men! Avoid them! Have no fellowship with them! Now, does it never occur to you Sir, that this is precisely the way in which the persecutors of the primitive followers of our Lord proceeded towards them? With amazing fertility of malignant invention they coined epithets of

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