



The Story of the Light that Never Went Out



**By Augusta Cook and
W. Stanley Martin**

1903

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**Augusta Cook and W. Stanley
Martin**

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ILLUSTRATED. How The Light Came; How the Darkness Came; Parting of the Ways; The Venerable Bede, and Other Famous Men; England's Greatest King; William the Conqueror and the Norman Period; Gathering Shadows; Midnight; England's Bulwark, Or The Foundation of Liberty Laid; Monks and Friars With Shaven Crowns; How The Lamp Was Kept Buring; Thomas Bradwardine, the Man Who Trimmed the Lamp; Robert Longland, the Man Who Dreamed A Dream; John Wycliffe; The Lollards; Chariots of Fire; The Fifteenth Century; Preparation For The Reformation; How The English Reformation Began; Two Great Discoveries and What Came of Them; The Much-Married Monarch; William Tyndale; The Martyr's Prayer Answered; The English Josiah; Dark Days; "Latimer's Light Shall Never Go Out"; England's Greatest Archbishop; "Of Whome The World Was Not Worthy"; Daughters of The King; Lambs In The Flock Of Slaughter; Why The Martyrs Suffered; Martyr's Memorials; John Foxe; What Might Have Been; Brighter Days; The Jesuits; "Bonnie Queen Bess"; The Invincible Armada; Martyrs or Murderers -- Which?; Gunpowder, Treason and Plot; An Old Time Ritualist; The King and Parliament; "Old Noll"; Puritan England; "The Merry Monarch"; The Tinker Of Bedford; The Stuart Schemer; Bishops Of The Right Sort; The Glorious Revolution; Protestantism Ascends The Throne; The Light In The Eighteenth Century; The Victorian Era -- The World's Greatest Empire; "Thy Kingdom Come."



THE STORY OF THE LIGHT THAT NEVER WENT OUT.

**A HISTORY OF ENGLISH
PROTESTANTISM
FOR YOUNG READERS**

BY

**AUGUSTA COOK AND
W. STANLEY MARTIN**

LONDON:

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Preface



IN this book, we, the authors, do not claim to have presented anything new to our readers: we have told an old story in a new way. But, though the story of our English Protestantism is old, yet it is not as familiar as it should be to the majority of Protestants; to many, therefore, it will be new. It is hoped that the perusal of this volume may instruct the young and the ill-informed in the vital facts of our Imperial Protestantism, and give them a more vivid realisation of those thrilling, and stirring, conflicts, which our forefathers waged for many long centuries against the forces of Darkness, thereby securing for us the Light, and Liberty, we enjoy at the present time; and that those who are already well acquainted with these all-important matters of our national, blood-bought, and blood-defended Faith, may receive a freshly kindled zeal, and an increasing enthusiasm, in upholding the priceless heritage of Gospel freedom by the perusal of "**THE STORY OF THE LIGHT THAT NEVER WENT OUT.**"

We would urge upon all our readers, and all Protestants generally, to make themselves masters of the chief events of Protestant History. We would have them become very familiar with the circumstances of each conflict gained, or battle lost, in the ceaseless struggle between Christianity and Romanism; to enter heart and mind into the circumstances of each crisis until they appear living realities, while the men and women who figured in them, stand forth as well-known personages ; and the Reformers and Martyrs as dearly-beloved fellow-soldiers in the fight, and as victors who are standing, now, upon the crystal sea, singing the song of Triumph, united with us in a common Cause, watching the struggle of the Church Militant, and waiting to strike, with the warriors of to-day, the harps of Victory in the Land of Perfect Light.

Should these pages fall into the hands of Romanists, Ritualists, or others who do not, at present, see eye to eye with the authors, we would affectionately entreat them to give the subjects treated in this book their careful, unprejudiced attention, bearing in mind that errors (not the erring), false systems (not persons), are the objects of refutation and condemnation ; and that, to exalt the glory of the Creator above any creature, to establish the infallibility of the Holy Scriptures as the only Rule of Faith above every human authority, and to lead the reader to look and go to Christ alone for all spiritual needs, without priestly intervention, are the chief aims of this work.

Chapters xl., xli., and xlii. were kindly contributed by Mr. REEVES. We take this opportunity of thanking him for the same.

The production of this book has been a labour of great pleasure, and all those who have the highest interests of Protestantism at heart, especially among the young, are earnestly urged to make it widely known.

We render humble gratitude to Almighty God, to Whom alone is due the glory of the success hitherto attained, and to Whom only we look for a far more extended circulation of this work, throughout the British Empire. **LONDON, NOVEMBER, 1903.**

Augusta Cook
W. Stanley Martin

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ERRATA

Page 98. Read "cloven" in place of "chosen"
329. "Pius IV" in place of "Pius IX."
358. "The late Dr. Wordsworth (Master of Trinity College, Cambridge "),
in place of "The late Bishop Wordsworth, of Lincoln."

All the illustrations in Chapter xxvi. are reproduced from the "Horæ Apocalypticæ,"
by the Rev. E. B. Elliott.





Chapter I HOW THE LIGHT CAME



It is sometimes very difficult to get at the beginnings of things, especially in connection with that which has to do with fire ; and to discover when the " Light that never went out " was first kindled in our land is no easy matter. In another chapter we shall tell how the darkness came, and the very date of its arrival will be stated, but as to when the glorious light of the Gospel first shone in our sea-girt isle is not so easy to ascertain.

Certain it is, though, that at a very early date the Gospel was preached in Britain, and many that sat in the darkness saw a great light. Truly the early Britons sat in darkness; but we must not suppose that our British forefathers were mere savages, knowing nothing of the arts of civilisation. True, they were described as barbarians by the Romans, as all who could not speak the Latin language were called. They had a coinage of their own, and those living on the southern coasts occasionally saw the representatives of some of the most civilised people of the world.

The busy Phoenicians from the coasts of Palestine in their far-famed ships found that there was tin in Cornwall, and so impressed were they with its usefulness and abundance that they called the country from whence it came "Bratanack," which, in their language, means "the land of tin."

The Britons were not altogether uncivilised, but they were in the densest darkness regarding the way of life. Their religious system was, as you all know, called "Druidism," and, like most other heathen religions, it had in it some seeds of divine truth ; but these became fearfully corrupted, until the most prominent features of the system were human sacrifices, and the most debasing rites and ceremonies. The Druids were not only the priests, but they were also the bards, the law-givers, the philosophers, and the teachers of the people. They worshipped in open-air temples, either in groves of oak trees, or in circles of stone, similar to those at Stonehenge. Their religious system was only transmitted orally to such persons as had undergone a long period of initiation, and under the strictest seal of secrecy. They acknowledged one Supreme Being as the Creator and Governor of the world. They taught the immortality of the soul, and certain strange beliefs which indicate that their religion had its origin in the birth-place of all idolatry—the East, most probably in Babylon itself. Their sacred groves, with secret rites and human sacrifices to make atonement for human guilt, show the deep heathen darkness that covered the minds of the people when the Gospel reached our shores.



The Druids were not only the priests, but they were also the bards, the law-givers, the philosophers and the teachers of the people."

While the great Roman Empire was spreading its long arms in all directions, Britain was not forgotten, and, as the old school rhyme tells us:-

**In forty-three a Roman host
From Gaul attacked our southern coast;
Caractacus in nine years more,
A captive left his native shore.**

It was not at all improbable able that while the martial tramp of the Roman legions was heard in our lands, and while they were making their wonderful roads and building their towns, the

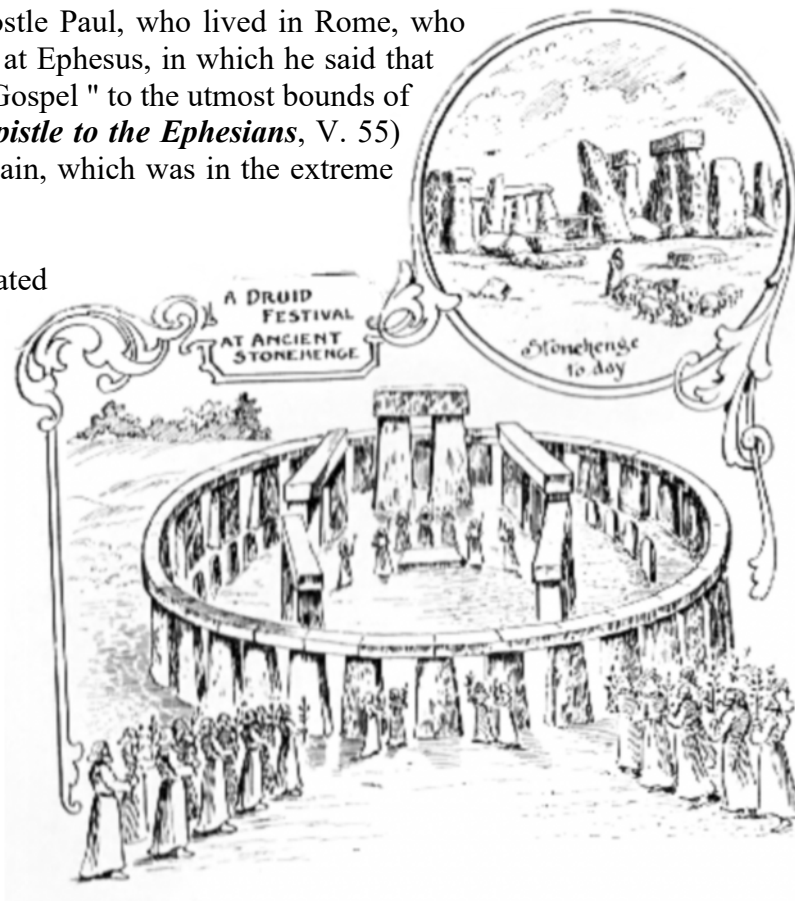
remains of which are with us to this day, there were among the soldiers those who, possibly in Rome itself, may have heard the Gospel, and better still, by the blessing of God, received it into their hearts.

But, beyond this, there really seems to be some probability that the Apostle Paul was one of the missionaries that brought the Gospel to England. If it is so, is it not interesting to reflect that the greatest missionary that ever lived was the one whom. God sent to light the torch of truth in the country that was, in its turn, to be the great missionary nation of the world?

Why do we think the Apostle Paul was a missionary to England? Because Christian writers who wrote many, many years ago, and therefore much nearer to the times of the Apostles, tell us so in their various writings. For instance, there was a man named Clement, the fellow labourer of the Apostle Paul, who lived in Rome, who wrote a letter to the Christians at Ephesus, in which he said that the Apostle Paul preached the Gospel "to the utmost bounds of the West," (*Clement's First Epistle to the Ephesians*, V. 55) which must have included Britain, which was in the extreme west of the Roman Empire.

Then there was another celebrated man named Tertullian, who lived early in the third century, and who wrote a large number of books, many of which can be read to-day. In one of them, written about the year 211, he says, "Some countries of the Britons which have proved impregnable to the Romans are, nevertheless, subject to Christ."

This evidently referred to the Highlands of Scotland and some parts of Wales, which were never subdued by the Romans.



In the fourth century there was a historian named Eusebius, and he says that some of the Apostles passed over the ocean into those parts called the British Islands (*Euseb. Demonst. Evang. Liv. III. C. 5*).

Another well-known writer, named Jerome, in the same century, writes of the Apostle Paul, "After his imprisonment, having visited Spain, he went from ocean to ocean, and preached the Gospel in the Western parts." (*De Script. Eccles.*)

In the fifth century Theodoret mentions the Britons having the Gospel preached to them by the Apostles, and says that Paul visited Spain "And from thence carried the light of the Gospel to other nations (In Annob II. Epis. and Tim. IV. 17), and that he brought salvation to the islands that lie in the ocean." By these islands he no doubt meant the British Islands, for they are thus described by Chrysostom, who lived in the fourth century: "For the British Islands, which lie beyond the sea, and are in the midst of the ocean, have felt the power of the Word."

One more witness as to the time when the Gospel was first preached in Britain is found in the writings of Gildas, a historian who lived in the sixth century. After describing the defeat of Queen Boadicea by the Romans, he says, "Meanwhile these islands, stiff with cold and frost, received the beams of light, that is, the holy precept of Christ, the true Sun, showing to the whole world His splendour."

These extracts may not appear to be very interesting, but they are most important, as they show us that for the first preaching of the Gospel, Britain did not say "thank you" to the Romish Church for it. In fact, the Romish Church, as we have it to-day, was then unheard and undreamt of: the early Christian Church in Rome being an altogether different body, in doctrine and practice, to the proud system we know as the Romish Church to-day. In our next chapter we shall see how the darkness came through the sowing of the seeds of Romanism, which have in these days grown into an upas tree, whose far-spreading branches bring spiritual death to all who rest under their shadow.

But before referring to this lamentable event, we must make a brief reference to one of the earliest British Christian martyrs, the first of a long train of noble men and women who held forth the lamp of truth in the midst of surrounding darkness. His name was Alban, and his steadfastness is perpetuated in the name of a town and abbey in Hertfordshire, which are known as St. Albans to-day. He was a heathen, but being of a kindly disposition he sheltered a Christian named Amphibalus from his enemies who were pursuing him on account of his religion. The godly words and example of his persecuted guest touched the heart of Alban, and by God's grace he, too, became a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. In order to afford additional protection to his guest, Alban changed clothes with him and eventually offered himself up to the authorities as the person for whom they were seeking. The disguise was, however, easily detected, and Alban was commanded as a test to sacrifice to the heathen gods. He refused and professed himself to be a Christian. He was immediately scourged and finally beheaded ; but, as was so often to be the case, the blood of the martyrs became the seed of the church, for the executioner, evidently moved by the fortitude displayed by Alban, and wrought upon by the Holy Spirit, himself became a Christian and entreated permission either to die for Alban or with him. The latter request was granted, and thus the early British Church had its faithful witnesses who sealed their testimony with their life's blood.





The executioner entreated permission to either die for Alban or with him



Chapter II

HOW THE DARKNESS CAME.



IN the market-place of Rome, many hundreds of years ago, some young men, bound as slaves were wont to be, were awaiting the sad probability of being purchased. Their fair faces, blue eyes, and golden hair made a striking contrast to the dark countenances of the slave-dealers. A passer-by, attracted by a beauty so uncommon beneath an Italian sun, paused, gazed at the youths, and asked to what country they belonged.

"They are English—Angles," was the reply.

"Angles!" exclaimed the enquirer; "nay, but Angels, with faces so angel-like."

The witty man went his way, musing on the incident ; but that vision of those angel-faces never left him. In after years he became Pope of Rome—the famous Gregory the Great.

It was then between five and six hundred years since Christianity had been introduced into Rome, and about three centuries since the empire of the Caesars had nominally acknowledged the religion of Jesus Christ. Great changes had resulted on the conversion of Constantine the Great to Christianity. The catacombs, hallowed by the worship of the infant church, no longer hid the persecuted disciples of the Christian Faith. Magnificent churches were reared for their devotions. Their pastors were no longer hunted and down-trodden men, living in daily expectation of martyrdom. No; but were honoured and flattered at home and famed abroad. The Church increased in riches, glory, and power of this world, and proportionately decreased in the riches of God's grace, the glory of pure doctrines, and the power of Christian love and humility. The danger foreseen by the Apostle Paul had arrived :—" I fear lest by any means, as the serpent beguiled Eve through his subtilty, so your minds should be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ " (2 Cor. xi. 3).



"Angles!" exclaimed the enquirer; "nay, but Angels, with faces so angel-like."

The simple truths of the Gospel, the pure faith of the early Church, were fast flickering away amid prosperous surroundings, and the darkness of superstition—of rites and ceremonies in the place of heart conversion ; image veneration instead of spiritual worship ; many mediators usurping the office of

Christ's sole Mediatorship; purgatory; prayers to and for the dead; incense[1] borrowed from the practice of heathen ritual; and much else of Pagan idolatry—gradually became re-established in Rome, obliterating primitive Christianity, and turning day into night.

In 476 occurred an event of extreme importance to the growth of the Roman bishopric —Rome Imperial fell; the Caesars departed; Romulus Augustulus was the last emperor of the Western Empire.

The old Roman Empire was no more, but in its place arose another power—the Popedom. The seven-hilled city, renowned for the splendour of the Roman emperors, became equally notable for the magnificence of the Roman Popes, who by degrees raised themselves to world-wide dominion.

The Kingdom of Christ (which is not of this world) was well-nigh obliterated beneath the colossal power, which rose in its place like a great tower of Babel, shutting out the "Sun of Righteousness," and casting its baleful shade across the land. Thus the darkness came into Rome, and from her went into all the world.

In the days of which we are now writing (the sixth century) the apostasy had not reached its zenith. It was then afar off from the summit of its ambitions; yet much of the gloom was deepening—slowly, by degrees, as the night steals upon the day. How the darkness reached our island-shores—in plain English, how, and when, Popery was first introduced into Britain—is the story we must tell you in this chapter.

Gregory the Great was a most ambitious pope; nothing but the conquest of the world to Rome would satisfy him. Those "angel-faces," which he had seen in the market-place, oft recurred to

his mind. The land from which they came was surely worth winning. So fair a prize was worthy of a venture to secure it for the papal kingdom. An opportunity occurred, and Gregory was not slow to make the most of it.



Portion of an Anglo-Saxon Gospel in Latin (John's Gospel, part of the first chapter)

Ethelbert, king of Kent, married Bertha, daughter of Charibert, king of Paris. Ethelbert was a heathen, but Bertha had professed Christianity. When the princess left her royal father for her new, sea-girt home, a Christian bishop accompanied her.[2] Surely Gregory the Great might rely on her assistance towards the missionaries he would despatch to Britain! So reasoned the pope. Thoughts were put into action, and soon we see a monk, Augustine by name, with some forty other shaven brethren, setting out on what, then, was a long and perilous journey to our shores.

While they are occupied with their travels, let us take a glimpse at old England as she was in those days. Our island had passed through troublous times, which had involved the British Church in many sorrows. Long and grievous was the series of conflicts with the Picts and Scots ; and about the middle of the fifth century another foe menaced its peace. The Anglo-Saxons crossed over to our shores from Germany; but instead of aiding the British to subdue the Picts and Scots, they coveted our fair isle, and sought to subdue it for themselves. For over a hundred years the contest went on, with fierce hatred on either side, until the Anglo-Saxons were masters of the day, and the British were obliged to retire westward and northward.

Left: Saxon Church at Bradford-on-Avon

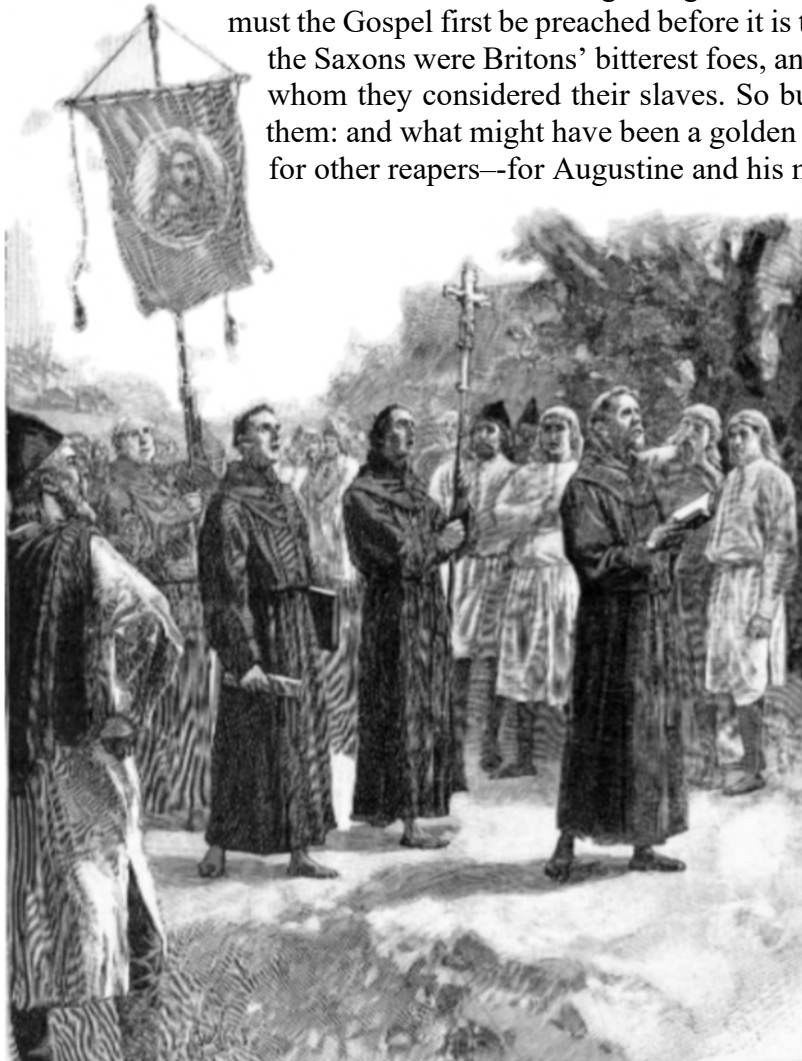
You can guess how sad was the position of the British Church during those troublous times. The Saxons were heathen, and sought to overwhelm the ancient British Church. The worship of pagan gods was set up in spots which had



been dedicated to the service of Jehovah, and many Christians were put to great suffering and death for the sake of the Gospel which had been carried to our shores centuries before. And yet the Light was not put out. Christianity shone with clear and steady flame in Northern Britain. The island of Iona in Scotland, and Bangor in North Wales, had their missionary colleges.

There, as in other places, the fire of Evangelistic zeal burned brightly. "Go ye into all the world" was their motto; and in Gaul, Switzerland, Germany, and even in Italy, the Gospel light from Britain's missionaries shone with no uncertain radiance. In the very heart of Europe these humble Evangelists did more to enlighten the people than the backsliding Church of the Romans was able to accomplish.[3] But one fatal mistake marred their prosperity. The Saxons of England were still sunk in pagan darkness, and the British Church failed to realise the urgency

of our Lord's command — "beginning at Jerusalem," i.e., at home, next door, must the Gospel first be preached before it is to be carried into the world. True, the Saxons were Britons' bitterest foes, and resented the preaching of those whom they considered their slaves. So but little effort was made to reach them: and what might have been a golden harvest was left ungathered—left for other reapers—for Augustine and his monks.



Those "shaven crowns" landed on our shores in the Isle of Thanet, in the year 507. Ethelbert granted them an interview in the open air—for fear of magic—and listened peaceably by means of an interpreter to Augustine's long oration.

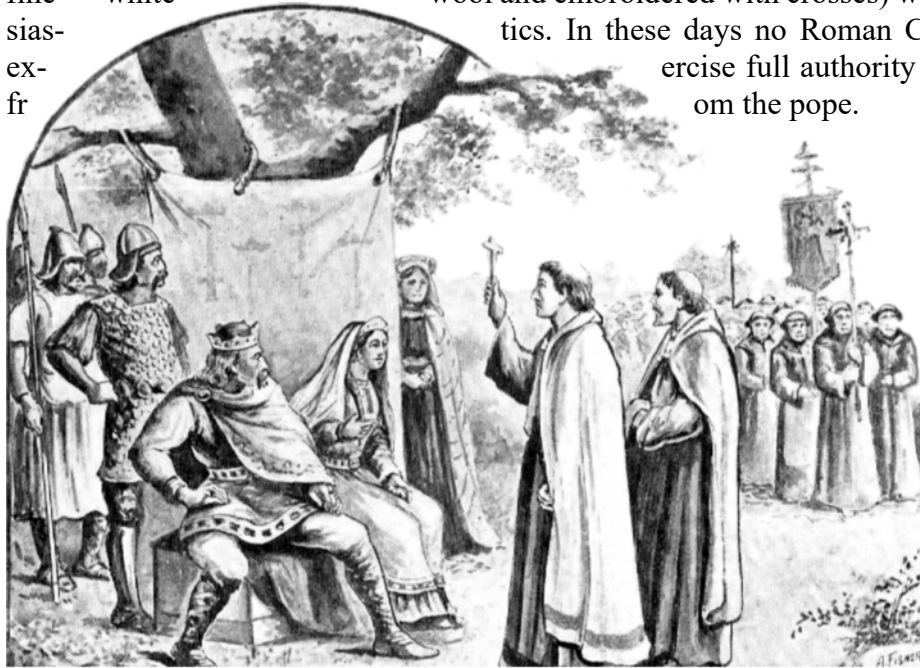
"Your words are fair," replied the king at last; "but as they are new to us, and of uncertain import, I cannot approve of them so far as to forsake that which I have followed with the whole English nation. But because you are come to us from a far country and, as I conceive, are desirous to impart to us those things which you believe to be true, we will not molest you, but give you favourable entertainment, and supply you with necessary sustenance; nor do

we forbid you to preach, and gain as many as you can to your religion."[4]

Ethelbert granted them an interview in the open air.

Canterbury was the capital of Ethelbert's dominions, and thither repaired the Roman missionaries, the king having granted them permission to take up their residence in that city. A silver cross and a painted image of Christ were borne by them, as a sign of the religion they had come to preach. Their desire was to throw down heathen idols, and put up Roman ones in their places, and to convert the Saxons from the worship of pagan gods to an idolatrous devotion to the pope. Gregory the Great had chosen the right man to accomplish this work; Augustine was as ambitious as he was to see the world brought under the sway of the fast developing kingdom of papal Rome. The success at which they aimed began soon to arrive. In one day Augustine baptized 10,000[5] pagans. If their hearts were left unchanged, they were, at least, gathered into the fold of a church which herself was fast going over to heathenism. The news of these "conversions" created immense joy in Rome. Gregory despatched more missionaries, and loaded them with vestments and church ornaments, and a quantity of rags and bones—supposed to be the relics of saints and martyrs, to which the increasing superstition of the times attributed many absurd and fabulous miracles. With these relics Augustine might hope to overawe and

vanquish the English! Among these curiosities was the famous "pallium" This was a kind of cloak, of ancient origin, which the Roman emperors had been used to present to any one whom they wished to mark with special favour. When the Roman bishops began to assume imperial authority, and to covet all the worldly splendour of the Cæsars, they also took possession of the pallium, and bestowed it on those they desired to honour. After a while the vestment (made of fine white wool and embroidered with crosses) was limited only to ecclesiastics. In these days no Roman Catholic archbishop can exercise full authority until he has received it from the pope.



Ethelbert granted them an interview in the open air.

The arrival of the "pallium" in England was a significant event. It shewed that Rome had set her foot in England, and intended to bend it to her sway.

Augustine was appointed bishop of the Saxons, and of the Free Britons.[6] This encroachment on the liberty of the ancient British Church was met, of course, with opposition. Three distinct defeats fell to the proud missionaries of Rome; the rebuffs irritated the proud spirit of Augustine, and give us a happy glimpse of the sturdy spirit of those British Christians. They happened as follows:-

One of the most influential men then in the British Church was Dionoth. This man was president of a flourishing body of Christians (numbering some thousands) whose headquarters were at Bangor, in Wales. They were laborious, supporting themselves by the work of their own hands; spiritual, meeting often for prayer; evangelistic, training their youths in Christian doctrines, and sending them forth abroad as missionaries and teachers. Bangor (the name signifies "The Choir (on the steep hill)") was renowned, like Iona, for its holy zeal in propagating Christianity abroad.

Augustine coveted the fair prize of so devoted a community, and. sought to win them for the pope. "Acknowledge the authority of the bishop of Rome," demanded he of Dionoth. These words are memorable; they were the first demand of Rome to England--the first of a long series of arrogant behests.

"We desire to love all men," replied the immovable Briton:---"but he whom you call pope is not entitled to style himself 'the father of fathers,' and the only submission we can render him is that which we owe to every Christian."

Notable words, as being the first refusal in our land to the encroachments of Rome—the first of a long series of denials of her authority.

Augustine, repelled, but not discouraged, next proceeded to convoke a general assembly of British and Saxon bishops. It took place in 601, in the open air. The overhanging boughs of a venerable oak shaded the gathering. Briton and Saxon faced each other, old foes of many years' standing. The British Church, faithful custodian of Christian belief delivered into her keeping many centuries before, could not readily let slip the priceless heritage of Gospel liberty. Dionoth

again refused to acknowledge Romish authority. One sturdy Briton after another, beneath the free firmament of God's great vault of heaven, spoke out against the proud usurpations of the pope. "The Britons," they exclaimed, "cannot submit either to the haughtiness of the Romans or the tyranny of the Saxons."



Conference between British and Romish Bishops

This was Augustine's second defeat.

The Britons had conquered; and yet, in a measure, the colossal pride of Rome had overawed them. Her growing power, her outward magnificence, her pretended authority, were calculated to deceive the simple-hearted. Popery was then but half-formed; it was but dimly understood that she was fulfilling the Divine prophecies of the predicted universal apostasy.

"What was this new power? They questioned one with the other. Did it come from God or from evil?

Disturbed by these reflections the Britons repaired to the solitary abode of an aged Christian, who was renowned in those days for his pious life and godly wisdom.

"Shall we resist Augustine, or follow him?" they asked. "If he be a man of God, follow him," replied the Old man.

"But can we know if he be a man of God?"

"If he is meek and humble of heart," replied the hermit, "he bears Christ's yoke; but if he is violent and proud, he is not of God."

"What sign can we have of his humility?"

"If he rises from his seat when you enter the room."

The test was a good one; but the venerable Briton would have acted more wisely to have bidden them consult the holy Word of God.



Augustine refuses to rise to meet the British bishops

The British bishops repaired to the council hall. There, upon a seat, sat the arrogant servant of the pope. These Christians in his eyes did not merit courtesy, much less honour. This British Church, formed before the popedom had come into existence, was held by him to be unworthy of the kind condescension of the proud possessor of the pope's pallium. They might submit to him; he would not bend to them. So Augustine kept his seat. Well for Britain's Church he did so. The bishops were astonished. In that one act of arrogance they read aright the true character of Rome, which loves to be courted, served, and deified.

Again, and for the last time, they refused to submit to the authority of the pope.

At this reply the proud features of the Roman prelate wore a yet sterner expression; anger (lashed from his eye; a scheme of hateful revenge passed through his mind. If argument could not win them, slaughter should wipe them out.

We can detect the tyranny of the great, cruel, false Church, in the hard tones of his reply: "if you will not receive brethren who bring you peace, you shall receive enemies who will bring you war. If you will not unite with us in showing the Saxon the Way of Life, you shall receive from them the stroke of death,"

Thus defeated for the third time, Augustine withdrew from the contest, resolving to spend his remaining days in preparing the "stroke of death" he wished to bring on the free Church of Britain.[7] Such has always been the policy of Rome : when she cannot convince by word, she exterminates by sword.

Augustine died before the dread plan had had time to be put into execution ; but the train had been laid : it was left to his successor to strike the deed. The hour of which Augustine had spoken, and for which he had schemed, arrived shortly after his decease; the pagans were let

loose on the British Christians. Under the leadership of one of the heathen kings, the Saxons marched in large numbers towards Bangor—that stronghold of hardy Protestantism. "Twelve hundred and fifty of those early witnesses of the truth, hearing the evil rumour of the intended invasion, met together to pray. There was no help for them but in God, if He allowed them to perish they would be numbered among His holy martyrs.



The Massacre of Bangor

As the cruel pagan leader advanced, he noticed the praying band at a distance. They had chosen a quiet spot, and, kneeling on the green sward, or on the rugged ground, hands and hearts were uplifted to heaven.

"Who are those people, and what are they doing?" demanded the Saxon king.

"They are Christians, praying to their God," was the reply.

Was there a dim realisation of the power of a Christian's prayer in that dark, heathen mind? Did he feel something like Mary, Queen of Scots, felt, centuries later, when she said, "I fear the prayers of John Knox more than an army of fighting men."

"They are contending against us, though unarmed," exclaimed the pagan warrior, still viewing that pathetic prayer-meeting in the distance.

The order was given; the soldiers rushed on, and soon the massacre of that valiant twelve hundred was finished. They died, as they had lived, witnesses of Christ; hated by the Saxons for their Christianity, and equally detested by Rome for Their Protestantism.

The first act in the grim tragedy over, the pagans proceeded towards Bangor, and utterly destroyed it. Rome had gained a victory—not by fair means, but by the sword of the heathen dipped in blood. Popery rejoiced, and reared its head, prouder and more aggressive than ever.

The next scene is as ludicrous as the former was tragical. Rome was suddenly alarmed by the return of many of her Saxon converts to the worship of the idols they had abandoned. Their hearts had been unchanged; their conversion had been to popery, not to Christ; therefore we

need not be surprised at their turning back to their old religion. Among the apostates was Eadbald, king of Kent. Alarmed at this unexpected turn of events, the bishops fled across the sea to Gaul. Laurentius, the successor of Augustine, hit on a better plan. He was evidently a man of large capacity' for invention, for he prepared a "miracle" for the salvation of Romanism in England! Hastening in the early morn into the presence of the king, he exhibited to the gaze of the astonished sovereign, his back, blue, black, and bleeding from the effects of a severe scourging he had received during the night. "Saint Peter," he explained, "had visited him, and whipped him for his cowardly intention of forsaking the flock." Who really performed the scourging is not known. History is silent. Perhaps the penitent sufferer whipped himself! However, the "miracle" had the desired effect. Eadbald was moved by the kindness of Peter, who had so lovingly chastened his servant rather than let him fly away, as the other bishops had done. He felt sure, too, that the religion of the pope, whose truth was attested by so great a wonder, must be right after all. So Eadbald returned to the bosom of Rome; Laurentius remained in England; and the faith of the pope established itself with a firmer hold than ever in our island home.

Such, then, is the brief story of how the darkness came—the darkness of that false Church--the yoke of that foreign power, destined to gall the neck of England for many a long year, till she should throw it off at the glorious Reformation centuries later.

But was the Light put out? Nay. It had been obscured, but not extinguished. The "partings of the ways" had arrived. From henceforth the religious "Story" of our land is a record of struggles repeated and renewed—struggles on one side from those who desired to totally blow it out, and, on the other, stern opposition from those who would fight and die, sooner than let its flame sink into the night.

Notes to Chapter 2

1. Incense in Romish and other churches is totally different from that used in the Jewish temple. Rome, in her practice of it, disobeys the conditions laid down in the Word of God, the penalty for which disobedience is death. The conditions are:--It had to be made of certain ingredients (Ex. xxx. 34 to 38).

2nd. It had to be offered by priests only. Uzziah, not being a priest, was smitten with leprosy when he offered it (2 Chron. xxvi. 19). 3rd. It had to be lighted by fire from heaven. Nadab and Abihu perished because they lighted it with "strange fire" (Lev. x.).

2. The name of this bishop was Ladilus, of the Gallican Church, which differed in several respects from the Church of Rome (Bede).

3. D'Aubigne, vol. V

4. Bede's "*Ecclesiastical History*",

5. The work was evidently done by sprinkling the crowd *en masse*!

6. D'Aubigné,

7. D'Aubigné





Chapter III

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS



HERE are two names in the history of old England that should be written in letters of gold—Oswald, king of Northumbria, and Aidan, the British missionary.

There are two other names that should be inscribed in the annals of those times in letters of black—Oswy, the successor of Oswald to the throne of Northumbria, and Wilfrid, the servant of the pope.

The story of these men and their work will show us how definitely the "Parting of the Ways" had arrived. Those who called themselves "Christians," in Britain, could no longer tread the same path. Before the arrival of Rome's monks to our shores, members of the British Church were one in heart and labour. When Augustine appeared a corrupted form of faith came with him; and when it had established itself in our land, two ways were opened to the bewildered disciples; two forces faced each other on the spiritual battle-field. Truth must prevail in the long run, but in the meanwhile the Sword of the Spirit must be unsheathed against the weapons of the pope; the Lamb must contend with the dragon; the warfare would be fierce, and the record of these thrilling conflicts is the Story of our English Protestantism.

THE WAY OF LIGHT. (In the Seventh Century)

OFF the coast of Northumberland lay an island, about a mile-and-a-half from the mainland. It was but an islet, a little over two miles in length, and about a mile in breadth; but in the seventh century it became to England what Iona had been to Scotland---a candlestick for the Light of Faith. Its name was Lindisfarne, or Holy island.

In the days of which I write, Lindisfarne contained an oratory, and a group of humble, thatched cottages, inhabited by a number of earnest-hearted Evangelists who, with the saintly Aidan as their bishop, had gone from Iona and settled themselves on this sea-girt spot.[1] Why had they gone thither? The story, which is full of interest, is as follows:--

The cruel Northumbrian king who had razed Bangor to the ground, and killed its Christian inhabitants, had a son named Oswald, manly young Anglo-Saxon prince. Oswald, with his brother Oswy, had been obliged to take refuge in Scotland, owing to political troubles. He was but a lad when he went northward, and readily acquired the language of the country. Iona was his favourite resort: the piety of the missionaries won his heart, and the purity of the faith they taught transformed his soul; to be a messenger of the Gospel to the Saxons became the one deep desire of his being. He would lead the people of Northumberland to the Saviour. The throne had been lost to his family, but, with the help of God, it should be recovered. So the ardent young prince—"a man beloved of God," as Bede describes him—set out at the head of a small army, and marched towards an enemy formidable in strength and numbers. But Oswald knew that with God on his side he was well able to overcome. By the side of a rippling brook he knelt and prayed,[2] then rose, and with his handful of troops won a great victory (634 A.D.).

His kingdom was brought back again to its rightful heir; now it must be gained for a yet better inheritance. Northumbria had lost the Christianity it had possessed, and to bring it to Christ was the golden harvest that Oswald prepared himself to sow, and to reap.

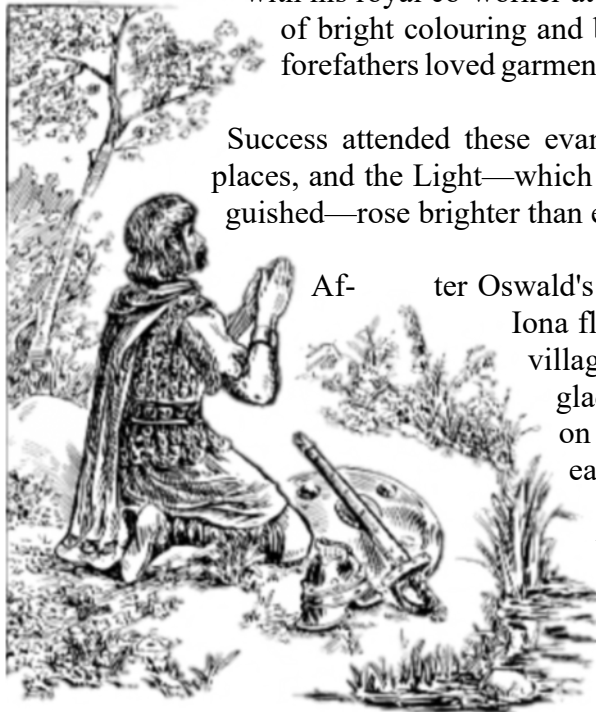
Ruins of Iona

King Oswald's kindness and goodness of heart towards his subjects won their confidence and love. We read of his practical sympathy on one occasion when seated at table. As a silver dish, full of dainties, was placed before him (our Saxon forefathers of those days were fond of delicacies!) a servant informed him that the street, outside his door, was crowded with the poor and starv-



ing. Oswald was struck with the contrast between his own luxurious living and that of his needy subjects, and at once ordered that the food before him should be distributed to them, and the silver dish broken and divided among them.

At his request Iona sent him Bishop Aidan, to aid him in the evangelisation of his people. Aidan, "a man of singular meekness and piety," says Bede, made Lindisfarne his headquarters, and sought to propagate the Christian faith in the dominion of Oswald. In this grand work he was aided by the king, who interpreted his words to the Saxon audiences, for Aidan did not know the English tongue. Many a time might the evangelist have been seen preaching the good news, with his royal co-worker at his side, in his loose, flowing garment, probably of bright colouring and bordered with choice embroidery, for our Saxon forefathers loved garments of many colours, skilfully worked, or woven.[3]



Success attended these evangelistic efforts; churches were built in several places, and the Light—which the cruel heathen Edelfrid thought he had extinguished—rose brighter than ever into a radiant flame.

After Oswald's death the work still went on; missionaries from Iona flocked to the scene of labour, and preached from village to village, from town to hamlet. They were gladly welcomed, the people crowding round them on the highway, or in some quiet country spot, eagerly listening to the Word of Life. So many a dark place was lighted by the humble ministrations of that early British Church.

Oswald knelt and prayed by the side of a rippling brook.

THE WAY OF DARKNESS. (In the Seventh Century.)

Oswy succeeded his brother Oswald to the throne of Northumbria. Both brothers had received the advantages of Iona's Gospel training; but there was this vast difference between them—

Oswald was truly converted to Christ, and his heart had been changed; but Oswy appears to have become a Christian in profession only.

The name of Oswy must be written in mourning, as that of the king who surrendered the English Church to the authority of Rome. The sad story is as follows:-

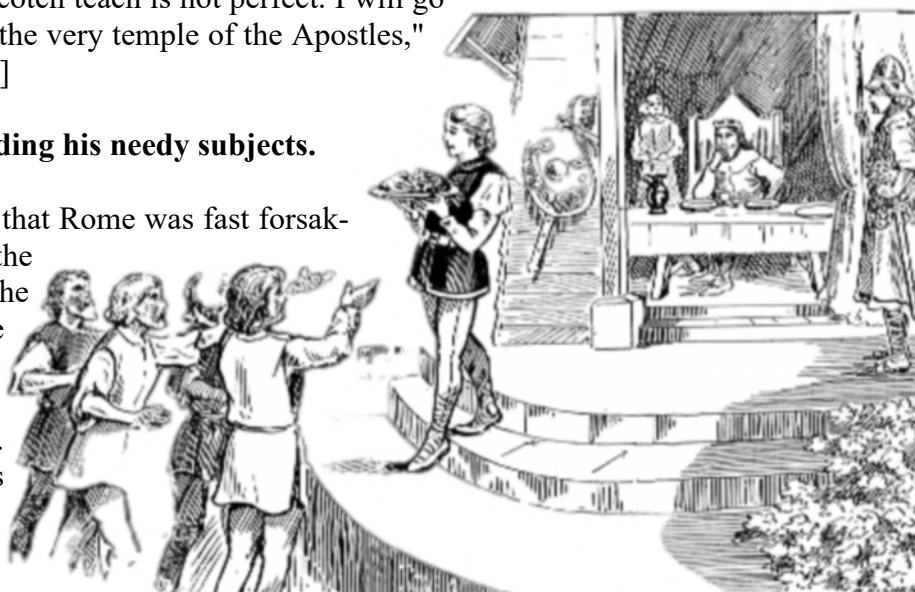
In Oswy's royal court, two persons might often have been seen conversing together, upon a topic which interested them. The lady was Eanfled, Oswy's proud wife; the other was Romanus, her private chaplain. Both had come from Kent, where Augustine and his monks had introduced popery. You can guess the subject of their many earnest talks—how could Northumbria be gained for the pope? That it had been won for Christ was to them not sufficient: so fair a prize must be laid at the feet of Rome. An opportunity occurred.

One day, a young Northumbrian—Wilfrid by name—was admitted into the presence of the queen. He was talented, educated, of striking appearance, and very enterprising and ambitious.

"The way which the Scotch teach is not perfect. I will go to Rome, and learn in the very temple of the Apostles," said he to the queen.[4]

King Oswald feeding his needy subjects.

Neither of them knew that Rome was fast forsaking the doctrine of the Apostles, and that the right way to learn the Truth is not in the city of the popes, but in the study of the Bible. Queen Eanfled was pleased with young Wilfrid's suggestion,



and aided him to set out on his long journey.

Arriving in Rome, Wilfrid soon discovered that the Church of Rome possessed worldly power and magnificence, very different from the humble state of the British Church. The natural ambition of his heart was stirred at all he saw and heard in the seven-hilled city. In the Roman Church there was every facility for the exercise of spiritual pride; every means for self-aggrandisement. If he could succeed in bringing England to the feet of this great system of the pope, he would raise himself to a dazzling eminence of honour and fame. So, having well-schooled himself in the ways and teachings of Rome, and received the ecclesiastical "tonsure" at Lyons, he returned to England, bent on claiming the free English Church to the triumphal care of the pope.

At that time only Kent acknowledged the pope's authority. In all the other provinces ministers of the free English Church preached the Gospel, and lighted the Candle of Truth, under the powerful protection of the King of Northumbria. Wilfrid's scheme, then, was a simple one: he must gain Oswy; and with his fall, his dominions, which then constituted the greater part of England, also would submit to Rome.

Queen Eanfled and her chaplain were already on his side. Alfred, the king's son, was placed under his tuition; and this young prince he hoped soon to influence in the same direction. Thus aided, Wilfrid carefully proceeded to capture the king. There was a special point upon which the English Church and the Roman differed at that time, viz., the time for the observance of Easter.

This question, which was not of any very great importance, was lifted up by Wilfrid into a controversy of vast significance, and was made to appear a subject of life and death. Thus, even in the seventh century, Rome was developing that subtle art of hiding her real designs under some trivial matter.

"We must have a public disputation, in which the question must be settled once for all," said the wily Queen Eanfeld. The monastery in Whitby was chosen as the place for conference.

Let us take a glimpse at that historical meeting. On one side of King Oswy and his son Alfred, sat Wilfrid, Romanus, and other priests of Rome; on the other were assembled Colman, from Iona, and several other bishops and elders of the British Church.

There is one among the gathering, we note, to whom the contesting parties seem to turn, as to a wise man, able to judge fairly. It was Cedda, who had been consecrated bishop by one who had himself been ordained by the elders in Iona. He was one of the most successful evangelists of his day, a worthy type of a bishop of the English Church. No popish hands had, at that time, been laid upon his head; but Rome was exerting all her artifices to bend the Church of England to her sway, and even Cedda could not save her.



The conference before King Oswy. Colman addressing the assembly.

The controversy began; Colman appealing to the Apostle John, who, tradition asserted, had brought the Gospel to Iona. Surely the churches over which he and his successor Columba presided, could not err in the time of keeping Easter—for this, as we have remarked, was the trivial point of dispute under which Wilfrid hid his designs. Colman had taken the first false step in citing John and Columba, instead of using the Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. Wilfrid saw his advantage, and followed it up. If Colman referred to John, he could boast of Peter and Paul. Rome, where Paul had preached, and where tradition said Peter had been bishop (though there is no foundation for this latter statement), must surely know best at what time to observe the festival. Was not Peter greater than Columba? Had not our Lord given him the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven?

At this point the king, whose dim spiritual vision was quickly blinded by the subtle argument, exclaimed, "Peter is the door-keeper; I will obey him, lest, when I appear at the gate of Paradise, there should be none to open to me."

Oswy did not know our Lord's words, "I am he that openeth, and no man shutteth; and shutteth, and no man openeth." He did not understand that the popes were not successors of the Apostles, whose doctrines they were fast forsaking, but of the pagan priests whose beliefs and superstitions they were gradually adopting. So Oswy and his subjects bent themselves to the sway of Rome; and in the vain thought that they were following Peter, they submitted themselves to a foreign power, that should yet gall the neck of the once free Church of England.

Colman, downcast, returned to Iona. Had he fought with the weapon with which God had provided him—the Holy Scriptures, victory, instead of defeat, would have been his. But, alas! the love of the Bible was evidently waning in the church of the free Britons. The news of the English surrender caused immense joy at Rome. The pope despatched Theodore and an African monk, named -Adrian, to carry on the crusade; and these two laboured incessantly to bring all England under the jurisdiction of the papacy. Even Cedda fell before their arts, permitting himself to be re-ordained bishop at the hands of Rome—as if his first ordination had not been sufficient! He was a victim of that weakness which sometimes disguises itself as humility. "How are the mighty fallen!"

Still, Iona held out the Light, that flickered and waned in the deepening gloom. Her fall was humiliating.

A monk—Egbert by name—came over from Ireland to extinguish this Light. Rich presents were confided to him to distribute in the island. He also had recourse to other arts, and recounted strange dreams and visions, and escapes from the fury of the sea like another Jonah. His preservation, so his visions told him, was vouchsafed in order that he might live to win Iona to Rome. It was an age of superstition—when imaginations of disordered minds were put in the place of the infallible Word of God. The British Christians of Iona weakly believed the foolish

stories of the artful monk, and submitted to Rome, receiving the "tonsure" (or having the crown of their heads shaved) as a sign of their degradation (D'Aubigné).

A LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS (Seventh century)

The darker the night, the brighter shines the torch. Such a light was found in Alfred, the son of Oswy. The wily 'Wilfrid had been his tutor, and had sought to train him as a complete slave to the Roman system; hut, for once, 'Wilfrid did not meet with the success at which he aimed.

**Left: Alfred studying the
Scriptures**



The Witan (or Saxon Parliament) having chosen his brother as king, Alfred retired to Ireland, and there, for fifteen years, contentedly devoted himself to study. The books he loved most were those which dealt with the Bible and the Christian belief. So great was his love for these, that he was described as "most learned in the Scriptures." [5]

On the death of his brother the Witan invited him to ascend the throne. He complied as cheerfully as he had retired into private life. He was the first literary king among the Anglo Saxons, [6] and has special interest for us as the precursor of his more famous namesake, Alfred the Great. There was a nobility in his character, and true English love for freedom, which made Alfred shine as a torch in the darkening gloom. Wilfrid was ambitious and domineering—loving to rule, but bending to none. As bishop of York, he displayed a magnificence that rivalled that of the kings of Northumbria. In his desire for riches and earthly glory he was not unlike Cardinal Wolsey of the sixteenth century. Wilfrid could not brook divided honours. He desired to be supreme in the Church of England. To this the king of Northumbria would not agree. Wilfrid quitted his dominions, and laid his disappointment at the feet of the pope. On his return he came armed with letters from the pontiff, but even the papal missives did not move the king. "Ask me what you will for yourselves," said Alfred to his council, "but ask me no more on behalf of Wilfrid. The kings, my predecessors, the archbishops with their counsellors, and afterwards ourselves, with nearly all the British of your race, have judged his cause." [7]

Such were the rays of light in the seventh century; such the English denials of papal supremacy in the Church of England. The parting of the ways had come; the struggles between light and darkness had begun, and which, centuries later, resulted in the glorious Reformation.



Caedmon was unable to sing

There were yet other gleams; and among these we must mention Caedmon, the bard of the simple English people. There is much which is legendary around the story of Caedmon's poetical inspiration, yet it gives us some idea of the flickering of the sacred light in those olden times.

Caedmon was a herdsman, tending his flocks in the neighbourhood of Whitby. It was the custom among the Anglo-Saxons to enliven their meals with song. Most of the poems sung at the festive board were descriptive of war, or the legendary tales of the heathen gods. Each guest was expected to take his turn at thus enlivening the company ; but Caedmon, who felt he had no

poetical gift, would retire from supper when asked to sing. On one occasion, feeling more ashamed than ever at his lack of talent; he withdrew as usual, and sought comfort in solitude. As he rested, he slept, and in his slumbers he thought he heard someone saying, "Caedmon, sing some song to me."

"I cannot sing," was the sad reply.

"Nay, but thou hast to sing to me."

"What shall I sing?"

"Sing the beginning of created things."

So Caedmon awoke to find (so the story goes) that having discovered the right subject to sing, the gift for song was his also. So he sang about the Creation and Redemption, and reached many hearts by putting Bible truths into poetry. This rustic precursor of Milton was "the singing evangelist" of those olden days, and his simple paraphrases of the sacred Word helped to keep alight the Lamp of the Gospel.

Notes to Chapter 3

1. "*History the Church of England*," by Dr. Boulton.
2. "*History of the Anglo-Saxons*," by Sharon Turner.
3. "*History of the Anglo-Saxons*," Book vii., by Sharon Turner.
4. D'Aubigné.
5. Sharon Turner,
6. Bede
- 7 "*History of the Church of England*," by Boulton.





Chapter IV

THE VENERABLE BEDE, AND OTHER FAMOUS MEN

"Here lie beneath these stones
Venerable Bede's bones."



UCH is the curious rhyme which closes a long inscription to the memory of the Venerable Bede, to be read in Durham Cathedral.

Somewhere in the territory lying along the coast, near the mouths of the rivers Tyne and Wear, probably in the village of Jarrow, Bede first saw the light, in the year 673. The little lad, when only about seven years old, was sent to the monastery of Wearmouth, and placed under the care of its abbot and founder, Bishop. There he stayed, until another monastery--that of Jarrow--was built in the same neighbourhood ; and there, it appears, he resided till the close of his days. Bede's life was, therefore, almost entirely passed within the seclusion of convent walls—a fact which well explains his belief in the many childish legends, which the reader of his "*Ecclesiastical History*" cannot peruse, without a smile.

In the seventh century, the Church was growing corrupt, and the superstitious fables, to which Bede attached so simple a credence, were fast becoming part and parcel of its creed.

Apart from these blemishes, Bede has rendered a never-dying benefit to his country, by his various literary works, some of which present us with a mass of historical facts concerning those early times.

Bede, at an early age, exhibited mental gifts, and, under the care of the Abbot of Wearmouth, he fortunately found every encouragement in his pursuit after knowledge.

Abbot Bishop was an ardent patron of art and learning, and earnestly sought to ameliorate the condition of his country. In order to effect this, he travelled into foreign countries—a great undertaking in those days. On his return, he brought back with him valuable books and costly works of art.

Thus Bede was able to pursue his studies, aided by a library, rare, and, until then, unknown on our shores.

One of the brightest phases of his studious life was his love for the Holy Scriptures. With a deep desire for holier things, Bede diligently searched the Word of God. His instructor in this branch of knowledge was a monk named Trunhere, who had been educated under Chad, Bishop of Lichfield.

As we have remarked, the Church was growing corrupt in those days, and under such teaching, Bede naturally imbibed many of the errors that were stealthily establishing themselves in the Church of England. They were the tares which Rome had brought over to our land in Augustine's time. Yet, Bede's love for the true wheat, viz., the Word of God, was evidently deep and sincere. He gives us an interesting glimpse into his studious life :—"I wholly applied myself to

the study of Scripture, and amidst the observance of regular discipline, and the daily care of singing in the church, I always took delight in learning, teaching, and writing. In the nineteenth year of my age I received Deacon's orders; in the thirtieth, those of the Priesthood." These words occur at the close of his "*Ecclesiastical History*," and are followed by a long list of his many library works-which number about ninety volumes. Nearly sixty of these are commentaries on the Scriptures. The others are histories, biographies, and works on astrology, rhetoric, orthography, hymns, and poems. This rare and curious catalogue is closed by the following beautiful prayer, which shows what simple piety actuated the famous author:-"And now, I beseech thee, good Jesus, that to whom Thou hast graciously granted sweetly to partake of the words of Thy wisdom and knowledge, Thou wilt also vouchsafe that he may some time or other come to Thee, the fountain of all wisdom, and always appear before Thy face, Who livest and reignest world without end. Amen."

The value of Bede's "*Ecclesiastical History*" is best proved by the fact that it has been so often translated. It was written in Latin, and the first to render it into the vernacular tongue was King Alfred the Great, who gave an Anglo-Saxon edition of it to his people. In the sixteenth century, it was again translated from the Latin, into the English of that century, by Thomas Stapleton, and dedicated to Queen Elizabeth. It was again translated in the eighteenth century, and once more in the nineteenth.

Bede died as he had lived, a Christian, with child-like trust in God his Saviour, Whose Word was the guiding star of his life unto the end. His faith was the pure gold, encrusted somewhat with the dross of Popish heresies. Yet we cannot doubt that, if Bede's lot had been cast in the era of the Reformation, he would have thrown out the dross, and have become one of our noblest reformers. His last days are best described in a letter written after his death by Cuthbert, one of his disciples, from which we take the following extracts: "He was much troubled with shortness of breath, yet without pain, before the day of our Lord's resurrection, that is about a fortnight; and thus he afterwards passed his life, cheerful and rejoicing, giving thanks to Almighty God every day and night, nay, every hour---I declare with truth, that I have never seen with my eyes, nor heard with my ears, any man so earnest in giving thanks to the Living God. He also sang antiphons, according to our customs, and his own, one of which is, O glorious King. Lord of all power, Who triumphing this day, didst ascend above all the heavens ; do not forsake us orphans, but send down upon us the Spirit of Truth which was promised to us by the Father. Hallelujah! 'And when he came to that word do not forsake us,' he burst into tears, and wept much, and an hour after, he began to repeat what he had commenced, and we hearing it, mourned with him. By turns we read, and by turns we wept, nay, we wept always while we read. In such joy we passed the days of Lent, till the aforesaid day; and he rejoiced much, and gave God thanks, because he had been thought worthy to be so weakened. He often repeated That God scourgeth every son whom He receiveth, and much more of our Holy Scriptures---During these days he laboured to compose two works well worthy to be remembered---viz., he translated the Gospel of St. John as far as Chapter vi. 9, into our own tongue, for the benefit of the church---When Tuesday before the ascension of our Lord came, he began to suffer still more in his breath, and a small swelling appeared in his feet, but he passed all that day, and dictated cheerfully; and now and then, among other things, he said, "Go on quickly, I know not how long I shall hold out, and whether my maker will not soon take me away!" But to us he seemed very well to know the time of his departure, and so he spent the night awake in thanksgiving. And when the morning appeared, that is, Wednesday, he ordered us to write with all speed what he had begun---There was one among us who said to him, "Most clear master, there is still one chapter wanting(of his translation of St. John's Gospel), do you think it troublesome to be asked any more questions?" He answered, "It is no trouble. Take your pen, and make ready, and write fast."-

Having said much more, he passed the day joyfully till the evening, and the boy above-mentioned said, "Dear master, there is yet one sentence not written." He answered "Write quickly." Soon after, the boy said, "The sentence is now finished." He replied, "It is well, you



The death of the Venerable Bede

have said the truth. It is finished. Receive my head into your hands, for it is a great satisfaction to me to sit facing my holy place, where I was wont to pray that I may also sit calling upon my Father!" And thus, on the pavement of his little cell, singing, Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, when he had named the Holy Ghost, he breathed his last; and so departed to the heavenly kingdom.

All who were present at the death of the blessed Father, said "they had never seen any other person expire with so much devotion, and in so tranquil a frame of mind. For as you have heard, so long as the soul animated his body, he never ceased to give praise to the true and living God, with extended hands."

The writer of the above was Cuthbert, a pupil of Bede. We must not confound him with the "Saint" (so-called) of that name, who died when Bede was only about thirteen years old. Saint Cuthbert belonged to the hardy race of the Northumbrians, and, it is said, at eight years old desired to dedicate himself to God's service.

When he grew up, he became a famous and fearless Evangelist. Bede says of him, "He was wont to preach in remote villages, far from the world, in wild and horrible mountain regions." Where Aidan had laboured on the Island of Lindisfarne, St. Cuthbert continued to work. The peasantry flocked to hear him, but his special efforts were directed in seeking to reform the monks.

In this he met with much opposition; yet he struggled on with unwearied patience, says his biographer, "Amidst all distress, bearing a cheerful countenance." In that superstitious time, people were foolishly taught that the highest holiness is to be sought and found in a life of absolute solitude. So Cuthbert retired to a lonely islet called Farne, and there resided in a rude

dwelling he had built for himself. Many childish legends are connected with his name; many absurd miracles are said to have been wrought by him, or for him.

For example, we are told that two crows, who had been mischievously picking the thatch of his hermit's abode, humbly besought his pardon. The lives of these seventh century "Saints" give us an idea of the fearful superstition that was fast corrupting Christianity. How far the preaching of men, whose religion was mixed up with so much dross, was really effective for good, it is difficult to say. What light they had, flickered with uncertain flame in the deepening darkness, and was not powerful enough to scatter the night shadows, that were gradually enshrouding the land. When St. Cuthbert died, his remains were removed to Durham, and his shrine became the most famous in the North Country, and a constant scene of idolatry, until the glorious Reformation dawned, centuries later.

One of the most famous men of the eighth century was Alcuin. He was a pupil of Egbert, Archbishop of York, who died in 767. Egbert was a patron of learning, and collected a library of rare and beautiful books. Alcuin was thus able to acquire the best education that the times afforded.



The Emperor Charlemagne

In those days a great Emperor flourished on the Continent—Charlemagne, who also earnestly sought to revive learning in his dominions. Alcuin having been sent to his court on an embassy, Charlemagne soon discovered, that the talented pupil of the English Archbishop was the very one to aid him, in his efforts to provide instruction for his people. So Alcuin was attached to his court, and thus we find that the learning which was establishing itself among some of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers found a yet wider field for development on the Continent.[1]

But in his foreign home, Alcuin remembered that splendid library where he had studied at York. Those who love reading know what a pleasure it is to find oneself in the Midst of just the books that treat

on the subject we wish to study ; but what- a luxury such a library must have been in that unlettered age! No wonder Alcuin longs for his pet volumes! We find him writing to Charlemagne, from Tours in France, "Give me those exquisite books of erudition which I had in my own country, by the good and devout industry of my master, Egbert, the Archbishop. If it shall please your wisdom, I will send some of our youths, who shall copy from thence whatever is necessary, and carry back into France the flowers of Britain, that the garden may not be shut up in York, but the fruits of it may be placed in the paradise of Tours."[2]

Alcuin's school at Tours became famed, though the severe monkish rules of the monastery there (of which he was the Abbot) hindered in a large measure the pursuit of some branches of study, such as science and the classics. Yet numbers of students flocked to the school at Tours. Those

from England were especially welcome, and generally attained to distinction. It is said many of the great men in the ninth century, whose names are famed in connection with the cause of learning, had been pupils of Alcuin.[3] Nor was Alcuin the only scholar of Egbert's cathedral school at York who carried the light of learning to the Continent.

"The pupils of the school of York," says Stubbs, "taught the schools and universities of Italy, of Germany, and of France." [4]

To the Protestant, Alcuin is more interesting in his connection with a work entitled, "Four Caroline Books," which condemned the worship of images. In order to explain the reason for the publication of these important books, we must digress a little, and take a swift glimpse at the curious history of images and image-worship. Idolatry was a subject of fierce dispute between the eastern and western churches. How small and foolish is the human mind, when it can believe that the Almighty God can be worshipped through pictures, or images, or that supposed representations of Him can in any way be pleasing to the God, Who has so strictly forbidden us to make them. But, like Israel of old, the Christian Church has been prone to idolatry. At first, pictures of sacred subjects were set up merely for the purpose of instructing the ignorant, but gradually they became objects of superstitious reverence, and the very images that were erected as aids to devotion became snares and stumbling-blocks, for they were aids—and very efficient aids—to idolatry. From time to time the spread of image-worship was protested against, especially in the Eastern Church. As early as the fifth century, we find the Emperors Valens and Theodosius II. forbidding the using, or even the making of images for religious purposes. Their edict is well worth noting:—"

Valens and Theodosius, Emperors, unto the Captain of the Army: Whereas we have a diligent care to maintain the religion of God above, in all things, we will grant to no more to set forth, grave, carve, or paint the image of our Saviour, Jesus Christ, in colours, stone, or any other matter ; but in what place so ever it shall be found, we command that it be taken away, and that all such as shall attempt anything contrary to our decrees or commandment herein, shall be most sharply punished." [5]

The popes of Rome have always been favourers of idolatry. In the sixth century, we find Gregory the Great advocating images in churches. As we have seen, Augustine and his monks, sent to our shores by this pope, were the first to introduce this superstition into England. The contest about images continued fast and furious between the Eastern and Western churches, and was at last the cause of the rise and spread of the Mohammedan religion, whose terrible wars were carried on against image-worshippers only.[6] Yes! images always have been, and ever will continue to be, the direct source of divisions and controversies and quarrels wherever they are allowed to be set up, for they are the works of darkness, and light and darkness can never agree.

One of the Emperors, whose zeal was especially directed against idolatry, was Leo III., who reigned in the eighth century. This Emperor rightly caused a heap to be made of all images found in the city of Constantinople, and publicly burnt. Also, all pictures painted on the walls, etc., of churches, were whited over. When the pope heard of these doings, he was, of course, very enraged, and constituted himself a zealous champion for the idols of wood, stone, and paint, that can neither hear, see, walk, nor talk. Leo's son, Constantine V., followed in his father's footsteps. In his reign, a great assembly was held of all the learned men and bishops of Asia and Greece, at which it was decreed that "It is not lawful for them that believe in God through Jesus Christ, to have any images, neither of the Creator, nor of His creatures, set up in churches to be worshipped; but rather that all images, by the law of God, and for the avoidance of offence, ought to be taken out of the churches." [7]

Later on, however, when Irene became Empress, the worship of images was established. She caused the bones of Constantine to be dug up and burnt, because he had destroyed the idols she loved. In her reign was held the Council of Nicea, which was presided over by legates sent by

the pope; so We need not be surprised that at that Council a decree was made sanctioning image-worship, and that in a short time Constantinople became as much a stronghold of idolatry as Rome itself; and which it continued to be until God's judgment descended against it by means of the Mohammedan Turks.

We have gone a little out of our way on this matter, because we want our young readers to understand the importance of those "Four Caroline Books" supposed to have been written by our English Alcuin, with the authority of the great Charlemagne. These books, which condemned the worship of images, boldly protested against, and set aside, the decree of that Nicene Council. Charlemagne also held an important Council at Frankfort, in Germany, in 794, at which the subject was discussed, and the adoration of images was condemned. Alcuin was in all probability present at that Council, and though those famous "Caroline Books" against image worship were issued under the name of the Emperor Charlemagne, there is evidence to lead us to believe that our English Alcuin was the author, "the only known writer equal to the task," says Dean Milman.[8] Though the books did not protest against all the superstitions of the age, but rather sanctioned some of them, yet it condemned the adoration, or even the reverence for images and pictures. "You may keep lights burning before your pictures," wrote Alcuin; "we will be diligent in studying the Holy Scriptures."

In spite of these protestations, the shadows of advancing corruptions in the professedly Christian Church continued to gather. In our own land, the light, which in centuries gone by had shone brightly, became dimmer, and more blurred, as time rolled on.

The sad condition of his native land was often in the mind of Alcuin. From his adopted home in Tours, letters were addressed by him to the Northumbrian king, and to other persons in authority in England, earnestly beseeching them to stay the flood of ungodliness that threatened to plunge the country into darkness and distress. Very little attention, if any, was given to his pleadings; his warnings were almost unheeded, till at last the Divine scourge fell on the unfaithful custodians of His Light of Truth: a foreign enemy, the Dane, invaded the land. The Torch of God's Word burned low in those troublous years; but in the latter half of the ninth century, England's greatest king, Alfred the Wise, was raised up to fan it again into a bright flame.

Footnotes to Chapter 4

1. "*History of the Church of England*," by Dr. J. Boulton, see page 88..
2. Ibid., page 83.
3. "*The Age of Charlemagne*," by Wells, Ph.D.
4. ibid., page 318.
5. See Homily on the "*Peril of Idolatry*."
6. Ibid.
7. See Homily on the "*Peril of Idolatry*."
8. Latin Christianity, v 1





Chapter V

ENGLAND'S GREATEST KING



ENGLAND and her people are greatly changed since the ninth century, when King Alfred's greatest external enemy was the invading Dane. With a daughter of Denmark for our Queen, we regard Danes to-day as friends and allies.

The most enduring results are those brought about by prayer, drawn forth by circumstances in which the powerful "hand of the Lord" is craved and received by a man who feels his weakness. It is so certain that King Alfred was a man of prayer concerning other matters, that it is impossible to believe his wonderful victory over Guthrum, the Danish leader, at Ethandene in A.D. 878 could have been accomplished without it.

The secret of Alfred's success was that he felt his own weakness, and so had to lean on the strength of God. How did he come to know Him? It is said that he learned to read in order to become the happy possessor of a Psalter in Latin that his mother had promised to give him as soon as he could read it. The lad won the prize, and thus it was that his love for learning began in his childhood. May we not also hope that his love for God's Word and Will commenced as early?

On the death of his father and some elder brothers he was elected King of the West Saxons at the age of 22. His kingdom included (before he died) all the counties south of the Thames and Kent, while the Danes of East Anglia and Mercia were time and again his vassals.

At Wantage, in Berkshire, where he was born in 849, there is a statue erected to his memory. It is executed by our late Queen's cousin, Count Gleichen, and must be purely imaginary, as there is no authentic portrait of Alfred. But its inscription is excellent: "Alfred found learning dead, and he restored it; education neglected, and he revived it ; the laws powerless, and he gave them force ; the Church debased, and he raised it; the land ravaged by a fearful enemy, from which he delivered it."

His kingdom needed far more than to be cleared of the Danes. The necessity of repelling these sea warriors laid the foundation of our English navy. England's first naval victory was gained over them in 875. Alfred's ships were manned, too, by enterprising men. The story of a voyage round the North Cape into the White Sea, and of another in the Baltic is on record.

Alfred encouraged learning, inviting learned men to live in the colleges he had started or helped. In those days hardly any-one south of the Thames could understand the Church services or translate a Latin letter. He remarked that "every free-born youth should know how to read English correctly." Besides encouraging the translation of books from Latin into Anglo-Saxon by others, he did some translating himself and wrote prefaces. They can be read now. He himself compiled or wrote a kind of "Daily Light"—wise and spiritual sentences and portions of

Scripture—known as Alfred's Handbook, or Manual. The University of Oxford owes much to him also. He was in fact the founder of that ancient seat of learning.



Statue of King Alfred the Great, at Wantage

The anecdote of King Alfred and the cakes is very well known, it happened when the Danes had landed at Wareham in 872, and overran Wilts. and Somerset. Poor Alfred had to disband his army and hide himself. How well he concealed his identity the incident proves. More interesting than the part about the cakes is the story of his visit to the camp of the Danes. It illustrates his dogged perseverance under bitter discouragement, and also shows us that he was a man of courage and resource. The narrative is as follows:-

After a long winter of exile, 877-8, the camp of King Alfred became at the approach of Spring the rallying point of bands of patriotic Saxon soldiers, eager to fight again under his leadership against the hated intruder. Waiting until sufficient numbers had gathered around him, Alfred, it is said, made his way, disguised as a minstrel, and accompanied only by one faithful servant, into the camp of the Dan-

ish chief, Guthrum—by far the most powerful Viking that had as yet appeared in England. The camp was then situated on the summit of Bratton Hill, in Wiltshire. He delighted the Danes by his skill in playing and singing the songs of his native land. During his stay in camp he contrived to penetrate into the privacy of the chiefs tent, and note with sharp eye the plans and proceedings of his enemies. On his return to his people, he immediately assembled all his available force, and advancing silently, he fell, without any warning, upon the Danish camp. Deep trenches, high banks, and other strong defences enabled the Danes for some days to stand against the attack ; but at last food grew scarce, and the reinforcements of the encouraged Saxons growing greater around the camp day by day, the enemy sought for peace.

The list of his doings and sayings left us by Asser, the contemporary chronicler, sounds incredible, especially when we remember his ill-health, and that he died at 52 years of age.

His anxiety to "work while it is day" by a methodical arrangement of his time caused him to invent a way of calculating it, by the burning of candles of a certain weight, designed to last a given number of hours. Of course, a lantern to protect them from the wind (especially in castles where the windows were narrow slits in the thick walls) was soon added.

The story of his ill-health is certainly true in some form. It is said that he felt the passions, and vanities of youth, so strong an enemy to his soul's health, that he prayed God to send him something, that should keep the corruption of his heart in check. His prayer was heard, and a painful disease, unknown in those days, came upon him. Again he prayed that "God would in His boundless compassion exchange it for some lighter malady that would in no wise hinder him in the work where to he was called, and cause his people to despise him. For on King Alfred two

heavy tasks were pressed--to rid his kingdom of enemies, and teach his people civilisation and the claims of God and His -Word. Hard fighting, and hard thinking lay before him." This prayer was heard also, and he walked out of the lonely church, where he had spent hours in communion with God, a healed man. A year passed away, and his health remained good, but on his wedding-day (he married a woman worthy of him) new pains came, and the rest of his life-work was done "at such cost to himself as none knew."



King Alfred translating portions of the Scriptures

"Afore his day," wrote his old chronicler, "all English books were written in poesy, and the all was but a few. He rendered good and wise books (the Psalms and other parts of the Bible among them) into the English tongue. He devised ships, he builded churches and cities, designed jewels, invented lanterns, and having done all he writ him down almost useless for every duty." England could do very well with some more men of this "useless" stamp! His nickname was the "Truth teller," being so straightforward and simple in his words and ways.

One of Alfred's few biographers has raised the question—Was Alfred in favour with the Pope? And proceeds to give reasons why he was not noticed and flattered by him. Here are some of them. He went straight to God with his needs and sorrows, perplexities and difficulties—no monk or priest came between. He preferred to leave bishoprics vacant rather than receive the Pope's nominees, and the Pontiff actually let him alone! He supported a Commission against images, circulated the Scriptures, invited what learned men he chose, without asking advice from Rome, entertained Scotus Erigena when his bold philosophy brought persecution on him, rendering his abode on the Continent unsafe. He encouraged learning, and "walked with too much knowledge and understanding, and was not easily led by the Pope, as was his father"—a ninth century Protestant, in fact!

The eulogies of Alfred that come from different men and minds are remarkable. Freeman, the historian, calls him "the most perfect character in history." One writer has described Alfred thus: "A profound scholar for those times, a grammarian, a rhetorician, a philosopher, historian, musician, an excellent architect and .geometrician." Another says: "A man to whose character romance has done no more than justice, and who appears in exactly the same light in history as in fable. No other man, on record, has ever so thoroughly united all the virtues, both of the ruler, and of the private man. A saint without superstition, a scholar without ostentation, a warrior whose wars were all fought in defence of his country, a conqueror whose laurels were never

stained by cruelty, a prince never cast down by adversity, never lifted up to insolence in the hour of triumph; there is no other name in history to compare with his."

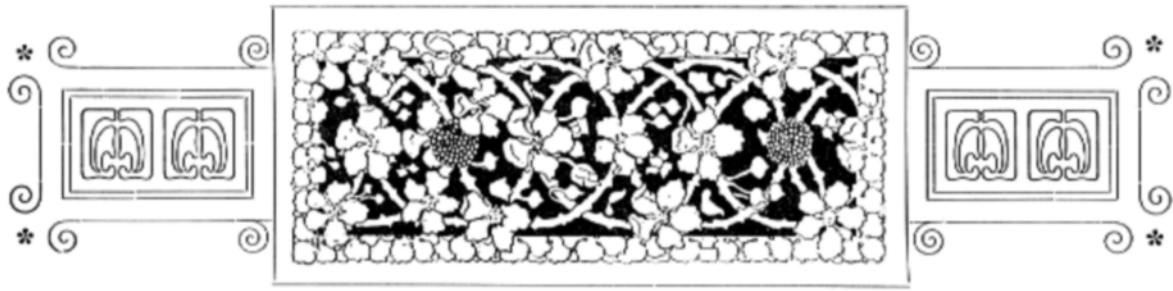
Truly Alfred the Great was one of those who, in early days, kept the torch of truth burning in this England of ours. "Thy Word is a lamp to my feet," wrote David, and England's greatest king made it, not only the light of his private life, but bore it aloft as the guiding star of the people he ruled. This is shown by the fact that the Ten Commandments and a part of the Law of Moses were prefixed to his code, and became a portion of the law of the land. So great was his reverence for the Sabbath, that to labour on that day met with severe punishment. With Alfred's reign true English history begins. Some of our modern British laws can be traced to his wise legislation: for example, trial by jury, the important safeguard to our personal rights.



Alfred the Great and his Witan

His son—Eadward—who succeeded him, proved one of the ablest rulers of those times. He is the reputed founder of the University of Cambridge. His successor—Athelstane placed in every church a copy of the Anglo-Saxon Bible, which he had caused to be translated. Thus we perceive that the Light, kindled in Alfred's days, shone on even after he had passed away.





Chapter VI

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR AND THE NORMAN PERIOD



EVEN in boyhood -William of Normandy revealed a strong and remarkable character. He was still a lad when his father, Duke Robert, left home on a long pilgrimage. He never returned, so young William took his place as ruler over one of the most turbulent baronages on the Continent. The boy-warrior grew up amid scenes of constant anarchy and rebellion, and these fierce experiences formed his naturally brave spirit. His savage temper never brooked defeat; his voice could rally his troops on the field of battle; his lance seldom, if ever, missed its mark. As he grew older, the ferocity of his nature gave way, before the nobler qualities of a great statesman. Such was the man who visited our shores in 1051, and returned to our land a few years later; and who, by his victory over our Saxon forefathers in 1066, gained the title of *The Conqueror*.

But it was not merely his triumph over the English that made him a conqueror, but also his successful resistance against the increasing usurpations of the Papacy.

It has been said there have been four ascending steps to Protestantism in England—William the Conqueror, Edward III., Wycliffe, and the Reformation.

Let us now note the first.

Two mighty men stood forth in the eleventh century; one was Hildebrand, or Gregory VII., the Pope of Rome; the other was William the Conqueror, King of England.

Hildebrand was the greatest pope Rome had then produced. His daring ambition aimed at nothing less than the conquest of the whole world to the papacy. "The pope's name," said he, "is the chief name in the world: his decision is to be withstood by none; but he alone may annul those of all men." [1]

In a large measure Hildebrand realised his proud ideal. Great men were prostrate before him. For example, we find the Emperor Henry IV. of Germany barefoot, clothed in sackcloth, amid the winter snow, waiting outside the Castle of Canossa for the pope's forgiveness.

But in England the haughty Hildebrand found his match; the Norman Conqueror could not be brought under his sway. In vain he sought to exact submission from the English king, bidding him do homage to the pope for his realm of England. William gave this manly reply, "Fealty I have never willed to do, nor will I do it now. I have never promised it, nor do I find that my predecessors did it to yours." [2]

This is memorable as being the first definite claim of the pope for supremacy in England. Hitherto English kings had never recognised the pope's temporal rule. Their free-born liberty was dear to them as a direct gift of God: "That the king of England," said Edgar the Pacific, who reigned from 959 to 975, "held the sword of Constantine; that he was, in his own dominions, the Lord's husbandman, the pastor of pastors, and the representative of Christ upon earth." [3].

This English birth right of liberty was challenged when Hildebrand demanded the submission of William the Conqueror; but it was a challenge that only fanned the Light into a brighter flame.

The Conqueror further showed his independence by refusing to submit to the pope's command that priests should not marry, and that those who had married should put away their wives. William, at the council of Winchester in 1076, caused a decree to be passed permitting priests in England to marry. The mighty Hildebrand was furious, and summoned Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, to appear before him at Rome, to answer for the rebellious conduct of the English king. The Conqueror, who had forbidden his clergy to recognise the pope, wisely refused to let him go. William, in fact, ruled supreme over Church and State, and would brook no interference from the pope; and even letters from the court of Rome could not be received without his permission. [4] So Hildebrand's efforts to put out the Light of Liberty in England failed.

On the first of August, 1086, an imposing assembly of all the great men of England met on the great plain of Salisbury. They had come together for a very important purpose, viz., to take the oath of allegiance, not to the pope of Rome, but to the English king. It was a memorable gathering, and a distinct foreshadowing of our Lords and Commons. There were found the Witan, or wise men of the realm; there, too, were the "land-sitting" men, as the land-owners

were called, and the heavy gold signet-rings on the fingers of others would mark them out as the clergy.



THE EMPEROR WHOM THE POPE HUMBLER

**The Emperor Henry IV
of Germany, barefoot
and clothed in sackcloth,
amid the winter snow
waiting outside the castle
of Canossa for the pope's
forgiveness**

On that day each man took the oath of allegiance to the English king. From that hour England became one indivisible kingdom, [5] a united nation, to stand or fall together ; and hence, as one people, responsible before God for guarding the heaven-kindled Light of Freedom from all attempts of Hilde-

brand, or his successors, to put it out.

The pope sought to console himself for the Conqueror's stubbornness by demanding the payment of "Peter's Pence." This tribute had been paid to the popes since the days of Offa, who reigned in the eighth century.[6] William consented to pay the money, because his predecessors had done so before him ; but he did not do so in the spirit of servile humility which Hildebrand desired. "What value can I set on money which is contributed with so little honour?" exclaimed the pope.

Courage always commands respect. Hildebrand had subdued other princes by severity; he tried "mildness and reason"[7] to win the unbending Conqueror. Rome invariably acts thus; her force is displayed towards the feeble, her "mildness" is reserved for the strong. Is she not acting thus towards England to-day, the mightiest Empire of the world?



Battle Abbey

William never bowed before the Papacy, yet we must not fall into the mistake of thinking him a Protestant as we now understand the word. That the otherwise Conqueror never overcame the superstitions of the times, is plain from the fact that he built a monastery near Hastings called "Battle Abbey," where the monks were required to offer up prayers for his soul.[8] He also left £60,000 to be distributed among the poor after his death as an expiation for his sins. Nor was he actuated solely by a single-hearted desire for the glory of God. He would not suffer his kingdom to sink beneath the bondage of Rome, but he did not hesitate to enslave it to *himself*! The conquered Saxons were oppressed beneath the tyranny of the Conqueror. Bishops deprived of their ecclesiastical offices were consigned to dungeons or imprisoned in convents, while Normans were nominated in their place by the king, who boasted that he held in his hand all the pastoral staves of his kingdom, and filled his coffers with money robbed from churches and monasteries.[9] Wulstan of Worcester was the only undeposed bishop; and the story goes, that at a synod in Westminster, William desired him to give up his crosier. There is a sad pathos in the aged man's reply. He rose and laid it on the tomb of Edward the Confessor, declaring that only to him, from whom he had received it, would he return. it.

William, conqueror at home, was not the man to bend before the pope of Rome, but his reign was not an unmixed blessing to the cause of Truth. While he overcame all papal attempts to gain

political ascendancy in England, the spiritual power of the Church of Rome was gaining ground in our land. It is said that if gold sovereigns and coppers are shut up together in one purse, the golden pieces, not the coppers, will lose their brightness. So it was with the English Church. The fine gold of Scriptural doctrines became more and more dimmed during the Norman period, because of the increased intercourse with the Church of Rome: legates from the pope were more frequently in England; and they required more and more deference to be paid to themselves as the representatives of the pontiff



He laid his crosier on the tomb of Edward the Confessor

Among the errors introduced into the English Church during the reign of William I. was the doctrine of Transubstantiation. This terribly long word has a queer meaning. It signifies that when the priest at the altar has pronounced the words "This is my Body," over the wafer made of flour and water, or "This is my Blood" over the wine, that the wafer and the wine are transubstantiated, or changed into the actual body and blood of Christ, and are worshipped as God Himself. This astounding dogma was the invention of monk named Paschasius Radbertus; and it seems incredible that he was able to find anyone to believe him. However, error always finds disciples, and the darkness of the ninth century was a convenient soil for the growth of this poisonous weed in the garden of the Church.

The priests welcomed the fable which so much added to their influence. If a man can create the Creator out of a wafer, and then eat Him up, he must, of course, be a miracle monger, and altogether a marvellous being. The Church of Rome, which loves to be thought great and powerful, made the most of this queer new invention. The dogma was not, however, made an Article of Faith, nor was it called by the name of Transubstantiation, until 1215, at the Fourth Lateran Council in Rome, during- the Pontificate of Innocent III.

In the eleventh century one man at least Berengarius of Tours-was found bold enough to publicly oppose transubstantiation: and great was the commotion at his audacity. Council after council of bishops condemned him, yet there were numbers in many parts of Christendom emboldened by his example, and who declared war against the monstrous dogma. In England

there were some who believed, and some who denied it. Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, was the great advocate of the strange doctrine. We can imagine the wrangling, and quarrelling, which took place between the followers of Lanfranc, who blindly accepted the error as truth, and those who, like Berengarius, considered it a myth.

In the days of William I. the English Church was truly a National Church; cleric and layman, bishop and earl, sat together to make laws for the benefit of Church and State. But, gradually, this unity gave way before papal claims; by degrees the clergy became a distinct class from the people, and, step by step, the ministers of the Church asserted their independence of the laws of the land. An incident in the closing days of William I shows us, that this division had materially gained ground.

The king- had appointed Odo, his brother, to rule in his place, while he was absent in Normandy. But Odo betrayed the trust placed in him, and on his return to England, the king arraigned him before an assembly of his wise men, and desired them to pass judgment upon him. None answered, so the monarch himself seized the culprit and ordered him to prison. Odo was the Earl of Kent, and also a bishop and when condemned pleaded his privileges as a bishop. Was he not above the Civil Law? Who but the pope had the right to judge him? To this appeal William gave the memorable reply: "I do not seize a cleric or a bishop. I seize my earl whom I set over my kingdom." [10]

This answer showed that he was judged as a layman only; it did not deny, but it acknowledged that a cleric was above the law of the land. [11]



I do not seize a cleric or a bishop. I seize my earl whom I set over my kingdom

William's successor, the "Red King"(William II) shewed the same independent spirit towards Rome as the Conqueror had done. When Anselm, the successor of Lanfranc in the See of Canterbury, asked permission to go to Rome to receive the pallium [12] from pope Urban, he was bluntly refused. "Either swear," said Rufus, "never to refer to the Papal Court for any cause whatever, or have the kingdom at once." [13] Anselm preferred the latter course.

Before his return the "Red King" had died, and Henry I. was on the English throne. The bone of contention this time, was about investiture. The meaning of Investiture was as follows: When a priest was made a bishop he was obliged to go through two ceremonies, viz., first, he received a ring and crozier from the king; this was called "Investiture," and was supposed to confer spiritual dignity; and second, the ceremony of Homage, or the submission of the bishop to the king as the vassals under the feudal law did Homage to their prince for the temporal properties and privileges which he accorded them. But Rome aspired to total independence, and claimed all spiritual and temporal rights. Anselm refused to do homage to the king, and the pope, Paschal II., supported him in his refusal, and even threatened to excommunicate the king. However, England was not under the absolute rule of Rome, and Henry's power was so great that the pontiff was obliged to consent to a compromise. Investitures were abolished, but homage to the king was still retained.[14]

Among the changes introduced by the Normans was that of more substantial and ornamental architecture. Beautiful stone for the purpose of erecting finer buildings was shipped from Normandy, and caused wonder and delight to the Saxons, as it was slowly drawn in barges up the Thames. Churches, handsome in outward adorning, were erected in place of the more primitive and simple structures; and worshippers proportionately forgot that God looks not on the outward appearance, but upon the heart.



During the Norman period the influence of the monks increased. They spread themselves over the moors and forests of the north, and monasteries arose in many a spot. The story of Matilda, daughter of Malcolm, king of Scotland, deserves to be recorded as an example of life within convent walls. This princess had been sent, when but a child, to a nunnery, and had been compelled against her will to take the veil. The lady-abbess was evidently of a tyrannical disposition. Matilda managed to secure an interview with Archbishop Anselm. In her rough garb of a nun, her face be-dewed with passionate tears, the princess gave him a graphic description of her miserable life under the cruel abbess, who did not hesitate even to strike the nuns." As often as I stood in her presence," said the princess, "I wore the veil, trembling as I wore it with

indignation and grief. But as soon as I could get out of her sight, I used to snatch it away from my head, fling it on the ground and trample it under foot. That was the way, and no other, in which I was veiled."[15]

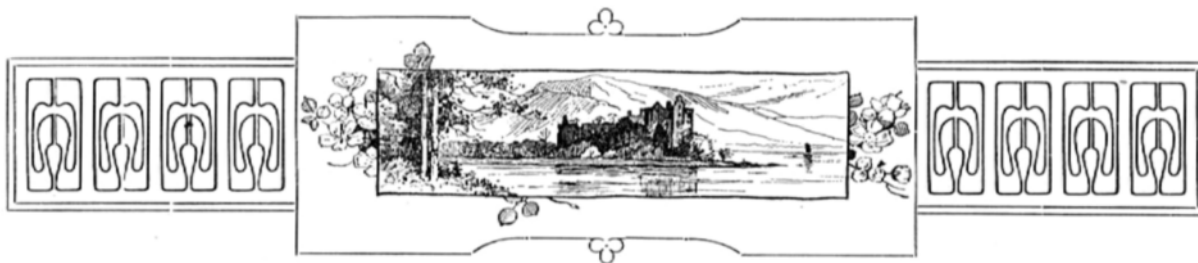
Anselm freed her from the convent vows, and she was married to Henry I. of England, and no doubt found the responsibilities of the throne far less burdensome than the bondage and misery of life within the convent walls.

The reign of Stephen, the last king of the Norman period, was full of much confusion; yet, in spite of difficulties, the king forbade any appeal from his authority to that of Rome,[16]: and any infringement of this rule met with heavy penalties.

The story of the Norman period shows us how Rome sought to gain supremacy in England—to be in the first place, above King and State. Each encroachment was an effort on her part to blow out the Light on our shores; each resistance of her arrogant claims was a sturdy English safe-guarding of our rights and liberties.

Notes to Chapter VI

1. From "*The Dictatus*" of Hildebrand.
2. Green's "*Short History of the English People.*"
3. Green's "*Short History of the English People,*"
4. chapter ii.
5. Freeman's "*William the Conqueror.*"
6. The payment of "Peter's Pence" originated in the eighth century. It was paid to the pope by Offa, as a means whereby he hoped to atone for his sins, especially the murder of Ethelbert, King of the East Angles. Every house possessed of thirty pence a year was taxed a penny a year, and the money was intended for the support of an English college at Rome. It was at first conferred as a gift, but was afterwards claimed as a tribute, by the pope (Hume).
7. D'Aubigne, vol. V.
8. Hume. "Middle Ages."
- 9' D'Aubigne.
10. Freeman's "*William the Conqueror.*"
11. Ibid .
12. Palium, see page 11
13. Paton's "*British History and Papal Claims,*" vol. I
14. Hume.
15. Green's "*History of the English People.*"
16. The Anglican Reformation," by W. Clark, M.A., Hon. LL.D., etc.



Chapter VII. GATHERING SHADOWS



AMONG the favourites of Henry II. (the successor of Stephen) was a man remarkable for wit, vivacity of conversation, charm of manner, and dauntless courage. His name was Thomas Becket. The king made him Chancellor of England, and, surrounded with riches, Becket lived in the most extravagant luxury. England never before had witnessed such grandeur. His dress was of the gayest; his table the most sumptuous; his retinue attended him with pomp; knights were proud to be in his service, and the greatest in the land partook of his generous hospitality. The guests were often so numerous that many, unable to find seats, contented themselves on the dried grass and sweet herbs which, spread on the flour, served, in those days, in lieu of carpets. The king entrusted to him the education of his son, and congratulated himself that he possessed so devoted a subject, and so astute an adviser.

But a change came. Becket was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury, being the first Englishman advanced to that See since the Norman Conquest. By this appointment the king hoped to avert the troubles which his predecessors had experienced, through the Norman primates, Lanfranc, Anselm, and Theobald; but he soon found out his mistake.

Thomas Becket had no idea of bending his will to that of his sovereign. His brilliant attire and luxurious style of living were discarded for garments of sackcloth, and a life of penance and self-mortification. Instead of entertaining the nobles of the land, he daily washed the feet of beggars, and with a long, mournful face in place of his former cheerfulness tried to look as holy as possible.

In the year 1163 the pope, Alexander III., called a council which met in Tours, in France. There were then two rivals for the Pontificate, and Alexander summoned this council in the hope that it would make matters pleasanter for himself. The chief business, however, was not only to settle the quarrels of the popes, but also to establish the "liberties of the clergy," viz., to give them complete independence of all civil authority; the papacy was by degrees seeking to rule all the kingdoms of the world, but to be ruled by none of them.

Becket was present at this council, and was so impressed by the proceedings that he secretly resigned his archbishopric, which had been conferred upon him by the king, that he might take it from the pope.[1] At this council he applied to the pope for the canonisation of Anselm, a former archbishop of Canterbury, because that prelate had given the first blow to the authority of the kings of England.

On his return to England, Becket claimed the first place in the kingdom, and delegated only the second to the king. The English monarch resented such usurpation of his supremacy, and thus began a fierce struggle between Henry the Second, and the Church of Rome.

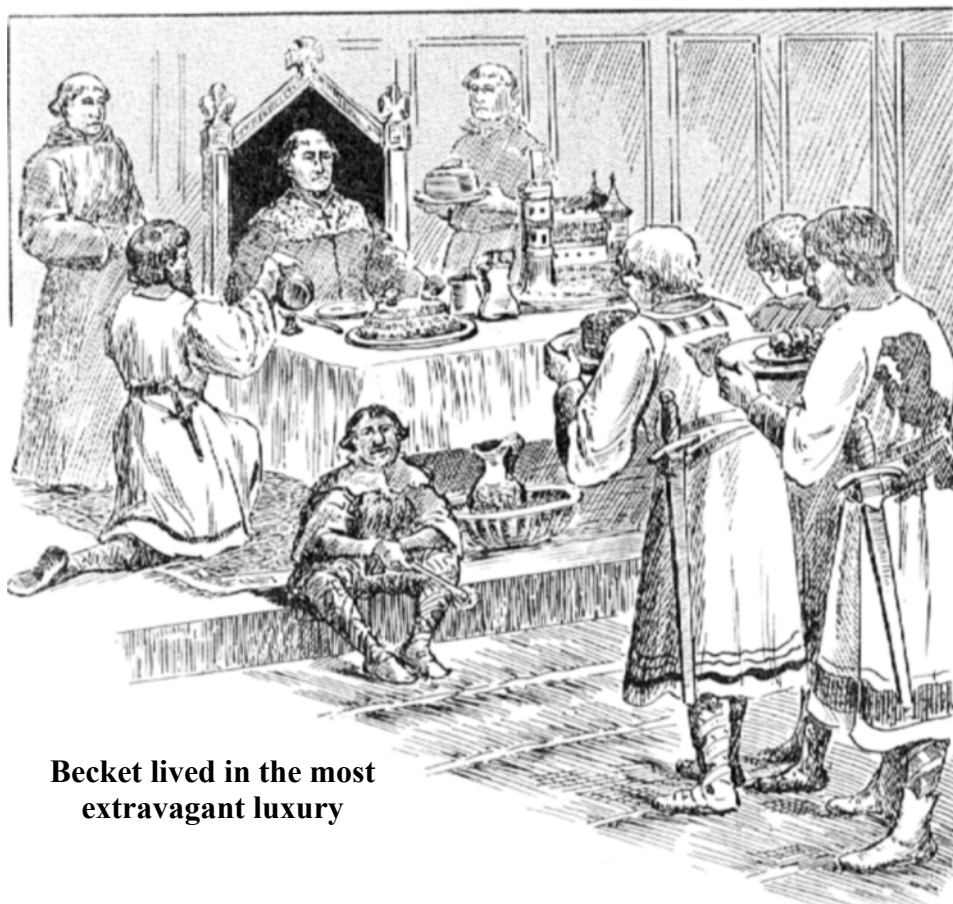
In order to settle these disputes, an assembly of the bishops was held, and the king plainly asked them if they were willing to submit to the ancient laws of England. To this question they gave the wary reply that they were willing--"saving their order". This meant that, as ecclesiastics, they considered themselves above the law.

In those days the priests were not better than in other ages. Many of them were guilty of the worst crimes; but the bishops, instead of punishing the delinquents, sought to protect them from the justice of the law. To remedy this grievance the Convention of Clarendon was held in 1164. It was a memorable gathering of archbishops, bishops, abbots, priors, earls, barons, and other nobles of the realm. Then were passed the famous "Constitutions of Clarendon," a distinct anticipation of the more notable Magna Charta of half-a-century later.

Among other things the Clarendon Constitutions provided that clerics convicted of crime should not be protected by the church; and that no archbishop, bishop, or priest should leave the country without the king's permission. Thomas Becket passionately resisted the restrictions thus imposed upon the church; but the king would take no denial, so the archbishop reluctantly set his seal to the Constitutions, and then retired to mourn over his fate:—

**"And when he sign'd, his face was stormy—red-
Shame, wrath, I know not what.
He sat down there
And dropt it in his hands, and then
A paleness
Like the wan twilight after sunset, crept
Up even to the tonsure, and he groan'd,
'False to myself! It is the will of God!'"[2]**

But, later, Becket retracted this submission; and, finally, at the Council of Northampton, refused to set his seal to the "Constitutions." He was condemned for contempt of the king's court, and for lack of loyalty to the sovereign. Nothing daunted, the rebellious prelate, arrayed in priestly vestments and bearing aloft a cross, marched into the presence of the king, forbidding the nobles to condemn him, and declaring he appealed only to the pope.



**Becket lived in the most
extravagant luxury**

"Traitor! Traitor!" was shouted after him.

"If I were a knight," exclaimed Becket, in whom the spirit of the soldier never died, "my sword should answer that foul taunt!" Such audacity might have cost him his life had he not fled in the night, disguised as a monk, to France.

We may be sure Henry was well pleased to get rid of so troublesome a subject; but his departure did not heal the quarrel. Legates from Rome (representatives of the pope) arrived in England to settle an agreement between the king and the exiled archbishop. Angry scenes ensued. Henry threatened the legates with severe measures, but was quickly met with the reply: "Sir, threaten not: we fear no threatening, for we belong to a court that is used to command emperors and kings."

These haughty words did not overawe the king at first. He still resolutely refused to restore the archbishop to his See, unless he agreed to observe the laws of the land.

Extreme measures were next tried. The pope (Alexander) had humbled the Emperor Frederick of Germany, and he determined also to subdue the English king; so England was menaced with all the horrors of an Interdict. To avert this danger Henry consented that Becket and his followers should return to his dominions without binding themselves by any promise of obedience to the civil authority.

Haughtier than ever after this success, and elated by the enthusiastic, welcome of the people on his return, Becket soon showed himself more unruly than ever.



Nothing daunted the rebellious prelate, arrayed in priestly vestments and bearing aloft a cross, marched into the presence of the King, forbidding the nobles to condemn him, and declaring he appealed only to the pope.

During his absence the king's son, the young prince Henry, had been crowned, the monarch hoping by this means to make his throne more secure against the efforts of the pope. By the way, he must have been a pert young lad, this boy-king. At the coronation banquet, he turned to his royal father, who stood behind his chair, and made the saucy remark: "The son of an earl may well wait on the son of a prince."



Henry II doing penance at the tomb of Thomas Becket

The ceremony was performed in June, 1170, and the crown was placed on the boyish head by the Archbishop of York. Becket was then in exile, and, at his desire, the pope suspended the archbishop, and excommunicated the two bishops who had assisted him in the coronation, because the right of crowning was considered to belong solely to Becket, as Archbishop of Canterbury.

En passant, we may refer to an amusing incident which occurred nearly fifty years previously, and which settled the supremacy of Canterbury over York. The scene was Westminster Abbey, where was seated, in all his dignity, the legate of the pope. The seat of honour was at his right hand, and this distinguished place was coveted, by both Richard of Canterbury, and Roger of York. A quarrel ensued, and Richard, perhaps more agile than Roger, first took possession of the longed-for chair, and sat down in it. But Roger would not part with the privilege without a struggle. The next moment saw him also on the same chair—in fact, the Archbishop of York was sitting on the lap of the Archbishop of Canterbury. What an undignified position! Poor Roger was soon unseated, however, for Richard pushing him from behind, and others pulling him from the front, he was dragged from the lap of his rival, and fled to pour out his grievance into the ears of the king, Henry I. The dispute was finally settled by the pope, who issued an edict bestowing the primacy on Richard of Canterbury, as primate of all England.

Thomas Becket, therefore, as Archbishop of Canterbury, resented the crowning of the young prince by any but himself. The king promised the ceremony should again be performed; but Becket's violent displeasure was not so easily calmed. Henry the Second was in Normandy when

the news reached him of the archbishop's haughty behaviour. The indignant sovereign exclaimed: "Among all who partake of my favours, is there not one to rid me of this turbulent priest, who so troubles me and my kingdom?"

Thinking these words to be a reproach against his loyal courtiers, four knights secretly swore to cross to England and slay the rebellious primate. No doubt we have all heard the story, how the monks, terrified by the threats of the assassins, hurried the archbishop into the cathedral of Canterbury, and hid themselves behind the pillars, while Becket alone—all his dauntless courage rising to the occasion—faced his adversaries. A fierce attack followed, and blow after blow was struck till the once proud prelate received a mortal wound, and his blood and brains lay scattered on the pavement of the transept steps.

So he died. But the cause of truth is never aided by such foul deeds. God's Light needs no such unhallowed handling to keep it from being put out. The darkness of superstition fell thicker as the result of this terrible crime. Thomas Becket was applauded as a martyr by the Church of Rome ; pilgrimages were made to the tomb of the so-called "saint," and Rome reaped a rich harvest from the fables and "lying wonders" which were said to be performed there.



**Building near
Farnham, Surrey, of
the time of Henry
II, photographed in
1875.**

The king was not guilty of the murder, but Rome determined to treat him as if he had been. He was obliged to set his seal to certain articles which placed him completely under the power of the pope.[3] The humiliated monarch got nothing in return for this surrender. The legates merely gave him absolution for the murder of

Becket, having first made him swear he was not guilty of it. No doubt there were some, even in those stern times, who smiled at this humorous incident. Certainly it does seem strange, to first make a man say he had not committed a fault, and then forgive him for having done it! But it shows us how Rome was obtaining the upper hand of the king, and how zealously she sought to snuff out the Light of Liberty.

But Henry sank still lower. Barefoot walked the monarch to Canterbury Cathedral, prostrated himself before the tomb of the murdered archbishop, fasted for a whole day, kept a night's vigil by the ashes of the dead, and suffered himself to be whipped on the bare back by some eighty monks, some of whom gave him three lashes, others five—the higher in rank being privileged to scourge him more than the others. The instrument of punishment was called a "discipline," a kind of knotted cat-o'-nine-tails, and which, till the end of the eleventh century, was unknown in the Christian Church. To-day it is much in vogue in the Romish church, and also by the Ritualists in England, who do not realise that the sinner is healed, not by his own scourging, but solely by the stripes which Christ has borne in his stead.

Such then is the story of the humiliation of the king of England under the iron heel of the pope of Rome, whose kingdom is of this world only. Truly the shadows had gathered in those days—dark shadows, thick and lowering.

The subjugation of Ireland to the papacy is yet another black page in the reign of Henry the Second.

The head of the Roman church was then an Englishman, named Nicholas Breakspear, who reigned as pope under the title of Adrian IV. We may well regret that our country ever gave one of its sons to swell the succession of Antichrist; yet we are glad it never produced more than one man to fill that office.

The Church of Ireland had long protested against the increasing errors of Rome. The Bible was an open book. We learn from Bede's "*Ecclesiastical History*" that the knowledge of Latin was kept up in that country by the meditation of the Scriptures. In those days commerce was prosperous—that of Dublin rivalling even that of London. Had we visited the country in those times, we should have found the peasants contentedly caring for their farms, living primitive lives in their curious huts of wood or wicker-work ; the sound of music from Irish harps would have often reached our ears, for, like the Welsh, they excelled in that art.

Henry resolved to conquer the fair Isle, and wrote to Pope Adrian informing him of his intention. The Church of Rome then claimed dominion over all the kingdoms of this world, and considered that Ireland, as much as any other part of the globe which professed Christianity, belonged to her. So the pope replied:--

"We cannot but hope success will attend your mission. Certainly there is no doubt but that Ireland, and all the islands on which the Sun of Righteousness hath shined, do belong of right to St. Peter and the holy Roman church, for which we are the more inclined to introduce into them a holy stock---You have signified your desire to enter Ireland, and your willingness to pay to St. Peter an annual tribute of one penny for every house," etc.

**The king ordered
them to be
branded on their
foreheads as
heretics with hot
irons**

So Henry conquered Ireland: the pope got his "Peter's Pence," and possession of the "Island of Saints" as well. The Irish church, which had been waning in Gospel Light, was betrayed into the power of Rome by her clergy, at a synod convened for the purpose.



One glance at unhappy Erin's history, one glimpse of her present servitude under the priestly bondage of her superstitious creed, will suffice to remind us how dark has been her lot under the rule of the despotic system of the Romish church.

Before we close this chapter, we must not omit to draw attention to a small band of suffering Protestants who sealed their humble testimony with their life. Despised by the world, murdered by a false system, against whose errors they protested, their martyrdom stood forth like a torch of light amid the gathering shadows. They were but about thirty in number, and appear to have been foreigners, not improbably followers or converts of the Waldenses. These latter people lived amid the wild grandeur of the Alps and Pyrenees; and in their mountain fastnesses had preserved the Truth of God in its pure apostolic simplicity, though at the cost of much trial and suffering. Their missionaries (or Barbes) travelled through several parts of Europe, often disguised as pedlars, hiding amongst their articles for sale copies of the Holy Scriptures, which they disposed of, when opportunity occurred, to those who were able to value so priceless, and, in those days, so rare a treasure. In such ways was the Gospel spread in those perilous times by those early Protestants, whose motto was, "The Light shineth in darkness."

The thirty foreigners, who crossed to our shores in 1159, may have learned the Way of Life from these wandering Evangelists. They were soon seized and imprisoned, and finally brought before a council of clergy at Oxford (1160). There they fearlessly confessed Christ and boldly denied the errors of Rome, such as transubstantiation, purgatory, image worship, etc. In vain their enemies sought to make them recant. The threat of suffering did not move them in their steadfast adherence to the primitive truth of the Christian church, but they comforted each other with the divine message: "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." The English king then ordered them to be branded on their foreheads as heretics with hot irons, Gerard, their leader, receiving the fiery mark also on his chin. It was then the depth of winter; the snow lay thick on the ground; the icicles hung from the leafless trees; the bleak wind swept over town and country. This did not stay their persecutors from inflicting cruel wrongs on these helpless people. Their clothes were partly torn off, and, in this half nude condition, they were driven into the open fields, and left to die of hunger and cold. None were allowed to relieve them; and some perished from exposure to the bitter weather, others from starvation.

Their testimony had been brief, but their faith was heroically maintained, and we may be quite sure their lives were not laid down in vain.

Who can tell how much their sorrowful witness for Truth, and against Error, helped to quicken the flickering Light amid the deepening gloom!

Notes to Chapter 7

1. Inett's "*Origines Anglicanae*," vol, 1
2. Tennyson's "*Becket*," Act 1, sc. 3. The struggles between Henry and Becket are strikingly set forth in this great drama.
3. The Articles can be read in Inett's "*Origines Anglicanae*"





Chapter VIII MIDNIGHT

“**T**HE noon-day of the papacy was the midnight of the world" (Wylie). Hildebrand had longed and laboured for world-wide dominion, and it fell to the lot of Innocent III. to realise the dream in the thirteenth century.



The heathen emperors of the old Roman Empire had ruled in might and glory; but their reign was dim compared with the magnificent splendour of the so-called "Vicars of Christ." What a mighty ruler was Innocent III.! The mitres of the Church and the sceptres of kings were in his power to dispose of as he willed—at least so he thought.

Jesus Christ had resisted the devil's offer of all the kingdoms of this world. Not so the popes! Dazzled by the temptation of pomp, power, and glory which could be gained by allegiance to the "god of this world," the popedom eagerly accepted the prize, even at the cost of serving the Tempter by unscriptural, and, therefore, false doctrines and practices.

Seated at last on the highest pinnacle of his colossal ambitions, the pope claimed to be in the place of Christ Himself, and declared that "as every knee in heaven bowed down to Christ, so everyone on earth should yield obedience to His vicar, the pope."



Left:: Innocent III

In proportion as the papacy grew, and rose in riches and prosperity, the world sank in darkness, so that the era of Rome's highest power and greatest glory is unanimously styled "The Dark Ages." When the pope reached the zenith of noontide splendour, midnight fell upon Christendom, and our own country did not escape the universal gloom. In our last chapter we told the story of the humiliation of England's king; now, we must show the yet sadder picture, of the degradation of England itself, when it lay prostrate beneath the iron heel of the mighty potentate of the seven - hilled city of Rome.

King John sat upon the English throne. He was a man cruel and revengeful ; starving little children, and crushing old people under blocks of lead, were among the terrible punishments he inflicted. True religion he had none ; but he was the slave of the most childish superstitions, never venturing on a long journey without hanging some popish

relic round his neck—charms supposed to avert danger and scare away the devil! As a war diplomatist he was crafty and unscrupulous, bending even to the most shameless devices to ward off a calamity. Such was the man who betrayed England into the hands of the pope. The facts were as follows:-

The See of Canterbury being left vacant through the death of Hubert, the monks held a secret meeting and elected their sub-prior as his successor, and dispatched him to Rome to solicit the pope's confirmation of their choice. Reginald, however, fell a victim to vanity. Instead of travelling in the quietest secrecy, he boasted, as soon as he landed on the Continent, of the new dignity conferred upon him. So the news spread till it reached the ears of the English king, who, of course, was furious that the election had taken place without his sanction or knowledge. He then chose the bishop of Norwich for the vacant see, and dispatched his agents to Rome. But Innocent III. cared nothing for the authority of kings, and showed his superiority above all powers by rejecting both elections, and nominated Stephen Langton, an Englishman by birth, but educated abroad, and connected with the See of Rome.

We can well imagine the rage of the English king when the pope's decision was made known to him. His vengeance showed itself when he expelled the monks of Christ Church from their monastery, and seized their revenues.

The pope replied by placing England under an **INTERDICT**. It is difficult for us in these days to realise the horrors of such a punishment. Churches were closed, marriages solemnized in churchyards, infants christened in the porches, the dead buried without ceremony, joy bells and music ceased—even to laugh seemed a crime, and the whole land looked as if stricken with some terrible plague. What a power had the papacy in those days!



Taking off his royal crown, John laid it at the feet of Pandolpho

But John still defied the pope, who now threatened him with excommunication. "See, the bow is bent. Flee from the arrow which has not yet flown, that it wound thee not." But the "arrow" landed at last: John was excommunicated from the pale of the Church. Still, the monarch would not yield. Then arrived Pandolpho, the pope's legate, with all the bustle and dignity of his

position, demanding the return of Langton to the See of Canterbury. "If he returns," said John, "I will hang him."

A fierce battle of words followed.

"Your subjects are released from their allegiance. Your kingdom belongs to anyone who will take it," said Pandolpho.

"My messengers informed me," replied John, "that you were well disposed towards me; but I see you mean to drive me from my kingdom. If I had known that you came with such views I would have had you and your fellows set upon asses." [1]

Fine boasting! Even now John might have conquered if he had not made himself so hated by his subjects. But his tyranny, cruelty, and injustice had alienated the affection of his people, so that now they were more inclined to side with the pope, than support the king.

Then came the pope's final move of triumph, which plunged our land into almost total darkness.

Philip of France was called upon to depose the obstinate John, and seize his kingdoms. Letters, too, were dispatched all over Europe, inviting all great men to help the French king in the "Holy War" against England. All who took part in the undertaking were to wear upon the breast a red cross, as had been done in the slaughter of the Waldenses. A big fleet and a big army were all ready to invade and take possession of our island home, while pardons of sins and various rewards in Heaven were promised by the pope to all who should engage in this "Holy War."

John also made preparations to meet the attack but before the war actually began, Pandolpho landed once again in England, charged with a secret message to the English king. It was "the merry month of May," but, no doubt, all the merriness had left our shores, and John's courage speedily oozed away as he read the pope's letter. He knew that the terrible threats contained in it were no vain boast. The papacy was then at the zenith of its great worldly power, and kings were deposed, princes humbled or exalted, as suited best the ambition of Rome. Who was John that he could withstand the power before which the mightiest monarchs had quailed! John knew not the strength of God. He trusted only on human aid, and this now had failed. No step seemed open before him but a shameless betrayal of his kingdom into the hands of the pope.

John was hated by his subjects, and the barons had secretly resolved to help the French king against their own monarch. [2] The superstitious fears of the king were further aroused by the prophecy of one called Peter—who was supposed to be able to foretell the future—that "before Ascension Day John would cease to be king." [3] Arrived at the brink of despair he at length consented to the demands of the pope.

On the 15th of May, 1213, England experienced her deepest humiliation. In all the annals of her history there is no record of a darker disgrace than that which took place that day, when John promised upon oath to submit unreservedly to the pope's authority, and to "surrender and yield up the kingdoms of England and Ireland, and for the time to come to hold both as fees of the papacy, the former under a yearly tribute of 700 marks, and the latter under the tribute of 300." [4] He also swore to be "faithful to the Holy Roman Church, to his lord Innocent III., and his catholic successors." [5]

In order to show that his kingdoms were surrendered to Rome, John delivered up his crown, sceptre, and insignia of his royalty to Pandolpho, who received them in the name of the pope.

On a raised dais sat the pope's legate, in his hand the unsealed letter of the pope. On one side were assembled monks, priests, and mitred bishops; on the other the English barons, while England's king bent low to do homage to the pope's representative. Taking off his royal crown,

John laid it at the feet of Pandolpho, who first kicked it into the dust, and then, picking it up, placed it upon the head of the craven monarch. This was done in order to show the supreme authority of Rome, who claimed to be able to make or unmake kings as she willed.

Now was John no longer a free man, but a slave, and even his honour and his will were subdued : he was compelled to write to the pope, and " to all Christian people," that "all this was done, not by constraint or fear, but by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, and of his own free will and with the common consent of his barons."

How Rome can make black appear to be white!

When the news of John's surrender reached France, the French king was disappointed to find that war upon England was no longer necessary, and that instead of acquiring two worldly kingdoms—England and Ireland—he must rest content with the pope's blessing, and with the promise of a reward in heaven.

About four or five months after John's submission, a Great Council was held in St. Paul's Cathedral, when a new charter of resignation was drawn up, sealed by the king, and was then placed upon the altar as an offering to God. John then received back his two kingdoms from the hands of the legate, and again swore fealty to the Church of Rome. Some eight months later, another ceremony, one of great pomp and pride and outward magnificence, was held in St. Paul's, when, by order of the pope, the horrible Interdict was removed from England.

The submission of the English king had brought our land into bondage, and God's "Candle" was well nigh put out; but there was a spirit of heaven-kindled freedom left in the land, which, by His grace, kept the flame alight, though it burned but dimly. England was destined to shine again!

Notes to Chapter 8

1. Vincent's " Age of Hildebrand."
2. Green's "*History of English People*."
3. Vincent's "Age of Hildebrand."
4. This sum of 1,000 marks is equal to £20,000 of our present money.
5. Vincent's " Age of Hildebrand."





Chapter IX

ENGLAND'S BULWARK; OR THE FOUNDATION OF LIBERTY LAID



WHAT is that shrivelled-looking document? How old it seems! Worn, and yellow with age ! This appears to be a royal seal hanging from the faded parchment. What can it be?

It is a copy of the famous Magna Charta, preserved in the British Museum, and the royal seal is that of John, King of England. Ah! If it could speak what a tale it would tell. Yet its silent eloquence seems to be like a voice from the past, a voice that comes to us from the dim ages gone by, unfolding the story of the rearing up of England's bulwarks, and the foundation of liberty.

Those were thrilling times in our nation's history. John had been fighting in France; but his fair dream of conquest fell down like a castle in the air. He had thought to return to England as conqueror, and in the flush of victory to subdue the rebellion of his English subjects; but his defeat at Bovines changed the whole aspect of affairs.

A monarch beaten abroad was not likely to be successful at home. Thus it was that the French triumph at Bovines paved the way for England's Great Charter of Liberty.

When John returned to England he found the Barons banded together, ready to fight for English laws and freedom. The chief of this united army was Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, the election of whom to the archbishopric, by the pope, had caused so much trouble. A private meeting was held in St. Paul's Cathedral, when Langton showed the Barons the Charter of Henry I. This early document, setting forth English law and liberty, was hailed with delight by the Barons, and nerved them to further resistance against the tyranny which Rome was exercising over England through the king. The Barons were of two ranks, the greater and the lesser, but both had to attend the sovereign in his wars, and the former were with him also in the Great Councils, or Parliament, "which was, in fact, the Great Court Baron of the Realm" (Flume).

Now, however, they were united against the king, a thing until then unheard of. On the 20th November, 1214, the Barons met at St. Edmundsbury in Suffolk, and in its stately abbey swore to compel the king to observe the Charter of Henry I., and resolved they would even take up arms against him if necessary.

At Christmas, 1214, the king held a court in New Temple, in London. The Barons, attended in large numbers, armed with all the weapons of warfare of those days—long bows, crossbows and spears, and clad in coats of mail—and made their demands to the monarch in tones which showed they would brook no denial. But John delaying to answer, the Barons again assembled, this time at Stamford in Lincolnshire, and from thence went to Oxford, where the king then was.[1]

What was the Oxford of the thirteenth century? In outward appearance very different from the Oxford of to-day. No venerable colleges would have met our eyes, but a group of sorry-looking houses, out of whose huddled midst rose up the church of St. Martin. Had we taken a walk in its dirty and narrow lanes we would have thought that scholars were pursuing their studies under serious disadvantages. Crowds of boys clustered round their masters in the porches of churches or the thresholds of houses, which looked as poor as themselves. Yet students and teachers flocked to this, the chief seat of learning in England, and which even then was fast taking rank among the first universities in Europe.



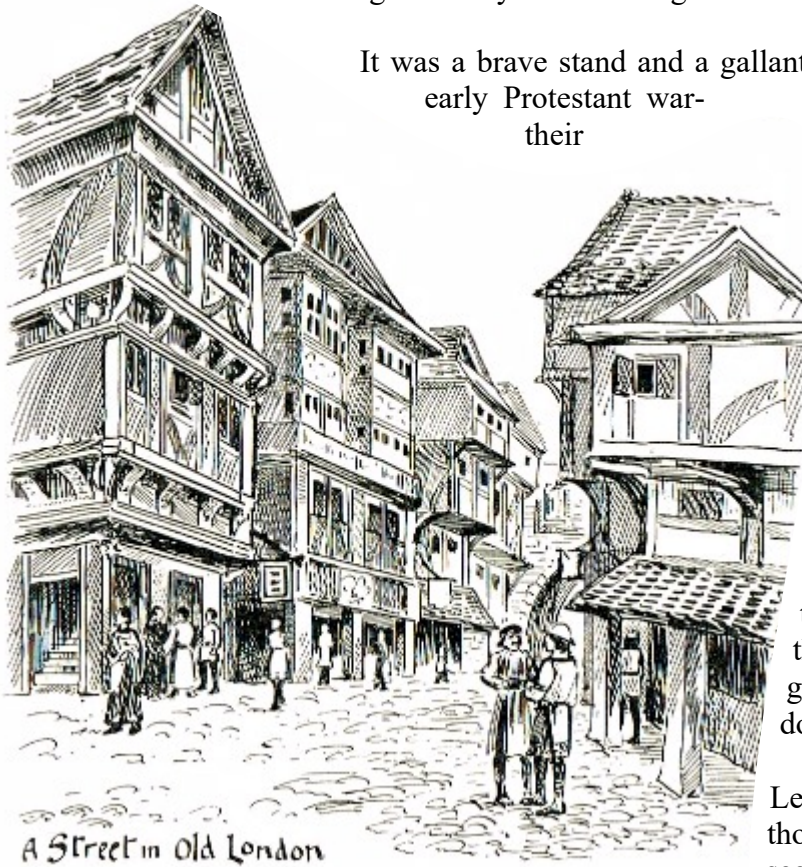
Langton showed the Barons the Charter of Henry I

Our country's humiliation, when John surrendered it to the pope, had been hotly discussed in mediaeval Oxford, which showed its rage at the exactions of the papacy by assaulting the house of an abbot. There was an old saying-

**"When Oxford draws knife,
England soon is at strife."**

News reached John of the warlike approach of the Barons towards Oxford, and he sent Messengers to Brackley to meet them. The Barons renewed their claims, and demanded the observance of Henry's Charter of English Liberty. John heard the request with anger, and in a burst of passion exclaimed, "They may as well demand my kingdom." But he was astute enough to see that matters were looking serious for him. The Barons had determined not to give in until he had submitted to their just demands. Under these circumstances John took refuge in the pretence that his crown was under the special protection of the pope. Could he not afford to laugh at his foes when sheltering behind the chair of St. Peter! He had studied the strategies of popes sufficiently to know that Rome often pushed her way, and gained her will, by an assumed

zeal for the rescue of the Holy Land from the Mahomedans. Happy thought! Why should he not win the day by joining in the Crusades.[3] So with a spew of piety the king prepared for a pilgrimage to Palestine, there to fight the battles of his master the pope. It is not difficult to perceive the hypocrisy of this step; but probably John had as much sincere religion in the matter as was ever possessed by the court of Rome. However, his "pilgrimage" to Jerusalem never came off. John was destined to remain at home, and to meet the Barons in their truly just cause of rescuing the "Holy Land" of English freedom from the hand of the papacy.



It was a brave stand and a gallant fight. Forward marched those early Protestant warriors, under the generalship of their dauntless leader, Robert Fitz-Walter, "Mareschal of the army of God and of His Holy Church." London was entered and seized by the Barons on the 24th May, and John fled from the Tower to Odiham in Hampshire.

To imagine the London of those times we must dismiss from our thoughts much of the mighty city of to-day. We will take a tour round the London of the thirteenth century. We are glad, however, that we can only do so in imagination.

Let us walk up the Holborn of those old times. How still it seems! There is no rattling of carriage and bus; no sign of the cease-

less activity of commercial life; a pack-horse now and then crosses our path; a vehicle is seldom seen. We find some difficulty in crossing the street; it is not the traffic, however, which impedes our progress, but the unsatisfactory condition of the public thoroughfares, where pigs wallow in the mud and are regarded as public benefactors, for they, with the crows and ravens, are the only scavengers.

Other parts of London we find yet more impassable. Gray's Inn and Aldersgate, for example, were but "narrow lanes, broken only here and there by a straggling house." None of the streets were paved. If travelling were difficult during the day, its dangers would be much increased by night. Total darkness reigns; and even if we carry a torch we may find ourselves in a perilous position, slip into a muddy pit, or fall victims to thieves.

Yet London was England's chief town, and even in those barbaric times showed some signs of its future greatness as a merchant city. In occupying it the Barons gained a decided advantage. Exeter and Lincoln were also on their side; and Wales, which long before held forth the Lamp of Truth at Bangor, was with them. Scotland, too, whose best life would yet be laid down in the defence of Protestantism, rallied to their support. Men of noble blood from the rude north marched to aid in the Barons' war.

In vain John looked for help from his own people—only seven knights formed his personal defence. But one course was now open before him—submission to the Protestors against Romish usurpation.



Magna Charta Island

Between Staines and Windsor lies the island immortalised as the spot where the great Charter of English liberty was signed by royal hand. On the "marshy flat" of Runnymede encamped the Barons ; on the opposite bank was the king. It is impossible to picture a mental vision of that historic scene without emotion. Can you see those sturdy defenders of our ancient heritage, the stern look of unflinching patriotism on every brow, the keen glance of fearless determination in every eye? No mean foe has assailed them. The craven monarch before them. is not the real antagonist, but Innocent, the mighty pontiff of Rome, the "Mistress of Christendom," at whose feet kings and peoples have fawned and knelt as her abject slaves ; the seven-hilled city, whose thunderings have startled the world. Aye ! the great Babylon in the zenith of her proud might is the real foe of God's Israel. In escaping her wiles, and rising above her colossal strength, the English Barons secured a triumph, which may well rank among some of the greatest achievements of historic fame.

Now look at the king. What a scowl on his face ! Honour, purity, power, the tokens of true royalty, are not there. John signs the Charter because he cannot help himself; but so great was his anger that it is said he gnawed sticks and straw in vehement wrath. It was a passion unworthy of a man, still less of a king—the passion of a fretful child, disappointed over the loss of some broken toy.

What were the contents of that noble document, the Magna Charta? The following is one of its most essential clauses: "No freeman shall be taken or imprisoned, or be disseised of his freehold, or liberties, or free customs, or be outlawed, or exiled, or any otherwise destroyed; nor will we pass upon him, nor send upon him, but by lawful judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land. We will sell to no man, we will not deny nor delay to any man, justice or right."

Magna Charta, then, secured personal freedom to every man, of which none—not even the pope—could rob him. It established liberty as a law of the realm—laid it as a national foundation, upon which the English people might build up a thriving and united empire. But Magna Charta was not perfect. One of its chief supporters had been Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, and, consequently, some of its clauses are concessions to Rome, as, for example, it permitted the clergy to elect whom they would to the offices of the church, without the

confirmation of the king. In later years, this privilege opened the way for the election by the pope of foreigners, principally Italians, to church livings, which should have belonged to the English clergy. Very grievous were the results.[4]

Yet, with all its imperfections, Magna Charta proved a strong bulwark against the encroachments of the pope. John was not to be trusted to keep its Articles, so twenty-four knights—"over-kings," as they were called—were appointed to prevent the sovereign's violation of its statutes. But John waited for a fitting opportunity to wreak his vengeance on the Barons.

Magna Charta was signed on the 15th June, 1215. Before another day had broken on mediaeval London, John had taken horse and ridden from the scene of his humiliation. The Cinque Ports and the Isle of Wight were the places chosen for his retirement. There he watched, with what patience he could muster, for the help he had solicited from his master, the pope of Rome.[5]



King John signing Magna Charta

The Barons, overjoyed at their success, were hushed into a false security. They still retained possession of London, and passed the time in tilts and tournaments, the chief sport of that period. At the former, the mounted knight, quickening his horse to the highest speed, levelled his lance at a suspended ring, and sought, as he galloped by, to carry it off on the point.

In the meanwhile, Pandolpho, the legate, reached Rome with the news of the king's surrender. Innocent III. was furious as he read the letter of the English monarch, who wrote:—"here as the earls and barons of England were loyal to us before we resigned our self and our kingdom to your dominion, from that time, and for that reason, as they publicly say, they have taken up arms against us."

"What!" exclaimed the pontiff; "do the barons of England endeavour to dethrone a king who has taken upon him the cross, and is under the protection of the apostolic see? By St. Peter, this injury shall not pass unpunished." He then issued a Bull, which declared the Magna Charta void, and Stephen Langton was declared suspended from his office of archbishop, and the Barons excommunicated.[6] These thunders, however, did not terrify the lion-hearted English.

Before the close of that memorable year (1215) a dazzling assembly gathered at Rome: It was the fourth Lateran Council, and was one of the most magnificent occasions in the worldly history of the papacy. Bishops from many parts of Christendom were summoned thither, and in rich vestments and "Dagon"[7] mitres assembled as the subjects of the then mightiest potentate on the earth. It was one of the finishing strokes to the grandeur of the colossal Babel which had taken ages to rear.

At that Council certain new "Articles of Faith" were imposed, transubstantiation and auricular confession to a priest. During the pontificate of this same Pope Innocent—who, by the way, was not "innocent," by any means—the terrible inquisition, an organised system of torture, was invented for the purpose of persecuting those who could not accept the above, and other such false doctrines. The excommunication of the English Barons was pronounced at the Council,— "because the king of England, "declared the pope," was the vassal of the Romish church." For over six years England had submitted to Interdict but Magna Charta put new life into the English people. They were no longer terrified by the threats of the court of Rome; its outward splendour did not overawe them now; the life-blood of a noble race struggling towards the goal of Imperial independence was already coursing through their veins.

"The ordering of secular matters appertained not to the pope." [8] This was the Barons' victorious reply to the haughty Innocent. But triumph seldom comes at once. Foreign mercenaries gathered to the side of the king, and for awhile the Barons' cause was in the greatest peril. They then sought and found aid from France. Louis, the son of Philip, king of France, landed at Thanet with a powerful army. The French mercenaries refused to fight against their sovereign: thus John found himself deserted on almost every side. He determined, however, to fight one great battle for his crown. As he was travelling from Lynn to Lincolnshire, his way lay along the sea-shore. Having chosen the wrong time for his journey, he was caught by the incoming tide, which flooded his carriages, and swept away the royal treasures. The passionate king was so vexed at this disaster that a fever laid him low. He passed away in the castle of Newark, where he had taken refuge. Pope Innocent died the same year (1216).

When John's son, Henry the Third—the boy king—came to the throne, he solemnly accepted the provisions of the Great Charter. How far he observed this sacred charge is the story we must reserve for another chapter.

Though Magna Charta is a fundamental law, yet English monarchs have so often sought to evade it, that it has been thought necessary to ratify it, no less than thirty-eight times, viz., in the reigns of Henry III., Edward I., Edward III., Richard II, Henry IV., Henry VI. (Hume).

But England's best and truest Magna Charta of Liberty—her most enduring bulwark—was not the one signed at Runnymede in 1215, but that one which was accorded to us a century and a half later, in the days of Wycliffe—England's noblest and surest bulwark, the firmest foundation of a nation's greatness, viz., the Word of God, a Lamp to our feet and a Light to our path.

Notes to Chapter 9

1. Inett's "*Origines Anglicanæ*"

2.. The Crusades were a means of enriching the Church of Rome. Powerful kings often placed their treasure and their armies at the service of the pope ; knights and rich men left their estates in the hands of the pontiff while they fought in the Holy Land. When the Crusades were over, the only one who had profited by them was the papacy. All that the princes received for their warfare was absolution from their sins and a promise of Heaven hereafter. So the pope took their tangible gold, while the crusaders contented themselves with these visionary rewards. Peter the Hermit, who first inspired fanatic zeal for the rescue of the supposed sepulchre of Christ from the Mahomedans, was an object of superstitious reverence as he travelled on a mule from place to place, inciting the crowds who thronged to hear him. Many persons, in order to possess some memento of so saintly an enthusiast, plucked the hairs from the tail of his mule, and preserved them as "holy relics." Poor mule! (See "*The Age of the Crusades*," by James Ludlow, D.D.)

3. See Merryweather's " Glimmerings in the Dark

4. Paton's "*British History of Papal Claims*."

5. Green's "*History of the English People*."

6. Inett's "Origines Anglicanæ."

7. "Dagon mitres."—The mitre worn by Roman bishops (and unfortunately still retained by Anglican bishops) is of heathen origin, being taken from the Babylonian fish-god—Dagon.

8. Green.





Chapter X

MONKS AND FRIARS WITH SHAVEN CROWNS



W E all know that monks and friars are now part and parcel of the system of Romanism; but how, where, and when they originated, and why they should have shaven crowns, is not so generally known.

How far must we go back to ascertain their precise origin? To the time when Christianity was established in Rome? Oh, very much farther back than that; for monks and nuns are not from a Christian source, but before the Christian era. Nor are they some of Rome's numerous inventions, for they were in the world long centuries before the Roman Church was set up. In fact, we must think of an age hundreds of years

before Christ.



About 2000 years B.C. a system of idolatrous worship was concocted at Babylon and from that site of ancient idolatry has gone forth to the whole world that terrible dark power which we call *heathenism*. In Rome, before Christ came, heathenism (or paganism) was the established religion. When Rome in the fourth century accepted Christianity in the place of its old Babylonian creed and rites, it yet retained many of its former idolatries; it embraced the faith of Christ, but at the same time kept its idols, though it called them by new names.

In the heathen worship of Babylon religious orders of monks and nuns were among its earliest developments. It had them in abundance.[1] When the Babylonian idolatry extended to other lands, the pagan monks and nuns formed part of its system, and heathen convents were erected for their abode. They are still to be found in some heathen countries.

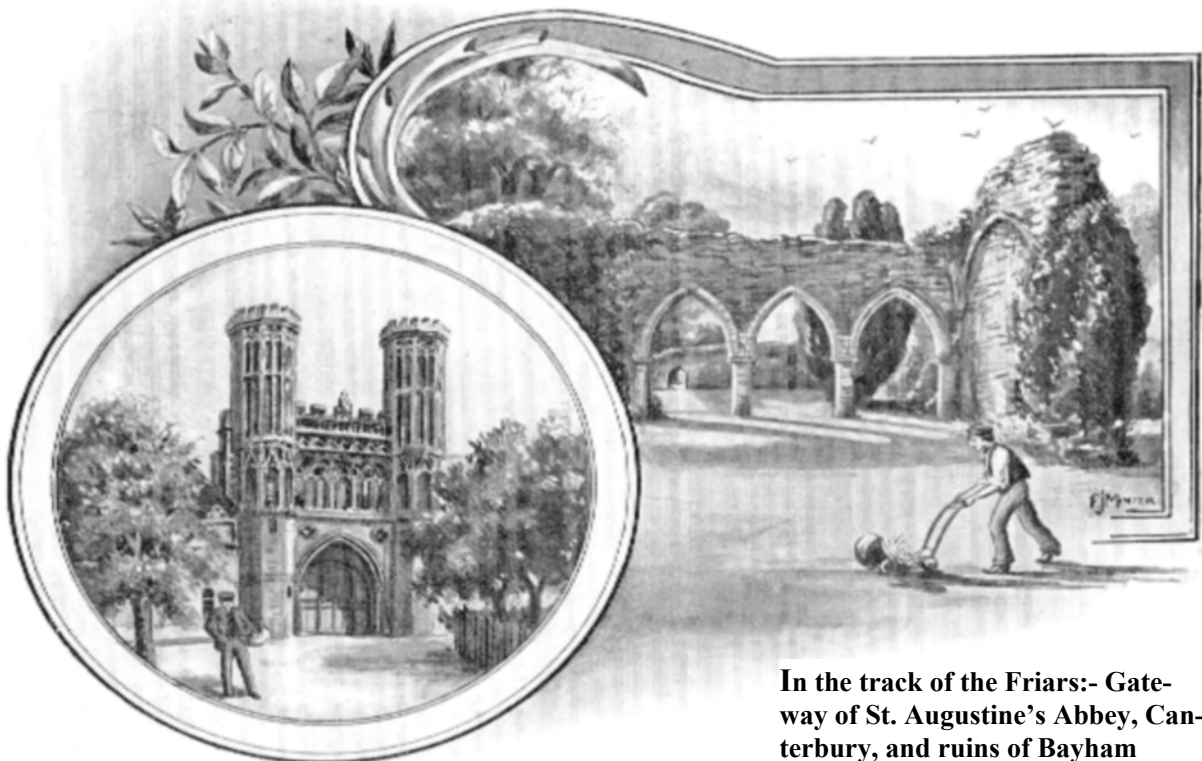


Buddhist Friars (from a photograph)

Now, the special mark of the priests of ancient Babylon was the shaved head! Indeed, this was so peculiarly a distinction of the priesthood of Baal that it was found necessary to expressly forbid the Israelites from imitating this custom (Lev. xxi. 5).[2]

Now we see clearly, do we not, whence originated the order of shaven monks? We know that the Roman Catholic Church did not invent the order; she only adopted it from the pagans. These had also their nuns. Who has not heard of the vestal virgins of heathen Rome? These young maidens were put into convents, where their duty was to watch over the sacred fire. Should they fail in their work or break their vows, they were **buried alive**.

How did it come to pass that the Babylonian system of shaven monkish orders was adopted by the Romish Church? and what has been their history?



In the track of the Friars:- Gateway of St. Augustine's Abbey, Canterbury, and ruins of Bayham Abbey, Tunbridge Wells.

' We have seen that the professing Christian Church early sank into corruption, because it made a compromise with paganism, and retained much of its idolatry. As these corruptions increased, some thought to escape the general apostasy by retiring into isolated spots. Thus "brotherhoods" were formed, and colonies of monks secluded themselves in Palestine, Egypt, etc. But these misguided hermits found out, in process of time, that the world, the flesh and the devil can penetrate within the walls of a monastery. As we have shown, monasticism is not of God, but of heathenism; so it need not surprise us that the convents became more evil than the world which they professed to shut out—the monks living in idleness, ignorance and luxury.



A group of Friars representing various orders

A reformation was needed, and in the thirteenth century arose a man, called Francis of Assisi, who set himself to this impossible task. His history, is a curious one. He appears to have been a very dissipated youth; but after a very serious fever, which brought him near to death, he rose from his illness, engrossed with the idea of henceforth forsaking his sinful, extravagant way of living, and plunging himself into absolute poverty, as if that were the chief of all the virtues. No doubt the fever had affected his brain, for only an insane person would clothe himself in the dirty rags of a beggar met in the highway, and with a squalid, emaciated appearance wander up and down the country, the wild, fiery glare of his eyes betokening the fever of madness which controlled his strange actions.

The riches and the evil living of the monks had become so great a reproach to the professing Church that we need not be surprised that the mentally deranged enthusiast who had embraced poverty for his life-long companion should have turned his attention to this particular branch of the universal apostasy.

Followed by a few disciples, Francis of Assisi travelled to Rome. The mighty Innocent III. was then pope. They met—the haughty pontiff and the madman in his rags—on the terrace of the magnificent palace of the Lateran. Francis is not received at first; but, on re-consideration, he is allowed to explain his new project for the reformation of the monks. The scheme is approved by the cardinals, and the fanatic is granted full authority for carrying out his design. A few followers joined him; but the few soon increased to hundreds and thousands, and in process of time grew into an immense-order of monks, who were to be found in every country in Christendom, and who, bound by an inviolable vow to their chief, sought to propagate the religion of the pope—not by seclusion within convent walls, but by preaching its dogmas to the "heretics." They did not seek to overawe them by the outward magnificence of mitred bishops in gorgeous robes, as had often been tried in vain; but they endeavoured to win them by the apparent humility and poverty of their garb and mode of life. Such was the order of the Franciscans.



A few men better than the orders to which they belonged

Only a few years after their institution another fanatic, named Dominic, conceived a similar idea, and also travelled to Rome and laid his plans before the pope (Honorius III.). The scheme met with papal approval, and rapidly the order of the Dominicans grew in numbers and power. They were not satisfied with preaching only—their work was to kill where they could not convince. If argument failed to change the "heretics," the sword was used to exterminate them.

The Dominicans, as well as the Franciscans, took "vows of poverty"; and yet within fifty years they had degenerated more than the other monks had done in centuries. The avowed object of their founders was reformation; but the result was that they fell into a state of corruption as evil, if not worse, than the monks they expected to reform. Riches were their chief stumbling-stone;

for though they might not possess wealth as individuals, yet as a body they could have as much as they were able to get. Thus luxury, idleness, ignorance and wickedness became as much a part of their system as they had been of that of the pagans whom they succeeded. Here and there we find some happy exceptions to this rule—men who were better than the orders to which they belonged, and who not only realised the evils of monasticism, but were found faithful and brave enough to protest against them, and to seek their reformation. We shall make mention of these would-be reformers, these glimmerings amid the monkish darkness, in our next chapter. But Wycliffe, who lived in the fourteenth century, was wiser than they: he perceived that reformation was impossible—he demanded a better remedy, viz., abolition, the only cure.

The Dominicans entered England about 1221. They and the Franciscans are the two most powerful orders of Romish monks. They were, in fact, to the Church of Rome before the Reformation quite as important as the Jesuits were after it.

To the Dominicans was given the entire management of the terrible Inquisition (an organised system of torturing Protestants, and all others whom they considered heretics). In Spain, Portugal, and Italy, they had complete control over the Inquisition, and their persecuting zeal never flagged.

Between the Franciscans and Dominicans arose constant controversies—each order striving for pre-eminence in political power, and squabbling also over theological questions. The Dominicans followed the teachings of Thomas Aquinas, and were therefore called Thomists. The Franciscans were styled Scotists, from their adherence to Duns Scotus.

"We must mention two other important orders of monks, viz., the Benedictines,' the first order founded in the west of Europe (about A.D. 529). Its founder was Benedict, whose object was to establish a better code of rules and mode of life than existed in other monastic institutions. Under the powerful protection of the pope the order rapidly grew in numbers and influence. In process of time the Benedictines degenerated; having amassed immense riches, they fell into idleness and luxury, hiding their vices under a cloke of superstitious rites and ceremonies, and unflagging zeal for the grandeur of the papacy.

The Cistercians, a French order, arose towards the close of the eleventh century. "In about 100 years after its establishment this order boasted of 1,800 abbeys, and became so powerful that it governed almost all Europe, both in spirituals and temporals" (Mosheim). But the Cistercians also suffered shipwreck on the rocks of riches, and in time grew slothful and dissolute.

There are many other orders, too numerous to mention: the history of one appears to be the repetition of the other. As we have said, the Franciscans and Dominicans arose to establish a reformation among them—an impossible task. Both these orders were known as Mendicant (or begging) Friars. The system paid so well, that numerous other "begging orders" were founded, and multiplied to such an extent that towards the close of the thirteenth century, the pope (Gregory IX.) thought it necessary to reduce their number to four orders only, viz., the Franciscans, the Dominicans, the Carmelites, and the Augustines.

In England the Begging Friars were named Black Friars, from their dress, which consisted of black cloak and hood. In John de Wycliff they found a strong opponent; but that story belongs to a later chapter (see chapter XVII.).

Footnotes to Chapter X

1. See Hislop's "*Two Babylons*," ch. Vi.

2. From Pagano papismus: or an Exact Parallel between Rome Pagan and Rome Christian in their doctrines and ceremonies. By Joshua Stopford, B.D., Rector of All Saints, in the city of

York. 1765. (Jer. x. 2)—Learn NOT the way of the heathen. Page 138, chapter xvi.—Shaven Crowns and Beards. "Ye shall NOT make roundness of the hair of the head," says the lxx. (Lev. xxi. 5.) Radulphus affirms that "the Gentile priests shaved their heads round, for they thought that the gods were best pleased with a round figure as the most perfect." Again, Ezek. xlv. 20—Neither shall they shave their heads—that "they might NOT appear like the Gentile priests," says Ballarmine. "The Egyptian priests (as Alexander ab Alexandro informs us) were by law to shave their heads every third day, and with brazen knives, which custom (saith he) they received from the Sabines, whose priests were shaven with such instruments." Three things (page 540), saith Durand, are here observable, viz., the shaving of the head, cropping the hair and the circular form.

1st.—Three things follow upon the shaving of the head, viz., the conservation of cleanliness, deformation and denudation. (1) The conservation of cleanliness, because from the hair filthiness is contracted in the head. (2) Deformation ; because hair is for an ornament, and therefore this shaving signifieth an undefiled and singular life; that clergymen should have purity of soul within and a singular life, that is no exquisite habit without. Further, the shaving and cutting of the hair denotes the deposition of all temporal things, and that they should be content with food and raiment. (3) The baring of the upper part of the head shows that there should be nothing betwixt us and God, that with open face we may contemplate the divine glory. Again—we shave the head—some hair being left below in the, form of a crown; because the head signifieth the mind, and the hair secular thoughts. Therefore, as the top of the head is cleansed from hair, so the mind whilst it meditates on heavenly things ought to be cleansed from worldly thoughts.

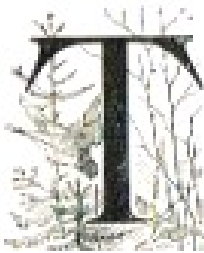
But the lower part of the head hath hair, because it is sometimes lawful to think of worldly things without which we cannot live. 2nd.—The cropping of the hair denotes that no superfluous thoughts should possess the mind. They go with shaven crowns and naked ears, lest their hair, by growing long, cover the ears, and hinder their sight : to signify that no worldly thoughts should stop the ears or eyes of the soul. And the hair is cut above the ears that the five senses of the head may be ready for the service of God. 3rd.—The hair is shaven in a circular form or like a crown for several reasons: (1) In imitation of Christ our King—Who being about to offer up Himself on the Altar of the Cross did wear a crown of thorns. Hence it is that we desiring to be saved by His death do wear upon our heads the sign of His passion, that is, the form of a thorny crown, which He wore in His sufferings, that He might take away the thorns of our sins, and to show that we are ready to suffer derisions and reproaches for Him, as He was for us. (2) The circular form of the hair denotes the virtue of equality, every way agreeable to reason, for then temporal things are rightly meditated on when they are consonant to reason. (3) A circular figure is made because this figure hath neither beginning nor end: by which we are given to understand, that clerks are the ministers of God, who had no beginning and shall have no end. (4) This figure hath no corner: by which is signified that clergymen ought not to have a spot in their lives, and that they should have truth in their doctrine, because truth loves not corners. (5) Because this figure of all figures is most beautiful: hence in this God made the celestial creatures, by which is signified that clerks ought to have beauty within the soul, and without in the conversation. (6) Because this figure is the most simple, for according to St. Austin no figure is constituted of one line only, except a circular, by which is intimated that clergymen should have a dove-like simplicity; according to that Be ye simple as doves. (7) A crown shows that clerks are in a peculiar respect the Kingdom of God.

And for the more solemn performance of this ceremony, our masters at Rome have appointed a particular office.—Pontif, Roman, page 511. Order Romanus, page 9





Chapter XI. HOW THE LAMP WAS KEPT BURNING



THE olive tree is always beautiful; while other trees fade, decay, and lose their leaves when chill autumn comes, the olive remains ever green, lifting its fresh, verdant beauty, not only in the balmy days of summer, but also amid the snows of winter, and thus providing us with a striking type of the eternal graces of God, which bloom the same in adversity as they do in brighter times.

In Rev. xi. we have an exquisite emblem of the true people of God—God's witnesses (or Protestants; for the word is derived from the Latin "testis," a witness, and "pro," for). They are represented as "candlesticks," ever shining in the midst of darkness; "olive trees," ever flourishing throughout the age of papal corruptions.

Let us look at the olive trees, and see how the golden candlesticks were kept burning when night reigned, before "Wycliffe, the "Morning-star of the Reformation," arose to herald" the dawn.

Among the most prominent of these lesser lights were *Grosseteste, Longland, Fitzralph* and *Bradwardine*.

To rightly understand the work of these early Protestants we must note the standpoint whence they carried on their reform. To do that we should bear in mind the two fold character of Protestantism, viz., its positive and its negative sides. To put it more clearly, when it says "Yes," and when it says "No"; when it witnesses for Truth, or witnesses against Error.

For Protestantism, in its fully developed form, replies "Yes" to Christ and the Word of God—it is on the side of Truth. At the same time it gives "No" as its answer to the pope, and to all that is not in accordance with the Bible.

But the olden times of which we write in this chapter were dark; the period was one of ignorance ; the wisest and best looked darkly through a glass, blurred and blackened. We, therefore, must not expect to find a Protestantism in its maturity. No : it was only in its infancy ; just learning how to lift up the banner of righteousness against an anti-Christian system. Yet it had life in it, the life of the Spirit of God. It had light too, for it was like a golden candlestick standing before the God of the whole earth. It would grow as the ages rolled by; it would expand its rays more and more, till the world should be lightened with its glory, long centuries after Grosseteste and his fellows had fought the good fight, and had laid down the sword for the crown.

Grosseteste, Occam, and Fitzralph shone chiefly from the standpoint of negative Protestantism. They shouted "No" to the encroachment of Rome in England ; they protested against some of the corruptions of the papacy. Bradwardine's soul was illumined with a brighter light: he witnessed for the true and only way of salvation—justification by faith. He said "Yes" to Truth.

Wycliffe, the greatest of English Reformers, combined both aspects of Protestantism. His work of reformation was like the Song of Moses which was a witness for God against error (see Deut. xx xi. 19).

But it is not of 'Wycliffe that we would tell you now, but of those lesser lights—shining in the darkness—who foretold the advent of the "Morning Star," and prepared the way for his arising.

First we will think of——

GROSSETESTE

His experiences must have been varied, for he lived during four reigns. Born about 1175, in Stradbroke, in Suffolk, soon after the murder of Thomas Becket, he, no doubt, often heard, when a boy, the tale of the struggles between Henry II. and the archbishop of Canterbury. Surviving all the stirring times of John's dark reign—the humiliation of England when she was handed over to the pope, and the resurrection of her liberty when the Great Charter was signed, he saw the days when the boy-king, Henry III., ascended the throne, and confirmed the Charter. He lived yet many years, and died, "full of days," at the age of nearly eighty years (1253).

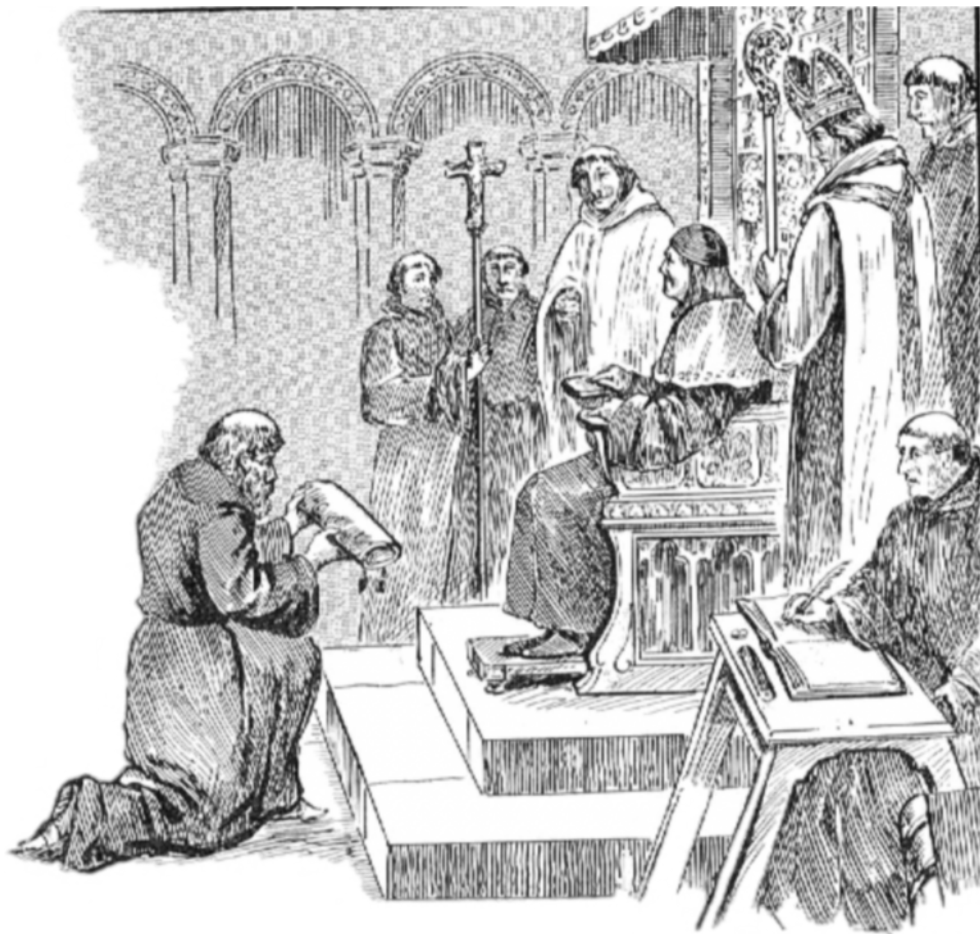


The conversion of Grosseteste

Learning was then very rude and limited; but Grosseteste, who for several years studied at Oxford, and afterwards in Paris (the principal University then existing), probably acquired all the knowledge that the times afforded. Yet he was between fifty and sixty years of age before his heart was awakened by the enlightenment of the Holy Spirit. A dangerous illness, which brought him nigh unto death, helped him to see the realities of Eternity, and filled him with a

deep concern for his own immortal soul, and for the souls of others. To do them good became the one object of his life. In 1235 he was elected bishop of Lincoln. That diocese was then very much larger than it is now. Grosseteste set himself to reform the abuses in it, and in so doing stood as a brave witness against the encroachments of Rome. In spite of the dangers and inconveniences of travelling in those days, Grosseteste visited all the parishes in his diocese, removing the priests who unworthily filled their office ; and, gathering around him the parochial clergy of a rural deanery, he sought to instil into their hearts the deep responsibility of their position, and enjoined them to set the good of souls as the highest goal before them.

One of the abuses existing in those days was the so-called "Appropriation." This meant that church property was transferred into the possession of monasteries, or Orders of Knights. Thus the parishes became too poor to support a priest, and the parishioners were neglected. Grosseteste sought to remedy this evil. An appeal to the pope accomplished almost nothing; so the bishop crossed the Channel to France, with the object of a personal interview with Pope Innocent IV., who was then residing at Lyons. It was then the year 1250, and Grosseteste was an aged man when he handed a "Memorial" to the pope. All his heart seems to have gone out into that manuscript. Let us glance through it. It begins with the sublimest thoughts—the Son of God giving Himself as a sacrifice for the salvation of souls; hence to seek the lost is the work most pleasing to God. This mission has been given to the Church ; but she has fallen from holiness. Grosseteste then went on to show that the pope is the cause of this corruption. "The cause and source of it is the Curia itself," viz., the Court of Rome, "not only because it fails to put a stop to these evils, as it can and should, but still more because--it appoints evil shepherds, thinking therein only of the living which it is able to provide for a man, and, for the sake of that, handing over many thousands of souls to eternal death." [1]



Grosseteste presents his unwelcome memorial to the Pope

Grosseteste had a very clear idea of the worldliness and avarice which have always been, and are, the chief characteristics of the Church of Rome. It speaks well for the lion-like courage of Grosseteste that he should have thus boldly rebuked the man-made god in those dark ages. Needless to say, Innocent IV. refused to listen to the bishop's heart-longing desire to reform the Church. He returned to England weary and disappointed, and his despair was so great that he almost abandoned his office as bishop of Lincoln.

But fresh courage always attends the brave. We see him again, busy in visiting his extended diocese, removing unworthy clergy, and appointing better men in their place. In Parliament, too, we find his light shining, as he contended against the encroachments of Rome in England.

An incident in the last year of his life brought him into yet closer conflict with Rome. The pope conferred upon one of his own grandsons a canonry in the cathedral of Lincoln. But Frederick of Lavagna, as the pope's grandson was called, was an Italian youth. Now, the appointment of Italians—most of whom did not know the English language—was an abuse against which Grosseteste had long contended. The pope knew well that the bishop would not comply with his request, so he addressed his "Papal Brief," not to Grosseteste, but to two of his (the pope's) agents in England, directing them to appoint Frederick of Lavagna immediately as a canon of Lincoln. Should anyone dare to oppose the carrying out of this order he was to appear in person, within two months, before the pope and answer for himself to Frederick of Lavagna. The brief concluded with the pope's usual clause of "*non obstante*," or "notwithstanding." This meant that the pope set aside all statutes and customs, and "notwithstanding" the laws of the English church and land, carried out his own purposes, whatever they might be. It is easy to understand how unjust this was. But if the pope thought the sturdy old bishop would be frightened by his "*Non obstante*" he was much mistaken. Grosseteste addressed a letter to the same agents to whom the pope had written, absolutely refusing to appoint the young Italian to a canonry in Lincoln. His letter is one of the most famous ever penned, sullied though it is with some errors of those times. Here are some of its good sentences:—

"*The Non obstante*" clause overflows with uncertainty, fraud, and deceit, and strikes at the root of all confidence between man and man---It is, therefore, in perfect consistency with my duty of obedience that I withstand these enormities, so abominable to the Lord Jesus Christ---for flesh and blood, and not the Heavenly Father, have revealed such doctrines." [2]

We can imagine into what a rage this answer put the pope. "Who is this old dotard," exclaimed Innocent, "who dares to judge my actions? Is not the king of England my vassal and my bond-slave? And if I gave the word would he not throw him into prison, and load him with infamy and disgrace?" But the cardinals showed the pope the uselessness of taking severe measures against him, for, said they, "he is a holy man, and more so than we ourselves are; a man of excellent genius and best morals: no prelate in Christendom is thought to excel him" [3]

Ah, there was a power in real holiness, even in those dark times!

So Grosseteste was left in peace, a victor, in an ignorant and corrupt age; but, before the close of the year, he died, and was buried in Lincoln cathedral. So revered was his memory that, after fifty years, it was proposed to canonize him, i.e., to pronounce him a saint in heaven, and worthy to be invoked in prayer. But Rome did not consider him entitled to such a dignity. One who had opposed the pope and rebuked his sins is, in the eyes of the Roman Church, unfit for the realms of bliss! Nevertheless, he was long held in treasured remembrance in his own diocese of Lincoln, which, for centuries after, enjoyed the benefit of his holy influence, and where many spoke of him reverently as "Saint Robert"

Yes, Grosseteste helped to keep the lamp burning; and the secret of his power was that he looked to Christ for light, and made the Holy Scriptures the guiding star of his life. Yet his spiritual sight was dim, for the times were dark. He was deceived by the apparent sanctity of the monastic

life. The avowed object of the monks was to live a life of poverty, separated from the rest of the wicked world. This may look like self-denial; but when we consider that their end in view was to save their souls by their own good merits, we see that it was really based on selfishness, and was only one of Satan's devices for leading souls away from Christ to trust in themselves. Wiser men than Grosseteste have been deluded by such wiles of the Evil One.

We must now turn our attention to one who played an important part against the encroachments of Rome, and who was also a friend of Grosseteste. He was called:

THE MAN WHO STOOD LIKE A PILLAR

viz., Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, who was the hero and champion of the barons in their gallant efforts to uphold the provisions of Magna Charta. Henry the Third swore again and again to observe the conditions of the Charter, and as frequently broke his oath, for which perjury the pope was always ready to grant absolution. But there was one opponent the king dreaded, viz., "The Man who stood like a Pillar." The following anecdote proves how afraid he was of his memorable antagonist:-

One day, when rowing down the Thames in his barge, a violent storm overtook the royal party. The lightning flashed and the cannonades of thunder roared. Simon de Montfort met the king with the assurance that the storm was passing over.

"I fear thunder and lightning not a little," replied His Majesty; "but I fear you, Lord Simon, more than all the thunders and lightning in the world."

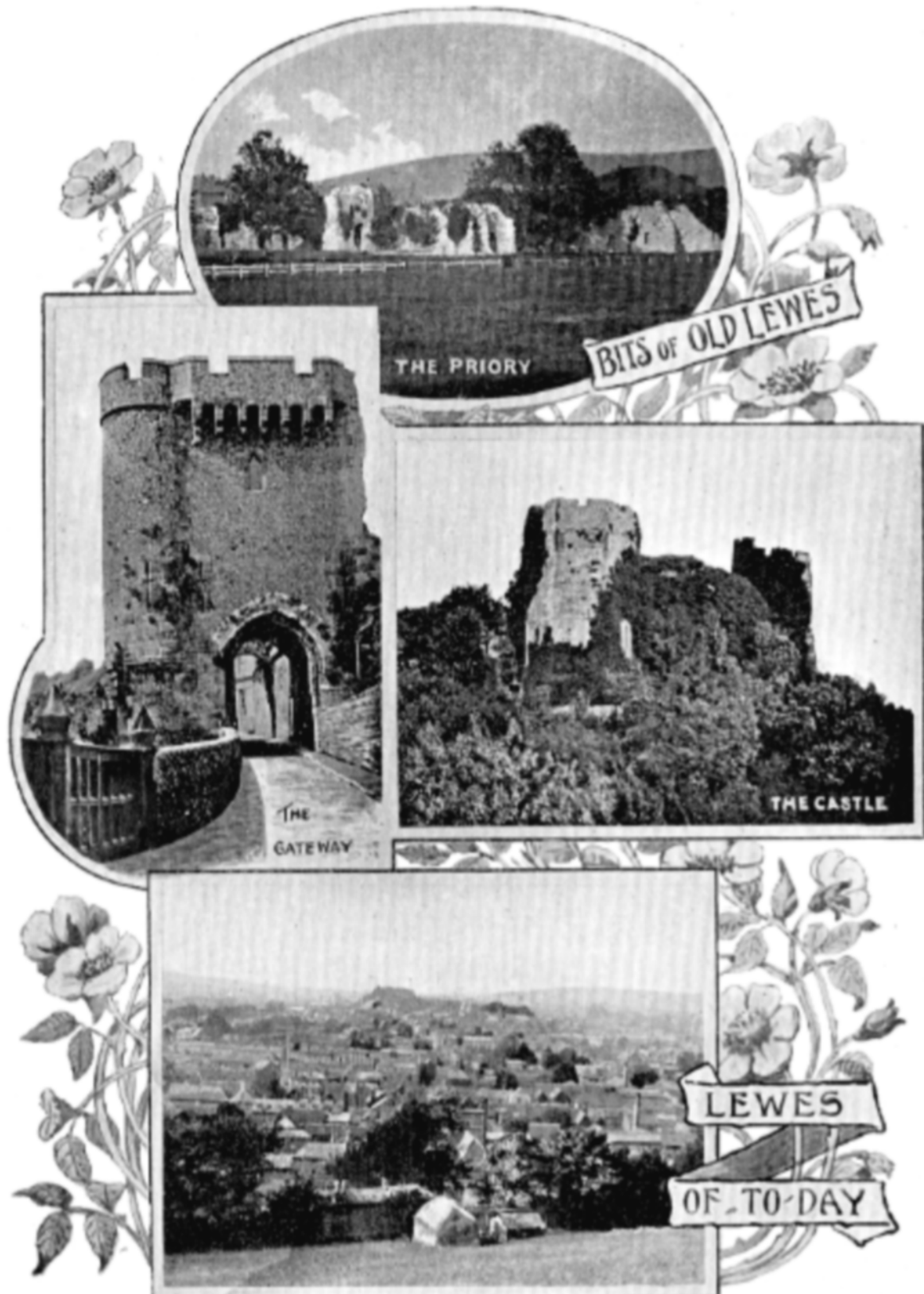
Henry had cause to fear. The Barons' War broke out, and "The Man who stood like a Pillar" was their intrepid leader. The king collected his forces at Lewes; the citizens of London rallied to the side of De Montfort, and in an armed body into Sussex, pitching their camp some nine miles from the town, in what was then a dense forest.

Before the fight began, the bishops of London and Winchester were despatched to the king with the message that they were loyal to His Majesty, but opposed his evil counsellors—"those persons who are not only our enemies, but yours, and those of the whole kingdom." These words were received with defiance, and an angry answer was returned. War was now inevitable. The night before the battle Simon de Montfort passed in prayer. Before the morning dawned, white crosses were fixed to the breasts of the kneeling soldiers—partly to show they had religious sanction for their action and partly to enable them to recognise one another in the heat of battle.

As the sun rose on the morning of the 14th of May (1264), the barons' troops neared the battlefield, and, prostrating themselves on the ground, with arms outstretched, the soldiers and their valiant commander knelt and prayed for victory.

The royal army had but ill prepared themselves for the fray: revelry and drinking had occupied their hours. The battle began; it ended with triumph on the side of De Montfort and the barons. The king, practically a captive, returned to London, and "the Man who stood as a Pillar" found himself at the head of affairs in England.

The feeling of the English people at this victory was voiced by a poet of the time:—"Now England breathes in the hope of liberty." (Centuries later that same Lewes, in Sussex, was hallowed by martyr lives, laid down for the cause of truth, thereby winning a yet better "liberty."



Views of Old and New Lewes



De Montfort and his soldiers knelt in prayer

We can well imagine the displeasure with which the pope received the news of the barons' victory at the battle of Lewes. De Montfort and the barons were excommunicated. Four Italian bishops were sent over to England with the "Bull," but some sailors met the ship in the Channel, boarded it, seized the document, and threw it into the sea.

In less than a year after the battle of Lewes a remarkable gathering met in London, on the 20th January, 1265. It was called together by Simon de Montfort; and for the first time the cities and towns were each required to send "two discreet, loyal, and honest men" to represent them. This was the origin of our Parliament as it now exists. A knotty problem lay before that primitive parliament of De Montfort., viz., How could the monarch be compelled to observe the Articles of Magna Charta? The question found a practical response after the death of De Montfort, who died fighting for his country.

In the reign of the next king, Edward I., Crown and Parliament were in union for the good of the people; king and subjects were drawn together for the national benefit. England became stronger for the compact, and better able to resist the encroachments of the pope. When Boniface VIII. sought to usurp authority over the English monarch by asserting his right to decide whether Edward had any claim over the Church of Scotland, Parliament and the nation sided with the king against the pope.

"They had, therefore, after mature consideration, with one voice resolved that the king should in no way acknowledge the papal jurisdiction in this affair: yea, they would not allow the king to acknowledge it, if he were disposed to do so." [4] So decided the Parliament of Edward I., which met at Lincoln in 1301. Thus we see how monarch, legislature, and people withstood some of the pope's aggressions at the beginning of the fourteenth century.

WILLIAM OCCAM, THE FRANCISCAN FRIAR.

"Did Christ and His apostles possess property?"

This was the question over which the Franciscan monks and the Dominican monks had a sharp quarrel in the beginning of the fourteenth century. The former said "No"; the latter declared "Yes." So the knotty point was referred to the pope. John XXII. was then the reigning pontiff. He, at any rate, possessed an immense amount of wealth, and lived more like an earthly prince than as befitted the so-called representative of the lowly Jesus, who had not where to lay His head. Gold and precious jewels were the pope's in abundance, therefore it was not likely he would condemn himself by declaring that Christ and His apostles were poor in this world's goods. Oh, no ! The pope loved the treasures of earth—so he gave the verdict against the Franciscans, and declared that the Dominicans were right in believing that Christ and the apostles were possessors of property. Most of the Franciscans bowed to this decision, but some of their number refused to submit to it. Bull after Bull was pronounced against the protestors, one of whom was William Occam. Out of this quarrel grew an important conflict against the papacy. The error against which Occam specially protested, was that spirit of bondage and slavery, wielded by the pope, over the souls and bodies of all who were subjects of the papacy. Occam contended for the glorious liberty which is in Christ Jesus. To Occam there was but one Head of the Church—Jesus Christ. Perhaps Occam was much before the times in which he lived. It was the age when the whole world "wondered after the beast," as prophecy expresses it; only the few were able to frame such glorious thoughts of holy independence of the false power of Rome, and of dependence on Christ only. Yet by means of such early Protestants, God kept the Lamp alight, though His human instruments were sometimes but rudely. fashioned.

AN IRISH ARCHBISHOP

It is said that gipsies have certain tokens which serve as guides to their fellow-travellers. Curious little heaps of stones are erected at cross-roads, so that the family or company of gipsies in the rear may know which road has been taken by those who went before. These signs are called "Patterans." None but a gipsy could read their meaning, and probably none but one of that wandering tribe would ever notice them by the wayside.

There are "patterans" also along the path of the Christian pilgrim—"footprints in the sands of time; "sign-posts pointing the true church forward to the realm of day. They have been erected by those who went before. Such men as Grosseteste and Occam struggled forward amid the mists of the age in which they lived: others following them have noticed their way-side tokens, have bent their steps in the same direction, and left their way-marks for those who would come after.

Richard Fitzralph flourished about a hundred years after Grosseteste. Educated at Oxford, he became one of the most learned men of his day, and was appointed to the archbishopric of Armagh, in Ireland, in the reign of Edward III.

The "patteran" which Occam had erected was noticed by Richard Fitzralph, and he followed in the track of the Franciscan friar, in opposition to the evils existing among that. religious body. The "Mendicant" (of begging) Orders, as the monks were then called, taught that, not only was Christ without property, but that He was so poor that He took to begging! On this unscriptural Idea the Friars carried on a system of begging, and thereby amassed immense riches. But in the archbishop of Armagh they found a stern opponent. Fitzralph not only accused them of begging, but also of stealing—and stealing what are some of the greatest valuables, viz., children. One day, as Fitzralph was walking in the street, he met an English gentleman, who went all the way to Avignon, in France, to obtain from the pope the freedom of his son, a lad of only thirteen years, whom the Friars in Oxford had enticed into their monastery. The distracted father was not allowed to have a private interview with his boy, but was only permitted to say a few words to him in the presence of the wily monks, who absolutely refused to surrender him to his parent. Many young lads were, through the Confessional or other means, allured into the monastic orders, and never were able to leave again.[5]



St. Paul's, London, Fitzralph preached against the evils of the Mendicants. He thought to reform them; but he had to discover that reformation was impossible. His outspoken utterances so enraged the Friars that they caused him to be cited before the pope, Innocent VI. Fitzralph appeared, and declared before the pontiff the various evil-doings of the Mendicants. For this brave protest the archbishop was persecuted, and at last banished. In his exile he continued for some seven or eight years, until his death, to speak and write against the enormities of the Friars. The following beautiful extract from his prayer shows us that the holy oil of the Spirit of God was keeping his light burning:--"

To Thee be praise and glory, and thanksgiving, O Jesus, most powerful, most amiable, who hast said, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life," a way without aberration, truth without cloud, and a life without end. For Thou hast shown to me the way, Thou hast taught me truth, and Thou hast promised me life. Thou wast my Way in exile, my Truth in counsel, and Thou wilt be my

Life in reward."[6]

Footnotes to Chapter IV

1. Lechler's "*Wycliffe and his English precursors.*"
2. "*History of the Church of Christ*" (R.T.S.)
3. Ibid.
4. Lechler's "*Wycliffe and his English precursors.*"
5. Lechler's "*Wycliffe and his English precursors.*"
6. "*History of the Church of Christ*," vol. iv. (R.T.S.)





Chapter XII

THOMAS BRADWARDINE: THE MAN WHO TRIMMED THE LAMP; AND ROBERT LONGLAND: THE MAN WHO DREAMED A DREAM



THE Lamp must not only be kept always alight, but it needs also to be trimmed, that it may burn brightly. Such men as Grosseteste, Occam, and Fitzralph shone indeed, but their light was blurred with errors of those dark times. They witnessed truly against the bondage, injustice,, pride and false authority of Rome; but their testimony was hazy concerning the straight and narrow way of salvation. "What must I do to be saved?" Had been the question through long past ages. "Do good works," was too often the unscriptural reply. No wonder the Light sputtered and flared with this erroneous answer, which, like some unsightly excrescence, marred its shining.

In the fourteenth century appeared the "man who trimmed the Lamp" with the snuffers of Truth.

Thomas Bradwardine was one of those brave spirits who do not swim with the times, whatever they may happen to be, but who choose that which they believe to be right, even if they must go against the current. The prevailing belief in those days was that salvation could be merited, and could be obtained as a reward for good works. Bradwardine at first held this error ; but when God's Spirit kindled the Light in his soul, he saw that justification is by faith only—that salvation cannot be merited by good works, but is God's free gift. By word and by pen Bradwardine preached this grand truth, which became the central point of his teaching, and the leading star of his holy life. Merton College, Oxford, where he had studied as a youth, was privileged to hear his lectures. His auditors held him in so high esteem that they gave him the name of "Profound Doctor." He appears to have been Proctor of the University. Later on he was appointed Chancellor of St. Paul's in London.

About the year 1339 he accompanied the king, Edward III., as chaplain in his wars against France. Gathering the troops round him, Bradwardine would preach on the great truth of salvation by faith in Christ. The war-steeled men, used to the stern, grim realities of the battle-field, would listen to the gentle message of God's free love as earnestly as had done the studious men of peaceful Oxford. The glorious discovery of free salvation was glad news in that beclouded age, suited to every heart that would respond to it. Victory attended the English king in his campaigns; but historians yielded the glory of triumph to the saintly Evangelist rather than to the warlike diplomacy of Edward and the bravery of his army. Surely the darkness was lifting, when integrity and the Gospel were accorded higher honour than the cruel god of war.

In 1348 Bradwardine was elected to the See of Canterbury, which had become vacant through the death of Archbishop Stratford; but he was so great a favourite of Edward III. that he could not consent to part with him, and another, John Ufford, was nominated in his place. But Ufford died before consecration, and the post being again vacant, Bradwardine was again chosen, and this time the king complied with the nomination. But Bradwardine was not destined to long fill his new office, and only a few weeks after his consecration at Avignon he died on his return to England, at Lambeth Palace.

"Of the Cause of God" is the title of Bradwardine's chief literary work, which sets forth the doctrine of justification by faith only. I cannot do better than quote the following passage from it. It is a sublime prayer to the Lord Jesus from the very heart of the man who "trimmed" the Lamp of God:-

"Good Master—Thou, my only Master—my Master and Lord, Thou who from my youth up, when I gave myself to this work by Thy impulse, hast taught me up to this day all that I have ever learned of the Truth, and all that, as Thy pen, I have ever written of it, send down upon me also now, of Thy great goodness, Thy light, so that Thou who hast led me into the profoundest depths mayest also lead me up to the mountain height of this inaccessible Truth. Thou who hast brought me into this great and wide sea, bring me also into the haven. Thou who hast conducted me into this wide and pathless desert, Thou, my Guide, and Way and End, lead me also unto the end. Show me, I pray Thee, Thou most learned of all teachers, show to Thy little child, who knows no outlet from the difficulty, how to solve the knot of Thy Word, so hardly knit---But now I thank Thee, serenest Lord, that to him who asketh Thou hast given; to him that seeketh Thou hast shown the way ; and to him that knocketh Thou hast opened the door of piety, the door of clearness, the door of Truth. For now, when Thou liftest the light of Thy countenance upon Thy servant, I believe I see the right understanding of Thy Word."

But we must not make the mistake of thinking that Thomas Bradwardine was a fully developed Protestant, like the Reformers of the sixteenth century. Far from it. He trimmed the Lamp, he made it burn more brightly; but the noonday light of the Reformation was a long way off, though the first streaks of rising dawn were near at hand.

ROBERT LONGLAND: THE MAN WHO DREAMED A DREAM

John Bunyan was not the only one who rendered himself famous by a "dream." Three centuries before the Tinker of Bedford found his 'way through a prison "den" to dreamland, Robert Longland, evidently a learned man, wandered on the hills of Malvern, in the sunny month of May, and coming across a well, he lay down by the side of the cool waters, and—dreamed.



The vision of Piers Ploughman. The King's procession



Earthly Reward visited in prison by her flatterers.

A wondrous vision was opened out before him. Two mountains appear, with a soft, green valley between them. On one hill is a beautiful tower; on the other a strong fortress. The name of the one is Truth, and of the other Care; in the latter dwells a wicked fiend. A crowd of people of all ranks are seen walking in the valley—the rich, the poor, the high and the low, the stately noble and the begging friar, the honest ploughman and the covetous priest—all in the service of the king. Presently a lady approaches the dreamer, and explains to him the meaning of the vision. Her name is "Church." She tells him that Truth is the most precious of all treasures, and that its chief essence is Love and Kindness. Another lady then steps on the scene. She is called "Earthly Reward." She is in a dazzling dress of worldly splendour, and thereby attracts the attention of the crowd in the valley, who bow to her and do her homage. "Falsehood" seeks her in marriage, and she is on the point of being betrothed to him when "Theology" claims her. To settle the dispute all repair to Westminster, where the question will be decided. But "Truth" has-

tens on in front to the king's palace; there he meets a valiant knight whose name is "Conscience." This knight informs the king of the message which "Truth" has whispered in his ear; so His Majesty commands that "Earthly Reward" be put in prison as soon as she arrives. This gay lady, however, gets on in prison without many hardships. Some visit her there to flatter and serve her; a mendicant monk hears her confession and pronounces absolution; even the king relents, and sets her at liberty. The good knight, "Conscience," is asked by His Majesty to wed her; but he politely refuses, and exposes to the king her really false and evil character. But "Earthly Reward" can make such pretty speeches that the king cannot help being pleased with her. "Conscience" then appeals to "Reason." He convinces the monarch of her deceitfulness, and becomes, together with his friend "Conscience," the king's wise counsellor.

So ends the first vision. Soon the Dreamer falls asleep again, and now beholds "Reason" once more. This time he is preaching a sermon to the crowd in the valley. Very outspoken is he. Sin is denounced till sinners by the thousand are stricken with remorse, and, falling on their knees, are given absolution by, "Penitence." These thousands then propose making a pilgrimage to "Truth," but a difficulty confronts them—no one knows the way. Who will show them? An honest ploughman—Piers by name—declares he is acquainted with the right road, and will lead them to "Truth." Will they first aid him to plough and sow his land? Yes. Willing workers are quickly forthcoming to help him. In the meanwhile, the report reaches "Truth" that Piers the Ploughman[1] intends making a pilgrimage to him. No need for such a journey, says "Truth"; and therewith despatches a letter of indulgence to Piers, containing a message for him, and all who work with him. All rejoice. But when the letter is opened only these words

are found therein: "And those who have done good shall go into everlasting life, but those who have done evil into everlasting fire."

The vision passes away; but the Dreamer beside the well on Malvern Hill has learned the lesson that to do good is better than all the pilgrimages and indulgences in the world. In other words, to love one's neighbour as one's self is better than all outward forms of religion. The Dreamer dreams yet again, and the succeeding eight visions teach the same best lesson—love, inspired by Him who is love itself: love to the poor, the despised, aye, and to enemies also.

These "Visions" were written in the form of a poem, under the title of "Piers the Ploughman." The language is the English of the middle ages. The poet did not attack any false doctrine, but rather the prevailing sins of the clergy. His object was to reveal what practical Christianity should be. Thomas Bradwardine taught that salvation is by faith only—the gift of God, free, unmerited grace. Robert Longland showed that the outcome of the redeemed soul will be a holy life of self-denying goodness—not outward observance, of religion, hut the inward power of God's grace, manifesting itself in the daily life.



The world was, and is, full of sin and evil The Church, called by the name of Christian was infected by the surrounding corruptions the disease of worldliness, the leprosy of selfishness and love of money were, and are destroying her. Lady "Earthly Reward" poisoned the Church with her rich gifts of this world. When Constantine the Great, the emperor of Rome, embraced Christianity in the fourth century, and heaped wealth, favour and flatteries on the Church, then, to use the poet's words, the angel cry was heard: "This day the Church of God has drunk venom, and the heirs of St. Peter's power are a-poysoned"

Several manuscripts of "Piers the Ploughman" still exist. They are simply written, without elaborate ornamentation, which shows us it was intended specially for the labouring and poorer classes of those times. As the Church increased in power she waxed great in pride. Ecclesiastical authority always has a tendency to be tyrannical. But the masses of the people longed for the liberty which is in Christ Jesus. Their longing eyes peered through the gloom of that dark night, and such men as Thomas Bradwardine and Robert Longland helped to hasten the dawn of Morning Light.

Footnotes to Chapter 12

1. With regard to "Piers the Ploughman," Dean Milman says:—"The poet who could address such opinions, though wrapt up in prudent allegory, to the popular ear, to the ear of the peasantry of England; the people who could listen with delight to such strains, were far advanced towards a revolt from Latin Christianity. Truth, true religion was not to be found with, it was not known by, Pope, Cardinals, Bishops, Clergy, Monks, Friars. It was to be sought by man himself, by the individual man, by the poorest man, under the sole guidance of Reason, Conscience, and the Grace of God, vouchsafed directly, not through any intermediate human being or even sacrament, to the self-directing soul. There is a manifest appeal throughout, an unconscious installation of scripture alone, as the ultimate judge" (Dean Milman's "*Latin Christianity*.")



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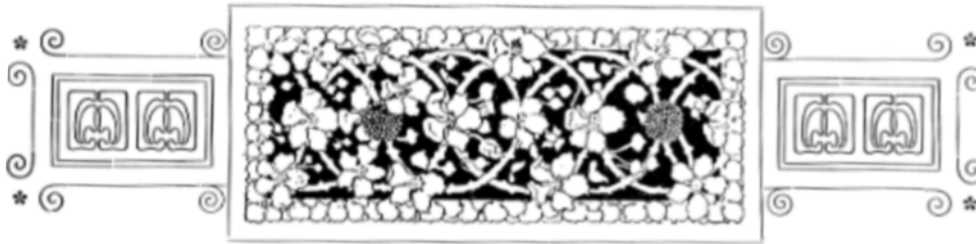
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Chapter XIII JOHN DE WYCLIFFE

I.—EARLIER YEARS



NEAR the river Tees, in Yorkshire, stood a little village called Spresswell. Not far from this secluded spot appeared another hamlet, which bore, and still bears, the name of Wycliffe. Both these places, separated by hut a few miles, have been claimed as the birthplace of our famous reformer, John de Wycliffe.[1] Spresswell has long since disappeared, but the village of Wycliffe still survives, though its inhabitants are not numerous.

Very little is known of John de Wycliffe's boyhood. No doubt he played, like other lads, in the shady lanes of the neighbourhood, often gazing perhaps with childish interest at the surrounding country, which was very lovely. The valley of the Tees, with its soft, sylvan beauty, its fertile slopes, and the rugged hills of Richmond, would impress the mind of a thoughtful, intelligent boy with a sense of the power and love of the great Creator, and may have helped to develop those patriotic sentiments which were so characteristic of him in later days.

The year 1324 is generally fixed by historians as the probable date of his birth. Of his family we do not know very much. They appear to have been staunch Roman Catholics; hence his early training must have been decidedly papistical, yet his light shone in spite of these adverse circumstances. "The Morning Star" (as Wycliffe is often called) rose to dispel the night of his fatherland; but Wycliffe's family remained always under the darkness of Romish influence, even while England was throwing off the bondage of the papacy.

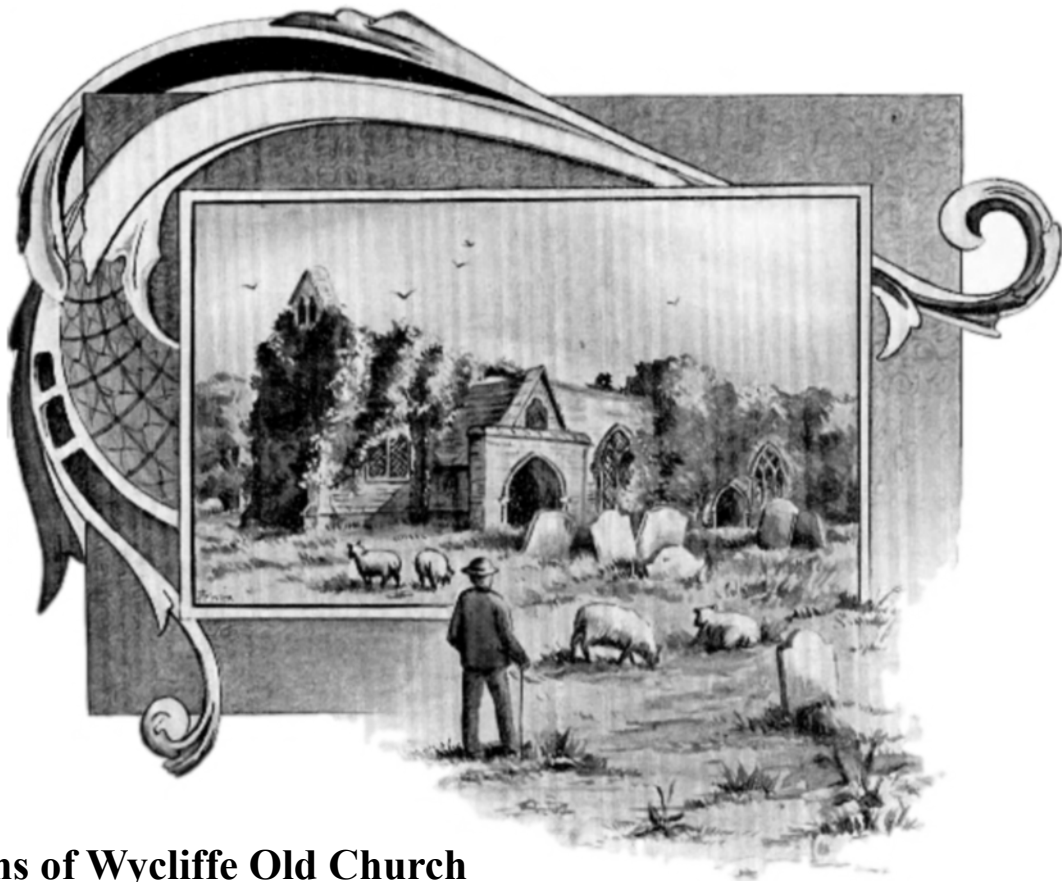
On a rocky eminence, not far from the river, stood the Manor House, which from the time of William the Conqueror belonged to the Wycliffes, and did not pass out of the family until the 17th century. In that time-worn edifice little John no doubt passed some of his boyhood years. Not far from the house, and nearer the river, stood the small church, where the lad must have often worshipped. The building still survives, though it is ivy-grown and without a steeple.

What education did John receive?

Probably the parish priest was one of his earliest instructors. Schools in those days were unknown in such: out-of-the-way localities. The talent which, no doubt, manifested itself at an early age in John de Wycliffe would have led his parents or guardians to send him as soon as convenient to the University of Oxford.

Boys were received into the colleges at very early ages, even as young as eleven or twelve years. We do not know how old John de Wycliffe was when he left home for college life ; but considering the distance between Yorkshire and Oxford, and the immense difficulties attend-

ing a journey in those days, it is not probable that he entered the University till he was about fifteen or sixteen years old. "Going to school" in the 14th century was very different from what it is to-day.



Ruins of Wycliffe Old Church

We can but dimly realise—accustomed as we are to swift and easy travelling—the tremendous obstacles, and serious dangers which our young hero must have met with, in his journey south.

Means of travelling in the 14th century.

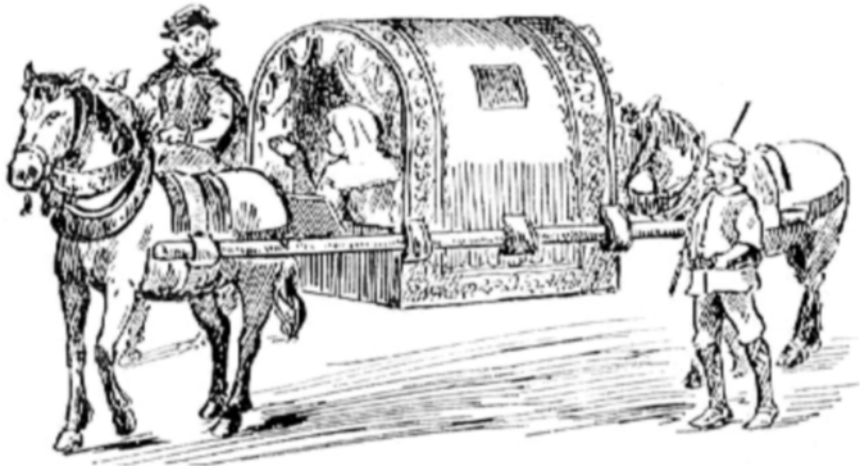
There were then three modes of traversing the country--viz., on foot, on horseback, or in a carriage. The first was adopted only by the poor, who could not afford either of the other two ; and carriages were the possession only of the very rich, and cost immense sums— for example, £1,000 was paid for a vehicle in the reign of Edward.[2]

No wonder such expensive luxuries were handed down as valuable heirlooms. We might have liked the embroidered cushions, and admired the bright tapestry or the silken curtains which draped the square, ungraceful windows; but we would have much objected to the heavy, cumbrous wheels, which jolted noisily over the rough ground, jerking us to the right or left, or violently landing us in a rut. Let us hope, however, young de Wycliffe reached Oxford without too many bruises, if this was the way he travelled; but horseback was more probably his mode of journeying on that eventful occasion. Yet even that was slow and dangerous, and took him several weeks to accomplish. England at that time was thickly wooded. Wycliffe's path ran often through dense forests, and in the shadow of those big trees might have lurked a band of robbers, watching for an opportunity for plunder. Hence travellers generally went together in companies, in order to be better able to repel an attack. Wolves and bears added to the danger of the way. Considering far safer to go by day, and inns were therefore provided where the journey could be broken for the night. But they were but sorry places, infested with vermin, and exorbitant in charges, till a law passed in the reign of Edward III. brought down their tariff, though it did not mend their miserable condition.

Notwithstanding these difficulties, Wycliffe reached Oxford in safety, probably about the year 1340—the exact date cannot be determined.

Means of Travel- ling in the 14th Century

The University then had but five colleges, and three of these—Queen's, Merton and Balliol—have claimed the honour of being the one to which the reformer was admitted. Most probably, however, he was at various periods associated with all three, though Balliol, with which the Wycliffes appear to have had some connection, was evidently the one which he first attended.



Universities were then divided into what were called "Nations." [3] Oxford had two of these divisions, the Boreales and the Australes—viz., the Northerners and the Southerners. 'Wycliffe, of course, belonged to the former.



Means of Travelling in the 14th Century

The young student thirsted for knowledge, though his studies bore the dry sounding names of Trivium and Quadrivium. The former embraced grammar, dialectics, rhetoric, etc., and the latter included arith-

metic, geometry, astronomy, music, etc. Two years were allotted to the former and two to the latter, and then the student advanced to the study of theology, which occupied him about six or seven years. The "Queen of Sciences," as theology was then called, comprehended much more than the study of the Bible. To be acquainted with the 'Word of God is the greatest of all knowledge; but in those days that precious and wonderful Book was not searched and studied as it is now. Its exposition was regarded with something like contempt, and was taught by the lower class of teachers, who in expounding it were compelled to abide by the interpretation of the Church, and were not allowed to think for themselves. Doctors of Divinity considered it beneath their dignity to lecture on its immortal pages. So blind were the learned! Yet, in spite of these hindrances, Wycliffe's mind was early given up to things of God.

How was Wycliffe converted?

Bradwardine, whose prominent Biblical teaching was justification by Faith only, had lectured in Merton College. Did Wycliffe come into contact with him while at Oxford? [4] This is a point on which historians are not agreed; but whether he did or not, it is certain he was influenced by his teaching, though his conversion was of a later date.



Views of Lutterworth in Leicestershire where John Wycliffe Translated the Scriptures into English

In 1349 a terrible pestilence devastated parts of England; it was called "the Black Death," and carried off a large proportion of the population. "Through this pestilence," said Parliament, "cities, boroughs, and other towns and hamlets throughout the land have decayed, and from day to day are decaying, and several are entirely depopulated" (Rolls of Parliament, vol. ii.). Wycliffe was thus brought face to face with the realities of the life beyond. Long, sleepless nights were passed by the young student in his cell, until Christ, the All-Merciful One, the Saviour of the lost, was revealed to his longing soul. No one can do a work, to stand the test of Eternity, who has not first realised His saving grace in his own heart. Had Wycliffe himself not received the Light, he could never have up-lifted Christ, the Divine "Morning Star."

But Wycliffe's public career did not begin at once. God prepares His instruments in quietude. Moses waited forty years in Horeb; Joseph three years in prison; John the Baptist sojourned long in the wilderness; and even Jesus tarried in seclusion till His time had come. So is it with all whom God specially fits for a great work or a momentous crisis. Some twenty years were spent by Wycliffe in the University before he stepped into the public view—studious, uneventful years of quiet training, yet not entirely devoid of incidents. There were "clashing controversies" between the two "Nations" of the University. The Northerners followed the philosophical teachings of Scotus;[5] the Southerners those of Occam. These disputes, which frequently ended in blows between the students, were not edifying; but perhaps they helped to train Wycliffe for a far nobler warfare in later years.

To enter the priesthood was evidently his own wish. This vocation was then esteemed the very highest. In May, 1361, Wycliffe was presented with the church of Fillingham, a small parish some ten miles from Lincoln. It does not appear, however, that he continually resided there, but rather remained more or less at his beloved Oxford, where the opportunities for study were far greater. Some seven years later he exchanged this living for that of Ludgarshall, in Buckinghamshire. We generally think of the church and parish of Lutterworth in connection with Wycliffe; but this rectorship was not presented to him till 1375, and, as we shall see in a later chapter, was bestowed as a mark of royal favour.

About 1361 we find him appointed Master of Balliol College. Some years later a new college was founded at Oxford by Simon de Islip, Archbishop of Canterbury viz., Canterbury Hall. The first warden, a monk named Woodhall, was of so violent a temper that quarrels were of constant recurrence. The archbishop therefore deposed Woodhall, and appointed Wycliffe in his place. But the archbishop dying soon after, Wycliffe was removed from the post, and another warden was appointed, who in his turn was deposed, and the fractious Woodhall reinstated. These events caused Wycliffe's enemies to charge him with spite and malice in his future battles with the friars. But his collision with the Mendicant Orders did not arrive till years after; and we may be quite sure was not actuated by anything so petty as revenge, but by a far holier motive.

Our following chapters will tell the thrilling story of Wycliffe's remarkable public work in the grand cause of Protestant Truth.

Footnotes to Chapter XIII

1. Lechler fixes Spreswell as the birthplace of Wycliffe, basing this belief on a statement of Leland, who was commissioned by Henry VIII. to visit all England and Wales, and to collect materials for a work on English Antiquities. In his Itinerary he stated: It is reported that John Wiclif, the heretic, was born at Spreswell, a small village off Richmond (Lechler's "*Life of Wycliffe*," p. 79). Vaughan, in his "*Life of Wycliffe*," fixes Wycliffe as the more probable locality, and refers to a statement of Dr. Zouch, Rector of Wycliffe at the close of the 18th century, and who spoke of Wycliffe as having been "a native of this parish." This was also mentioned in a book entitled "*The Protestant Evidence*," written by a clerk in the neighbourhood, in the reign of Charles I.

2. Jusserand's "*English Wayfaring Life in the 14th Century*"

3. This division existed in all Universities in the Middle Ages, the "Nations" implying the various nations or provinces to which the members belonged. Some had more nations than others. Prague and Leipzig had four each.

4. D'Aubigne says he did; Lechler does not think it probable.

5. Duns Scotus and Occam were famous schoolmen of Oxford. Scotus, a Franciscan, maintained that the Virgin Mary was born without sin; this doctrine was violently opposed by the Dominican friars.





Chapter XIV JOHN DE WYCLIFFE

II-HIS ATTACKS AGAINST THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPE IN ENGLAND



WHOLE century and a half had elapsed since King John had basely surrendered his kingdoms to the Pope, and sworn to pay him 1,000 marks annually. This "Feudatory Tribute" (as it was called) went, not very regularly, into the overflowing coffers of the Church of Rome, so that, in a hundred years, a substantial sum had been sent out of our country to serve as pocket money for the miserly potentate of the seven-hilled city. But when Edward III. came to the throne, this tribute was quietly dropped for thirty-three years. Naturally, the pope did not like having his English allowance cut off, and he soon made his vexation felt. Urban V. not only demanded his annual payment, but also wanted the arrears of those thirty-three years to be forwarded at once—in fact, he held his big pockets wide open, in the hopes that the English Parliament would drop a great deal into them, though he was quite determined they should take nothing out. Pope Urban made known these little wants to the king in 1365, and even cited his majesty "to appear at his court at Avignon to answer for his defaults in not performing the homage, nor paying the tribute to the See of Rome undertaken and guaranteed by John, King. of England, for himself and his heirs."

In May, 1366, Parliament assembled to discuss this important question: Should England continue to pay the tribute to the pope or not? A vital point lay in this query. It meant, in plain English, should England be a slave of Rome, or should she assert her independence?

What had Wycliffe to do in this controversy?

There is reason to believe that he was not only present at the debate, but had a seat as Member of Parliament, and took a personal part in the affair. An anonymous monk had written a treatise in favour of the pope's demand, and Wycliffe was called upon to reply to it. The reformer accepted the challenge, and answered his unknown opponent in a remarkable tract, which he begins by styling himself "a humble obedient son of the church, "and" the King's peculiar clerk." This he wrote in order to defend himself from the sinister designs of his adversary, who hoped to bring upon Wycliffe the anger of the pope.

In this tract (called "*Determinatis quaedam de Dominis*"), Wycliffe records the speeches of several barons made in Parliament during the debate about the "feudatory tribute." It is not certain whether these reports are the verbatim speeches on that occasion. It is not unlikely that they are coloured by the force and vigour of Wycliffe's own views on the matter. Yet the tract is full of interest as showing us how our ancestors of the fourteenth century resisted the exactions of the pope.

The answers of seven barons are recorded. The following, which was given by the first, who was also a valiant soldier, has a true ring of British love of freedom in it. He said:-

"The kingdom of England was of old conquered by the sword of its nobles, and with the same sword has it ever been defended against hostile attacks. And so does the matter stand in the regard to the Church of Rome. Therefore, my counsel is, let this demand of the pope be absolutely refused, unless he is able to compel payment by force. Should he attempt that, it will be my business to withstand him in defence of our right."[1]

The speeches of the other barons are in the same strain.

Ah! there was backbone in our Parliament in those days!

How did the matter end?

Here is the final decision of Parliament, given by "the Bishops, Lords and Commons," after full deliberation:—

"That neither king John nor any other king could bring himself, his realm, and people, under such subjection without their assent;---that if done, it was without consent of Parliament, and contrary to his coronation oath---and that in case the pope should attempt to constrain the king and his subjects to perform what he lays claim to, they would resist, and withstand him to the uttermost of their power."[2] These words should be noted. They are the definite refusal of England's king and parliament to the demands for supremacy of the pope. Rome asked to be first in our land; she demanded a position above every power and authority, with the English as slaves at her feet. The parliament of Edward III. shouted "No," to her encroachments, and from that day to this—though more than five centuries have run their course—the Papacy has never again in explicit terms made claim to supremacy in England. God grant she never may!

This is not the only Protestant battle fought and won, which makes the reign of Edward III. a never-to-be-forgotten landmark in our national history. By his parliament was passed the Statute of Provisors, and the Statute of *Praemunire*.

What did they mean?

The Statute of Provisors is one of the strongest bulwarks against the pope, erected by Parliament before the Reformation. The reader will remember that in our chapter on Magna Charta, we noticed that famous "Bulwark of Liberty" had a weak point, viz., it allowed the pope to nominate whom he liked to English church livings, without the authority of the king. Consequently, many benefices were occupied by foreigners, mostly Italians, who did not even understand the English language, who lived abroad, and appointed some inferior person to perform their duties for a small payment, while they took the revenues. Thus, immense sums were paid out of English pockets to enrich the papacy. The Statute of Provisors was passed in order to remedy this grievance (1351). It prohibited the pope from giving away the English church livings, or taking the incomes of monasteries or benefices.

Three years later, it was found necessary to pass the Statute of *Praemunire*. This famous act was yet another blow hurled against the encroachments of the pope in England. It was enacted in order to abolish the custom of appealing from English courts to that of Rome. Such appeals to the pope ignored English laws and set aside the decisions of English courts and English sovereigns. It was, in fact, making the pope's authority and rule the first in England. But by the Statute of *Praemunire*, the independence of our forefathers was asserted, and the pope was made to see that England could manage its own affairs without his advice or interference.

We may be quite sure the pope did not like these statutes, and made up his mind not to abide by them. He gave some fair promises which he did not keep; so, in the year 1374, it was decided

that a special commission should be arranged to meet at Bruges, in Belgium. Its object was to conclude a treaty with the pope which should uphold the freedom and honour of the English Church. One of the commissioners chosen for this business was *John de Wycliffe*.

It was the first time that Wycliffe had been abroad, and his visit to the quaint old town of Flanders was a memorable event which no doubt helped much to shape his future life in the path of reformation.

Bruges was then an important centre, its inhabitants numbering over 200,000; its commercial fame, its extended trade, its wealthy citizens and political strength, ranked it among the influential and renowned cities of those olden times. When Wycliffe entered it in the summer of 1374, it was more than ever a sphere of activity and a point of attraction. Within its walls was sitting a great historical congress, whose object was to conclude a treaty of peace between England and France. Thus 'Wycliffe had the opportunity of coming in contact with men of political and ecclesiastical importance. Among these was the English Duke of Lancaster, more commonly known as "John of Gaunt" (so called because he was born at Ghent). A friendship appears to have sprung up between Wycliffe and the Duke, which served the former in good stead at a later date.

John of Gaunt was at the head of the negotiations for peace between England and France. England was wishing for peace ; but France had no intention of beating her swords into ploughshares, and was busy instead in sharpening her weapons of warfare. The peace congress did not come to a prosperous end, and the conference between the embassies of the Church of England and the representatives of the pope was not more satisfactory. Six bulls were indeed dispatched by the pope to the King of England, concerning the points of grievance against the papacy. But, like the French delegates, Gregory IX. had no intention of making any serious concessions. He did not agree to refrain from encroaching on the property and liberty of the English Church. He only promised to exercise more precaution and wisdom in carrying on his scheme of robbery![3]

Two years were spent on this almost useless ecclesiastical commission, yet to Wycliffe they were not altogether wasted years. He had come face to face with Rome; a clearer insight was given him into the iniquities of the papal court. If the conference at Bruges did not stem the aggressions of the pope in England, it did something better, it helped to equip England's greatest reformer for the battle of Protestantism. In his sojourn abroad Wycliffe forged more than one double-edged weapon to be used later against the most grievous of England's enemies—Rome. Wycliffe returned home with the knowledge that the pope was not the vicar of Christ, but the Antichrist.

The term "Good " cannot be applied to every parliament; but it was the name given to the one which assembled in 1376, after the conference in Bruges had proved itself to be fruitless.

Why was it called "Good"? It was the title by which a grateful people remembered it, because of its strenuous efforts against the encroachments of the pope in England. The country had a right to complain; the pope was taking taxes from England five times more than the king received. It was said that the pope's revenue from our land alone amounted to more than that of any sovereign in Christendom. The "Good Parliament" consequently drew up a memorial and presented it to the Icing, setting forth these grievances, which were impoverishing the country. Special complaint was made against a papal collector, a Frenchman, who sent the pope yearly 20,000 marks of English coin (about £400,000 of our present money), consequently it was decided by parliament that " No papal collector should remain in England upon pain of life and limb, and that no Englishman on the like pain should become such collector, or remain at the court of Rome[4] That Wycliffe gave a vital stimulus to the anti-Roman proceedings of the "Good Parliament " is evident from the fact that a few months after its dissolution, papal wrath



Wycliffe before the Convocation. John of Gaunt defends the Reformer

vented itself against the reformer. The clergy had taken alarm. Courtenay, the new bishop of London, who had set himself in opposition during the "Good Parliament" against John of Gaunt, the friend and patron of Wycliffe, now concentrated his efforts against the latter, hoping thereby to deal a blow against the duke as well.

Convocation met in February, 1377, and 'Wycliffe was cited to appear before it. It was an exciting and memorable scene. Shall we in imagination betake ourselves to the ancient cathedral of St. Paul's, in London, on that eventful day? It is a dull February morning, between eight and nine o'clock. As we near the cathedral we perceive that a large crowd has gathered near its entrance, and is pouring into the building. Rumours of the coming trial have spread, but Wycliffe, the champion of English liberty, has not, as yet, fully gained the sympathy of the excited throng. Look! There they are, forcing their way with no little difficulty through the midst of the people. Three persons we notice. We can easily recognise which is Wycliffe. His form seems meagre in the long black mantle girded round his waist. Let us get nearer, and catch a glimpse of his face. Oh! what an expression of manly strength in his clear-cut features! What a sign of decision, determination in the firmly-closed mouth! That piercing eagle eye! The two friends with him are John of Gaunt, a straight proud figure; and Lord Percy, Earl Marshal of England, who, elbowing his way through the dense assembly, first entered the "Chapel of our Lady," where the convocation awaited the arrival of the "heretic." Bishop Courtenay is there, a man not much over thirty; he is arrayed in his sacerdotal vestments. Other clerical judges support him on either side. A haughty glance and a frown of anger greet the entrance of the three friends. Courtenay is surprised, and annoyed, to see Wycliffe under so powerful protection.

"Lord Percy," he exclaims, "if I had known what mastery you would have kept in the church, I would have stopped you from coming."

"He shall have mastery here, though you say no," was the reply. It was John of Gaunt who spoke.

Wycliffe remained standing. "Sit down," said Lord Percy kindly to him, "for you have many things to answer to, and you need to repose yourself on a soft seat."

The harsh, arrogant tones of the Bishop again are heard. "It is unreasonable that one, cited before his ordinary, should sit down during his answers. He must and shall stand."

"The Lord Percy's motion for Wycliffe is but reasonable," replies John of Gaunt. "And as for you, my Lord bishop, who are grown so proud and arrogant, I Will bring down the pride not of you alone, but of all the prelacy in England."

"Do your worst, sir", was the vexed retort.

Bishop Courtenay's father was the influential and powerful Karl of Devonshire. John of Gaunt referred to him in his reply. "Thou bearest thyself, so brag upon thy parents, which shall not be able to help thee; they shall have enough to do to help themselves."

The bishop, assuming an air of humility, answered, "My confidence not in my parents, nor in any man else, but only in God, in Whom I trust; by Whose assistance I will be bold to speak the truth."

John of Gaunt, perceiving the hypocrisy of this reply, said, "Rather than take these words at his hands, I would pluck the bishop by the hair out of the church."

During this altercation Wycliffe remained silent. No attempt had been made to begin the trial. it was soon impossible to do so ; the last words of the Duke, though spoken in an undertone to the Earl Marshal, had been heard by some of the bystanders. A disturbance ensued. Talking and

brawling, disputing and shouting, commenced. In the midst of such an uproar, it was out of the question even to begin the proceeding.

The council was broken up, and Wycliffe retired without being even accused.

In that same year Edward III. died, and was succeeded by Richard II., a boy of twelve. A few months later, the new king assembled his first parliament, which included nearly the members of the "Good Parliament," whose determination to prevent the pope from robbing the treasury was as keen as before. The anti-Romish spirit was shown, when it urged, "That all foreigners, religious or otherwise, should quit the realm, and that during the war, all their lands and goods should be applied thereto" By this means it was hoped to get rid of the unwelcome Italians who were filling English church livings.

Could they also lawfully refuse to give the pope money, even when he demanded it "under pain of his censures," if it was needed for the defence of the country?

This question was submitted to Wycliffe, who replied that it was right for England to keep her own money. Has not the Creator provided His works of nature with the power to defend themselves? Does not the Gospel teach us that alms-giving should be the outcome of the love of God in the heart? No! The pope had no right to rob the country ; England might lock up her treasury, and keep the key for her own use.

Such was Wycliffe's common-sense reply,[6] a reply sufficient to increase the wrath of the pope, which was already finding vent against him.

About the time that Edward III. was passing away, five "Bulls" arrived from the pope, One was addressed to the king, one to the University of Oxford, and three to the Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishop of London. In these papal documents Wycliffe was branded as a heretic, as a "Master of error," whose doctrines were likely to upset the whole church. In consequence, it was urged that he be "put in prison," and kept there "in sure custody," till he could be tried and judged.

The death of the king, the coldness with which the missives had been received in Oxford, and other events, delayed the fulfilment of these commands. But in December, 1378, after his above-mentioned reply to the questions put to him by parliament, Wycliffe was cited to appear before a synod convened at Lambeth.

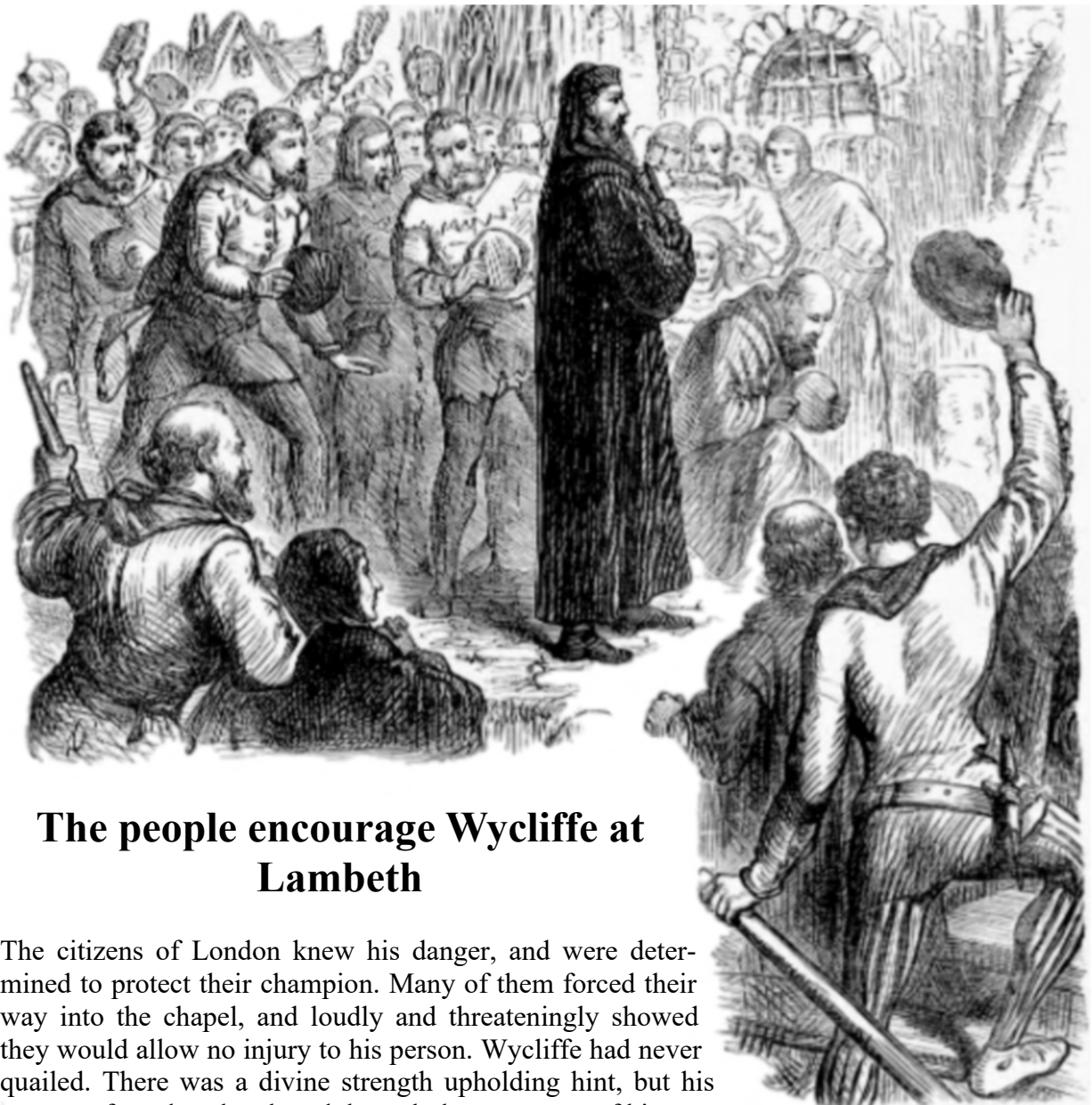
No John of Gaunt, no Earl Marshal is by his side this time, yet the reformer has now won many sympathisers. Shall we, in imagination, follow him, as he wends his way to the palace. The streets through which we pass are a sorry thoroughfare. The pavements, what there are of them, are in many places damaged and broken. Holes and bogs too often impede our progress. The merchants' carts we meet on our way jolt noisily with their heavy wheels over the uneven ground, and make us wonder if the unfortunate carrier will not lose half his goods before he reaches his destination. We merge at last into the path along the banks of the Thames, and we notice bundles of rushes, straws and herbs floating down its murky stream. They were the cast-out carpets of those days. They covered the floors of the king's palace as well as those of the humble cottage, and were supposed to give a room the appearance of comfort. When too soiled for use, they were frequently thrown into the river, much to the detriment of sanitation.

But these matters did not occupy the reformer's mind as he went forth to the summons in Lambeth. There were weightier things than roads and pavements that needed mending. Could we have got close enough, we should have heard him repeating softly, "In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust; let me never be put to confusion. Deliver me in Thy righteousness, and cause me to escape. Incline 'Thine ear unto me and save me."

And God Did save him!

Not Wycliffe only, but the crowd which has assembled in large numbers near the place of meeting realises that their hero is entering the lion's den. Who will deliver him if God does not? Gestures and words of sympathy are directed towards him, the people reverently make a passage for him through their midst, and Wycliffe enters the chapel.

Now he confronts his adversaries the Archbishop of Canterbury, Simon Sudbury, Courtenay the Bishop of London, and a group of doctors and professors of theology. Looks of scorn, hatred, pride accost him. Here is the man who has dared to incite parliament against the pope, who is teaching the people the doctrines of liberty for which martyrs have been burnt. The mighty Rome condemns him. Will he not fail before the merciless revenge she is able to inflict? It is difficult for us to-day to grasp the extent of the dangers which surrounded Wycliffe. Nineteen accusations were against him. They were opinions which he had expressed. For example, he had stated that if the church fell into error, and did not make right use of her temporal property, it was lawful for kings or rulers to deprive her of it. That the pope, too, might be set right if he went wrong. This was not worshipping the pontiff as a god, nor was it bowing down as a slave to his authority. Such independence, such holy effort, for the freedom which the Gospel gives, was enough to bring Wycliffe to martyrdom.



The people encourage Wycliffe at Lambeth

The citizens of London knew his danger, and were determined to protect their champion. Many of them forced their way into the chapel, and loudly and threateningly showed they would allow no injury to his person. Wycliffe had never quailed. There was a divine strength upholding him, but his accusers feared as they heard the turbulent menaces of his protectors. Yet toothier alarm awaited them. A message, as sudden as it was unexpected, was brought to them by Sir Henry Clifford. There he stood, the God-sent deliverer of the man who had prayed for a way of escape.

What is the newcomer saying?

That the queen-mother, the widow of the Black Prince, forbade the passing of any definite sentence of condemnation against Wycliffe! If the court was troubled before, it was trembling now! Terror was written on the faces of the would-be accusers. Queen and people were against them. They were too terrified to proceed further. To save appearances, Wycliffe was prohibited from again preaching his views. A little later, amid the delight of his admirers, the black mantled meagre form crowned with victory left the tribunal as free as he had entered it.[7]

Footnotes to Chapter 14

1. Lechler's "*John Wycliffe*," p. 125.
 2. Paton's "*British History and Papal Claims*."
 3. Vaughn's "*John de Wycliffe: a Monograph*."
 4. Vaughan's "*John de Wycliffe: a Monograph*."
 5. Ibid.
 6. His reply in full can be read in Foxe's "*Acts and Monuments*."
 7. The famous Statutes of *Provisors* and *Praemunire* were, in the reign of Richard II., published in the severest form. With regard to the latter, the pope's chief agent in England was compelled to swear, "I will not do, permit, or cause to be done anything detrimental to the royal prerogative, or the laws of this kingdom---I will not receive nor publish any of the pope's letters, except such as I shall deliver, as soon as possible, to the king's council. I will not remit or export any money or plate out of the kingdom, without special licence of the king or his council, nor introduce any new usages, without permission from the king ; and lastly I will keep inviolably all the king's laws---this I swear," etc.
- The Statute of Provisors, prohibiting the papal nominations to vacant church livings, was also re-enacted as follows: "If any man shall bring within this realm, or send into it, or anywhere within the king's dominions, any summons, sentence, or excommunication against any person, of whatsoever condition, on the ground of his assent or measures, with a view to the execution of the said Statute of Provisors, he shall be taken, arrested and put in prison, and shall forfeit all his lands and tenements, goods and chattels, for ever, and incur the pain of life and member. And should any prelate give execution to any such summons, sentence or excommunication, his temporalities shall be seized, and shall revert to the hands of the king, until due correction and redress shall have been made" (Vaughan).





Chapter XV. JOHN DE WYCLIFFE

III--- HIS TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE



THE Head of Antichrist was cloven in twain, and the two parts were made to fight against each other." Such was the expressive statement of Wycliffe. What had happened?

Why! quarrelling and brawling, fighting and cursing, between Urban VI. and Clement VII., each of whom claimed to be the right pope, and branded the other as a fraud and an impostor. This uncomfortable state of affairs came to pass in the following way:—

When Gregory XI. (the pope who had sent the Bulls against Wycliffe, and who had marked him out as a special object of papal wrath) died, the cardinals at Rome assembled to elect his successor. As the majority of the electors were Frenchmen, it was thought very probable that a Frenchman would be chosen; but this was a possibility which the citizens of Rome would not permit. They, desired a Roman for their pontiff, and with fierce and terrible menaces surrounded the Quirinal, declaring that not a cardinal should be allowed to live if any but a Roman were elected.

To save themselves from the threatened death, the cardinals yielded to the wishes of the mob, and chose an Italian. The people were pacified, but the cardinals were anything but pleased. Escaping from Rome, they met for another election, and chose a Frenchman for pope, declaring the first election was null and void, because it had been made under compulsion. Thus it happened that there were two popes at the same time—Urban VI., who remained at Rome, and Clement VII., who resided at Avignon in France. These rivals kept up a very exciting battle between themselves, while the bewildered world looked on, wondering which was the true and which was the false pope!

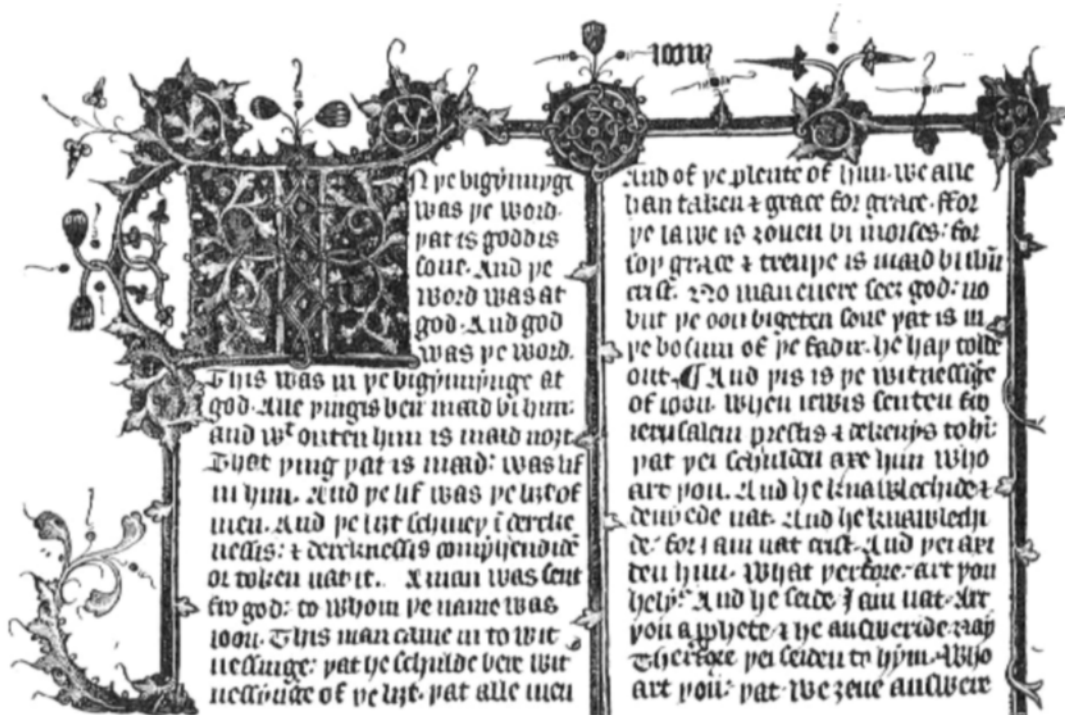
To the really devout Romanist it was no laughing matter. His salvation, he believed, depended on following the Head of his Church; but if there were two Heads, or if the one had been "cloven in twain," as Wycliffe put it, what could the earnest enquirer do? It was like trying to sit on two stools at the same moment, and getting nothing but a tumble down between them. As for infallibility, where was it now to be found? Or the apostolical succession? To seek for them in the midst of such confusion and division, was like looking for the proverbial needle in the bundle of hay. This "Great Western Schism," which began in 1378, lasted for over fifty years. An attempt was made to remedy the evil at the Council of Pisa, when the contending cardinals of both rivals united and declared that both the popes (the successors, of course, of the original squabblers) were deposed, and elected one only in their place. The two popes, however, refused to resign; thus there were actually three pontiffs at the same time! At last, however, in 1415, the Council of Constance met to settle the quarrel, and Pope Martin V. was elected. Still one of the deposed popes continued to persist in assuming the authority and prerogatives of the pontificate;

and the schism lasted on till 1429. Some years later it broke out again for about ten years. The Church of Rome often boasts of unity, but with such a record of internal divisions against her, the boast is a sham.

Wycliffe, of course, did not live to see the end of the long and furious contention. He died while the popes were busy hurling thunders at each other. One cannot read the story of John de Wycliffe without seeing the hand of God so constantly manifested to deliver his servant from imminent peril. Just when the papal net was gathering round him, and the intrigues of his foes were about to entrap him, the head of the Romish Church died, and the schism which followed provided the reformer with a way of escape. The thunderbolts of wrath between the rival popes sped from Rome to Avignon, and were returned with interest from Avignon to Rome. While the storm thus raged, Wycliffe, in the quietude of Lutterworth, performed his greatest work: the translation of the Scriptures into English.

Before this effort was placed before the public, his pen was used in some sharp attacks against the papal schism. In a remarkable tract entitled "Schisma Papa," the author appealed to the nations whether the opportunity was not providentially given to aid them in their liberation from the oppressive bondage of the Romish hierarchy. "The fiend," he exclaimed, "no longer reigns in one, but in two priests, that men may more easily, in Christ's name, overcome them both. Trust we in the help of Christ, for He hath begun already to help US graciously ; in that He hath chosen the head of Antichrist, and made the two parts fight against each other ; for it cannot be doubtful that the sin of the popes which hath so long continued, hath brought in the division." [1]

It was a fitting time to publish his greatest work. The important event was heralded by the issue of a treatise "on the truth and meaning of Scripture," in which the author maintained "the supreme authority of Scripture," "the right of private judgment," and that "Christ's law sufficeth by itself to rule Christ's Church." He moreover insisted on the necessity of translating the Scriptures into the language understood by the people, and thereby dropped the first hint, probably, of his intention to give his fellow-countrymen the priceless heritage of the Word of God in their own tongue.



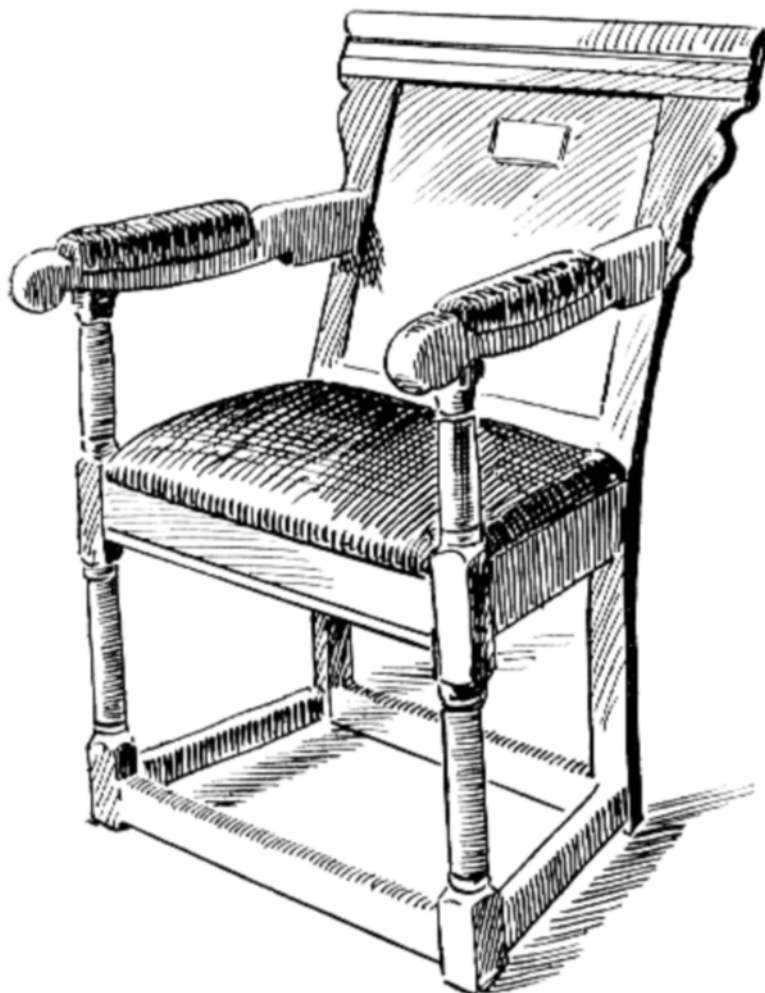
Portion of a page of Wycliffe's Bible.

The living of Lutterworth had been presented to Wycliffe by Edward III. in 1375, as a token of royal confidence and favour. On his return from the famous conference at Bruges (see chap. xiv.) Wycliffe entered on his new charge, and had laboured as. parish priest some five or six years at his Leicestershire field of work when he presented his best gift to England. The very name of Lutterworth makes us picture a charming-scene of the reformer in the midst of his parochial duties, seeking the seclusion of a quiet study where the immortal Book was translated. We see him bending over the sacred page; we find him digging in the mine of God's treasure-house and bringing forth its priceless riches out of the obscure corners in which a corrupt system had buried it away from the people, and with holy joy and unwearied patience, breaking it loose from the padlocked chain of Romish bondage with which a tyrannical priesthood had shut it up from the masses.

We know not how many years Wycliffe was engaged in this sublime task, or at what exact period of his life he first conceived the novel idea. We know that as a student at Oxford his love for God's word was great, and as his own thirst for divine knowledge was being quenched at this infallible well-spring of life, no doubt the desire to give others—even the poor and the illiterate—to drink at the same heavenly fountain, gradually took possession of his being, until it bore fruit in the translation of the Book into English.

It was the first attempt to give the Bible to England in her mother tongue. A brief glance at the times before Wycliffe shows us the efforts of former translators of Scripture portions had come far short of this stupendous conception—for stupendous it was in that beclouded age—of giving the whole Bible, from Genesis to Revelations, to the English folk. We have already made reference to Bede and his dying labour of rendering the Gospel of John into Saxon--of Caedmon and his rustic paraphrases—of Alfred the Great and his noble work in gathering together the learned of his court to translate parts of the Holy Book into Saxon. We must mention also Elfric, a monk who lived towards the end of the tenth century, and who translated considerable portions of the Old Testament, many of which, however, were abridgements. Such men were better than

the system to which they nominally belonged. To the Norman period may probably be assigned some manuscripts of uncertain date, Psalters in Saxon and three gospels in the Anglo-Norman dialect.



Wycliffe's Chair at Lutterworth

Lechler states that the whole Bible was translated into Norman, hut this was the language only of the court and the higher classes, not understood by the masses. In Old English appeared a curious work entitled "Ormulum" (from the name of its author, "Orme"). It was a paraphrase of the Gospels and Acts. Another paraphrase deserves a passing notice. It was a big volume called "Souls' Health," issued shortly before the thirteenth century. It contained a metrical paraphrase

of the Old and New Testaments, and was elegantly written on vellum, and elaborately illuminated. The following quotation of a few lines will show that Old English is to us an almost incomprehensible language.

*"Mirthes to God al erthe that es,
Serves to Lovered in faines.
In go yhe in his siht,
In gladness that is so bright."*[2]

Can you recognise the above as the first verse in metre of the hundredth Psalm?

Later we read of a hermit, Richard Rolle. He was a monk of the Augustine order, and resided in a convent at Hampole near Doncaster. He translated the Psalms and Hymns of the Church into English prose, with a comment to each verse, and, also a few paraphrases of some portions of the Bible.

With the exception of a few similar translations or paraphrases, there existed little further effort to give the people the Word of God. Bearing this in mind, we can realise how magnificent was Wycliffe's attempt to publish a literal translation of the whole Bible into English. It was a novel and astonishing thought, and must have seemed to many in that night-mantled age like an unexpected blaze of light that looked all the more dazzling because of the surrounding darkness. Christ has said, "I am the bright and morning star," and the publication and circulation of His Word was the undoubted herald of the dawn of day.

Did Wycliffe accomplish the gigantic task by himself? No. It appears that he was the translator of the New Testament, while his co-worker, Nicholas de Hereford, translated the Old ; though no doubt he had the help of Wycliffe.

Nicholas de Hereford was a doctor of theology, and a staunch adherent of the doctrines taught by Wycliffe. His fate was tested by suffering. A sermon preached before the Oxford University offended the popish party, and he was cited before a synod in London to answer for his opinions.

The sentence of excommunication was passed upon him. Realising the injustice of this verdict, Nicholas de Hereford went to Rome, and in person appealed to the pope. He had to learn how unmerciful is the character of the papacy. As well enter a lion's den and look to the wild beasts of the forest for pity as appeal to the pope for justice for one who had dared to oppose his emissaries. The doctor was thrown into prison, and was not liberated for some years (he escaped during a rise of the citizens, who broke open the prisons), when he returned to England, and continued a devoted follower of Evangelical truth.

His translation of the Old Testament appears to have been completed before his condemnation, and while busy translating the Apocrypha (for it was not understood in those days that the Apocrypha is no part of the inspired Word of God), he was suddenly interrupted by the citation. The work was finished by another hand.

With what joy must Wycliffe and his co-workers have hailed the completion of so great an achievement! To finish a labour of love—to have overcome every obstacle and see the undertaking which has cost so much sacrifice at last brought to a successful issue, is always a pleasure; but the delight is increased ten-fold if the work is one which has the impress of immortality. To give the Bible to the English people was a Divine work, whose fruits will endure beyond all time.

There are now several printed copies of Wycliffe's and Hereford's original translations. They differ much in style. Nicholas de Hereford translated literally from the Latin, without sufficient regard to the requirements of the English tongue, and he is consequently stiff and often obscure.

But Wycliffe's translation of the New Testament is rich, full, yet simple and tender. It marked a distinct epoch in the development of the English language. If Chaucer was "the Father of English Poetry," Wycliffe has with equal truth been styled "the Father of English Prose." They stand together at the head of the "Middle English" dialect, which received a fuller development in the sixteenth century, just when Luther's translation of the Bible into German was opening a new era in the German language.

The following few lines from Wycliffe's New Testament will show what "Middle English" was like, and how much more similar it is to our modern tongue than that of the early English of which we have given a brief example.

"And aftir size dayes Jhesus took Petre, and James, and John, and ledith hem by hemselve aloone in to an high hil; and he is transfigurid byfore hem. And his clothis been maad schynyng and white ful moche as snow, and what mauere clothis a fullere, or walkere of cloth may not make white on erthe. And Helye with Moysc apperide to hem, and thee weren spekyng with Jhesus" (Matt. xvii. 1-3.).

The year 1382 is the probable date of the public appearance of the first English Bible. It was translated from the Latin Vulgate, Hebrew and Greek being unknown to the translators.

In those days there were no printing machines, nor publishing firms, and the labour of preparing copies for circulation throughout the land was enormous. Each word had to be written by hand; but for this work willing scribes were not lacking. Numerous copies were made, not only of the whole Bible, but also of various portions of the Book, and circulated far and wide. They found a hearty welcome in many an English home. The castle of the rich, the cottage of the poor, the king's palace, the baron's hall, the peasant's hut, and the soldiers' quarters opened their doors to let in the new flood of Light.

But the book was expensive, and many of the people were poor; and yet, though a volume cost about £40 of our present money, numerous purchasers were found, not only among the wealthy, but also among the busy labouring classes. When one family could not afford to buy it, several would club together, and the hard earnings of many a humble groper after the Light were put by, to procure a copy of the rare and priceless treasure.

All could not read. But this difficulty also was overcome; some better educated person would read it aloud to an eagerly listening crowd. The "old, old story" of a Saviour's love must have fallen strangely on ears which had been accustomed to the fables preached by friars, or to the priests' mumbling of the Latin mass. The boy at the plough, or the weaver at his work, the thrifty housewife, and even the boys and girls would look forward to the quiet reading hour around the kitchen fire in the long winter evenings. As the logs of wood blazed and sparkled, a yet better Light was illuminating the hearts of England's honest sons of toil in that long, long ago. Men heard with a strange delight that salvation was for the poor who could give nothing for it, as much as for the rich. Women learnt for the first time that she who reads and keeps God's Word is more blessed than the Virgin Mary; and the little ones who clung to mother's skirt, or sat on father's knee, heard too, as the sacred page was read aloud, that Jesus loved the children and bade them come to Him. From the banks of the Tees in the north, where Wycliffe's boyhood days had been passed, to London in the south, from east to west, the Light was scattered.

But all did not rejoice at its advent. A burst of wrath from monks and priests sought to stay its progress. In causing the bible to have free course throughout England, the foundations of Rome were being assailed and shaken. Its Light would penetrate into the darkest corners- the evils of "Holy Church" would be made known, people would use their private judgment, and question her doctrines--the night which entrapped the lands would be dispelled, and the priests and the friars, these moles and bats of the dark ages, would not be able to stand before such a panoply of Light. No wonder they raised a great cry of alarm. The storm raged round the reformer, but



THE FORBIDDEN BOOK

From the picture by M. Karek Ooms

its fury did not move him. In a powerful treatise he replied to the protest. Its startling title is: ***"How Antichrist and his clerks travail to destroy Holy Writ, and to make Christian men unstable in the faith, and to set their ground in devils of Hell."*** The work begins thus:

"As our Lord Jesus Christ ordained to make His Gospel sadly known, and maintained against heretics, and men out of belief, by the writings of the four Evangelists, so the devil casteth by Antichrist and his worldly clerks, to destroy Holy Writ, and the belief of Christian men, by four cursed ways or reasonings."

He then goes on to show that these "reasonings" (which he compares to four Wheels of Satan's Cart) are placing the authority of the church above that of the Bible, viz., relying on the word of man rather than that of God he continues to prove the supremacy of Scripture, and the absolute authority of the Bible as the final court of appeal. "Jesus Christ," wrote Wycliffe, "saith His Gospel is an everlasting Testament; but these (the priests) would destroy it with the blast from the mouth of Antichrist." [3]

It is well for us to note these bold extracts. The Reformation was wrought, the people delivered from darkness---not by soft means and gentle words, but by men and women who were set on fire with zeal for God, and who dared to call iniquity by its right name.

Let those who weakly condemn outspoken exposures of Romanism in these days, bear in mind that the Light and Liberty they enjoy now were won by the daring of reformers and martyrs, and not by silvered speeches and honeyed deeds.

Wycliffe's and Nicholas de Hereford's translations were afterwards revised, and thereby were rendered more perfect; but the revision did not appear till 1388, four years after the reformer's death, and was principally the work of John Purvey, a devoted friend of Wycliffe. The revision, no doubt, added an impetus to the work of circulation, and the reviser became a mark for special papal revenge. John Purvey was, with 'William Sawtree, arrested as "heretics" worthy of death. Both were priests. Sawtree was burnt (1401); but Purvey escaped by recantation, though later he returned to the Evangelical, persecuted party, and was again proceeded against by Archbishop Chicheley. His ultimate fate is uncertain.

So greatly did Rome dread the increasing circulation of the Bible in every part of England, that in 1390 an effort was made in the Upper House of Parliament to pass motion for the seizing of all the copies of the Word of God. The Duke of Lancaster, the John of Gaunt who had valiantly stood by the reformer, rose to protest against so unjust a measure.

"Are we then the very dregs of humanity," he exclaimed, "that we cannot possess the laws of our religion in our own tongue?" [4]

So rapidly did the Light penetrate into many a dark place, that in 1408 it was thought necessary to make further efforts to hinder its progress. At a synod presided over by Archbishop Arundel the following decree was passed:--

"We enact and ordain that no one henceforth do, by his own authority, translate any text of Holy Scripture into the English tongue, or into any other by way of book or treatise; nor let any book or treatise now lately composed in the time of John Wycliffe, or since, or hereafter to be composed, be read in whole or in part, in public or in private, under pain of the greater excommunication." [5]

Notwithstanding persecuting decrees, and burnings of the Lollards, the work went on; for when God says, "Let there be Light," none can hinder the fulfilment of the omnipotent purpose. To use the words of Milton, "Then was the sacred Bible sought out from dusty corners; the schools were opened; divine and human learning raked out of the embers of forgotten tongues; princes

and cities trooped apace to the newly-erected banner of salvation; martyrs with the irresistible might of weakness shook the powers of darkness, and scorned the fiery rage of the old red dragon."

Wycliffe's Bible, in whole or in part, continued to be circulated until the printed copies of other translators took its place in the sixteenth century. Who can number the redeemed multitude whose way to life was lighted by that immortal Book? But Rome has never forgiven the translator. Bishop Arundel, when writing to the pope of Wycliffe, described him as "that pestilent wretch of damnable memory, John Wycliffe, son of the old serpent." [6]

We need no further proof that the system which condemns the free circulation of the Bible and persecutes those who love and spread it abroad, is not of the Light, but of the darkness. "For everyone that doeth evil, hateth the light" (John iii. 20). But the Protestant whose most priceless heritage, next to Christ Himself, is His Holy Bible, dwells with grateful thoughts upon the work of John Wycliffe, believing it to have been a divine work, wrought by Him Who is the "Light of the world."

Footnotes to Chapter 15

1. Le Bas (see his "Life of Wycliffe") mentions there is a copy of this tract in Trinity College, Dublin.
2. See Le Bas' "*Life of Wycliffe.*"
3. Vaughan's "*John de Wycliffe: a Monograph.*"
4. D'Aubigne, Vol. 5.
5. Boulton's "*History. of the Church of England, Pre-Reformation period.*"
6. Ibid. p. 320





Chanter XVI JOHN DE WYCLIFFE

IV---HIS ATTACKS AGAINST TRANSUBSTANTIATION AND THE SPIRITUAL. POWER OF THE POPE



WYCLIFFE became Doctor of Divinity about 1372. This degree entitled him to lecture to as many as chose to become his pupils. Shall we take a peep at Doctor Wycliffe in his lecture hall? Yes! Let us wend our way through ancient Oxford. We pass through narrow streets; the houses on either side, with their overhanging roofs, seem to shut out a sight of the blue sky above. We notice the houses are built mainly of wood and plaster. In vain we look for chimneys; in the fourteenth century they were almost unknown in England. The smoke finds an outlet from kitchen or parlour, as best it can, by way of an open door, window, or hole in the roof. At a cross road or market square we come upon some of the students, driving a hard bargain with a merchant or pedlar. They argue and wrangle over the price of a warm cap or a winter's coat. At last we find ourselves in the house or school, where a lecturer is holding forth, and enter a lecture-room. Not a comfortable looking place, according to our twentieth century ideas! It seems a gloomy hall, and the benches which seat the scholars are hard and rudely made. Upon a slightly raised platform is the "Doctor," in his sombre long gown, and with earnest voice is speaking in Latin to the rows of listening youths, upon the face of some of whom is written an expression of intelligent desire to understand the subtle and sometimes obscure speculations of the schoolman.

If we enter Wycliffe's lecture hall, what should we hear? 'The question is not difficult to answer. Among the reformer's many literary works is one entitled "*The Trialogues*," which contains in substance much that was addressed by him to his students. It is called "*Trialogues*" because it consists of a series of colloquies between three speakers: Truth, Falsehood and Wisdom. The treatise gives us a faithful acquaintance with the chief opinions of Doctor Wycliffe. In imagination we place ourselves among the interested audience of the class-room, and listen to words such as the following:-

"All Christians should be soldiers of Christ; but it is plain that many are chargeable with great neglect of their duty, inasmuch the fear of losing temporal goods and worldly friendships, apprehensions about life and fortune, prevent so great a number from being faithful in setting forth the cause of God, from standing manfully for its defence, or if need be, from suffering death in its behalf---For the believer in maintaining the law of Christ should be prepared, as His soldier, to endure all things,---declaring boldly to pope and cardinals, to bishops and prelates, how unjustly, according to the teaching of the Gospel, they serve God in their office----for as the abomination of desolation begins with a perverted clergy, so the consolation begins with a converted clergy. Hence we Christians need not visit pagans to convert them by enduring martyrdom in their behalf; we have only to declare with constancy the law of God before Cæsarian prelates, and straightway the flower of martyrdom will be at hand."

These views show us that Wycliffe thought it not unlikely that he would be called to seal his testimony with his life. Now let us hear him on the subject of Saint-worship. He said:-

"Not a few think it would be well for the church if all festivals of saints were abolished, and those only retained which have respect immediately to Christ. For then they say, the memory of Christ would be kept more freshly in the mind, and the devotions of common people would not be unduly distributed among the members of Christ---For the Scriptures assure us that Christ is the Mediator between God and man. Hence many are of opinion that when prayer was directed only to the Second Person of the Trinity for spiritual help, the church was more flourishing, and made greater advances than it does now, when many intercessors have been found out and introduced."

"The Trialogues" is one of the most important books of the English Reformation. In it we see the seeds of immortal truth sown in the hearts of the English, Which bore fruits a couple of centuries later in the complete emancipation of England from the bondage of Rome. **"The Trialogues"** placed the Word of God above the authority of "the Church." Let us hear Wycliffe on Scripture:-

"The chief cause, beyond doubt, of the existing state of things is our want of faith in Holy Scripture. We do not sincerely believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, or we should abide by the authority of His Word, especially that of the Evangelists, as of infinitely greater weight than any other. Inasmuch as it is the will of the Holy Spirit that our attention should not be dispersed over a large number of objects, but concentrated on one sufficient source of instruction, it is His pleasure that the books of the Old and New Testaments should be read and studied, and that men should not be taken up with other books, which, true as they may be, are not to be confided in without caution and limitation. Hence Augustine[1] often enjoins it on his readers not to place any faith in his word or writings, except in so far as they have their foundation in Scripture---Of course, we should judge in this manner concerning the writings of other holy doctors, and much more concerning the writings of the Roman Church, and of her doctors in these later times. If we follow this rule, the Scriptures will be held in becoming reverence. The papal Bulls will be superseded as they ought to be---What concern have the faithful with writings of this sort, except as they are honestly deduced from the fountain of Scripture? By pursuing such a course, it is not only in our power to reduce the mandates of prelates and popes to their just place, but the errors of these new religious orders also might be corrected, and the worship of Christ well purified and elevated."

These extracts show how distinctly Wycliffe realised the need of a Reformation, how ardently he desired it, and how courageously he sought to promote it; but such words must have fallen strangely on the ears of those who had been taught the very opposite by the doctors of "Holy Church." We can well believe that no small discussion resulted, not only among the students who were privileged to attend his classes, but also by many who read his writings. In the market place, in the peasant's hut, in the baron's hall, these matters were oft the subject of conversation. The morning light was bursting forth, and many were able to rejoice in it with a delight akin to that which the ice-bound arctic explorer welcomes the first streak of sunshine, after a long, weary half-year's night of winter.

People were not only made glad; they were equipped also for the heat of battle. Who can tell how many a future Lollard learnt to buckle on his armour in the lecture-room of Doctor Wycliffe, or how many a martyr spirit was nerved to the war in quiet study, over the reformer's Scriptural Tracts and Treatises!

Such doctrines could not escape the vigilant eye of Roman prelates. Their indignant horror and venomous hatred were focused against the reformer. These attacks against the pope's spiritual power could not pass unrevengeed. Their rage reached boiling point when Doctor Wycliffe proceeded to deny the dogma of:--

TRANSUBSTANTIATION

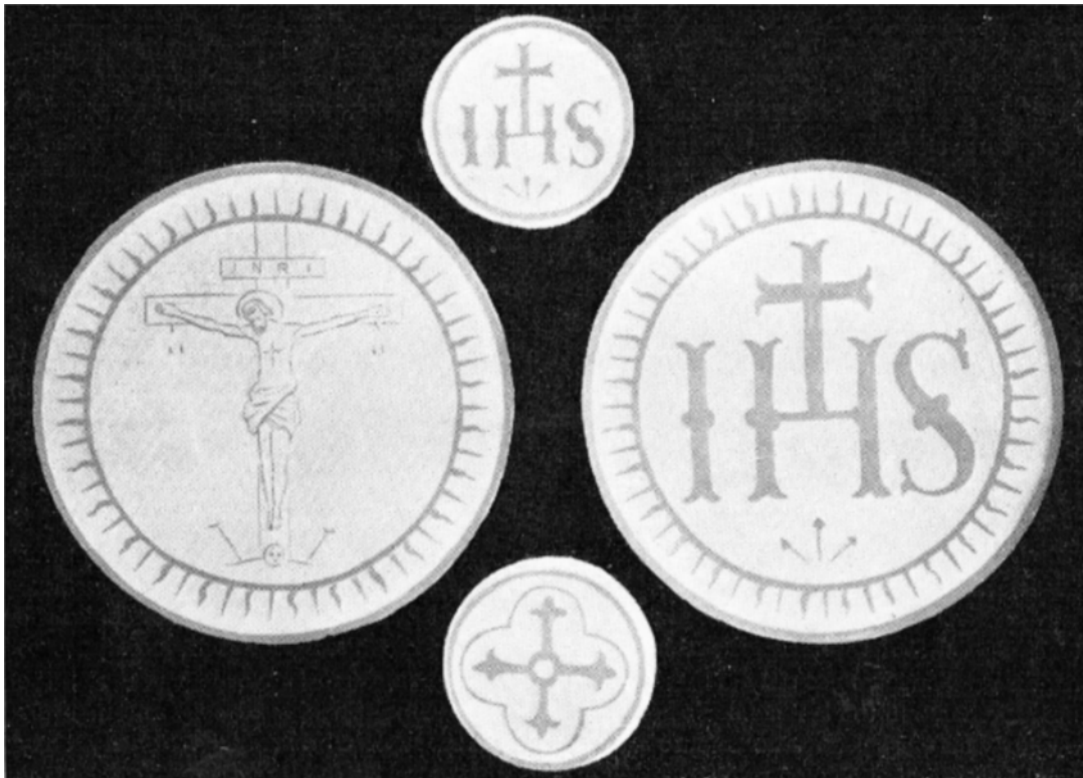
or the doctrine which asserts that at the words, "This is My body," pronounced by the priest, bread ceases to be bread, and is changed into Almighty God Himself!

That anyone could seriously believe so great a figment is almost incredible, yet there have been millions who have lived and died in this "strange delusion." Wycliffe at first also believed it, and continued to do so until at least 1378. Afterwards he appears to have entertained some doubts on the subject, and in 1381 he directly and publicly opposed transubstantiation, not hesitating to style it "a sacrament of Antichrist."

Let us again enter the class-room when he is lecturing on this subject, and we hear him say:--

"I maintain that among all the heresies which have appeared in the church, there was never one which was more cunningly smuggled in by hypocrites than this, or which in more ways deceives the people; for it plunders them, leads them astray into idolatry, denies the teaching of Scripture, and by this unbelief provokes the Truth Himself oftentimes to anger---Thus not only is there no transubstantiation, there is no identification; the bread remains to the last **naturally** bread, and is at the same time **sacramentally** and in **figure** the body of Christ---A mouse might eat 'the body of Christ,' and that very body would putrefy and change into worms. Wherefore it is clear that the expression, 'This is My body,' with others like it—as when Christ is spoken of as a Lamb, a Kid, a Serpent--should be understood as predicated figuratively."

By words such as these[2] did Wycliffe seek to instil into the minds of his hearers the simple fact that the bread of the Lord's Supper is only a figure or representation of Christ's body, and remains after consecration just what it was before it—viz., **bread only**. For holding and teaching such doctrines many had suffered torture and death; but Wycliffe had counted the cost. He knew "the flowers of martyrdom" were near those who opposed the errors of Rome. The martyr's burning pile might be his portion, and yet he would not swerve.



Rome's Wafer God

In the summer of 1381 he published his famous "*Twelve Theses on the Eucharist*." There was a commotion at Oxford when words such as the following were read:-

"The consecrated Host which we see on the altar is neither Christ nor any part of Him, but the efficacious sign of Him."

The clergy are alarmed; Oxford is stirred. Not an obscure, ignorant man has assailed the citadel of Rome; but one of its most learned doctors has attacked the very central point of the antichristian system. Wycliffe has challenged the world to disprove his arguments. None dare take up the gauntlet--only one course is practicable to them: they must silence the offender. The chancellor of the University hastily summons a council, consisting chiefly of monks and begging friars. A mandate is drawn up, declaring the doctrines of the Theses to be erroneous, and prohibiting anyone from teaching the same in the University, on pain of suspension, excommunication or imprisonment.

We have already seen Doctor Wycliffe in his lecture-room; let us visit him once again on that memorable occasion. There was a monastery of the Augustine monks in Oxford, and several of its departments were used as lecture halls, and probably possessed a greater degree of comfort than the gloomy class-rooms to which we have introduced the reader. Wycliffe is there lecturing to his interested students on the subject of transubstantiation. Suddenly and unexpectedly the discourse is interrupted by the entrance of a delegate from the Council. He holds in his hands the mandate they have drawn up, and proceeds to read it aloud, It was practically the expulsion of Wycliffe from the University.

"You ought first to have shown me I am in error," protested Wycliffe.

This neither the delegate nor the Council who sent him were able to do; but Wycliffe must submit to their decree, or take the penalty.

"Then," said he, "I appeal to the King and Parliament."

But it was still summer, and parliament would not meet for some months; so the reformer retired to his country parish, and in the quietude of Lutterworth ministered to his flock, leaving the future in the hands of the All-wise God. We can realise how sweet must have been his communion with the Saviour, whose Word he had so unflinchingly upheld. So he tarried till the trumpet call bade him forth once more to the conflict.

But clouds began to gather; a rebellion broke out in England among the peasants. It was caused by oppressive taxation and unjust laws, which kept the peasants in a state of serfdom. Wat Tyler and Jack Straw traversed the country, inciting the people to revolt. Wycliffe and his followers had no share in causing or encouraging the insurrection, but their foes were glad of the opportunity of laying the blame on the reformer and his disciples. Wycliffe would never have sought to purify the church by deeds of bloodshed. His weapon was not the instrument of the assassin, but the sharp two-edged sword of the Spirit—the Word of God.

Among those who were beheaded by the rebels was Simon Sudbury, Archbishop of Canterbury. He was succeeded by Courtenay, the bitter enemy of Wycliffe. The new archbishop waited only for the arrival of the "Pallium"[3] from Rome to strike the blow. Panoplied with this costly ornament, he might proceed to wage war against his opponent. (How zealous bishops have been to snuff out the Light, but how dilatory they are in dispelling darkness!) While Courtenay waited for his insignia of authority, Wycliffe was busy with his pen at Lutterworth, writing a famous treatise called "*The Wyckett*." It was so entitled from the Saviour's words about the straight gate and narrow way. Here are a few lines from it:-

"Christ path revealed to us that there are two ways, one leading to life, the other leading to death ; the former narrow, the latter broad. Let us therefore pray to God to strengthen us by His grace in the spiritual life, that we may enter in through the 'straight gate,' and that He would defend us in the hour of temptation. Such temptation to depart from God and fall into idolatry is also present when men declare it to be heresy to speak the Word of God to the people in English, and when they would press upon us instead of this a false law and a false faith—viz., the faith in the consecrated Host. This is of all faiths the falsest."

In this tract Wycliffe maintains that the doctrine of transubstantiation is "the abomination of desolation" foretold by Daniel, and by our Lord (Matt. xxiv. 15)—viz., the profanation of the sanctuary by heathenish idolatry.

"Truly," wrote Wycliffe, "this must needs be the worst sin to say that ye make God, and this is 'the abomination of desolation' that is said in Daniel the prophet, standing in the holy place."

Thus the substance of the whole tract is against transubstantiation as a sin of idolatry.

At last Courtenay got his "Pallium," which he believed possessed some potent spell.

Now he was equipped for the fray!

On 17th May, 1382, a synod was convened. "It was composed," says Foxe, "of archbishops and suffragans, with other doctors of divinity and lawyers, with a great company of babbling friars and religious persons." Courtenay's plan evidently was to secure a condemnation of Wycliffe's doctrines, and to organise a scheme of persecution towards all who held them.

Courtenay's memory was good enough to recall the scene in St. Paul's, when Wycliffe had been cited before him, and a tempest of popular wrath had broken up the meeting, and the "heretic" had escaped even without accusation. He knew, too, of that second attempted trial against the reformer in Lambeth Palace, when, instead of being crushed, Wycliffe had retired as a conqueror, amid the enthusiastic cheers of a crowd of sympathisers. This time care must be taken to avoid such demonstrations in his favour; so the court met in the Blackfriars' monastery, where surely they might deliberate and condemn Wycliffe without fear of interruption. Having regaled themselves with "dinner," they proceeded "about two of the clock"[4] to begin their business, when lo!—what is happening? The archbishop cannot sit straight on his chair; the friars have ceased to babble, and are white with fear; the walls of the monastery are swaying; the ground is rocking; it is an earthquake! Some of the court are wise to perceive that the hand of God is against them. They are reminded of the great earthquake that shook the earth when a greater than Wycliffe was condemned and slain. Courtenay's conscience is not so tender; he thinks himself secure in the magic charm with which the "Pallium" has invested him. He is ready with a little lecture on earthquakes, and immediately begins to deliver it. "What causes earthquakes?" he demands of the quaking council. "Why, noxious vapours, of course, and by the convulsions of the earth they are expelled." So, in like manner, should the heresies of Wycliffe be cleansed away, but not without commotion. The fears of the doctors and the fat friars were calmed; but whether from the pretty homily on earthquakes, or from the more common-sense fact that as the earthquake was passing over, the annihilation of themselves was not immediately probable, we cannot say.

For three days they sat and deliberated, and no doubt found mutual comfort in condemning some of Wycliffe's opinions as heretical, and others as erroneous. Those on Transubstantiation received special black marks, as did also every other doctrine that directly touched their own vanity or weakened their much loved authority.

Having thus settled the matter, in private, to their own satisfaction, the next move was to impress outsiders with a sense of their own great virtue and importance. Londoners gazed with astonish-

ment on a procession of clergy and laity who marched barefoot through the dirty narrow streets to St. Paul's, where a Carmelite friar, in a halo of sanctity, delivered an oration, admonishing the crowd to beware of the "heresies" which were spreading abroad.

All the bishops, too, got a warning message, enjoining them to exercise special care against all who preached or taught the condemned doctrines, and to avoid them "as serpents that diffuse pestilence and poison."

As these efforts did not exterminate the "noxious vapours" as speedily as the "Earthquake Council" had desired, it was thought desirable to bring the matter before the King, Richard II. This youthful monarch had not inherited the sturdy spirit of his predecessor, and fell an easy prey to the primate's scheme.

"If we permit this heretic," said the archbishop, "to appeal continually to the passions of the people, our destruction is inevitable; we must silence these Lollards."

The king agreed to the demand, and a document was drawn up with his authority. It was only a royal proclamation, and though it never became an Act of Parliament, it was hoped it would be sufficiently effectual to "silence the Lollards." Here are the most important extracts of the curious pseudo-statute, which gives us an idea of the great difficulties under which the Gospel preacher laboured in those days, and ought to make us place a high value on the priceless heritage of the liberty we enjoy now:-

"Forasmuch as it is openly known that there are divers evil persons within the realm going from country to country, and from town to town, in certain habits, under dissimulation of great lowliness, and without the license of the ordinaries of the places, or other sufficient authority, preaching daily, not only in churches and churchyards, but also in markets, fairs, and other open places, where a great congregation of people is, delivers sermons containing heresies and notorious errors to the great blemishing of the Christian faith and destruction of all the laws and estate of Holy Church, to the great peril of the souls of the people and of all the realm of England---which preachers being cited or summoned before the ordinaries of the places, there to answer to that whereof they be impeached, they will not obey to their summons and commandments, nor care for their monitions, nor for the censures of Holy Church, but expressly despise them ; and moreover by their subtle and ingenious words to draw the people to hear their sermons, and do maintain them in their error by strong hand and by great routs:—it is therefore ordained and assented in this present parliament, that the king's commission be made and directed to the sheriffs and other ministers of our sovereign lord the king, or other sufficient persons---**to arrest all such preachers, and also their maintainers, and to hold them in arrest and strong prison** till they shall purify themselves attending to the law and reason of Holy Church."[5]

Such was the persecution in the fourteenth century against those who preached the simple gospel truths we love to-day, such the hatred shown towards those who dared to point out the soul-destroying errors of a false system.

This "royal proclamation" applied to the whole country; but no part of it was so deeply saturated with reformation doctrines as Oxford, where Wycliffe had studied as a scholar, and laboured as a teacher for so many years. The reformer had been driven away; but his influence remained unchecked. Consequently, a special writ was directed to this chief citadel of the rising light, authorising that a full search be made for all suspected persons, who, when found, be expelled from the University, unless they recant within a week. In plain English, extinguish the Light!

Great was the excitement in Oxford. A doctor of divinity named Reppingdon, who had offered to publicly defend the doctrines of Wycliffe, was invited to preach before the University.

What is to be done? Oxford, instead of condemning Wycliffe, is actually eager to hear a defence of his opinions!

Courtenay, in alarm, directs that the condemnation of Wycliffe's Thesis, passed by the "Earthquake Council," be published at Oxford. Surely the judgment of so learned a Court should overawe the Oxonians into submission! Doctor Stokes is chosen to make the publication the very day that Doctor Reppington was expected to preach in St. Fridiswide's. But Doctor Stokes, though he admires valour, thinks prudence a better part ; he dare not appear in public! His alarm was not groundless. The writ to Oxford was read with indignation; the Chancellor, Doctor Rigge, declared the Archbishop has no right to proceed against heresy within the confines of the University. Instead of assisting Doctor Stokes, he would oppose him and his sham authority.

The appointed day arrived. Doctor Reppington preached his sermon in the presence of the Chancellor, who came attended by the Mayor, the proctors, and an imposing array of influential persons, and a hundred men secretly armed. The statements of the preacher must have startled some of his hearers when he said, for example, that to give pope or prelate precedence of the civil magistrate, either in Church or State, was contrary to Scripture, and detrimental to all good government.

After the sermon, the Chancellor, with his armed men, presented himself to the preacher, and thanked him for his good words.

Such incidents afford us happy glimpses of the progress of our fourteenth century forefathers towards a better day.

Later, the Chancellor gave some outward submission to the archbishop, and partly published the obnoxious judgment of the Earthquake Council. But the students exhibited such indignation at this proceeding, that the religious orders were obliged to find safety in flight.

Footnotes to Chapter 16

1. This is not the Augustine who brought popery to England in the sixth century ; but Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, of the fourth century
2. All the foregoing quotations are from Wycliffe's "*Trialogues*"
3. For explanation of the " Pallium" see chapter ii., page 11.
4. Foxe's "*Acts and Monuments.*"
5. A copy of this document in full can be read in Vaughan's "*John de Wycliffe: a Monograph.*"





Chapter XVII JOHN DE WYCLIFFE

V.--THE HEAT OF BATTLE



WHILE the storm was thus bursting over Oxford, Wycliffe was gaining fresh strength in Lutterworth. Did his enemies think they had silenced the intrepid warrior? From the seclusion of his quiet rectory, the bugle sound of war was heard. Wycliffe had said he would appeal to the king, and to parliament. He has not forgotten his promise; he is fearless as ever—though his hair is white, and sixty years have passed over his head. Listen to the blast of his war trumpet:—

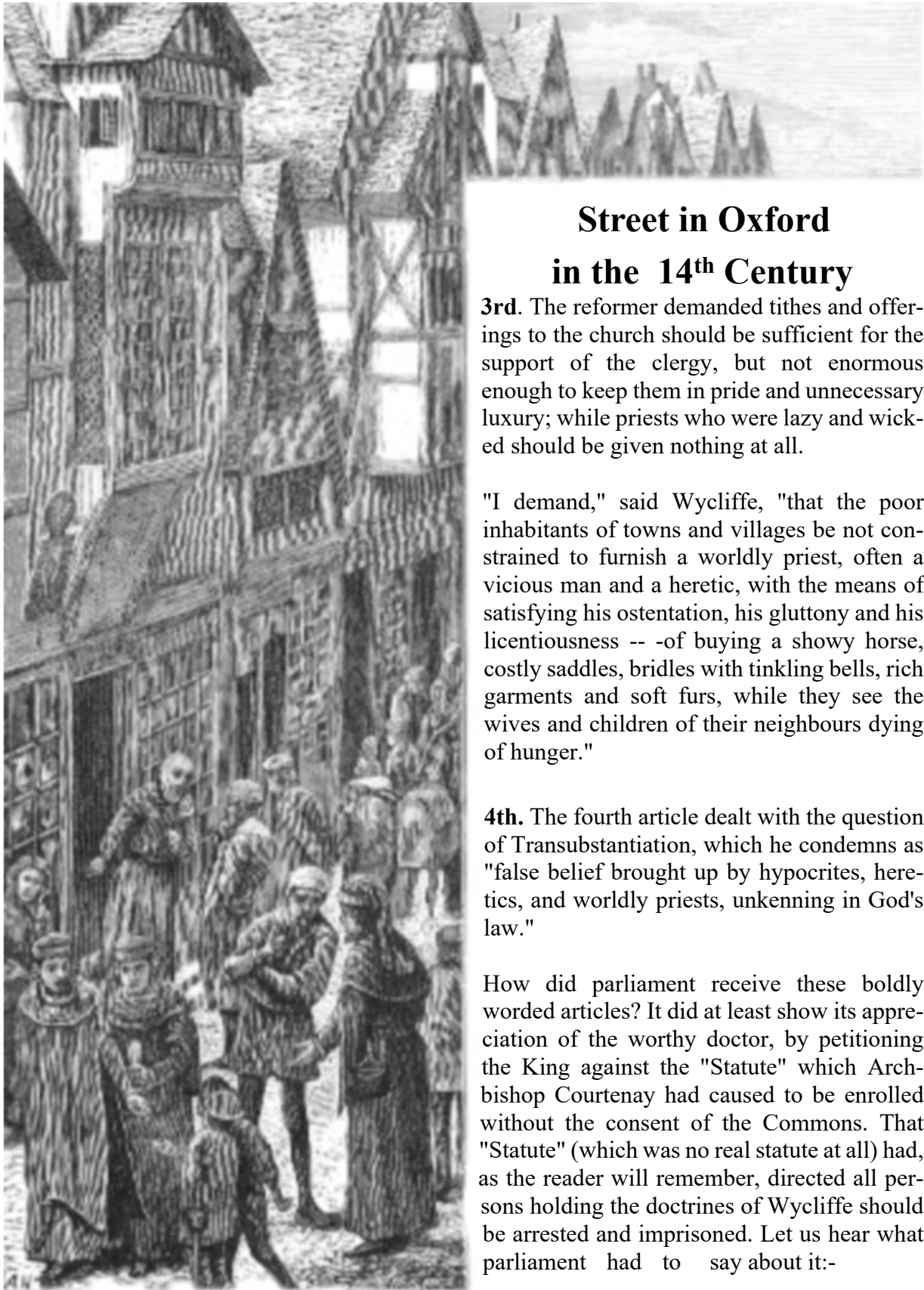
"You great ones of the priesthood in synod assembled, so busy in putting well-meaning souls to the torture by your summonings and questionings, think not that I have failed to be mindful of the things ye do. Neither think ye because you have passed me by for a while in this quiet and obscure town of Lutterworth, leaving me without taste of your molestation, that for that cause naught will be said or done by me in behalf of God's prescribed truth, and of the injured men who love it. It will not be so. I see you doing as your order hath ever been only too much disposed to do—using your ill-gotten and false power to put down the worthy ; more than a year since I told your coadjutor William de Berton, then Chancellor of Oxford, that he might have power to silence me in my own hall, but he had not power to prevent my appealing to a much higher authority than his—the authority of the king and parliament. What was done and what was said on that memorable day is still present with me. Well I know it will offend you deeply, should I do as I then said I would do. Your powers for evil will then, no doubt, be directed against me more than against the pious and honourable men whom you have of late been summoning, cursing, and menacing so notoriously; but it shall be done—done because I have said it; done because it is the right thing to do."

Having thus sounded the battle cry, Wycliffe proceeded to the thick of the hot fight. Parliament met in November, 1382, and the important document addressed by the intrepid warrior to "King and Parliament" became the subject of discussion.

Wycliffe's appeal embraced four articles, the substance of which was as follows:—

1st. The reformer requested abolition of monastic orders. "Since Jesus Christ shed His blood to free His church, I demand its freedom. I demand that everyone may leave these gloomy walls (the convents) within which a tyrannical law prevails, and embrace simple and peaceful life under the open vault of heaven."

2nd. The second article had to do with the temporal possessions of the church. The church was corrupt and the clergy were rich. The last, thought Wycliffe, was in a large measure the cause of the first. "The love of money is the root of all evil."



Street in Oxford in the 14th Century

3rd. The reformer demanded tithes and offerings to the church should be sufficient for the support of the clergy, but not enormous enough to keep them in pride and unnecessary luxury; while priests who were lazy and wicked should be given nothing at all.

"I demand," said Wycliffe, "that the poor inhabitants of towns and villages be not constrained to furnish a worldly priest, often a vicious man and a heretic, with the means of satisfying his ostentation, his gluttony and his licentiousness -- of buying a showy horse, costly saddles, bridles with tinkling bells, rich garments and soft furs, while they see the wives and children of their neighbours dying of hunger."

4th. The fourth article dealt with the question of Transubstantiation, which he condemns as "false belief brought up by hypocrites, heretics, and worldly priests, unkenning in God's law."

How did parliament receive these boldly worded articles? It did at least show its appreciation of the worthy doctor, by petitioning the King against the "Statute" which Archbishop Courtenay had caused to be enrolled without the consent of the Commons. That "Statute" (which was no real statute at all) had, as the reader will remember, directed all persons holding the doctrines of Wycliffe should be arrested and imprisoned. Let us hear what parliament had to say about it:-

"Forasmuch as that statute was made without our consent, and never authorised by us; and as it never was our meaning to bind ourselves, or our successors, to the prelates any more than our ancestors have done before us, we pray that the aforesaid statute may be repealed." [1]

This was done, and yet, though repealed, the Act was, in subsequent years, often used as foundation for persecuting the Lollards.

Shortly after the meeting of parliament the convocation met at Oxford. The fitting time had now arrived, thought Courtenay and his coadjutors, to silence the arch-heretic Wycliffe. Their efforts against his follower had met with partial success. One after another his friends had forsaken him, surely they might now hope to vanquish the leader himself.

A summons is dispatched to Lutterworth bidding its venerable rector present himself before the convocation, and answer for his heretical opinions regarding **Transubstantiation**. Wycliffe obeys. In all the history of his eventful life, there is perhaps no moment of his career more sublime than when he faced his haughty foes that memorable November day.

He stood alone. No John of Gaunt was by his side this time. Into the vast field of theological controversy the Duke could not follow him. So long as the reformer warred merely against the unjust encroachments of the clergy, he was with him---that was a temporal matter he could understand. But whether the consecrated Host were God or only bread was a subject with which John of Gaunt was afraid to meddle!

Other adherents, too, had fallen away. Several recanted, including Doctor Reppington who had defended Wycliffe's opinions at a sermon preached in St. Erdiswide; others had fled the country, or had been frightened into silence. So Wycliffe, like his divine Master, was forsaken. No doubt, the presence of his ever faithful Redeemer seemed all the nearer and clearer as friends fell away, and the unconquered soldier of Christ leaned more and more on the Omnipotent strength, as he saw human props, one after another, fall away.

Archbishop Courtenay gathered round him an imposing assembly of bishops, priests, students and laymen. Such was the formidable foe which Wycliffe was summoned to face.

Oxford, dear to him for over forty years, was turning against him. Yet he flinches not! He had prepared two papers---confessions of his belief in the Eucharist---one in Latin for the learned, the other in English for the people. In these confessions he retracts and modifies nothing he re-affirms his denial of Transubstantiation.

If Courtenay and his friends thought to have subdued the dauntless warrior, they found they were mistaken. They had hoped to hear him recant, but lo! His courage is undiminished, his convictions unchanged, his unconquerable spirit knows not defeat.

Hear him speak—he is calling that haughty Courtenay and his worldly clergy "priests of Baal"—and declares that not himself, but they, are the heretics in maintaining so grievous an error.

His foes listen awestruck as he closes his triumphant address—"With whom think you are ye contending? With an old man on the brink of the grave? No! With Truth—Truth which is stronger than you—and Truth will prevail."

No voice is raised to reply, no hand is lifted to stay him. In silence they watch him leave the court "more than conqueror."

Footnotes to Chapter 17

1. Vaughn's "*John de Wycliffe: a Monograph.*"



Chapter XVIII JOHN DE WYCLIFFE

VI.—HIS BATTLES WITH THE BEGGING FRIARS



I SHALL not die but live, and again declare the evil deeds of the friars."

These memorable words were spoken by England's greatest reformer, about the year 1379. Wycliffe had fallen seriously ill while engaged in his labours at Oxford, and four friars, representing the four religious orders, hastened to his bedside.

A casual observer might have imagined that these cowed brothers had met to render some medical aid to the sufferer. During the Middle Ages the medical profession was nearly monopolised by the monks,[1] though the monastic "leech" found but scanty encouragement from the Church of Rome: the Council of Tours, in the twelfth century, prohibited the monks from studying medicine.[2] In spite of this measure, the monkish doctors carried on their work. But the means of cure in which they had the most faith (and to which Rome found no objection) were the relics of saints. Every disease had its saint; one "cured" tooth-ache, another fever, another sore eyes, and so on. The teeth of St. Apollonia were among the most efficacious remedies: there was hardly an ailment that could not be banished by wearing one or more of them suspended round the neck: This superstition grew to such an extent that a King of England (Henry VI.) ordered all those who possessed any of the saint's teeth to deliver them up to an officer appointed to receive them. The people obeyed, but the number of teeth brought in exceeded expectation, for no less than a ton was collected.[3] The monks reaped a rich harvest of wealth in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries from their "medical" practice. They were looked upon with superstitious reverence, and if their prescription could not cure disease, the faith which the simple folk placed in them no doubt acted as a means of restoring health. The secular "leeches" were not held in so great esteem, yet we read of a "*doctoure of physique*" whose duty was to stand in the king's presence at meals "*councellyng his grace whiche dyet is best.*"[4] The surgeons ("barbers" as they were called) were not allowed at the king's table, while the king's apothecary had a still lower place. In Wycliffe's days the travelling herbalist was a noted figure. He was the "quack doctor" of those times. We can fancy him spreading out a carpet on the village green, and displaying curious drugs, concocted perchance of beetles and bats, to the rustic seekers after health.[5]

But to return to the reformer on his sick bed. The friars who visited him that day were not actuated by any desire to heal the Oxford scholar. They made no offer to show their skill, if such they possessed, on the sufferer; their visit had other ends in view. The livid face revealed the possibility that Wycliffe was nearing eternity. If he died, the friars would be rid of a disturber of their peace—they contemplated his probable decease as a cause for joy. But ere he passed



“I shall not die but live, to again declare the evil deeds of the friars”

away he must recant! In health he had opposed their orders—would he in sickness be as bold against their evil ways?

"You have death on your lips," they exclaimed; "be touched by your faults—retract, in our presence, all you have said to our injury."

What a victory could they persuade this intrepid warrior to submit as a captive to their wiles! With what gusto would they proclaim his defeat to the world! But as Wycliffe approached nearer the Land of Light, the deeper did he realise the dense darkness of monasticism. The serene calmness amid the storm which had characterised him so often in strength, was as truly with him in physical weakness. Not less was present with him that dauntless courage which comes from Him Whose power is almighty.



The friars were looked upon as holy beings indeed

Turning to an attendant, Wycliffe desired him raise him on his couch, and then fixing his eagle eye on the friars, he replied: "I shall not die but live, and again declare the evil deeds of the friars."

With amazed faces the friars gazed at one another in consternation. They had come to hear the humble confession of a defeated foe—they had received only another of those bold attacks they had so often dreaded. The friars fled from the room!

Wycliffe kept his promise: he rose from his sick-bed to enter the lists against the enormities of the friars and to perform the greatest work of his life—the translation of the Bible into English.

Wycliffe's opposition to the mendicant friars was stern and unflinching. In order that we may know that he had good cause for such uncompromising attitude towards them we must take a brief glance at their condition and mode of work and life in his days.[6]

When the Dominicans entered England in 1221, and the Franciscans three years later, they were enthusiastically received by the people. Coarsely dressed, ill-fed, unwashed, and barefoot, they

found a welcome in the homes of the lower classes, who venerated them like saints come to seek the lost. So great was their popularity that in a little more than thirty years nearly fifty convents were in their possession. At first they led poor, humble, and useful lives, but their degeneracy was swift and universal. Their apparent self-denial attracted the benevolence of the rich, and wealth poured in upon them. In the place of their primitive hovels rose costly monasteries, and their meagre fare vanished before sumptuous living. Their orders forbade them to possess property, so their wealth was lavished in the erection and adornment of their convents and chapels. Property, however, was coveted by them, and on one occasion the Franciscans attempted to evade the law of their founder. A large sum of money had been deposited in a bank, and with this the friars hoped to bribe the pope. He could have it all, they said, if he would only give them leave to violate the rule of St. Francis and permit them to hold broad acres and fertile lands. The pope, to whom gold is always acceptable, took the money, and then told the astonished brethren that they had erred in accumulating so much wealth—they were better without it—and in future should be more careful to observe the will of their founder![7]

The popularity of the friars increased immensely, because they were looked upon as holy beings, able to open the door of heaven to whom they would. In all ages, the great and the small have desired the joys of Paradise, but only the few are willing to obtain them by the One Way God has provided. Instead of looking to Christ alone, the human heart has always been prone indeed to trust in an arm of flesh. So the "Fraternities" were welcomed, courted, enriched by the thousands of all classes who vainly believed that the keys of the kingdom of heaven were dangling at their belts. Even to touch a friar's coarse garb brought luck, they imagined; while to die dressed in one of their rough habits was a passport to heaven at sight of which the devils would fly.[8] So their influence among all ranks grew, until, in England, everything that concerned religion was in the hands of the mendicant orders. At the table of the rich they were welcomed guests. Kings and princes loaded them with benefits. Cardinals, bishops, and great men joined their ranks. They owned no authority but that of the pope; the parish priest was of secondary importance in the eyes of the people; the friar was their guide—they crowded to hear him preach, and hastened to get his absolution. They were "mendicants" indeed, begging from door to door, and filling the dirty wallets which they carried upon their backs with every conceivable article that the poor gave them out of their hard earnings—threads, needles, ointments, bread, herbs, etc.—nothing was refused to these "holy beggars."

They adopted yet other means of accumulating wealth, for they carried on a lucrative trade—selling pardons for sins and the merits of heaven. To understand this branch of the work of the "great trading company," as the Roman Church has been well styled, we must bear in mind that Rome claims to possess a heavenly "treasury," which contains in inexhaustible quantities the merits of Christ, the Virgin, and Saints. The pope duly keeps the key, and is always ready to open the sacred safe, and dispense its contents to whosoever will—provided he pays well ! In order to let as many as possible derive the benefits of the "treasury," certain persons were authorised to perambulate the country, selling pardons for sins and the merits of heaven. The gold thereby collected by these ecclesiastical merchants was, of course, to flow into the coffers of the pope. Those to whom this mission was entrusted were sometimes called "quæstors," because they asked questions, and sometimes "pardoners," because they professed to bestow forgiveness of sins. No pardoners proved more zealous in their trade than the wandering friars. But "the love of money" was one of their weak points, and they saw no reason why the collections should go to the pope.

Why not keep and use them for themselves? Acting on this idea the mendicant friars might often have been seen, in Wycliffe's days, going from hamlet to hamlet, armed with a few "relics," and with much solemnity and ceremony displaying them to the gaping crowd, and still further astonishing and overawing the rustics by exhibiting to their eyes an important-looking document with a great seal dangling from the parchment. In impressive tones the "pardoner" would read it aloud. It professed to be a "Letter of Licence," or a "Bull" from the pope, authorising the said pardoner to dispense pardons and merits. Very many of these documents were forgeries,

which the enterprising friar himself had drawn up, and palmed off as a genuine article upon the simple villagers. So the sinners, by paying, received what they believed to be absolution for their misdeeds; the friar pocketed his fees, and moved on to the next market to dispose of his visionary wares.



A Pardoner

Squabbles between the pardoner and the village priest were of constant occurrence. In Wycliffe's days Pope Urban V. issued a Bull against these dishonest traders, in which we read: "When they mean to hurt a rector or his curate, they go to his church on some feast day, especially at such time as the people are accustomed to come and make their offerings. They begin then to make their collections, or to read the name of their brotherhood or fraternity, and continue until such an hour as it is not possible to celebrate Mass conveniently. Thus they manage perversely to deprive these rectors and vicars of the offerings which accrue to them at such Masses.[9]

In other words, the friars got the money which should have gone to the priest. It was a yet greater crime in the pope's eyes that the fraudulent pardoner should get the gains which should have filled his own coffers. Consequently, in the sixteenth century, the Council of Trent decreed: "No further hope can be entertained of amending such pardoners, and the use of them and their name are entirely abolished henceforth in all Christendom." [10]

This suppression of the centuries-old trade of the wandering "pardoner" did not take place until 1562, when the advancing Light of the glorious Reformation was laying bare many a dark craft of Antichrist and his merchants; and forty-five years after Tetzell's selling of Indulgences, fully authorised by papal Bull, stirred Luther to nail up that famous thesis (31st October, 1517) which opened the era of universal revolt from the pope and all his licensed pardoners.

But in Wycliffe's days, two centuries earlier, when as yet the day had not dawned, only the Morning Star had heralded its approach, the begging friar carried on his lucrative trade with undiminished audacity, though there were occasions when his proud bearing irritated the peasants instead of winning their confidence. We read of friars being stoned in the streets, and their clothes pulled off their backs; their houses sacked. Popular dislike grew so much that in 1385 it was found necessary to protect them by royal proclamation.[11]

The selling of pardons is not the only crime to be laid against them. Though they professed to open the treasury of heaven, and dispense the forgiveness of sins, they did not seek to save the sinner from his sinful life. As soon as their spiritual traffic was over for the day, the barefoot friar would be seen mingling with those who resorted to the village tavern. He would laugh merrily, sup well, and drink more ale than was good for him.

Such then was the mendicant friar—the Dominican in his black habit, the Franciscan in grey; well-known figures in the fourteenth century, and against whose "evil deeds" Wycliffe contended by word and example.

He was not the first to attack these pious frauds. Grosseteste, though at one time their staunch adherent, saw cause before he died to sternly reproach them. Fitzralph journeyed abroad to lay the grievances against the friars before the pope, though without avail [12] Wycliffe realised that

reformation of the mendicant orders was impossible ; there was but one cure—abolition. Let us hear what he had to say about them. In his treatise, "Against the Orders of Begging Friars," he accuses them of many evil things. Here are a few extracts.[13]

With regard to their begging custom he wrote:-

"Also Christ bids His apostles and disciples, that they should not bear a satchel, nor scrip, but look what households are able to hear the Gospel, and eat and drink therein, and pass not thence, and pass not from house to house (Luke ix. 10). Also St. Paul laboured with his hands, and for men that were with him, and coveted neither gold, nor silver, nor clothes, of men that he taught.---St. Peter fished after Christ's resurrection. Also St. Paul bids that men that will live in idleness, and curiosity, and not work, shall not eat (2 Thess. iii. 10). Then since open begging is thus sharply condemned in Holy Writ, it is a foul error to maintain it, but it is more error that Christ was such a beggar--thus they slay poor men with their false begging, by taking their worldly goods, by which they should sustain their bodily life."

He also accused them of stealing children:—

"Also friars draw children from Christ's religion into their private order, by hypocrisy, lies, and stealing. For they tell them that their order is more holy than any other, and that they shall have higher degree in bliss than other men not therein. And they say that men of their order shall never come to hell, but shall judge other men with Christ at doomsday."

Wycliffe also shows how proudly the friars loved to be served at table, with the doctor of divinity's cap on their heads :-

"Also capped friars, that be called Masters of Divinity, have their chamber and service as lords or kings, and send out idiots full of covetousness to preach, not the Gospel, but chronicles, fables, and lies, to please the people and rob them."

And how they flattered the people, instead of reproving their sins:--

"Also friars show not to the people their great sins, as God bids, but flatter them and nourish them in sin---And when, men be hardened in such great sins, and will not amend them, friars should flee their company; but they do not thus, lest they lose worldly friendship, favour, or winning, and thus for the money they sell men's souls to Satan."

Wycliffe's following words against the sin of wasting money in the erection of costly houses and churches appeal to our own day:—

"Also friars build many great churches, and costly houses and cloisters---and if men say that in these great churches God is fair served—truly, great houses make not men holy, and only by holiness is God well served. For in heaven that was so fair, Lucifer served God untruly, and so did Adam in Paradise. And Jesus says that the great temple of Jerusalem that was a house of prayer was made a den of thieves, for covetous preachers dwelt therein. But Job served God full well on the dunghill, and so did Adam out of Paradise, and Christ before when He prayed in hills and deserts and baptized also. And, therefore, Christ and His apostles made no great churches nor cloisters, but went from country to country preaching the Gospel, and teaching men to do their alms to the poor and not to waste houses. For Christ taught men to pray in spirit and truth, that is in good will, and devotion, and holy living. And to destroy this hypocrisy He ordained the temple of Jerusalem should be destroyed for sin done therein."

After similar sins of the friars were sternly rebuked by the reformer—their flatteries of wicked men, their slanders of the good—he likens them to Judas betraying Christ and the Gospel for

money ; and in order to make their evil deeds appear right, they brand the Holy Scriptures with falsehood, because they condemn the sins they love:-

"Also Holy Writ condemns their foul hypocrisy, begging, covetousness, and other sins, and therefore they say it is false. Also Holy Writ praises much Christ's religion, and tells how new sects, full of hypocrisy and covetousness, shall come and deceive Christian men, and bids them know them by their covetousness and hypocrisy, and therefore they (the friars) say, as Satan's clerks, that Holy Writ is false."

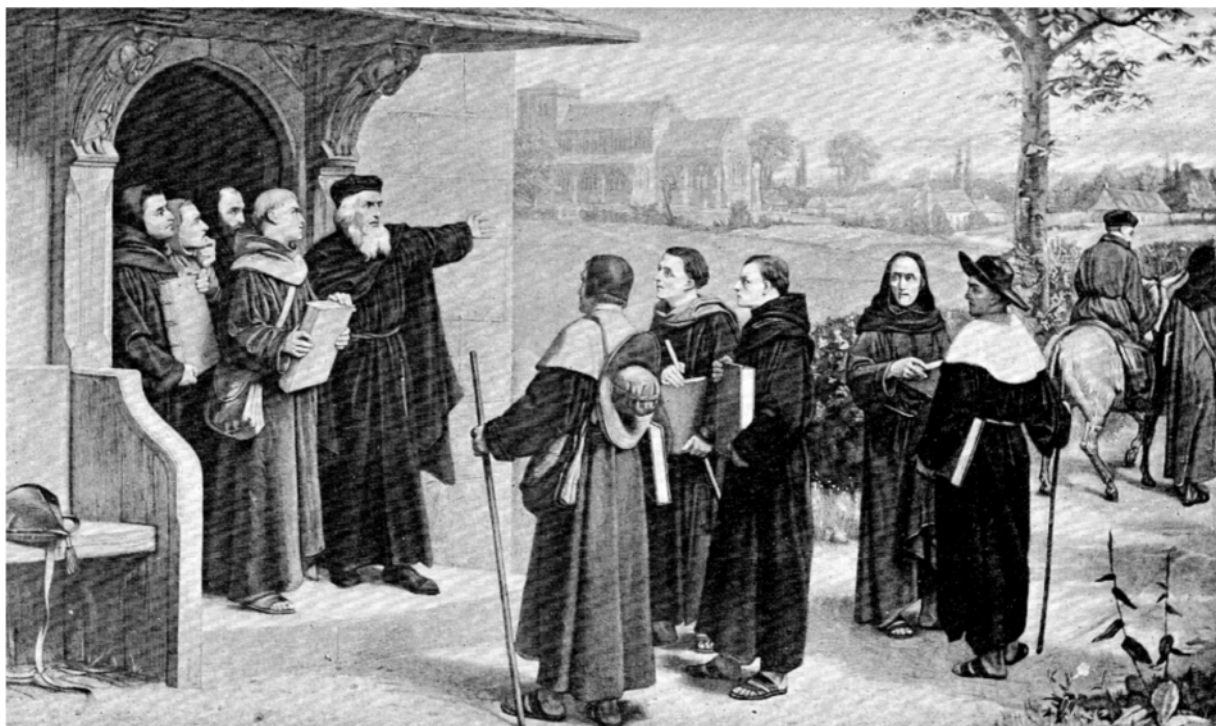
When Wycliffe openly attacked the dogma of Transubstantiation[14] he came into very close antagonism with the mendicant orders, those "night thieves and day thieves," as he called them; for the friars were the zealous champions of the doctrine, as they were of every superstition.

Wycliffe was not the only writer in those days who wrote against the religious fraternities. Geoffrey Chaucer was the first great English poet. He lived at the court of Edward III. and Richard II. His chief work—"The Canterbury Tales"—still finds interested readers. Wycliffe attacked the mendicant orders as a deep-seated evil in our land—a matter of life and death to the Church. Chaucer rebuked them with the jests of a poet and with the sparkling wit of a sarcastic critic, but his exposures were none the less true.

The artist, also, employed his skill in caricaturing "The Pardoner" as a fox with a mitre on his head, and a cross between his paws, preaching a sermon on Indulgences to a wondering crowd of ducks and geese. They quack and cackle at his fair promises, not noticing the cruel gleam in his hungry eyes!

Portraying the "Pardoner" as a fox was, in those days, a favourite subject.. The idea was borrowed from a French allegory, "*Le Roman du Reynard*." Master Fox, feeling the weight of his misdeeds, sets out on a journey to Rome to seek the absolution of the pope. His wallet on his back, and his staff in his paw, he looks "quite like a pilgrim." Presently he meets Belin, the sheep, and later on a donkey, called "Bernard the arch-priest." These he persuades to accompany him. Night approaching, the trio seek shelter in the house of Primaut, the wolf. Fortunately he is away from home; but his larder is well supplied, and the intruders regale themselves with food and drink. Alas! They take too much ale and lose their heads! Belin begins to sing, the arch-priest to bray, and Reynard to shout. The noise attracts outsiders. The alarm is given, and soon the pilgrims are besieged by the friends and relations of the absent wolf. The trio escape with difficulty, feeling too much discouraged by their adventures to continue the pilgrimage further. "By my head," says Reynard, "this wandering is loathsome and tiring. There is many a good man who has never been to Rome. I mean to take my way home; and I shall live by my labour, and seek honest earnings: I shall be charitable to poor people." Belin and the donkey are only too glad to agree to this suggestion. "Be it so; be it so," they exclaim, and return homewards.

Wycliffe, in a far more serious vein, opposed the pilgrimages as a "Pharasaical practice." Not by word only, but by deeds also, did the reformer contend against the begging friars. By sending out his "poor priests" he employed a great living agency to counteract the evils of mendicant orders. They have been well termed "The Methodists of the fourteenth century"—a spiritual antidote against the poisonous condition of the Church. They travelled from town to town, from hamlet to village, barefoot, staff in hand, with a set purpose to be accomplished, viz., to tell in the public ways the glad news of a free salvation. They asked not for money—they robbed not the poor by begging, like the friars ; they did not flatter the rich in order to gain access to their feasts. No; they were outspoken and faithful in rebuking sin. In fair and market-place, in churches or churchyards, wherever immortal souls could be gathered to listen, they preached daily, from place to place, boldly discoursing on the difference between the religion of the Bible and that taught by a corrupt Church. These "Bible-men" were beyond the times in which they lived; they were a prophecy of a better age which was destined to appear centuries later, after a long, fierce, and weary struggle with the apostate Church had brought victory to their successors.



THE DAWN OF THE REFORMATION

From the picture by F. W. YEAMES R.A, By permission of Henry Graves & Co. Ltd.

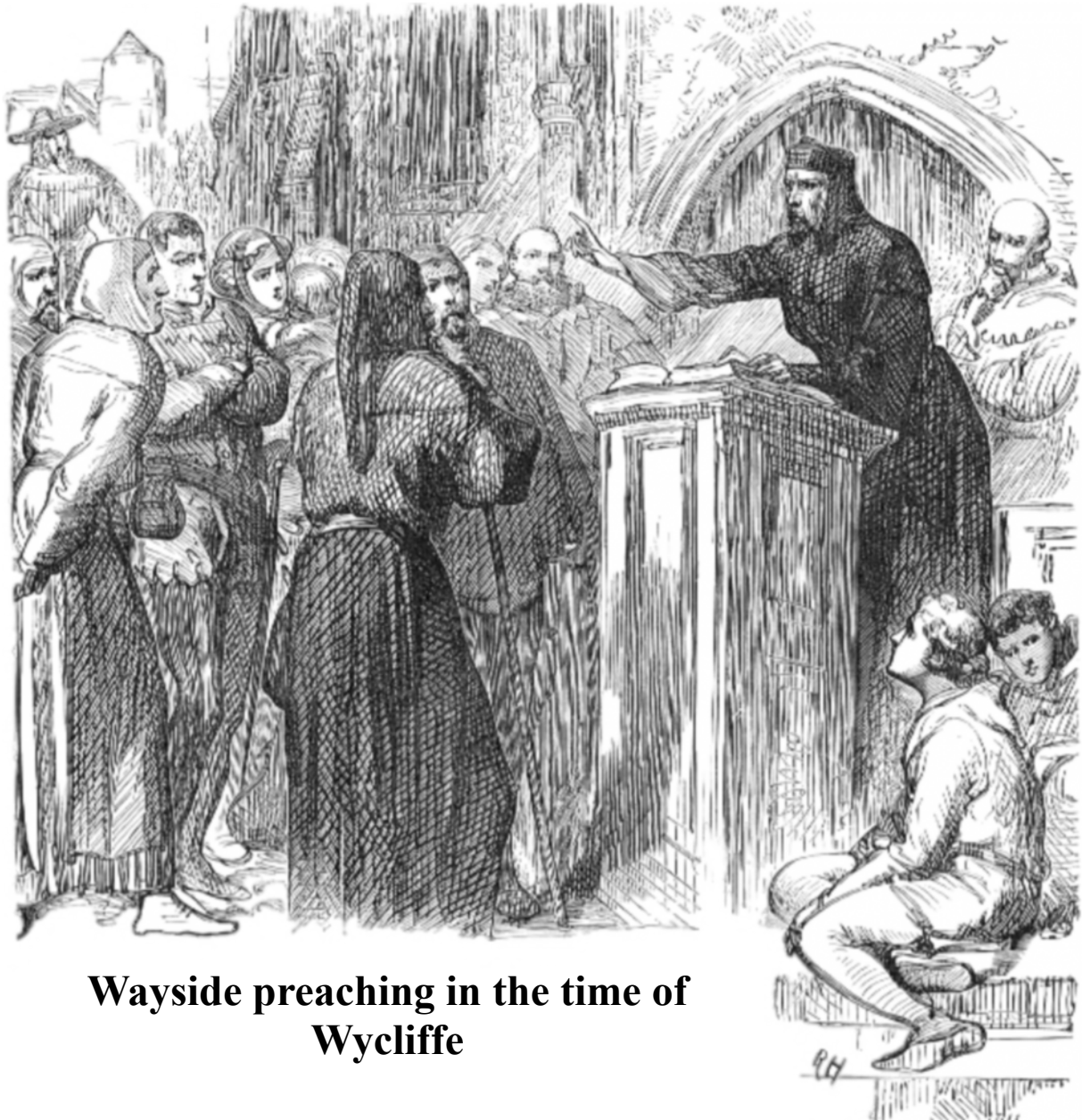
John Wycliffe “The Morning Star of the Reformation,” sending out a band of poor preachers.

These men were poor in worldly possessions; they had no benefices. Wycliffe, in a tract entitled, "Why poor priests have no benefices," gives several reasons for this principle. "First, because of the dread of simony (i.e., obtaining church preferments by money); second, the dread of misspending poor men's goods (i.e., the beneficed priest was often obliged to give up to his ecclesiastical superiors all that portion of his revenues which exceeded his own necessities—which ought, instead, to be spent upon the poor) ; third, because a priest without a benefice is free from the rule and bondage of sinful men, is at liberty to preach the Gospel where he wishes, and can flee from one town to another if persecuted by Antichrist's clerks."

So free, honest, and useful an organisation would, of course, come into conflict with the lazy, covetous orders of begging friars. The cowled mendicant who sought to sell pardons for sins naturally resented the "poor priest," who preached salvation without money and without price.

Imagine the scene. A couple of Wycliffites enter a village. They may, probably, have a powerful friend in the neighbourhood—such as Sir Thomas Latimer, Sir John Trussell, Sir Lodowick Clifford, Sir John Peeke, Sir Richard Story, and Sir John Hilton, names doubly honoured, because of their open espousal of 'Wycliffe's cause. Should the "poor priests" desire to hold a meeting in their neighbourhood a notice would be made to the public of time and place, and a large congregation would assemble. The people listen with eager interest. The noble knight, who had called together the vast audience, is there also, clad in armour and with a drawn sword, ready to protect the preacher should he be assailed. Attacks from the jealous friars were no infrequent occurrence. Acting on a pseudo-statute (which never received the authority of Parliament) commanding the imprisonment of the preachers and their followers,[15] the friars took every means to have it enforced. Thus, suddenly, a meeting would be disturbed by the arrival of the "mendicants" and the village constables. But sturdy allies are not lacking to protect or rescue the preacher, for the crowd, almost to a man, befriended those early torch-bearers of

the Truth. Thus, in spite of difficulty and obstacle, the Light penetrated into many a remote corner of old England.



Wayside preaching in the time of Wycliffe

When did Wycliffe first conceive the idea of forming such an itinerant organization?

There is reason to believe the plan was laid, and the work of preparation begun, in Oxford, where Wycliffe taught as Doctor of Divinity, and which was a suitable training ground for the young men who had imbibed his doctrines, and learnt his Bible lessons in the Doctor's lecture hall. When Wycliffe was dismissed the University, he, no doubt, carried on the work at Lutterworth. We can picture the venerable-looking reformer standing at his rectory door, and wishing his trained workers a hearty and solemn "God speed." We fancy we can still hear his never silenced voice—"Go and preach; it is the sublimest work; but imitate not the priests whom we see after the sermon sitting in the ale-houses, or at the gaming-tables, or wasting their time in hunting. After your sermon is ended do you visit the sick, the aged, the poor, the blind, and the lame, and succour them according to your ability." [16]

Was not this practical Christianity of Christ and His apostles?

Wycliffe's training-school at Oxford became famed for the piety of its students. This much we can gather from the statement of one of Wycliffe's followers, William Thorpe, when examined on the charge of heresy before Archbishop Arundel. He said:-

"I prayed my parents that they would give me licence for to go to them that were named wise priests, and of virtuous conversation, to have their counsel, and to know of them the office and the charge of priesthood. And hereto my father and my mother consented full gladly, and gave me their blessing and good leave to go. And so that I went to those priests whom I heard to be of best name, and of most holy living, and best learned, and most wise of heavenly wisdom, and so I communed with them unto the time that I perceived, by their virtuous and continual occupations, that their honest and charitable works passed their fame which I had heard before of them. Wherefore by the example of the doctrine of them, and specially for the Godly and innocent works which I perceived then of them, and in them, after my cunning and power I have exercised me then and in this time, to know perfectly God's law, having a will and desire to live thereafter."

When the archbishop enquired who were the "men holy and wise," Thorpe replied: "Master John Wycliffe was holden of full many men the greatest clerk that they knew then living; and therewith he was named a passing holy man, and innocent in his living."

Other well-known adherents of the reformer were then mentioned—Nicholas Hereford, who aided him in the translation of the Scriptures, and John 'Purvey, who afterwards revised the same. "With all these men," continued Thorpe, "I was right homely, and communed with them long time and oft; and so before all other men I chose to be informed of them and by them ; and specially of Wycliffe himself, as the most virtuous and Godly wise man that I heard of, or knew."[17]

This staunch confessor was kept in prison. We may be sure he sealed his testimony with his life, but the exact method of his martyrdom is uncertain.

After a while the "poor priests" were joined in their itinerant work by lay preachers. Both are better known as "Lollards."[18]

As we think of the trials, and the lives laid down of those evangelists who held forth the Light at so great a cost, do we value it as we ought? Are we ready to follow in their steps of absolute self-sacrifice?

Before we close this chapter on Wycliffe and the friars, we must refer to a remarkable prophecy of the Reformer.

"If the friars, whom God condescends to teach, shall be converted to the primitive religion of Christ, we shall see them abandoning their unbelief, returning freely, with or without the permission of Antichrist, to the primitive religion of the Lord, and building up the Church as did St. Paul."[19]

Nearly a century and a half later, that same prophecy—which must have sounded strange to many ears when first uttered—found its wonderful fulfilment, when the young monk of the Augustine convent was brought to the knowledge, by the Scriptures, of " Justification by faith only." Martin Luther abandoned his errors, and was used by God to lift up the glorious Light, till its rays have flooded many a land, and its glorious beams were felt in England too. In more senses than one, the prophetic Wycliffe was the Herald of the Dawn of Gospel Day.

Footnotes to Chapter 17

1. "*Glimmerings in the Dark: or, Lights and Shadows of the Olden Times*," by Somner Merryweather.
2. Ibid.
3. Ibid.
4. Ibid.
5. Jusserand's "*Wayfaring Life in the Fourteenth Century*."
6. For the origin of monasticism, and rise and spread of the Friars, see chapter X
7. "Vaughan's "*John de Wycliffe a Monograph*."
8. Jusserand's "*Wayfaring Life in the Fourteenth Century*."
9. Jusserand's "*Wayfaring Life in the Fourteenth Century*."
10. Ibid.
11. Jusserand's "*Wayfaring Life in the Fourteenth Century*."
12. See chap. Xi.
13. The extracts are from "*Tracts and Treatises of John de Wycliffe, D.D.*," with selections and translations from his MSS. and Latin works, edited for the Wycliffe Society by Rev. B. Vaughan, D.D.
14. See chapters xv. and xvi.
15. See Chapter XVI
16. D'Aubigne, vol. V.
17. Foxe's "*Acts and Monuments*."
18. See chapter xxi
19. D'Aubigne, vol. V.





Chapter XIX JOHN DE WYCLIFFE

VII.—TWO LAST YEARS



WYCLIFFE worked as one who was toiling, not merely for the days in which he lived, but for the ages yet to come. In the foregoing chapters we have followed his eventful life through all his busy years. We have noticed him in childhood's days, playing, boy-like, in the shady glens of his northern home; have watched him setting off for Oxford, and seen him studying, teaching, and rising to distinction in the University. We have entered his Lecture Hall, listened to his words of wisdom, have noted the influence for eternity which he exercised on the youthful students, and how he trained them to be workers and preachers for God. We have admired him as a patriot, and have been stirred at his unflinching stand as England's greatest reformer. We have followed him also in adversity, have seen the storms of trial and persecution gathering around him till not a way seemed open for escape—and yet, each time, the Hand of Omnipotence was manifested to deliver. We have visited Lutterworth also, and lingered in his study, where the immortal Book was translated into English for the people. In short, we have entered into the life-work of one whose name is written in our national history as the John the Baptist of the Reformation--the forerunner of the era of Gospel Day. It now remains to sketch, briefly, the last two years of Wycliffe's remarkable career. They were passed in Lutterworth. A stroke of paralysis had much enfeebled his never robust frame. Oxford was closed to him; the possibility of a martyr's death seemed often present to his mind—and yet the veteran warrior sheathed not his sword. The fact that the sands of time were swiftly running out only nerved him forward to make the most of passing opportunities. His pen was never more active; tract and treatise followed each other in quick succession, and were circulated in many a spot by his faithful, itinerating workers.

A publication, written about that time, specially claims our notice. It is called "The Crusade," and was called forth under the following circumstances.

As we have already said, it was the age of the Great Western Schism, when two popes were squabbling over the tiara.[1] England espoused the cause of Urban VI., and in 1383 commenced a "Crusade" against his rival, Clement VII. At the head of the force was placed, not a skilled leader in war, but a prelate of the Church, viz., Spencer, Bishop of Norwich. Henry le Spencer had given some proof of a courageous and energetic nature. During the revolt of the peasants in 1381 he acquired military fame. On horseback, clad in armour, with lance in hand, and accompanied by only a small following, he charged a crowd of rebels, scattered terror into their ranks, and beheaded their ringleaders. His followers increased in numbers; an attack on a barricaded camp of the insurgents met with success, and the bishop himself sat in judgment against the prisoners. He was evidently a precursor of the cruel Judge Jeffreys, for we are told "his eye spared no one, and his hand was stretched out for joy with vengeance." [2] Such was the man appointed to lead the English crusade against the "Clementines," as the adherents of the rival pope were called. What a picture did the fourteenth century present of so-called "Christians" biting and devouring one another!

Certainly the militant prelate was not lacking in energy. Every artifice was resorted to, and all the ecclesiastical machinery was put into operation to secure a large number of "Crusaders." The whole church and nation were called on to give support to the enterprise. Prayers were offered and sermons preached in nearly every church; solemn processions invoked the aid of Heaven; and the rich and poor were enjoined to contribute largely to the funds. The bishop further issued "Letters of Indulgence" (i.e., pardon for sins, and merits of the saints) which were offered to all who thus contributed towards the "Holy War." As may be expected, the friars were among the foremost in disposing of these "absolutions." The money obtained, the forces gathered, the Crusade set forth, and in command was the bishop—inflated with arrogance, if not with military prowess. The expedition came to an ignominious end. Bloodshed and devastation marked the path of the Crusaders in Flanders; but conquests were lost almost as soon as won, and the battered army returned, humiliated, to England.

The occasion drew forth Wycliffe's tract, "The Crusade; or, Against the War of the Clergy." In this pamphlet he emphasizes the sinfulness of deceiving people with the delusion that those who aid the Crusade shall receive remission of sins. He saw but two parties in the Church—the party of Christ, and the Devil's party ; and the Crusade he believed to be the work of the latter ; for the real mainspring of the quarrel of the popes was a desire for world-power and glory—a motive wholly contrary to the example of Christ. "As Satan," wrote the reformer, "poisoned the human race by one sin, viz., the sin of pride, so he has a second time poisoned the clergy, by endowing them with landed property, contrary to the law of Christ ; and by the publication of a lie, concerning the forgiveness of sins and indulgences, he has thrown the whole Western Church into a state of disorder ; as now, with two rival popes, our whole Western Christendom must take side with either the one or the other, and yet both of them are manifestly Antichrists."

What is the remedy?

Wycliffe answered that question by pointing to Christ. The whole disorder was due to an apostasy from Christ ; a return to Him was the only cure.

Archbishop Courtenay was a decided favourer of the Crusade. To him also Wycliffe penned a strong letter, contending that the war was not of God, for only what is done from love has the Lord's approval, and the slaying of men and the devastation of countries cannot be the outcome of love to Christ.

The primate, as we have seen, was Wycliffe's bitter enemy, hence this unflinching missive proved that the intrepid Reformer, though feeble in physical health, was in heart and spirit as strong and unconquerable as ever.

The last year of his life was marked by a citation from Pope Urban, bidding him repair to Rome, and there answer for his heresy. Wycliffe's stern opposition to the Crusade, as well as his many years' battling against the papacy, is sufficient cause to have called forth the mandate.[3] Wycliffe could not obey ; his declining health made a journey to Rome impossible. His courage was equal to the task, yet, no doubt, his prudence would hardly have permitted him to run so great a risk, even if physical strength had been sufficient. A loathsome dungeon and the martyr's stake would no doubt have been his portion had he ventured into the fiend's lair.

But if Wycliffe could not meet Urban face to face, he could reply in writing ; and this he did, in a letter remarkable for its quiet irony, as well as for its unflinching faithfulness to conviction. In this letter, Wycliffe drew a picture which should be a true representation of one who styled himself "The Vicar of Christ," i.e., unworldly, poor, meek, humble. If this description did not fit the pope, who can he be but Antichrist?

With what a scowl must the pontiff have perused the missive! Such sentences as the following must have raised his pontifical ire –

"The greatness of Christ's vicars is not measured by worldly greatness, but by this—so far as this vicar follows Christ by virtuous living, as teaches the Gospel---Christ, while He walked here on earth, was of all men most poor, both in spirit and possessions, for He had nowhere to lay His head. And from this I believe that no man should follow the pope, nor any saint in Heaven except in so far as he followed Christ; for James and John erred, and Peter and Paul sinned. It is wholesome counsel, that the pope leave his worldly lordship to worldly lords, as Christ gave him example ; and let his clerks speedily do so also, for so did Christ, and so taught His disciples, till the fiend had blinded this world. And if I err in this sentence, I will meekly be amended, by death if necessary, for that I hope were good to me. And if I might travel in my own person I would, with God's will, go to the pope. But Christ has led me to the contrary, and taught me to obey God rather than man. And I suppose our pope will not be Antichrist, by reversing Christ in this working, to the contrary of Christ's will. For if he summons against reason, and pursue this unskilful summoning, he is open Antichrist. And a good intention did not excuse Peter, nor prevent Christ from calling him Satan; so blind intention and wicked counsel excuses not the pope here. But if he ask of true priests that they travel more than they may, it is not excused by reason of God, that he (the pope) is Antichrist"

The pope, too busy with his own quarrels, found neither time nor opportunity to burn the reformer. " The flower of martyrdom " which Wycliffe knew to be always " at hand " by those who waged warfare against the great false Church, did not, however, spring forth in his immediate path—it was destined for others who should follow in his steps. His remaining days were passed without further molestation in the quiet of Lutterworth, his energy undiminished, and his boldness unabashed to the end.

It was in the last month of the old year, 1384, that the intrepid warrior received the command from his Divine Captain, Jesus Christ, to lay down the sword, and put aside his armour, in exchange for the conqueror's crown, and the white robe of righteousness and peace. It was on the 28th December that the heavenly summons, to which there could be no denial, came to Wycliffe. The service of the Mass was being celebrated at the time—for the abolition of that masterpiece of superstition had not arrived for England's church, though the Reformer's strenuous attacks against transubstantiation, that citadel of Babylon the Great, had no doubt undermined its strength, preparatory to its overthrow a century and a half later. At the moment of the elevation of the Host, Wycliffe received a second paralytic stroke, which rendered him speechless, though not unconscious. There still stands a low-arched doorway which looks towards the spot where the old Lutterworth rectory, no longer existing, was situated. Through that narrow doorway reverent hands—probably of his two curates, or assistants, John Horn and John Purvey—bore his body. Two days later, on the last day of the year (1384) Wycliffe's spirit went to be with God. Sometime later they carried his body back again into the familiar church, where its beloved pastor had laboured so often and so long. Within the chancel a vault had been prepared, and there they laid his earthly tabernacle.

Wycliffe was only about sixty when he died. If counted by years he was not a very old man ; but if life be reckoned as Heaven reckons it, by the scale of good deeds done for immortality, then of him it may be said, he was very old and full of days.

Footnotes to Chapter XIX

1. "See chapter xv
2. "Historia Anaemia."

3. Lechler, in his "*John Wycliffe and his English Precursors.*" throws much doubt on this citation; but as his translator points out there is a clause in the tract "*De Citationibus Frivolis*" which appears to prove that he was cited to Rome and was prevented by infirmity from complying (p. 417, Note)



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Chapter XX JOHN DE WYCLIFFE

VIII.---HIS PLACE IN HISTORY. (I) AS A RELIGIOUS RE- FORMER



WYCLIFFE shone like the "Morning Star"—alone, in the dim shadows.

With the reformers of the sixteenth century it was different. They shone, not in solitary glory, but collectively, like a constellation in the firmament of the church. Luther, Zwingli, Calvin, Tyndale, Knox, etc.—what a galaxy of brilliant stars! Wycliffe's lonely splendour appeals to us all the more because of its loneliness. The surrounding darkness was denser in his time, for night had not wholly passed away ; and thus we are inclined to turn, with all the more delight, to this solitary herald of the day. His

work as a Reformer was that of a forerunner of the Reformation itself. He went before, preparing the way for the advent of that great religious revolution.

We shall realise this better if we remind ourselves of an occasion in the life of Luther. The Reformation was in its early stage; yet Rome, alarmed at the possible outcome of the departure from her authority, found a champion in one of her sons--a man, tall, broad-shouldered, and with a face as red and heavy as that of a butcher--Dr. Eck. This Goliath thought to slay the David of the Reformation. A public contest was arranged, and the opponents faced each other to fight, not with staves, but with arguments. The chief topic of the dispute was the supremacy of the Roman Church, and the sole headship of the pope. Dr. Eck, hoping to lower Luther in the estimation of the audience, said that the views he (Luther) had expressed were similar to those held by Huss and the Bohemians. Luther replied that he did not love schism, and therefore thought they were wrong to have seceded from the unity of the church. Luther was not then fully enlightened. Shortly afterwards the meeting dispersed for the dinner-hour. During that interval Luther's conscience pricked him. He held the doctrines of the Bohemians, and yet had almost condemned them. A crisis had arrived in his life. The Bohemians were detested in the Church would not his cause be vanquished if he publicly placed himself on their side? Yet his duty was clear. At all costs he must be true to his convictions and faithful to the right. Hitherto he had followed the Light as it was given him; he must not waver now. Before the meeting reassembled Luther had gained the victory over himself. Amid breathless silence he rose and said:—

"Among the articles of John Huss and the Bohemians there are some that are most agreeable to Christ. This is certain; and of this sort is this article : There is only one church universal ' ; and again, That it is not necessary to salvation that we should believe the Roman Church superior to others.' It matters little to me whether Wycliffe or Huss said it. It is Truth."[1]

"Wycliffe or Huss!"—names hated in the Roman Church. Had not the Council of Constance condemned them both as heretics? One they burned; the bones of the other were scattered to the waters. A murmur ran through the assembly, and Luther's best friends were alarmed, but the cause suffered not. The German Reformer was but nerved with greater power to the conflict. He had placed himself on the side of England's greatest Reformer and Bohemia's saintly martyr. He recognised—and the recognition spurred him forward—that Wycliffe had prepared the way for him, and that he was called to tread in the path thus opened to his footsteps.

How far did 'Wycliffe seek to reform the church?



Martin Luther

To answer this question we must briefly glance at his opinions on the principal doctrines. Concerning Christ, he believed Him to be very God and very Man; the sole Mediator, Saviour, Leader and Head of the Christian Church. His one standard of truth was the Bible. He constantly appealed to the Scriptures as the only infallible rule for faith and life. By his translation of the Word of God into English he clearly showed his belief that it should be read by the people in their own tongue. Because of his frequent writing and preaching on its truths, and his knowledge of its teachings, he was called the "Evangelical Doctor." His whole mind, strength and life were given up in full self-sacrifice to the reformation of the

Church on Biblical lines. He believed that the **source** of all the evils that devastated it was a universal apostasy from Christ and His Word, and that the only cure was a return to Him.

What was his view on salvation? Did he realise that man is saved by justification by faith in Christ only, without the works of the law? We certainly think he did, though not so forcibly as did Luther and Melancthon. In Germany "justification by faith only" was the point upon which the Reformation turned. In England the great test question was the Lord's Supper. And though our English Reformer did not make it a fundamental subject of controversy, as did Luther, yet words such as the following cannot but prove to us that Wycliffe trusted for salvation, not to his own works, but in the merits of Christ. Heal us, Lord, for nought ; not for our merits, but for Thy mercy. Lord, not to our merits, but to Thy mercy give the joy. Give us grace to know that all Thy gifts be of Thy goodness. Our flesh, though it be holy, yet it is not holy. We are all originally sinners from our mother's womb. We cannot so much as think a good thought, unless Jesus, the Angel of great counsel, send it ; nor perform a good work unless it be properly His

good work. His mercy comes before us, that we receive grace, and followeth us, helping and keeping us in grace."[2]

Transubstantiation, as we have seen, was a special error attacked by Wycliffe. He absolutely rejected it as "a sacrament of Antichrist," "an odious idolatry." On this subject he was ahead of Luther, who, it appears, could never entirely banish some lingering relic of superstition, in connection with the consecrated elements. Wycliffe did not fall into Luther's error of consubstantiation, though it is doubtful if he arrived at the pure light as given to Zwingli. Probably he was half-way between the two. Even as the growth of error is progressive, so the emancipation from it is often by degrees, and the progress in Light step by step and line upon line. Some have reached farther than others.

We have an instance of this law of progressive revelation in Wycliffe's opinion of *Purgatory*. For a long time he held to this error; but in his latest Latin polemical works[3] he doubts it, and then distinctly denies it.

His views of the Church were distinctly Scriptural—not new, for he followed in the path of Augustine[4] in this matter. The Church, to these master minds, was not a distinct class called the "clergy," but the whole number of the redeemed. "And this Church," wrote Wycliffe, "is

mother to each man that shall be saved, and containeth no member, but only men that shall be saved." This doctrine—so distinctly Biblical, but so forcibly contrary to the

teaching of the false system of Rome[5]—was a fundamental subject with all the Reformers.

"In Wycliffe's theology it ran," says Lechler, "like a scarlet thread" throughout his thinking.



John Huss.

On Wycliffe's contentions with the Mendicant Orders we have already sufficiently dwelt. To him the whole system of monasticism was as a canker, eating away the spiritual life of the church. On the prelates he was not less severe. Their worldliness, love of money, manifest heresies, etc., were targets for his constant stern rebukes. "These wicked prelates sell Christian men's souls to Satan for money, for which souls Christ shed His precious heart's blood upon the cross; thus almost all men are conquered to the fiend, and these prelates show themselves very Antichrists, procurators of Satan, and traitors to Jesus Christ and His people."[6]

The Pope was to 'Wycliffe, as to all the Reformers, not the divinely appointed representative of Christ on earth, but the Antichrist of prophecy. Wycliffe described him as the Head of all corruptions in the ecclesiastical system; and that to subject the Church to such a lord would be to bring her into bondage to Antichrist. "Of all priests he is the most contrary to Christ, both in life and teaching; and he maintaineth more sin by privileges, excommunications and long pleas, and he is most proud against Christ's meekness, and most covetous of worldly goods and lordships."

Other superstitions, such as the worshipping of images and going on pilgrimages, were also condemned by Wycliffe.

On the question of Mariolatry the reformer does not appear to have received light, but continued in that error to the end, as well as in a few other mistaken beliefs. Evidently, he did not arrive, in this world, to the full measure of the stature of Christ; nevertheless, in an age of spiritual pigmies, he, and many of his followers, were giants. Wycliffe is one of England's most important historical personages—one of the most honoured saints of the whole church.

So great a work as Wycliffe accomplished could not have been done without much prayer. He recognised what was true **prayer** acceptable to God, and what was the prayer displeasing to God. "Prayer," he remarks, "standeth principally in good life, and of this prayer speaketh Christ when He saith in the Gospel that we must ever pray. For Augustine and other saints say, that so long as a man dwelleth in charity, so long he prayeth well. Ah! Lord, since prelates are so far from God's law, that they will not preach the Gospel themselves, nor suffer other men to preach it, how abominable is their prayer before Almighty God! For the prayer of an ignorant man who shall be saved is without measure better than the prayer of a prelate who shall be lost."

(2) AS A WRITER

Wycliffe was remarkable indeed, judged by the times in which he lived. Friends and foes accorded him the highest place as an eminent scholar. He had no equal in learning—no rival as a schoolman. Later generations, who could enjoy the privileges which the Renaissance brought, did not value him so highly. His latinity was heavy and unclassical, when compared with the elegant style of Erasmus; but we cannot expect to find a scholar, however eminent he may be, more than a century in advance of his age. Wycliffe shared the faults peculiar to the scholars of his days; his constant repetitions, his frequent digressions from the point under consideration, were literary blemishes common to the writers of those times.

His knowledge was manifold, his abilities varied. His acquaintance with science often provided him with some apt illustration of spiritual matters. For example, the reader is led into the mysteries of chemical analysis to learn about the moral effect and consequence of sin upon the soul, separated from communion with God, like as the different elements of a compound body are detached one from the other. So every branch of his extensive knowledge was sanctified to the pursuit after higher truths. 'Wycliffe made the best use of all he knew—he toiled for eternity.

His character was many-sided, and in his writings we catch glimpses of his varied nature. At one time he is genial as the sun shining on the hill-tops; at another he is full of pathos, like the wind sighing through the trees. We find him rebuking evil with the sternness of Elijah, and then dwelling on the loveliness of goodness with the gentleness of "a still, small voice."

The evils of monasticism were to him a matter as grave as death, and yet there are times when his gift for sarcasm finds outlet in ridiculing the ways of the begging friars. He is sarcastic over their "red cheeks and fat lips," and compares them to "tortoises," which find their way, one after the other, all over the country; or to "lap-dogs," which gain an entrance into every chamber of the house. Irony was, in his eyes, a gift which should be used for a good cause.

Often he seems so full of the subject he is treating, that the line of thought is suddenly interrupted by an impulsive burst of emotion, as if all his pent-up nature must find outlet for its passionate longings, and give vehement expression to its deep-set convictions.

Several attempts have been made to procure a complete catalogue of Wycliffe's writings, which, however, is not an easy matter, for the author's MSS. are scattered in various libraries. The chief catalogue has been drawn up by the late Walter Waddington Shirley, Professor of Church History in Oxford. He gave the number of Latin works at 96, and that of the English at about 65.

The genuineness of some of them is doubtful. England and Ireland possess barely a third of these Latin MSS., the remainder are in the libraries of Vienna, Prague, Paris and Stockholm; but those written in English are all to be found in English or Irish libraries.[7]

(3) AS A PREACHER

Wycliffe was also distinguished. Oxford was not the only centre privileged to hear him. His voice was heard also occasionally in London pulpits. He was eminent, not among the learned only, but, in a greater degree, among the people. The citizen of the capital, as well as the labourer at Lutterworth, loved him. He was the friend of the masses of the people. The sins of the clergy and the worldliness of the rich were constantly rebuked by him, and his preaching exercised a powerful influence on high and low. Like the ancient prophets of Holy Writ, he uncompromisingly condemned the evil and held forth the good.

Wycliffe's method of preaching was called "postillating," i.e., expounding a portion of Scripture verse by verse, or clause by clause. Several of his "postils," or sermons, are among his extant MSS., and Lutterworth, no doubt, heard most of them. The old pulpit from which he preached is still standing in the time-worn edifice, into which one cannot enter without being carried back in thought five hundred years, and catching in imagination some echo of that voice which, in its faithful teaching, and in spite of possible martyrdom to the teacher, might well put to shame the worthless, fireless, Christless sermons heard in so many of our English pulpits in this century of self-loving ease.

(4) AS A PATRIOT

Wycliffe was eminent. We have seen him in Parliament during the memorable debate on the vexed question of the pope's tribute-money. We know how greatly his patriotic Protestantism stimulated the "Good Parliament." Wycliffe realised that the best blessing for his country was the knowledge of Christ. His vast work aimed at benefiting his fatherland as a whole, as well as saving the individual soul. He saw, with a clearness denied to many in this day, that priestcraft was the bane, and the Gospel the blessing, of every land, which is cursed or blessed in proportion as it receives one or the other.

(5) AS A CHRISTIAN MAN

Wycliffe lived as a bright light in a very corrupt age. "Master Wycliffe," said William Thorpe at his examination, "was holden of full many men the greatest clerk they knew then living ; and therewith he was named a passing man of strict principle and innocent in his living" (Foxe). In every age the power of holiness exercises a surpassing influence. To Wycliffe the holy life was a life-long prayer, an uninterrupted soul-communion all the days with the Divine.

Twenty-two years after his death Oxford University drew up the following commendatory document:-

" The conduct of Wycliffe, even from tender years to the time of his death, was so praiseworthy and honourable that never at any time was there any offence given by him, nor was he aspersed with any note of infamy or sinister suspicion ; but in answering, reading, preaching, determining, he behaved himself laudably, and as a valiant champion of the truth he vanquished by proofs from Holy Scripture, and according to the Catholic faith, those who by wilful beggary blasphemed the religion of Christ. Never was the Doctor convicted of heretical pravity, nor was he delivered by our prelates to be burnt after his burial. For God forbid that our bishop should have condemned so good and upright a man as a heretic, who in all the University had not his equal, as they believed, in his writings on logic, philosophy, theology, ethics and the speculative sciences." [8]

ROME'S COMPLIMENT TO THE REFORMER

Does Rome ever pay compliments to those she styles "heretics"?

Yes! She has many a time discovered that Protestants are invincible. Arguments, threats and flatteries, have proved unavailing to conquer the Christian warriors, against whom she has vainly waged war for many long centuries; and then, as a token of her own defeat, she burns them! Rome could not have paid a greater compliment to the impregnable strength of Protestantism, than by honouring its adherents with martyrdom. Unable to subdue her opponents on earth, there is no course open to her but that of sending them to Heaven. Wycliffe was not numbered among the holy army of martyrs, for a fitting opportunity did not arrive for making a bonfire of him; but, years after his peaceful decease, Rome paid him the best compliment she could under the circumstances. She considered he had protested strongly enough against her usurpations, and had sufficiently injured her power to justify her in digging up his bones and burning them. Had he been a weakly Protestant, had he but feebly attacked her citadel, she would never have troubled herself further about him. No; she has given proof to history how deeply she dreads heroes such as John de Wycliffe and his followers. But Oxford could not in silence allow the sacred dust of its renowned Doctor to be disturbed; hence the document we have quoted. Its contents were, of course, condemned by the Council of Constance—the very Council that issued the decree for the burning of his mortal remains.



Let us, in imagination, betake ourselves to that famous assembly. It is the year 1415. We are in the city of Constance. The streets are thronged with people, and every house is occupied with pilgrims from other lands. Many, unable to find accommodation within the city, have taken shelter in wooden booths, temporarily erected outside the city walls. Shall we enter the Council chamber? A dazzling array of earth's great men face us—cardinals and bishops, abbots and priests. Many, too, of sovereign rank are there, and the chief among them is the Emperor Sigismund. Accompanying him are electors, dukes, margraves, counts and barons. The Emperor, together with Pope John XXIII., had summoned the Council; but the pope is not master there. He had entered Constance in brilliant style; but the Council dethroned him, and threw him into a dungeon.

Savonarola, the Florentine Reformer

The work of the Council was two-fold—to heal the great Western Schism, and to extirpate "heresy." The first it accomplished by dethroning the three rival popes, and electing Martin V. The second it endeavoured to do by burning the "arch-heretic," John Huss, who had been cited to its bar.

Huss had received the Light[9] from England's John de Wycliffe; therefore it was necessary to first pass condemnation on the English Reformer. On 4th May, 1415, forty-five propositions, culled from his writings, were branded as heretical, and this sentence was followed by a decree consigning the author to the flames. But the author was beyond their reach. Huss, to whom he had handed the torch of truth, was, however, as far as God permitted, in their hands, and they entreated him, by promise of life and by threat of martyrdom, to recant.

"With what face, then," replied he, "should I behold the heavens? How should I look on those multitudes of men to whom I have preached the pure Gospel? No; I esteem their salvation more than this poor body, now appointed unto death." So they burnt him in July, 1415 "It is thus you silence the goose," he said, as they tied him to the stake;" but in a hundred years hence will arise the swan you will not be able to silence."

"Huss," in the Bohemian language, signified "goose"; and "Luther," in the same tongue, meant "swan" Thus at a glance the Bohemian martyr saw the day of Reformation Light approaching on the distant horizon. Less than a year later his co-worker, Jerome, was led to the martyr's stake. Huss and Jerome are names indissolubly linked as those of Latimer and Ridley.

Seventy years later Savonarola, the Florentine Reformer, was strangled and then burned. We do well to bear these early witnesses in mind, for they and the Lollards were links in the chain between Wycliffe and the Reformation.

What was that decree of the Council of Constance concerning the burning of Wycliffe, and was it ever carried out?

It ran as follows:—"The Holy Synod did declare and define the said John Wycliffe to have been a notorious heretic, and to have died obstinate in heresy, excommunicating him and condemning his memory ; and did decree that his body and bones—if they could be distinguished from those of the faithful — should be disinterred, and dug out of the ground, and cast from a distance of the sepulchre of the church."

Thirteen years later (1428), at an urgent request from Pope Martin to the Bishop of London, the decree was carried out.

Let us enter once again the familiar Lutterworth church. A ghastly scene presents itself. We see them tear up the chancel, and bring forth the coffin of that beloved man who gave England the Bible in her own tongue, and who fought for the liberty we enjoy today. With irreverent hands they open the coffin, take forth the skeleton and dust of Wycliffe, and bear them down to the river's edge. There they light a fire, and cast into it the frail tenement of him, whose soul had long since burst its human bonds, and soared far above all earthly things. After burning the remains to ashes, the same polluted hands scattered them into the waters of the Swift.

Such was the malignity of Rome; such her puny revenge against the hero she could not overcome ; such her compliment to his invincibility. Her foul deed has but added a new lustre to the fame of the immortal Reformer. As a historian (Fuller) has said:—

"The little river conveyed Wycliffe's remains into the Avon, the Avon into the Severn, the Severn into the narrow seas, and they into the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wycliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all over the world."

The following is the inscription on the tablet erected to the memory of Wycliffe in Lutterworth Church:—

**SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
JOHN WICLIF**

THE EARLIEST CHAMPION OF ECCLESIASTICAL REFORMATION IN ENGLAND.

HE WAS BORN IN YORKSHIRE IN THE YEAR 1324

IN THE YEAR 1375 HE WAS PRESENTED TO THE RECTORY OF LUTTERWORTH WHERE HE DIED ON THE 31ST OF DECEMBER 1384.

AT OXFORD HE ACQUIRED NOT ONLY THE RENOWN OF A CONSUMMATE SCHOOL MAN BUT THE FAR MORE GLORIOUS TITLE OF THE EVANGELIC DOCTOR.

HIS WHOLE LIFE WAS ONE PERPETUAL STRUGGLE AGAINST THE CORRUPTIONS AND ENCROACHMENTS OF THE PAPAL COURT,

AND THE IMPOSTURES OF ITS DEVOTED AUXILIARIES, THE MENDICANT FRATERNITIES.

HIS LABOURS IN THE CAUSE OF SCRIPTURAL TRUTH WERE CROWNED BY ONE IMMORTAL ACHIEVEMENT, HIS TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE INTO THE ENGLISH TONGUE.

THIS MIGHTY WORK DREW ON HIM, INDEED, THE BITTER HATRED OF ALL WHO WERE MAKING MERCHANDIZE OF THE POPULAR CREDULITY AND IGNORANCE.

BUT HE FOUND AN ABUNDANT REWARD IN THE BLESSINGS OF HIS COUNTRYMEN OF EVERY RANK AND AGE, TO WHOM HE UNFOLDED THE WORDS OF ETERNAL LIFE.

HIS MORTAL REMAINS WERE INTERRED NEAR THIS SPOT ; BUT THEY WERE NOT ALLOWED TO REST IN PEACE. AFTER THE LAPSE OF MANY YEARS, HIS BONES WERE DRAGGED FROM THE GRAVE AND CONSIGNED TO THE FLAMES; AND HIS ASHES WERE CAST INTO THE WATERS OF THE ADJOINING STREAM

Footnotes Chapter 20

1. D'Aubigne's "*History of the Reformation*."
2. "*Life of Wycliffe*," p. 322 (Le Bas).
3. His polemical works all relate to the Church—its worship, doctrines, duties, rights, needs, errors, reform, etc.
4. Not the Augustine who brought Popery to England, but the Bishop of Hippo—fourth century.
5. The error still lingers in the Anglican Church. How often we hear of a man about to become a clergyman, "He is going into the church." He may become a clergyman, and yet never have entered the church; but every man, woman or child" goes into the church "when they are

converted to Christ. If a man be not converted—"born again"—he is not in the church of Christ, even though he be a Roman Catholic priest, an Anglican presbyter, or a pope or bishop".

6. From Wycliffe's Treatise, "De Conversatione Ecclesiasticorum."

7 For fuller details see Appendix VII. to Lechler's "*John Wycliffe*."

8. For the genuineness of this document see Lechler's "*John Wycliffe*," p. 456.

9. Huss was not entirely emancipated from error. Several Romish doctrines were retained by him to the last. What he specially contended against was the wickedness, worldliness and corruption of the popes and hierarchy.



<p style="text-align: center;">Church Association Publications.</p> <p>Anti-Ritualistic Literature. Every Protestant Churchman should have for ready reference the six vols. published by the Church Association. They form a complete library, dealing with nearly every point in the Ritualistic Controversy. 6 vols., over 2000 pp., post free, in stiff paper covers, 6s. 6d.; in bound issue cloth binding, 9s. 10d.</p> <p>A Guide to Ecclesiastical Law, for Churchwardens and Parsonages, compiled by HENRY SHARPE. Post free, 1s. 6d.</p> <p>The Protestantism of the Prayer Book. By the Rev. DRAGON HARRIS. Post free, 1s. 6d.</p> <p>The Prayer Book, Articles and Homilies: Some Forgotten Facts in their History which may decide their interpretation. By J. T. TOMLINSON. Post free, 3s.</p> <p>Collected Tracts on Ritual. Edited or written by J. T. TOMLINSON. Price, post free, 2s. 6d.</p> <p>The Ritualistic Clergy List, containing the names of over 1000 Clergymen who are helping the Reformation Movement in the National Church. Post free, 1s. 6d.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">CHURCH ASSOCIATION, 13 & 14 Buckingham Street, London, W.C.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">THE Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, LONDON, S.W.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Scotside House, Margate.</i> CLIFTONVILLE, MARGATE.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>President:</i> THOS. SPURGEON. <i>Vice-President:</i> CHAS. KIRKUPHON. <i>Treasurer:</i> WILLIAM HOGES.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">A Home and School for 500 Fatherless Children</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>And to Memorialize the Beloved Founder, C. H. SPURGEON.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">No fees required. The most needy and deserving cases are selected by the Committee of Management.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">The Managers require TEN THOUSAND POUNDS A YEAR in Voluntary Contributions.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Contributions should be sent to the Secretary, MR. F. G. LADDS, The Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, LONDON, S.W.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">NOTICE TO INTENDING BENEFACTORS. Our last Annual Report, containing a Legal Form of Request, will be gladly sent on application to the Secretary.</p>
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Chapter XXI. THE LOLLARDS



FROM the time when the disciples were first called Christians at Antioch, it has been the fashion to give the followers of Jesus Christ all sorts of nicknames. Yet the strange thing about it is, that the terms which were first intended to cast reproaches upon those who bore them have been handed down as titles of honour. Thus it has been with the adherents of John Wycliffe. As an expression of opprobrium they were called "Lollards." It was intended as a sneer, but few more honoured names have come down to us from the days of long ago.

The name of Lollard is associated with suffering, borne with the greatest fortitude, for the cause of Jesus. As we think over the strange word it reminds us of many a humble disciple of the Lamb who followed Him whithersoever He led—often through imprisonment, torture and martyrdom to an incorruptible crown bestowed by a righteous Judge.

There is considerable doubt as to the origin of the term Lollard. Some have supposed that it is derived from the old German word *lolloed*, or *lullen*, which means to "sing softly." It is assumed, therefore, that the followers of Wycliffe gained their name from their peculiar style of psalm-singing, being thus known as the chanting, or canting, people.

Before referring to a few of the leading Lollards, it will be interesting if we can take a glimpse at those men and women who were in those days considered the "offscouring of all things," and as we can fortunately summon one of their enemies to bear testimony to their character and manner of life, it will prove additionally useful.

Reinerus, a Romish writer in the thirteenth century—believed to have been himself once a lover of the truth, but who afterwards apostatised—thus described those whom he denounced as heretics. The description may be applied to the disciples of Wycliffe, the Lollards of England, as they existed from one to two hundred years after his time. In many points, at least, the resemblance is very strong. He says:—"Heretics are known by their manners and their words. In their manners they are composed and modest. They admit no pride of dress, holding a just mean between the expensive and the squalid. In order that they may the better avoid lies, oaths and trickery, they dislike entering into trade, but by the labour of their hands they live like ordinary hired workmen. Their very teachers are mere artisans.. Riches they seek not to multiply, but they are content with things necessary. They are chaste. In meat and drink they are temperate. They resort neither to taverns, nor to dances, nor to any other vanities. From anger they carefully restrain themselves. They are always engaged either in working, or in learning, or in teaching; and, therefore, spend but little time in prayer. Under fictitious pretences, nevertheless, they will attend church, and offer, and confess, and communicate, and hear sermons; but this they do merely to cavil at the preacher's discourse. They may likewise be

known by their precise and modest words, for they avoid all scurrility, and detraction, and lies, and oaths, and levity of speech."

In this description we have a full-length portrait of honest, sober men and women of good report, who evidently in their daily rounds and common tasks adorned the doctrines they professed. The allegation that they pray but little shows they followed the directions of our blessed Lord, which they found in the Sermon on the Mount (Matt. vi. 5-13), instead of using the vain repetitions of ayes and credos, and the hours substituted by the church of Rome for the prayer of the spirit and understanding. They were compelled to attend the public services, and could not but feel the necessity laid upon them—"Take heed what ye hear."

These were indeed the men who kept the Light burning and the lamp trimmed during the century and a half previous to the Reformation. During the reign of Richard II. they had a measure of security. This may partly be ascribed to the power and influence of the Duke of Lancaster, who was the great patron of Wycliffe; and of Queen Ann, the consort of Richard II., and sister of the King of Bohemia. We regret that the account given of her by the historians of those times is so very brief and imperfect. They, however, relate that she had in her possession the Gospels in the English language, with four commentaries upon them. This is evidence of a mind not inattentive to the truths of the Gospel, and a proof that she engaged in the study of the Scriptures; for in those days no person, least of all a woman, would have sought to possess such expensive and uncommon works, unless it was desired to profit from their contents.

After her decease, which took place in the year 1394, the Lollards were more cruelly harassed, and severer punishments were inflicted on all who dared to read the Scriptures in their own language.

Richard II. was deposed in the year 1399 by Henry of Lancaster, who succeeded to the throne. He was the son of John of Gaunt, who had been the constant patron of Wycliffe, and his preserver in many scenes of difficulty and danger. But widely differing from his father, Henry was no sooner seated on the throne than he encouraged the ecclesiastics in their proceedings. Under this monarch, and Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury, a most violent persecution commenced, which became general throughout the kingdom. Everywhere the suppression of Lollardism was earnestly kept in view.

Now, for the first time, was exhibited in England the spectacle of martyrs burned alive for their opposition to the unscriptural doctrines of Popery. From that period, during a hundred and fifty years, till the Reformation freed the land from the shackles of papal power, this persecution continued. Many followers of Christ had "trials of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonments," and others counted not their lives dear unto them, "having respect unto the recompense of the reward."

The prelates, finding that a vast number still professed the doctrines of the Gospel, resolved to act with greater vigour, and presented an address to the king, in which they stated that: "the trouble and disquietness which was now risen by divers wicked and perverse men teaching and preaching, openly and privily, a new, wicked, and heretical doctrine, contrary to the catholic faith and determination of holy church." Whereupon the king, Henry IV., by the persuasion of the clergy, was induced, in the second year of his reign, to consent to a law^[1] against all persons who should "preach, maintain, teach, inform, openly or in secret, or make or write any book, contrary to the catholic faith and the determination of the holy church." It also prohibited conventicles or assemblies, or keeping any schools, "concerning this sect, wicked doctrine, and opinion," and enacted that no man should "favour such preachers, maker of assemblies, or book-maker, or writer, or teacher"; and that "all persons having such books or writings, should, within forty days, deliver them to the ordinary."^[2] The law also directed that all persons who "should do or attempt anything contrary to this statute, or should not deliver the books," should be arrested and detained in safe custody, till, "by order of the law, they cleared themselves, as



THE LOLLARD'S ARREST

touching the articles laid to his or their charge," or recanted their opinions. If convicted before their ordinary, or his commissioners, they were to be laid in any of his prisons, and there to be kept so long as by his discretion shall be thought expedient; if they refused to abjure, the mayor, or sheriffs, or other magistrates were to be present with the ordinary when required, and to confer with him in giving sentence against the parties convicted; and after the said sentence so pronounced, it was enacted that such mayor, etc., "shall take unto them the said persons so offending, and any of them, and cause them openly to be burned in the sight of all the people, to the intent that this kind of punishment may be a terror unto others, and the like wicked doctrines and heretical opinions, or authorers and favourers thereof, be no more maintained within this realm and dominions, to the great hurt of the Christian religion and the decrees of the holy church."

Arundel, the Archbishop of Canterbury, proceeded without loss of time, to put this fearful law into force, even during the session of parliament in which it was passed! Such were the dark days in which our Lollard forefathers witnessed with suffering for the truth. Their martyrdoms, like torches, illumined the night of spiritual gloom—like chariots of fire bore them above to the better land where the Lamb is the light thereof.

Footnotes to Chapter

1. This law was called De heretico comburendo, and was the first law passed by the English Parliament for the burning of Protestants.
2. By the "ordinary" is meant the person who possesses the ecclesiastical jurisdiction in any place ; it usually refers to the bishop of the diocese The reader will observe that judgment was to be passed upon those accused of heresy at the pleasure of the clergy, without any trial before the judges of the land, or by a jury.





Chapter XXII CHARIOTS OF FIRE



WILLIAM SAWTREE was the first English martyr burned alive for opposing the false doctrines of Popery. He was priest of St. Osyth's in the city of London; and although at one time he had been induced to renounce before the Bishop of Norwich the sentiments he held, yet he was enabled, by the grace of God. to see his error, and again openly to profess the truths of the Gospel. In February, 1401, he was summoned to appear before the Archbishop of Canterbury, and accused of holding heretical opinions. The principal articles against him were that he had said, "He would not worship the cross on which Christ suffered, but only Christ that suffered upon the cross; that every priest and deacon is more bound to preach the Word of God than to say particular services at the canonical hours; and that after the pronouncing of the sacramental words of the body of Christ, the bread remaineth of the same nature that it was before, neither does it cease to be bread."

A few days were allowed him to answer these accusations, when he appeared and delivered his reply, in which he fully explained his views; and being required by the Archbishop to renounce his opinions, he refused to do so. He was then examined more particularly respecting the sacrament of the altar; and continuing to defend the doctrines he had advanced on that subject, he was condemned as a heretic, and sentence was pronounced against him.[1]

The council adjourned for a few days, when the record of the former process against Sawtree by the Bishop of Norwich was brought forward. He was again called to say whether he still affirmed that "in the sacrament of the altar, after the consecration made by the priest, there remaineth material bread," and as he refused to recant, the proceedings against him were continued. He was degraded from the priesthood, according to the form and ceremony used upon such occasions in the Church of Rome, and committed to the custody of the high constable and marshal of England, with the phrase used upon these occasions, "requesting the said court that they will receive favourably the said William Sawtree, thus committed unto them."

The real intention of this hypocritical expression was soon manifested. The Romish prelate urged the king to cause the sentence to be executed. A writ was issued on the same day, directed to the mayor and sheriffs of London, purporting to be the decree of the king "against a certain new sprung up heretic, "commanding them to" cause the said William, in some public or open place within the liberties of the city (the cause being published unto the people), to be put in the fire, and there in the same fire really to be burned, to the great horror of his offence, and the manifest example of other Christians."

The sentence was carried into execution without loss of time; the martyr "really was burned." Thus Henry IV. was the first English king who caused Christ's saints to be burned for opposing the pope. And William Sawtree was the first who suffered by fire in England, which is proved by the public registers and other documents of authority. How different the estimate in which the monarch and the sufferer should be held from that given to them by the World!

The Romish prelates were eager to use the power bestowed upon them. Accordingly they were diligent in carrying the penalties into execution; and, as Foxe expresses himself, "it cost many a Christian man his life."



Martyrdom of William Sawtree

JOHN BADBY is the next martyr who claims our attention; he was of a humbler rank in life--a tailor by trade. On Sunday, March 1st, 1409, he was brought before Arundel, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, with other lords and bishops, and accused of maintaining that, "after the sacramental words spoken by the priests, to make the body of Christ, the material bread doth remain upon the altar as at the

beginning; neither is it turned into the very body of Christ after the sacramental words spoken by the priests." To which it was added that he further said, "It was impossible that any priest should make the body of Christ, and that he never could believe it, unless he saw manifestly the body of Christ in the hands of the priest; and that when Christ sat at supper with His disciples, He had not His body in His hand to distribute to His disciples, but spoke figuratively, as He had done at other times." The archbishop endeavoured, by arguments and exhortations, to change his opinions. Among other things, it is related that "the said archbishop said and affirmed there openly to the said John that he would (if he would live according to the doctrine of Christ) gage (or pledge) his soul for him at the judgment day! "Similar offers have repeatedly been made in later days by the Romish clergy! But the Bible expressly declares," None can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him " (Psalm xlix. 7).

The articles were again read, and Badby was called upon to reply to them. He did not shrink from bearing a faithful testimony. Among other things, he stated his firm belief "that after the consecration at the altar, there remaineth material bread, and the same bread which was before; notwithstanding," said he, "it was a sign or sacrament of the living God." He added, "that he would believe the omnipotent God in Trinity, which they had accused him of denying; and that if every host (or wafer used in the sacrament) being consecrated at the altar were the Lord's body, then there would be 20,000 gods in England."

After much time spent in discussion, Badby was committed to close custody till the 15th of March. On that day he was called before the bishops and temporal lords assembled in St. Paul's. The archbishop, finding him resolute, and that what he said appeared in some degree to affect others, pronounced sentence against him as a heretic, and delivered him over to the temporal lords then present, using the hypocritical form of "desiring that they would not put him to death for his offences."

This sentence being passed on Badby in the morning, the king's writ for his execution was sent down in the afternoon of the same day. He was immediately led to Smithfield, and being placed in an empty barrel, he was bound with iron chains, fastened to a stake, and dry wood was put about him.

The Prince of Wales (afterwards Henry V.) was present, and admonished Badby to recant his opinions, threatening him if he persisted in his heresies. Courtnay, the Chancellor of Oxford, preached a sermon, in which he set forth the faith of the Church of Rome.

While this was passing, the prior of St. Bartholomew's in Smithfield brought, with much solemnity, the sacrament of the Host, carried in procession with twelve torches, and showed the consecrated bread to the poor man fastened to the stake, demanding of him what he believed it to be. He answered, "that he knew well it was hallowed bread, and not God's body," upon which the fire was immediately kindled. When he felt the flames, he cried "Mercy!" (most probably as a prayer to God, and not to man). The Prince, hearing this, ordered the fire to be quenched. When the flames were extinguished he asked Badby if he would now forsake heresy and turn to the faith of the holy church, promising that if he would do so he should have a reward, and a yearly stipend out of the treasury, as much as he could require.

Here, indeed, was a tempting proposal on the one hand, an immediate and painful death on the other; and not only pardon and deliverance, but also an ample supply for all his future wants! Badby was enabled to refuse these offers. "Wherefore," says Foxe, "the Prince commanded him to be put again into the barrel, and that he should not look for any grace or favour. But as he was not allured by their rewards, even so he was nothing abashed at their torments, but persevered immovable to the end; not without great and most cruel battle, but with much greater triumph of victory, the Spirit of Christ enabling him to subdue the fury, rage and power of the world."

The reader will observe that both Sawtree and Badby were condemned and burned as heretics, because they would not believe in the popish doctrine of Transubstantiation. It is the more important to notice this, for all the modern Romanists assert this doctrine as fully as it was set forth in the times to which we refer.

Space will not permit of detailed reference to **WILLIAM THORPE** and **JOHN ASHTON**, but a noble name associated with the despised Lollard doctrine is that of **LORD COBHAM**.

In the year 1413 King Henry IV. died, and was succeeded by his son, Henry V. This prince has already been noticed in the account of John Badby. Immediately after his accession to the throne, Archbishop Arundel caused a synod of the clergy to be held at St. Paul's. The principal cause of its assembling was to repress the growth of the Gospel, especially to withstand the noble and worthy Lord Cobham, who was noted as a favourer of the Lollards. It was well known that he caused the writings of Wycliffe to be copied and widely dispersed, and that he maintained many itinerant preachers in different parts of the country and frequently attended their gatherings, standing by the preacher's side, sword in hand, to defend him from the insults of the friars. At this synod appeared the twelve inquisitors, who had been appointed at Oxford the year before, to search after heretics and Wycliffe's books. They brought a list of two hundred and forty-six doctrines, which they had collected from the writings of that reformer, many of whose books, as well as other similar works, were publicly burned, and their contents denounced as heretical. The chief subject for consultation, as already noticed, was the conduct of **SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE, LORD COBHAM**; but as he was a favourite both of the king and the people, it was deemed necessary to proceed against him with caution. The archbishop and the other prelates accordingly went to the king, and laid before him most grievous complaints against that excellent nobleman. Also one of Wycliffe's writings, which had belonged to Lord Cobham, was read before the king, who declared he never heard such heresy, and consented to their proceeding against Lord Cobham, enjoining them, however, to pause till he himself had endeavoured to persuade him to renounce his errors. The king having admonished this Christian nobleman to



LORD COBHAM, SWORD IN HAND AT A LOLLARD MEETING

submit to "his mother, the holy church, and as an obedient child, to acknowledge himself in fault," he at once replied, "You, most worthy prince, I am always ready and willing to obey, as you are the appointed minister of God, bearing the sword for the punishment of evil doers." He then stated his readiness to obey him in all earthly things. "But as touching the pope," added he, "and his spirituality, I owe them neither suit nor service, as I know him, by the Scriptures, to be the great Antichrist, the son of perdition, the open adversary of God, and the abomination standing in the holy place." When the king heard this, he would talk no longer with him.



Lord Cobham knelt down, holding up his hands towards heaven

Eventually he was arrested, and brought before the prelates sitting at St. Paul's Cathedral, and charged with heresy. In effect, Lord Cobham's answer was an appeal to the Scriptures. He was subjected to a severe examination, which continued for many sittings of the Court. He was continually offered his liberty if he would submit.

"Nay," said the noble confessor, "forsooth I will not; for I never yet trespassed against you, and therefore I will not do it." And then, kneeling down on the pavement, holding up his hands towards Heaven, he said, "I confess myself here unto **THEE**, my eternal living God, that in my frail youth I offended Thee, O Lord, most grievously, by pride, wrath, covetousness, lust and intemperance. Many men have I injured in mine anger, and done other horrible sins. Good Lord, I ask Thee mercy! He then stood up, and with tears in his eyes, exclaimed with a loud voice, "Lo! Good people, lo! For breaking of God's law and His great commandments, these men never yet cursed me ; but for their own laws and traditions most cruelly do they handle me and other men. Therefore, both they and their laws, according to the promise of God, shall be utterly destroyed."

This powerful address threw the Romish clergy into confusion for a time. The archbishop then proceeded to examine the prisoner as to his belief, to which he replied, "I believe fully and faithfully in the laws of God. I believe that all is true which is contained in the sacred Scriptures of the Bible. Finally, I believe all that my Lord God would that I should believe." He was next required to answer the writing sent him by the bishops, which has been already mentioned, especially concerning the sacrament of the altar. With the writing, he said, he had nothing to do. The primate then asked, "Do you believe that there remains any material bread after the words of consecration spoken over it?" After some discussion, "The Scriptures," said Cobham, "make no mention of material bread. In the sacrament there is both Christ's body and the bread; the bread is the thing that we see with our eyes, but the body of Christ is hid, and only to be seen by faith." Upon which they all cried out with one voice, "It is an heresy." One of the bishops in particular said it was a manifest heresy to say that it is bread after the sacramental words be once spoken, for it is Christ's body only. Cobham replied, " St. Paul the Apostle was, I am sure, as

wise as you be now, and more godly learned, and he called it bread in his epistle to the Corinthians: "The bread that we break," saith he, is it not the partaking (or communion) of the body of Christ? 'Lo, he calleth it bread, and not Christ's body, but a means whereby we receive Christ's body."

Then said they again, "Paul must be otherwise understood; for it is an heresy to say that it is bread after the consecration." Lord Cobham asked how they proved this. They replied, "It is against the determination of holy church!"

The examination of Lord Cobham extended to a considerable length. Throughout the whole scene he behaved with undaunted courage and Christian serenity. Friar Palmer, when examining him respecting the worship of images, said, "Sir, will you worship the cross of Christ that He died upon?" "Where is it?" said Lord Cobham. "Suppose it was here," said the friar. "This is indeed a wise man," said Lord Cobham, "to ask me such a question, when he knows not where the thing is! But what worship shall I do to it?" One of the clergy answered, "Such worship as Paul speaketh of, God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of Jesus Christ our Lord." "This," said Lord Cobham, and spread his arms abroad, "this is a cross, and better than your cross of wood, as it is created of God (not made by man), yet I will not seek to have it worshipped." "Sir," said the Bishop of London, "you know that Christ died upon a material cross?" "Yea," replied Lord Cobham, "and I know also that our salvation came, not by the material cross, but by Him alone that died thereon. And well I know that holy Saint Paul rejoiced in no other cross, but in Christ's death and sufferings only, and in his own suffering like persecution with Him, for the self-same truth that Christ had suffered for before."

His wife sat by him all night endeavouring to comfort him.

He was then condemned to death. When the sentence had been read, Lord Cobham, with a cheerful countenance, said, "Though ye judge my body, which is but a wretched thing, yet I am certain and sure ye can do no harm to my soul, any more than Satan did to the soul of Job. He that created it will, of His infinite mercy and according to His promise, save it. Of this I have no manner of doubt; and as concerning the articles of my belief, by the grace of my eternal God, I will stand to them, even to the very death." He then turned to the people, and said with a loud voice, "Good Christian people, for God's love, be well aware of these men, else they will beguile you, and lead you blind-fold into hell with themselves." Then kneeling down, and lifting up his hands and eyes to Heaven, he prayed thus: "Lord God eternal, I beseech Thee, of Thy great mercy's sake, to forgive my persecutors, if it be Thy blessed will." After this he was taken back to the



Tower, where he was kept prisoner for a considerable time.

He, however, managed to escape, seeking refuge in Wales, where he remained for four years. He was, alas! again arrested, and quickly executed. His persecutors dragged him upon a hurdle, with insult and barbarity, to St. Giles's Fields. There he was suspended alive by chains from a gallows. A fire was kindled beneath, and he was burned slowly to death.

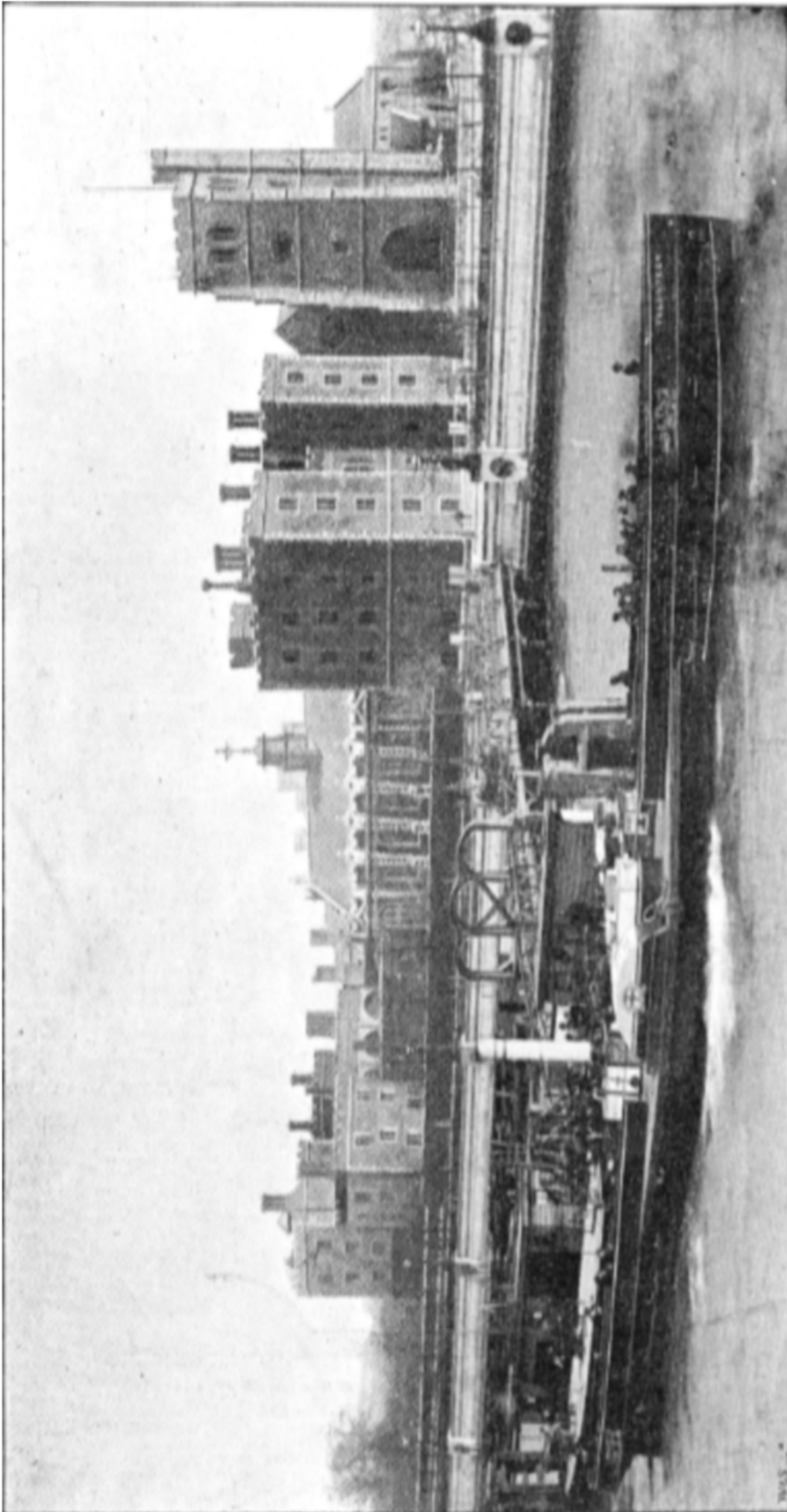
From Foxe we learn that he was enabled to resign himself patiently to the will of God, to derive comfort and support from the sacred Scriptures, and also to suffer this painful and ignominious death "with the utmost bravery and most triumphant joy, exhorting the people to follow the instructions which God had given them in the Scriptures, and to disclaim those false teachers whose lives and conversation were so contrary to Christ and His religion."

In this brief sketch of the early Protestants in our country, space does not allow us to refer to many others, whose testimony for the truth of God and against the superstitions of Rome was noble and consistent in both word and work. There was, however, one witness whom we must not omit to mention. His name was **JOHN BROWN**, of Ashford, in Kent.

The first troubles of John Brown were occasioned by a priest, who had been fellow-passenger with him on board a Gravesend barge. Brown, happening to sit close to the priest, was rebuked by an enquiry, "Dost thou know who I am? Thou sittest too near me; thou sittest on my clothes." "No, sir," said Brown, "I know not what you are." "I tell thee, I am a priest." "What, sir, are you a parson, a vicar, or a lady's chaplain?" "No," said the priest, "I am a soul priest; I sing for souls;" meaning that he was one who sang mass for the deliverance of the souls of deceased persons from purgatory. "I pray you, sir," said Brown, "where do you find the soul when you go to mass?" "I cannot tell thee," said the priest. "I pray you, where do you leave it, sir, when the mass is done?" "I cannot tell thee," again replied the priest. "Then you can neither tell where you find it when you go to mass, nor where you leave it when the mass is done; how then can you save the soul?" enquired Brown. "Go thy way," said the priest; "thou art a heretic, and I will be even with thee."

As soon as they landed, the priest took with him two gentlemen, named Walter and William More, and going to Archbishop Warhain, they laid information against John Brown. Three days afterwards, as Brown was bringing a mess of pottage to his table for some guests who were dining with him, he was apprehended by Chilton, of Wye, a bailiff, with others of the bishop's servants, who entered the house suddenly, dragged him out, and put him upon his own horse, tying his legs under its body. In this manner he was taken to Canterbury, his wife and friends not knowing whither he was carried, and was kept for forty days in prison, where, "through the cruel handling of the Archbishop and Fisher, the Bishop of Rochester, he was piteously treated. His bare feet were set upon hot burning coals, to make him deny his faith, which, notwithstanding, he would not do, but patiently abiding the pain, continued unmoved."

At length, on the Friday before Whit Sunday, 1517, Brown was sent to Ashford, where he had dwelt, to be burned. He was brought to the town in the evening, and set in the stocks; and it so happened, as pleased God, that a young maid of his house, coming by, saw her Master. She ran home and told her mistress, who till that time had remained in ignorance of the fate of her husband. His wife came, and found him in this deplorable state, set in the stocks, and appointed to be burned the next morning. She sat by him all night, when he declared to her the particulars of his sufferings, and how his feet were burned to the bones by the two bishops, so that he could not set them to the ground," to make me," said he, "deny my Lord, which I will never do; for if I should deny Him in this world, He would deny me hereafter. And I pray thee," added he, "good Elizabeth, continue as thou hast begun, and bring up thy children virtuously in the fear of God." The next day he was burned. When at the stake he made a simple but earnest prayer, concluding with these words, "Into Thy hands I commend my spirit; Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth." These affecting particulars were related by his daughter Alice, upon whose memory



THE LOLLARDS' TOWER LONDON

the scene was impressed by Chilton, who talked of throwing Brown's children into the fire with their father, lest they should be like him.

Such is the brief recital of sufferings borne with Christian fortitude by some of the Lollards. At Lambeth, in London, overlooking the Thames, can be seen the Lollards' Tower, where many of these humble confessors were imprisoned. What stories those sombre walls could recount if they were able to speak! If those barred windows had tongues, they would tell us of many a noble Lollard who was taken from his prison home to glorify God in "a chariot of fire." Their very names have in many cases been forgotten on earth, but in Heaven their names and their faithfulness are recorded, and the truths they loved and for which they suffered will to the end of time be treasured by the lovers of the Light of God's Word.

Footnotes to Chapter 22

1. A copy is here inserted, that the reader may see the sentence under which the first English martyr in the cause of truth suffered death ; it also shows the awful manner in which these persecutors profaned the name of the Most High:-

"In the name of God, amen. We, Thomas, by the grace of God, Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of England, and legate of the see apostolical, by the authority of God Almighty, and blessed St. Peter and Paul, and of holy church, and by our own authority, sitting for tribunal, or chief judge, having God alone before our eyes, by the counsel and consent of the whole clergy, our fellow brethren and suffragans, assistants to us in this present council provincial, by this our sentence definitive, do pronounce, decree; and declare by these presents, thee William Sawtree, otherwise called Chawtre, parish priest pretended, personally appearing before us, in and upon the crime of heresy, judicially and lawfully convict as an heretic to be punished."





Chapter XXIII

THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY



THE story of a century! How many events must have transpired during that long time! We look back on that long period, and what do we see? The blackness illumined by the blaze of martyr fires. What do we hear? The songs of praise of living and dying witnesses. In spite of reproach, persecution and death, the Lollards fought the good fight and kept the Lamp alight.

In the fifteenth century two mighty causes impelled England forward towards the day of Reformation. The first was Lollardism, based on the Word of God; the second was a protest against the supremacy of the pope in our land, based on the laws of the kingdom. In this chapter we deal only with the latter.

Will you come with us, in imagination, to the city of Constance? A gorgeous procession is sweeping through the streets. It appears to be one blaze of scarlet. The twelve horses led in front are caparisoned in scarlet. The cardinals who follow are conspicuous in their red hats. The pope, on a white steed, his head adorned with a tiara embellished with costly jewels, a canopy borne above him, appears to be the central figure. The Emperor Sigismund holds his horse's rein. At the gate of the city the pontiff dismounts, changes his gorgeous vestments for a red riding-habit, and then continues his journey.[1]

What means this array? It is the newly elected pope, Martin V., *en route* for Rome. Through those same streets, not long before, had marched two very different processions—Huss and Jerome, Bohemia's noble martyrs, on their way to the burning stake. No outward magnificence attended them, but the criminal's chains; no plaudits accosted them, but the jeers and hisses of their haters. Yet, which was the more honoured? Pope Martin, on his way to the scarlet city of the seven hills, like Dives, receiving his good things in this life only; or Huss and Jerome, like Lazarus, despised on earth, but borne on angels' wings to Zion, the city of God?

Huss and Jerome have special interest for English students, for it was Wycliffe's "Lamp" that lighted their heavenly path.

Martin V., too, claims some notice from us, not because he kept the "Lamp" alight, but because of his vain efforts to put it out. Two centuries had passed away since John had surrendered England to the papacy. Could she be once more humiliated? So queried Pope Martin, and forthwith addressed a letter to Chicheley, Archbishop of Canterbury. In it the pontiff gave vent to his wrath against the English statute of *Præmunire*.^[1] This Act, which prohibited the appointment of foreigners to English livings, was condemned by Pope Martin, as being dangerous to the Church as a "precipice," deadly as "poison," and ravenous as "wolves"; while the archbishop was represented under the somewhat bewildering and contradictory similes of "sleeping" while the flock fell over the precipice, "feeding" them with the poison, and, further, of being no better than a "dumb dog" while the savage beasts tore them to pieces.'^[2]



A GORGEOUS PROCESSION IS SWEEPING THROUGH THE STREETS

The archbishop quailed as he received this ebullition of papal wrath. No doubt he had not expected to experience such a storm of anger, for had he not been full of zeal in his efforts to extirpate "heresy"? Had he not caused many a Gospel-loving Lollard to be apprehended, imprisoned, tortured, or burnt to death? These were eminent virtues in papal eyes; but Chicheley had offended the pope by advising the King of England, Henry V., not to allow a legate, or representative of the pope, to reside in his kingdom. Henry followed this counsel; but Rome resented the injury thus done to her cause, and even the archbishop's unflagging energies, in burning the heretics, did not fully atone for this mortal offence.

It was not, however, till after the death of Henry V. that the pope got his way in this matter, and the Bishop of Winchester was appointed legate in England. But papal desires were not satisfied. Nothing would content him but the repeal of the statutes of Provisors and Præmunire, and the archbishop was threatened with excommunication if he refused to bring the matter before Parliament and the Privy Council. The primate was further admonished by a letter addressed to the "Archbishops of York and Canterbury"—the deliberate mention of York before Canterbury being an intentional snub to the latter. Letters were also dispatched to the young king (Henry VI.), to Parliament, and to the Duke of Bedford.

When Parliament assembled, the archbishops, attended by bishops and abbots, appeared in the presence of the Commons, and begged them to obey the mandate of the pope, and repeal the obnoxious statutes. The Commons, who were then assembled in the refectory of Westminster Abbey, refused to comply with the request. The pope, who considered himself above all secular authority, ignored the decision of Parliament, and continued his encroachments in England just as if the famous Act had really never existed; that is to say, foreigners of his own choosing were appointed to English livings, and took the revenues of the same, while some inferior person performed the duties, or pretended to do so.

Thus waged the fight between England and the pope in the fifteenth century; and throughout that era we find marked efforts on the part of the latter to gain supremacy in our land, and quite as determined a stand made in our island home to resist such usurpation.

Thus, while England with one hand was erecting martyr stakes for the Lollards, with the other she was turning back the flood of papal aggression, and thus unconsciously hastening the day of fuller light and liberty. The time was coming when England would join hands with Britain's noble martyrs, and present one united force against the enemy and the persecutor. But in the days of Henry VI. that glorious "Canaan" was far off. A sea of blood had yet to be passed through.



The beginning of the Wars of the Roses

About the middle of the fifteenth century began the famous Wars of the Roses, which can be traced as the outcome of the counsels of the Roman clergy to Henry V. It seems like a libel on the beautiful "Queen of Flowers" to name anything so cruel as war after these relics of Paradise. They seem, in their brilliant beauty or pale loveliness, to be significant, not of the death of the battlefield, but of the life of a better land. We all know how the "Wars of the Roses" got their ill-chosen title: the House of York selected the white rose as their badge, while the Lancastrians adopted the red. The series of battles, which lasted for thirty years (1455–1485), proved itself to be, indeed, anything but a "Battle of Flowers." We notice them here only so far as they are connected with Protestantism.

To understand their history we must go back to the reign of Henry V. and his wars with France.[4] The clergy were then quaking with apprehension of a probable calamity, viz., the loss of a great deal of their money ! Such a possibility would, in any age, have distressed so covetous a system as that of the Roman Church, and would lead her to resort to any expedient likely to ward off such a grave misfortune.

What was happening?

Well, the fact was, the king had his eye on the worldly possessions of the clergy, which were increasing year by year to an immense amount, and were benefiting no one but the fat abbots and the greedy priests.

In the reign of Richard II., and again in that of Henry IV., Parliament had sought to pass a Bill for the transfer of these vast possessions from the hands of the miserly Church into those of the

State, for the public benefit. Great was the consternation of the priests in consequence, and loud were their lamentations. As Hall, the historian, has said: "This Bill made the fat abbots to sweat; the proud priors to frown ; the poor priors to curse; the silly nuns to weep; and, indeed, all her merchants to fear that Babel would fall down."

When Parliament again sought to pass the Bill, in the reign of Henry V., Archbishop Chicheley, and the other "merchants," determined to find a way out of the impending danger.

The grave question was discussed by the trembling "merchants of Babel" at a synod in London, and Chicheley seems to have hit the nail upon the head when he said that the best plan was to give the king something else to think about. Having arrived at this decision, the "merchants suddenly became most liberal, and seemed as eager to part with gold as they had been previously anxious to keep every penny. In fact, they actually voted a large sum of money, and in the warmth of their extraordinary generosity they further offered no less than 110 monasteries to the king, the lands of which would bring in a large revenue.

These monasteries, which the clergy were so willing to part with, were filled by French monks ; and as they were under the control of foreigners, it was by no means advantageous to allow them to remain established on English soil. It was, in fact, like having an enemy within the camp!

But why this sudden liberality on the part of Chicheley and the priests? Why this unexpected offer of gold and silver? It was granted in order to render help towards providing the means for the carrying out of the idea which the clergy had put into the head of the King, namely, a war with France.



The battle of Agincourt

If the monarch were occupied in fighting for the French crown, he would forget all about that unpleasant suggestion of Parliament, to rob the Church for the public good. So we see how crafty were these religious "merchants." By parting with comparatively little, they saved the bulk of their enormous wealth, and, at the same time, earned the praise of the nation for their apparent unselfishness!

So the King went to war with France, and a terrible fight it was. We have all read of the Battle of Agincourt, and the famous victory of the English against fearful odds, and how the king returned to England with but a third of his famous army. The outpouring of French and English

blood had been the price paid to divert the thoughts of the king from the gold and silver of the "Church."

Again the war was renewed (1417); and we are saddened as we read of towns and pretty villages one scene of carnage, the sky lurid with the blaze of burning farms and homesteads, the dying and dead stretched on the battlefields as prey for the vultures.

In the midst of these terrors the hand of death struck the king, thus mercifully ending the war. In his last hour, Henry eased his conscience and justified his conduct by the reflection that his religious guides had spurred him to the conflict. Some of his last words were that he was "fully persuaded by men, both wise and of great holiness of life" (viz., the clergy) that he should begin the wars, and continue them till he had secured his French inheritance, "and that without all danger of God's displeasure, or peril of his soul." [5]

But the time arrived when the storm returned upon England itself, for evil deeds, as well as evil words, will come home to roost.

Henry V. had become master of northern France, the river Loire constituting the boundary line. But in the reign of the next king (Henry VI., of the House of Lancaster), province after province was lost to the English conquerors, till the English flag waved nowhere in France save in Calais only.

The discontent in England was great.

Amid these political storms, Richard, Duke of York, conceived ambitions for the crown of England, and the civil war which arose out of England's displeasure for the loss of the French provinces was probably owing in a large measure to the intrigues of the Duke of York, who hoped by these political disturbances to find a way to the throne. Thus began the "Wars of the Roses."

Those were sad times for England, for great are the horrors of civil war. No one's life seemed safe amid those burning villages and falling castles. Many a great and noble family was swept away.

But the English wars are not the only ones whose guilt may be laid at the door of Rome. Whether we think of the blood spilt during the two centuries of the Crusades, or of the century and a half of the wars about "Investitures," or of the massacres of the Waldenses and Albigenses amid their lovely vales, or of kings deposed and kingdoms drenched in blood by the sword of invaders, or of the internal wars and divisions in the land of Huss, or of the massacres in France and other horrors of later centuries—if we think of any of these, and ask whence they came, the voice of history replies: "From the papacy." Christ told the Jews that the blood shed from the days of righteous Abel should be required of those who crucified Him. Can it not be said, with equal truth, that the blood shed through the ages when Rome ruled or influenced the world is laid at her door? [6]

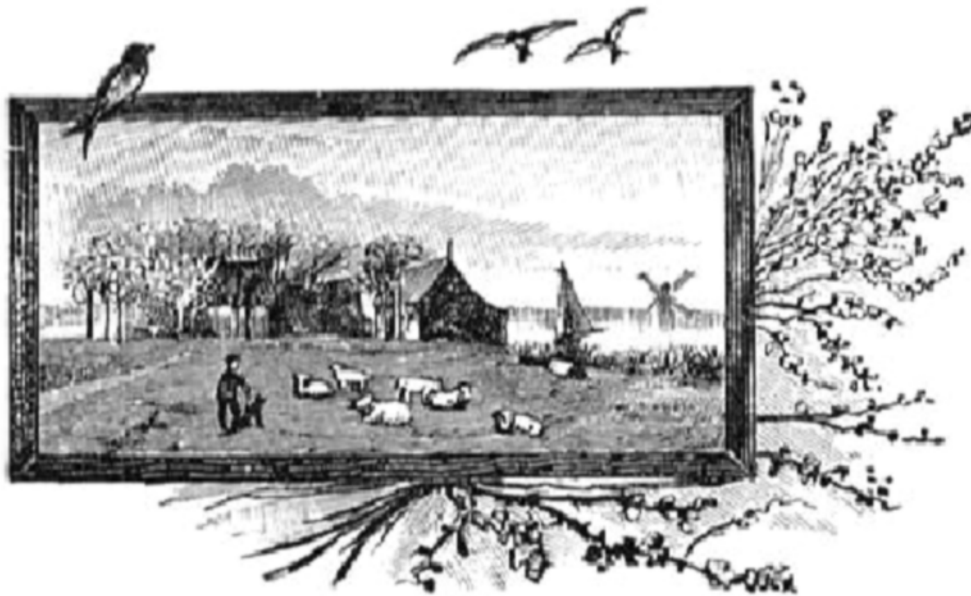
The fifteenth is perhaps the most boisterous of all the centuries. Political hurricanes swept, not only in England, but throughout Christendom. But just as a storm will clear the air, so the "Dark Ages" began to vanish before the tempest of those troublous times. The Greek Empire—or, at least, what remained of it—fell before the Turk, and thus the treasures of Greek learning became more diffused abroad.

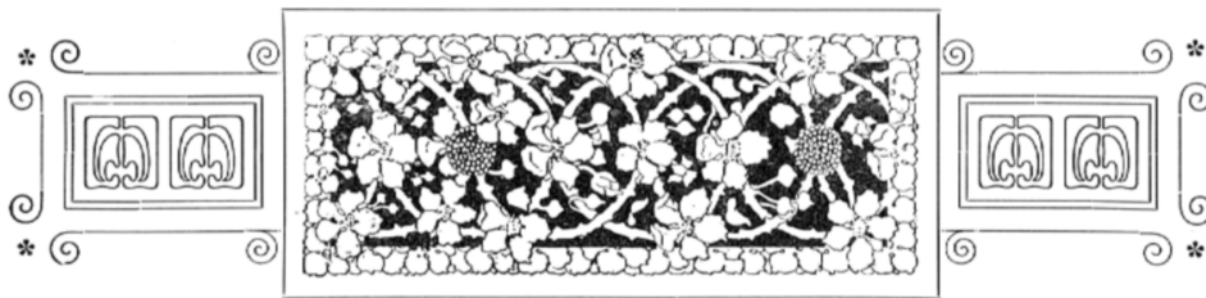
The century, too, is famous for a great invention which promised wonders to the world—the strange, new art of printing. Great men also stepped upon the scene—Colet, More, Erasmus, etc.

Others watched the signs of the times. Did they realise their meaning? Did they guess that a glorious new era—the Reformation—was nigh at hand, and that all things, the evil as well as the good, were preparing for its advent? God ever sends His messengers—His wondrous dealings—to make straight His path. Each unfolding scene in the world's great drama is, though men see it not working out His plans.

Footnotes to Chapter 23

1. Lenfant, vol. ii., pp. 275-278.
2. For explanation of Præmunire see chap. xiv.
3. Wylie's "*History of Protestantism.*"
4. Wylie's "*History of Protestantism,*" Book vii., chap. xi.
- 5' Holinshed, vol. iii.
6. See Rev. xviii., where the Church of Rome, represented by "Babylon the Great," is said to be guilty of the blood shed "of all that were slain upon the earth " (v. 24).





Chapter XXIV

A HIGHWAY FOR OUR GOD; OR, PREPARATION FOR THE REFORMATION.



THE Psalmist sang: "The Lord hath prepared His throne in the heavens"

This law of Preparation is manifest in every dealing and purpose of God. The path must be prepared, the way made straight, ere the will and plan of Infinite Wisdom find fulfilment. We can trace this law, as a predominating principle, throughout the history of our world. In the work of creation the light preceded the advent of vegetable and animal life; lastly, came man, but not till all, step by step, had been made ready for his reception. So was it with the first coming of the Messiah. Centuries of providential pre-arrangements and pre-adjustments heralded His approach; then came John the Baptist, the last link in the lengthy chain of preparation for the Christ so long expected. The Lord Himself was perfected through suffering. His life was a preparation for His great act of Atonement. His Bride—the redeemed—is being made ready, step by step, stage by stage, for the glory of the eternal mansions. The varied events of each dispensation were everyone divinely over-ruled for the good of the Church, and constituted, as so many handmaids—whether friend or foe—to help array her in bridal attire. Trials, persecutions, and the fires of martyrdom have, under Providence, aided in the work of perfecting her through suffering. The history of Protestantism is a record of these plans of Divine Wisdom, for the glorification of Christ in her. Hereafter she will understand that even the rage and the wars against her of the papal "Beast" were necessary to her growth towards the measure of the fullness of the stature of Christ.

For centuries her solitary Light shone amid the gloom of the "Dark Ages." The corruptions of the papacy were like so many obstacles in the darkness, which impeded her progress heavenwards. But the foundations of those impediments were undergoing a process of undermining, long before the actual catastrophe of their fall arrived. At the Reformation her Light blazed forth, but the process, of dispelling the gloom and scattering the shadows was not the work of a moment ; as our foregoing chapters have shown, the daylight was preceded by the dawn—the sun did not rise until the "Morning Star" had foretold its coming.

Let us now look at some of the immediate steps in the preparation for that great revolution called "The Reformation," and see how a "highway" was made ready for the triumphant progress of the King of kings. The most important are the following:—

- (1) The Renaissance; or, Revival of Learning.
- (2) The Invention of Printing.
- (3) The Schism in the Papacy, and the universal desire for reform.
- (4) Former Protestants and their work.

I -THE RENAISSANCE; OR, REVIVAL OF LEARNING

Renaissance means re-birth, and denotes a great change which came over Europe at the close of the Middle Ages. The power and faculties of the mind, which had been lying apparently dead or dormant, revived, or re-woke into vitality and energy, and this re-birth of intellectual life prepared the way for the study of God's Word.

If we take a bird's-eye view of the intellectual state of Christendom during the centuries of the Middle Ages, we see the world sunk in almost universal ignorance. The night of "Know-nothing" hung like a black pall over the kingdoms of Christendom; only a glimmering light, here and there, broke the gloom. So dense was the ignorance, that it was rare for a layman to be able even to sign, his own name. If an agreement were made it was generally done verbally, for notaries, able to draw it up in writing, were few and far between. Even if one were found, the contracting parties could most frequently only make crosses, or similar marks, as signatures.

The clergy were supposed to be the most learned, but most of them knew little beyond their alphabet, and many did not know even that. As to writing a letter, if one were penned with only half the words rightly spelt, the author would be considered decidedly accomplished! Reading was equally neglected. Books were so rare, that the would-be student considered himself fortunate, if he possessed even a volume or two, to stumble through during the year. At a Council held in Rome in 992 scarcely a single person was found with a knowledge of the elements of letters. Charlemagne, and Alfred the Great of England, did much to encourage learning; but it is doubtful if the former were capable of writing, and the latter found much difficulty in translating Latin into his own language.[1]

What was the cause of this general ignorance?

Principally the increasing corruptions in the Church, and the growth of the priestly influence over the minds of the laity. Some monasteries possessed libraries, but to these the layman had not access. Schools were often connected with convents or cathedrals, but they afforded no encouragement for study to those beyond the pale of the hierarchy. Consequently when Latin became a dead language, knowledge was locked up from the people. Those who might have had a taste for literature could not pursue education, which was thus placed beyond their reach. Had "the Church" given to the people facilities for the study of the Latin works so selfishly guarded in the monastery libraries; and encouraged youth to cultivate its talents, the reproach of universal ignorance would not have been so great throughout Christendom; but increasing corruption, and increasing ignorance, were twin sisters of the night, which, for some centuries, kept pace in their gloomy progress through the nations. It is said that England reached the lowest stage of intellectual degradation about the middle of the ninth century.[2] The saddest phase of this widespread ignorance was the decay of knowledge of the Word of God. The Bible also was locked up in dead languages. Hebrew, Greek, or the Latin into which Jerome had translated the Scriptures, were as bolts and bars to the people, depriving them of the power to open the Divine treasure-house; and Rome, of course, made no effort whatever to put the key into their hands by translating the Book into the tongues of the masses. The Water of Life was a fountain sealed, a light hidden under a bushel. Thus we realise that the revival of learning prepared the way for the Reformation, because it revived the knowledge of the dead languages, and thus unlocked the door to immortal riches.

Not the laity only, but the clergy also, appear to have been in great ignorance concerning the Scriptures. For example, we read of an Archbishop of Mainz coming across a copy of the Bible. He examined it curiously, quite puzzled as to what it could be. After a while he began to read it, and was so taken aback at its contents that he exclaimed: "Of a truth, I do not know what book this is; but I perceive everything in it is against us."

The "Middle Ages" lasted about a thousand years, viz., from about the fifth or sixth century to the fifteenth or sixteenth. The Renaissance comprised the last stage in this long period. Let us now consider how it prepared the way for the Reformation, by clearing away the rubbish of ignorance, and thereby making a highway for the spread of God's Word.

Florence, in Italy, has been styled the "cradle of the Renaissance." This beautiful city has also had its Protestant martyrs. About the middle of the thirteenth century a band of early Reformers laid down their lives for the Gospel. They were called "*Patrini*" Two columns still mark the spot where Rome spilt their blood.[3] Two centuries later Jerome Savonarola protested against popish corruptions, and upheld the supremacy of the Scriptures. They strangled and burned him in the Piazza della Gran' Ducca. His Bible is still to be seen, its margin closely covered with notes by the devout martyr-student. A fountain plays on the exact spot of his martyrdom.

Later in the same century in which the Patrini suffered (the thirteenth) rose Dante, whose sublime "*Divine Comedy*" did much towards elevating Italian literature. Dante was not a Protestant, but he protested against much of the worldliness of the clergy and the corruptions of the ecclesiastical system of Rome.

The "Pioneers of the Renaissance" were Petrarch and Boccaccio. They appeared in the fourteenth century. Latin and Greek had become dead languages, hence the treasures of knowledge were closed to the people. Petrarch set his countrymen to the right study of the Latin classics, in which endeavour he received every encouragement from his friend Boccaccio, who applied himself to the restoration of Greek literature in his native land. Many followed suit, till the desire for learning grew intense and passionate. This New Learning was styled "Humanism." The name was well chosen, for the intellectual revival awakened the human mind to a sense of its capabilities. For long centuries the intelligence had been enslaved by the "Church"; now humanity made the discovery that it could think and judge for itself. The enthusiasm for learning increased until it reached other lands, and travelled to the cold, stern north of Europe. Universities arose for the education of youth, and the lecture rooms of philosophers and learned men were crowded by young and old, who left their pleasures or their business, drawn by the new thirst for knowledge.

By the middle of the fifteenth century the New Learning was established. The year 1453 will always be noted as a distinct date in its era. The scene revolved round Constantinople, the capital of the Eastern or Greek Empire. Constantine the Great, the first Christian Emperor of Rome, had made it his chief city. Beautifully situated on the shores of the Bosphorus, and strongly fortified, it had resisted for many centuries all attempts to capture it. But a new invention—that "mixture of sulphur, saltpetre and charcoal," as Gibbon describes gunpowder—could do what bows and arrows were powerless to accomplish. The artillery of the Turks thundered against the ancient walls, and Constantinople, after a siege of some weeks, fell into the hands of the Mohammedans—that scourge of God against idolatrous Christendom. In vain the images of Virgin and Saints were paraded around the apostate city; her doom had come, and with her ruin fell the remnant of the Greek Empire. But the treasures of Greek learning, hitherto selfishly guarded, were diffused abroad. Thus the year 1453 marks a distinct point in the progress of the Renaissance.

England was backward in receiving the New Learning, though symptoms of her awakening intellectual life were not lacking. In the thirteenth century Roger Bacon struggled against almost insurmountable difficulties in his pursuit after science. He died about thirty years before Wycliffe was born, and was as truly the precursor of philosophy, as Wycliffe was of the Reformation. He was far beyond the times in which he lived. Books were rare and very costly; and he, who knew more than his fellows, was often regarded as a wizard—under Satanic influence. The age could not appreciate a genius such as that of Roger Bacon. He had joined the Franciscans in the hope that, as a friar, he would be able to devote himself to study; but his Order placed his books under an interdict, and the author was thrown into prison, where he languished

for ten years. But in spite of these obstacles, Bacon achieved much. Many inventions of modern times were known to him—the telescope, the microscope, and the *camera obscura* were familiar to him. His knowledge in several branches of science was profound; even the principle of our modern railway and the motor-car was not altogether unperceived by him. "It is possible," he wrote, "to give to the motion of a carriage an incalculable swiftness, and that without the aid of any living creature." He was also familiar with many languages. How much could he have done had not the ignorance and superstition of the times hindered him! Yet he died almost unrecognised as a master mind, and it was left to future generations to appreciate his worth.

There are the names of other distinguished schoolmen — Duns Scotus, William Occam, and other lesser lights, who were among the scholars of Oxford University; and this centre of learning became almost as famed as that of Paris.

Geoffrey Chaucer, the father of English poetry.

Chaucer and Wycliffe were the fathers of English poetry and prose. Wycliffe's translation of the Scriptures was a direct outcome of the revival of learning. Ignorant of Greek, but familiar with Latin, he was able with this latter key to unlock the treasure-house of the Word of God to the people of England.

But these were individual efforts. As a nation, our land did not open its doors to the New Learning till the close of the fifteenth century, and the Renaissance and the Ref-

ormation reached our shores almost simultaneously. Learned men from England travelled to Florence, and there met others, from many lands, who had gone thither in the pursuit after knowledge. There our countrymen of four hundred years ago strolled in the cypress avenues, and discussed the classics on the terraced walks around Cosmo's beautiful palace (in which students were hospitably entertained), or by the banks of the Arno in the cool of the evening, or beneath the sheen of that almost eastern moon. To those enthusiasts learning was like a romance; little did they dream to what liberty it was leading!

Returning to England, the English students laid before Oxford the riches of classical knowledge they had gained in the city of the Medici. Names such as the following are linked with the Renaissance in our land:—



LINACRE: physician to Henry VIII. He has the honour of being one of the first teachers of Greek in the University of Oxford. Associated with him was—



**Strolling in the cypress avenues,
discussing the classics**

WILLIAM GROCYN, to whom belongs the glory of having taught the Greek language to one who became the most eminent scholar of those times,[4] viz., to—

DESIDERIUS ERASMUS, the learned Dutchman. During his visits to England Erasmus made the acquaintance of a famous circle of literary friends, among whom we must mention—

SIR THOMAS MORE, a youth well skilled in the classics. A good story is told of their first meeting. They had entered into a lively literary discussion, without being aware of each other's identity. After a while Erasmus exclaimed, "You are More—or nobody." The young scholar replied, "You are Erasmus—or the devil." The two embraced with the impulsive demonstration peculiar to the age, and from thenceforth were great friends. More was then barely out of his teens; his slender figure was slightly deformed, his colour was fresh like that of a maiden, and his eyes were blue-grey and restless. We must not think of him as a Protestant, yet we realise that his literary abilities helped to prepare the way for the Reformation. His nature was naturally gay, and he loved to make jokes and laugh over them. But, as a victim of superstition, he would scourge his body every Friday to expiate his frivolity, wear a hair-shirt, and lie on the ground with a log for his pillow, in order to atone for his sins. Poor More! He thought thus to reform himself; but with all his learning, the light of justification by faith only was unknown to him.

When the Act of Supremacy was passed in 1534, making Henry VIII. the Head of the English Church, instead of the pope, More refused to take the oath, and was beheaded as a political offender against the crown.

More's literary works were many. His zeal for the New Learning was evidently due in a large measure to the influence of Erasmus. The latter gives a charming description of More's home life, where all were united in study. Erasmus wrote: "More has built near London a modest yet commodious mansion. There he lives, surrounded by his numerous family, including his wife, his son and his son's wife, his three daughters and their husbands, with eleven grandchildren. In it no one, man or woman, but readeth or studieth the liberal arts, yet is their chief care of piety."[5]

It was while on a visit to More, that Erasmus, to beguile the hours of convalescence, wrote his celebrated satire, entitled: "*The Praise of Folly*." All classes of society were made a butt for the author's lively sarcasm. The monks and the pope received some fatal wounds in this witty production. It was published in Paris some years before Luther posted up his Theses in Wittemberg; and though Erasmus' attack was made in mirth, it prepared the way for Luther's graver battle.



Sir Thomas More and Erasmus

More's most famous work was "*Utopia*". The reader is taken to the "Land of Nowhere." That which interests us most in that imaginary realm is the perfect religious toleration granted to its inhabitants. In More's days such a liberty was to be found "Nowhere"!

More was a lecturer also. His expositions on Augustine's (Bishop of Hippo) "*City of God*" were delivered in London to "all the chief learned." He was one of those who groped for fuller light, and did not a little towards hastening its advent ; and yet, when it was seen approaching in plenitude, he was too timid to give it welcome, but closing the windows of heart and mind, he retired into the dimness, and died in the communion of Rome. In More we have a striking example of the fact that learning, without the Bible and the grace of God, cannot illumine the

soul with the Light of God. Learning without the Bible has often made infidels; it has never made a Christian. The Renaissance was a preparation for the Reformation, because it led to the study of the Bible, and its translation into the tongues of the people.

Erasmus became Professor of Greek at Cambridge in 1511. There he performed his greatest work--the translation of the Greek New Testament into Latin, and both the Greek and the Latin were printed and published. They were his gift to England, and the origin of the English Reformation.[6]

While resident at Cambridge, Erasmus visited the shrine of Thomas Becket at Canterbury, and that of the Virgin Mary at Walsingham—centres of gross idolatry and superstition. His impressions have been handed down to us in his famous "Colloquies." This book gives a series of discussions between a sceptic, named Menedemus, and Ogygius, a firm believer in the shrines; and many a witty remark, many an exposure of the absurd fables connected with the "Saint" or the Virgin are laid bare. Yet, probably, none realised that the day of Reformation, which was close at hand, would scatter these night mists.[6]

The most distinguished scholar of the New Learning with whom Erasmus came in contact during his visit to England was—

DEAN COLET, a friend of More, and at that time one of the leaders of Greek research in England. The friendship between Colet and Erasmus had a vast influence in the work of preparation for the Reformation. The learned Dutchman imbibed the Dean's love for the Scriptures, and the result was the translation into Latin of the Greek New Testament---- the origin of our Reformation.



Dean Colet

John Colet was very different from Thomas More both in age and appearance, being stately and dignified. He was very rich, for his twenty-two sisters and brothers having died, he became his father's sole heir. He had studied abroad, but the charms of Italy did not forcibly impress him. He soared higher than mere Platonic philosophy; if Plato pleased him, the Apostle Paul and his Epistle to the Romans fascinated his soul. On this Epistle he publicly lectured in Oxford. He was then only thirty years old; no degree of Divinity had been conferred upon him; and yet, says Erasmus, "there was no doctor, no abbot, or dignified person who did not frequent, and even take notes of, his lectures." [7] So famous did his lectures on Paul's Epistles become that, in 1504, Henry VII. made him Dean of St. Paul's, "that he might be president of his college, whose epis-

cles and learning he loved so well." [8] In London he continued his celebrated lectures, and the citizens, as well as the ecclesiastics, crowded to hear him. Thus the streaks of Light foretold the Day-spring near at hand.

Colet's interest in children will appeal to our young readers. In the schools which he founded, and to which he devoted nearly his entire private fortune, good literature of Latin and Greek was taught. His desire was "by this school to specially increase the knowledge and the worship of God and our Lord Jesus Christ, a good Christian life and manners in the children." [9] Lilly, the great grammarian, became headmaster. "The young fry," as Erasmus called the youngsters, "had each his proper seat, distinguished by pieces of wood. Every class contained sixteen boys; the best scholar of each sits in a seat somewhat above the rest, with the word '*Capitaneus*' engraven in gold letters over his head." What an original idea for encouraging the "young fry" in their efforts after success!

Colet had many enemies who regarded him as a heretic; for the dean did not believe in auricular confession to priests, nor in the worship of images; and his love for the Scriptures further increased their hatred against him. He was an old man when an opportunity occurred which they hoped would ruin him. Colet was then chaplain to Henry VIII. His Majesty was just preparing a march against the French. The dean preached an earnest sermon against War, showing that it was a far worthier thing to fight under the banner of Christ against sin, than to take up arms against one's fellow-creatures. The King feared the sermon might discourage his soldiers, and the enemies of Colet made the most of the occasion to lower him in the royal favour. "All the birds of prey," says Erasmus, "floated about Colet, hoping the king would be incensed against him." The dean was summoned to the king's presence; but bluff King Hal was very different, then, to the heartless tyrant he afterwards became. The two conferred together: the king's fears were allayed, and Colet won the favour of his sovereign. "Let other men choose what doctors they please," exclaimed Henry to his courtiers; "this man shall be my doctor." And then the disappointed foes of the aged dean—"the gaping wolves," as Erasmus called them—departed, and never dared trouble Colet any more.

Six years after Colet's death, Tyndale gave his English New Testament to the people of England. Such men as Colet and others had prepared the way for that grand work.

II THE INVENTION OF PRINTING

About the year 1450, in the town of Mainz, in Germany, a goldsmith, by name John Faust, was busy engraving letters of the alphabet in metal. When these were finished he took some black ink and put it on the metal letters, and then laid them on white paper. Oh! His delight when he saw that the impression of the letters remained upon the paper! Such was the quiet, unnoticed birth of the art of printing [10] Faust was industrious; his discovery pleased him; he would go a step further. Would the letters if arranged in words form sentences? He tried the idea, and it succeeded. Evidently there were possibilities in this new art: he must consult his friends. So, calling in John Gutenberg and Peter Schoeffer, he told them his secret. With what curiosity they must have discussed together, and examined the strange novelty! Wild dreams of its probable power in the future may have flitted across their minds. But they were cautious. Faust bound his friends to keep the matter secret; and for ten years they laboured at the new art, seeking, to improve and simplify it. When their plans were ripe the matter was made public. They crossed the Alps, taking the new art with them to Venice. Afterwards it spread down the Rhine to Cologne and on to Flanders---then to England. We can imagine the peculiar pleasure with which it was received. Willing helpers, with wise brains and active hands, were able to improve it, and make it more efficient.

Hitherto rolls of parchment, beautifully written and richly illuminated, had been the only reading matter; they had taken a long time to write, and were costly to buy. Printing removed these difficulties out of the students' way, and thereby increased immeasurably the facilities for acquiring knowledge. It was God's good gift; one of His most remarkable preparations for the Reformation, for it speeded the wide circulation of His Holy Book throughout the world. God was about to raise up holy men and brave, who would translate His Word, and would dare to



DEAN COLET PREACHING

speak, and write, against popery. Before they came He had made ready for them this marvellous art of printing, whereby their preaching and their writings could be quickly and widely spread abroad among, many people. No wonder the pope looked on askance. Rome realised the danger menacing her own interests---she saw it would be a mighty instrument for lighting up the world. One of her priests the vicar of Croydon---preached at St. Paul's Cross in the days of Henry VIII. that either the Roman Church must abolish printing or printing would abolish her! (Foxe.)

The art of printing was introduced into England by William Caxton. "It was probably at the press of Colard Mansion, in a little room over the porch of St. Donat's at Bruges, in Flanders, that Caxton learnt the art." [11] After an absence of thirty-five years he returned to his own land, bringing the new invention with him, and laboured for several years in London as printer and translator. His press was "established in the almonry at Westminster, a little enclosure containing a chapel and alms houses." [12] A "red pole" showed the seeker where the printed books could be bought, "good chepe." Not the people only, but kings also favoured the wonderful new process. Rome alone discouraged it. At her General Council, held in 1514, she forbade the printing of any books, except with her permission.

III. SCHISM IN THE PAPACY AND THE UNIVERSAL, DESIRE FOR REFORM

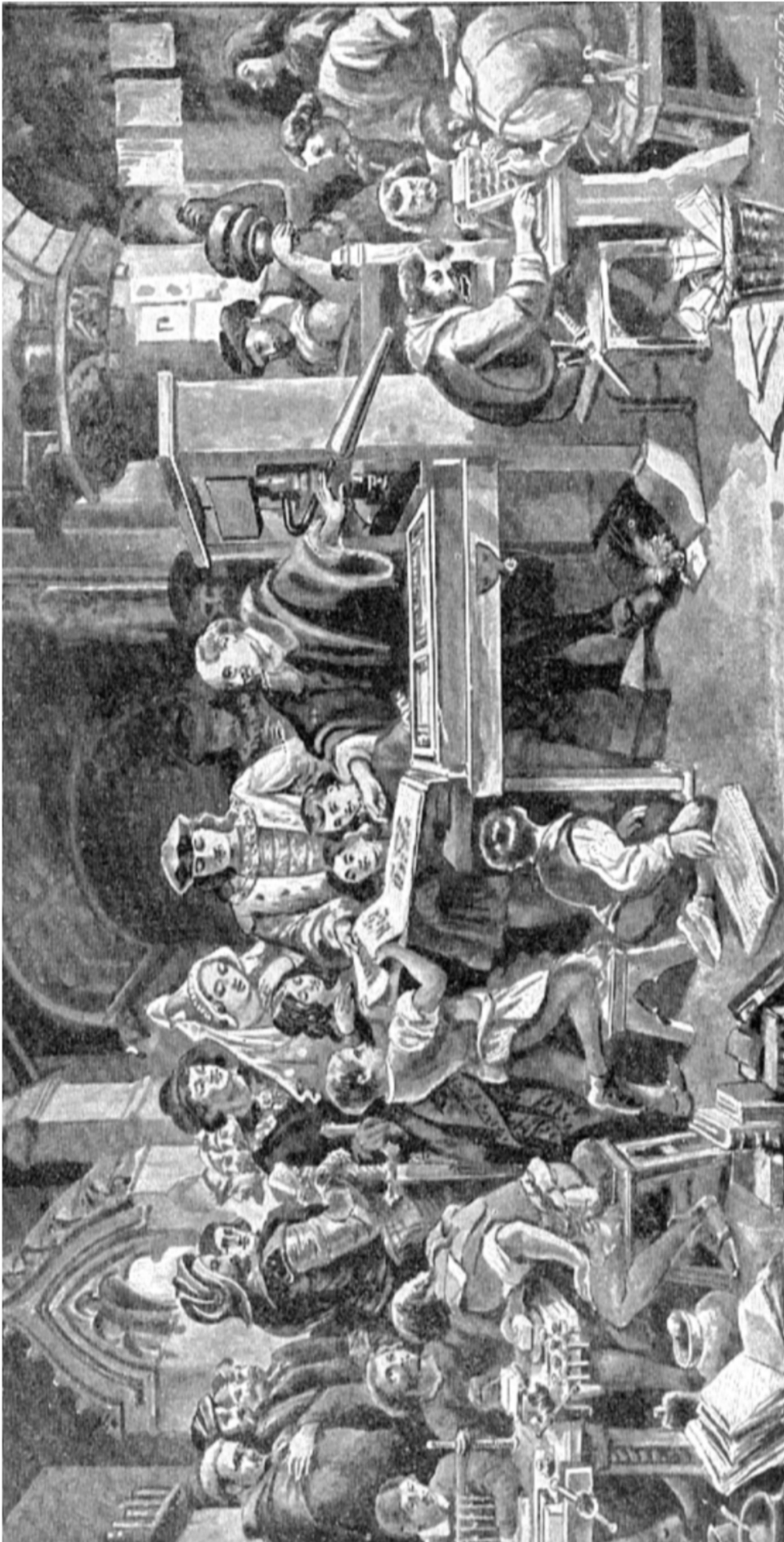
A two-headed monster is always a deformity. Never was the weakness, fallibility, and falseness of the Roman Church better revealed than by the Great Western Schism, which began in 1378, and lasted till 1423 [13] one time there were three popes at the same time. Wycliffe, who lived at the beginning of the Schism, recognised it as a direct preparation for the overthrow of the authority of the popedom. He was right. The result of the Schism was a weakening of its power, and from which it never recovered. Many people, not knowing in which head to believe, did what Protestants do to-day-- they believed in neither; and so the way was prepared for the revelation to the world of the only true Head of the Christian Church, Jesus Christ. When at last the Schism was healed there were yet many other causes which, by degrees, were undermining the power of the papacy: principally the worldliness and wickedness of the priests and popes. Thus a universal longing for a general Reformation was felt throughout Christendom, as the fifteenth century: was drawing to a close.

"He satisfieth the longing soul" yes; but He does not satisfy it till it has begun to long. Perhaps the Reformation would never have come if there had been no desire for a better state of things. The universal looking, and wishing, for reform were a direct preparation for the event itself.

The following extract from a sermon preached by Dean Colet before Convocation in 1151, shows us how England also standing on the threshold of a new world, craved for its advent:--

"The Reformation of the Church must needs begin with you our fathers, and so follow to us your priests and all the clergy. The clergy and spiritual part once reformed in the Church, then may we with a just order proceed to the Reformation of the large part, which truly will be very easy to do if we be first reformed. Come again to Christ in whom is the very true peace of the Spirit. Consider the miserable condition and endeavour yourselves, with all your -might to reform it."

Colet, however, made a mistake in thinking the **bishops** would bring about a Reformation. No; the chief priests crucified Christ, and the leaders of the Church generally have been the ones to hinder the progress of the Light. Even in this, the twentieth Century, We look in vain for help from the episcopal bench!



CAXTON SHOWING THE FIRST SPECIMEN OF HIS PRINTING TO EDWARD IV

IV-- FORMER PROTESTANTS AND THEIR WORK

We have noticed various methods by which the way was being prepared for the Reformation. The chief of all were the suffering Protestants, and their often sorrowful Witness for truth during the long, dark night of papal bondage. The torch-bearers who were whipped through Oxford in the reign of King John---William Sawtree burned in 1401---Wycliffe, who concentrated in himself the work of Reform promulgated by witnesses who preceded him, and who was a type of the age to come--the Lollards who followed in his footsteps through life and death--all were aiding the preparation of the Way of Light. Each martyr life laid down, in this and other lands, helped to make ready the Highway of Gospel Liberty, along which we are now travelling.

Footnotes to Chapter 23

1. See Hallam's "Middle Ages," ch. ix.
2. Ibid.
3. Wylie's "*History of Protestantism.*"
4. Boulton's "History of the Church of England, Pre-Reformation Period."
5. From Erasmus' "*Epistolæ.*"
6. See chapter xxiv.
7. The increase of superstitious idolatry for the shrine of Thomas Becket will be seen by the following statistics of money given to the various shrines at the Cathedral Church in Canterbury :—

FIRST YEAR.	£ s. d	NEXT YEAR.	£ s. d.
Christ's altar - -	3 2 6	Christ's altar - -	0 0 0
Virgin Mary's altar - -	63 5 6	Mary's altar - -	4 1 8
Becket's altar - -	832 12 9	Becket's altar - -	954 6 3

Erasmus' "Life of Dean Colet."
8. *ibid.*
9. Erasmus' "*Life of Dean Colet.*" See also "*The Age of the Renaissance,*" by Paul Van Dyke.
10. Foxe.
11. Green's "Short History of the English People."
12. *Ibid.*
13. The council of Constance in 1414 temporarily healed the Schism, but it broke out again and did not finally end till 1423.





Chapter XXV

THE GREAT LIGHT; OR, THE ENGLISH REFORMATION AND HOW IT BEGAN



THE Light of the world is Christ. When He departed this earth He left His Holy Word to be a lamp to our feet; this Word was the "Great Light" which illumined our beloved land. How that Light rose and spread around its divine rays is the story we would tell you in this chapter.

In those days there were two parties dreaded by the priests. First, the "heretics" (so Called), and second, the scholars who were studying and advancing the New Learning. How could they keep the land in darkness if some, on one hand, were denying, - their power and the doctrines they taught, and some, on the other, were using their brains, and thereby threatening to dispel the night of ignorance! The first they burned, the others they sought to silence.

Among the learned scholars was Erasmus, a Dutchman. Once a poor student, his genius had set him at the head of all the learned men in those times. His visits to England will ever be memorable in the annals of the English Reformation. But the priests and the monks could not rest till they had driven him out of the country. Erasmus departed to Basle in Switzerland; but if his foes thought to retain the darkness by turning away the great scholar, they were mistaken. From the printing press at Basle was sent to our shore the "Great Light", which neither priest nor pope could ever put out, viz., the New Testament of our Lord Jesus Christ, in Greek, with a new Latin translation. This was Erasmus' answer to those who would have silenced him; it was his special gift to England - nay, rather, it was God's good gift to His people: the learning of Erasmus was used by Him for this glorious purpose. The translation had been done in Cambridge, where Erasmus had received every encouragement from English scholars, but it was printed abroad.

As soon as the New Testament arrived in England it was received with keenest enthusiasm. Solomon said, "It is pleasant thing for the eyes to behold the sun." This is just how men felt when this Great Light of the Word of God rose upon our island home. Everyone who could purchase it did so. All who could read it pored over the sacred volume. The Sun of Righteousness had risen: it was sweet to bask in its rays. In their delight the fortunate possessors of the Book kissed its holy pages, and felt indeed that day had dawned.[1]

As a work of scholarship it was excellent. Erasmus, who may well be styled the king of Greek and Latin learning, had put his best skill into it. His Latin translation far surpassed the old Vulgate version, which for long centuries had been the one accepted by the church. As the

devout Latin reader perused it he saw with vividness the Christ of the Gospels far above pope or church, and His divine teachings higher than all the traditions of men.

This was exactly what Erasmus desired.

"Were we to see Christ with our own eyes," He exclaimed, "we should not have so intimate a knowledge as the Gospels give us of Christ, speaking, healing, dying, rising again, as it were in our very presence." [2]

Then He went on to contrast the dead worship of images with the grandeur of the living Word.

"If the footprints of Christ," said he, "are shown us in any place, we kneel down and adore them. Why do we not rather venerate the living and breathing picture of Him in the Gospels?"

But Erasmus was a man of peace, not of war. In giving his Greek and Latin New Testament to England he thought to have healed all animosity. He forgot that the Word of God is a "sword," and that wherever it goes it will find foes ready to oppose it. When the great scholar saw the storm rising—the conflict approaching between Light and Darkness—he beat his breast, exclaiming, "Wretch that I am! Who could have foreseen this horrible tempest?"

One of the principal members of the League of Darkness against the Light was Edward Lee, who, from being the king's almoner, became Archdeacon of Colchester, and afterwards Archbishop of York. He was talented and active; but his chief characteristic was self-love and self-conceit. He determined to make his way in the world at any cost. When it suited his purpose He professed warm friendship for Erasmus, but the growing reputation of the great scholar excited his jealousy, and the Latin New Testament gave him the opportunity for revenge.

Lee went to work systematically.

He gave his friends good dinners, and as they partook of his hospitality he incited them against Erasmus and his Testament.

His pen, as well as his tongue, was busy. Scores of letters were dispatched to secure recruits for the League against the Light. Lee wrote some "Annotations" abusing Erasmus' book, and copies of these were secretly distributed in convents and universities, at fairs and market-places, in shops and taverns, in cottages and castles. So the storm of opposition swept over England. One would think the Prince of Darkness himself was leading the conspiracy.

One of the chief causes of the opposition of the priests to the work was the fact that Erasmus' translation corrected mistakes which exist in the old Vulgate version. There we read, "Do penance." Erasmus substituted for this mistranslation the true rendering of

the original Greek, viz., "Repent," and thus aimed a great blow at the false doctrine of the Roman church, which does not teach salvation through a change of heart, but by means of penance, etc., Prescribed by the confessor. No wonder that darkness arose in battle against so powerful an attack. But as well try to prevent the sun from rising as to hinder the decree of God, "Let there be light."

Yes, the Great Light appeared, and many rejoiced to see it ; though some, long used to the gloom and shadows of tradition and false doctrines, feared, at first, to open the windows of their hearts and minds to let it in. Among these was one whose story is full of interest.

Thomas Bilney

---was a Doctor of Divinity at Trinity College, Cambridge. In deep anxiety about the salvation of his soul Bilney went through every penance which his confessor enjoined. Days were spent in fastings, and nights in lonely vigils, till his body, never robust, grew weak, and his purse empty—the priests who pocketed the fees alone were benefited. These "physicians of the soul," as they called themselves, could not apply the right remedy, because they had not got it.

One day this earnest seeker after light heard of Erasmus' New Testament. Was it not the Word of God? Perhaps it would give him the peace he desired. Oh for one message of love from the heart of Jesus to his own stricken soul! He stretched out his hand to take the volume—but 'timidly withdrew it. Had not the priests forbidden the book, calling it "the source of all heresy?" How dare He disobey? Yet his longing increased for the Word.

Again he took courage; but before his hand had grasped the volume, fear again caused him to draw it back. This incident had taken place in the college. Bilney, still languishing for the Divine message, like a man in a dark dungeon yearns for a peep of day, quietly made his way out, and entered a little shop where the Book was secretly on sale. Tremblingly he bought the precious Testament, and hastened back to his room with the treasure concealed in the folds of his cloak.



**He stretched out
his hand to take
the volume.**

Once alone, he opened the windows of heart and soul; and the light—rays direct from the Sun of Righteousness—streamed in, bringing peace and healing. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief" (I Tim. i. 15). Such were the words that first caught his longing eyes. He thought: "If Paul, who felt himself the chief of sinners, was saved, then there is salvation for me also."

As this truth became more and more a reality to him the night of his soul vanished, day dawned, and the shadows fled away. Bilney was a new creature in Christ Jesus.

"I see it all, he exclaimed with joy; "my vigils, my fasts, my pilgrimages, my purchase masses, here destroying instead of saying me. But Christ saves sinners. At last I have heard of Jesus" (Foxe, iv.).

Bilney did not keep the Light to himself. Gathering his friends round him, he told them the wondrous words which had illumined his soul. Others, too, were enlightened through his testimony. Later on he was joined by—

William Tyndale

The boyhood of young Tyndale had been passed amid the picturesque scenery of the banks of the Severn. He was early sent to Oxford University. Nowhere was the Great Light of God's Word more heartily welcomed than at Oxford. Tyndale received it joyfully, and sought to let it shine into other hearts also. Opposition from darkness quickly followed. Monks were the young student's special foes. "These folk," said he, writing many years later, "wished to extinguish the light which exposed their trickery, and they have been laying their plans these dozen years."

Leaving Oxford, Tyndale joined Bilney at Cambridge. New hope and courage sprang up in each of their hearts as they walked together in the Light, having fellowship one with another. Among these who received the Word through Tyndale's teachings was:--

John Fryth

--a young man of eighteen, the son of an inn-keeper at Sevenoaks, in Kent, and a student at King's College, Cambridge. These three---Bilney, Tyndale and Fryth---unitedly set to work to spread around the knowledge of salvation through Christ only, without priestly intervention. "A threefold cord is not quickly broken," and the success of their work soon raised a hubbub in the University. A priest preached against their teachings, and loudly condemned these doctrines of salvation through Christ, without the works of the law.

So darkness contended against the light; but Bilney, in the midst of the storm saw the Dayspring approaching; "Someone is coming unto us," he exclaimed in prophetic rapture, having first prayed for a mighty outpouring of the Holy Spirit on the Church; "it is Jesus Christ who will call the true ministers commissioned to evangelise His people."



Standish makes a scene before Henry

Thus began the English Reformation, the direct offspring of the Word of God.

Erasmus gave his Greek and Latin Testament to England in 1517. That same year Luther, the monk who shook the world, posted up his Theses on the wooden gate of Wittenburg church. Thus the Reformation began in Germany (October, 31st, 1517).

In Zurich the Light dawned about the same time. The walls of its cathedral echoed with the voice of Zwingli's preaching.

Calvin was given to Geneva and France.

To each country was given the Reformation, **independently of the other**; for the work was God's; He was the only Source and witnesses brave and true were there to suffer and die for the Light.

The three friends Bilney, Fryth and Tyndale were each called to wear the crown of martyrdom. The first was burned at the stake in 1531----"that blessed martyr of God." as Latimer styled him. Bilney was the first martyr of the Reformation.

Frith laid down his life in the same way two years later. He was burned for denying transubstantiation, and was the first martyr who suffered under Henry the Eighth. When the faggots were lighted, the martyr, stretching forth his hands, embraced the flames. His sufferings were much prolonged owing to the wind driving the flames away from him. And yet he endured all with joy, rejoicing that his fellow-sufferer, tied to the same stake, was more speedily released from agony.

Tyndale translated the Bible into English. Erasmus had presented the Greek and Latin Testament to the learned few; Tyndale was used to bestow the Word of God in England's tongue to the people of our land. If Erasmus' Testament was the origin of the English Reformation, Tyndale's Bible was its mainspring. Its immortal translator died for the Truth's sake: he was strangled in Flanders in 1536,[3] So the three friends were led by fiery path to re-union in a better land, where the Lamb Himself is the Light thereof.

We now retrace our steps to the year 1518.

One of the chief opposers of the New Testament published by Erasmus was Standish, Bishop of St. Asaph. The occasion to which we refer occurred at a brilliant scene. The king (Henry VIII.) and his queen (Catherine of Aragon) were assembled with their court to rejoice over the betrothal of the young Princess Mary (afterwards Queen of England) with a French prince. The princess was but two years old, the prince barely numbered as many weeks; yet royalty thought to plan their future—a future that never came. In the midst of that gay and fashionable throng Standish walked, downcast and thoughtful. He was planning a bold attack. Suddenly he put it into execution, and astonished the crowd by flinging himself at the feet of Henry and Catherine. "Great king," he exclaimed hysterically, "your ancestors who have reigned over this island, and yours, O great queen, who have governed Aragon, were always distinguished by their zeal for the church; show yourselves worthy of your forefathers. Times full of danger are come upon us. A Book has just appeared, and been published too, by Erasmus. It is such a Book that, if you do not close your kingdom against it, it is all over with the religion of Christ among us."

Standish was in earnest. His was zeal without knowledge. A breathless silence fell on the gay assembly at his strange behaviour. Rising- from his knees, he waited the king's answer.

Sir Thomas More, the friend of Erasmus, ventured a word. "What are the heresies this Book is likely to engender?" he enquired.

Standish immediately exhibited his woeful ignorance. Tragically raising three fingers of his left hand, he tapped them successively with his right, saying, "This book destroys, first, the resurrection; second, the sacrament of marriage; third, the mass." He was right only in his third point.

"Proofs, proofs—where are the proofs?" enquired several.

Standish sought to argue out the matter, but entangled himself in such a maze of contradictions—affirming, among other absurdities, that Paul had written his epistles in Hebrew—that all could see he was making an ass of himself. (Erasmus, who loved witty sarcasm, had made a jest on his title of Bishop of St. Asaph, calling him Bishop of "Saint Ass.") The ludicrous scene was ended by a Doctor of Divinity, who replied: "There is not a schoolboy who does not know that Paul's epistles were written in Greek." Standish retired humiliated.[4]

But efforts far more serious than the above incident were constantly put forward by the vigilant agents of Rome. It was war to the knife—life or death. Years before the torches were ablaze for Bilney, Fryth and Tyndale, others had ascended in chariots of fire. Of these, the following are some whose stories are full of pathos:—



**"Let us see what heresies you have been taught,"
said the friar**

THOMAS MANS

--was an artisan. His knowledge of the Scriptures was so great that he was nicknamed "Doctor Mans." Like Paul, the labours of his hands supported him, while life and tongue preached the Gospel of Christ. His meetings were in secret, so far as possible. Imagine the congregation threading their way through the dimly lighted streets of London to some house, and mounting with softened footsteps to an upper, low-ceilinged room or loft. There they gathered to hear the words of life, oft not knowing if the foe would surprise them in their devotions, and give them a speedy flight to Heaven, or hurry them to gaol, to await a cruel death by fire. Folks valued

meetings in those days. No sermon was too long, when none knew if it might not be the last. Mans preached also in the open air. No arched cathedral, no Gothic nave ever echoed his voice; but the far grander, mightier blue vault of heaven, unbounded in its measureless expanse, bore witness to his faithful work. On the meadow-lands, beside the waters of the Thames, crowds collected, and many among them hailed with joy the Light which Tom Mans held forth—the Light of the world to guide men home. The preacher had a deep insight into Truth, and a clear recognition of evil. The assembled people listened eagerly to him. "He that receiveth the Word of God receiveth God Himself; that is the Real Presence." The vendors of masses are not the high priests of this mystery, but the men whom God hath anointed with His Spirit to be kings and priests." [3] From six to seven hundred were turned from Rome's false priests to trust alone in the Lord by flash-lights such as this. Rome considers such men fit only for the stake, and she had power in those bad times to put her policy into practice. "Doctor Mans" was burned alive on the 25th of March, 1519—two years after Erasmus' translation of the New Testament had raised the tempest between Light and Darkness, between Truth and Falsehood.

The storm waged yet fiercer.

That same car it broke over the town of Coventry, where four humble Christian families excited the wrath of Rome. They were obscure, as the world judges' obscurity; but great and honourable, as Heaven and angels measure might and glory, for the strength of God upheld them, and His righteousness clothed them. Four of them were shoemakers, one a glover, another a hosier. Amid their daily business they had found leisure to train their boys and girls in the ways of godliness. Their Light could not be hid; the priests observed it with hatred in their hearts. Specially was their anger vented against a widow woman named Smith. What right had a woman to meddle in religious matters? It was bad enough for **laymen**, but a **woman**-----!

On Ash Wednesday, 1519, they were all seized. The men and women were taken to Mackstock Abbey, some few miles from Coventry, and their little ones were conveyed to the Grey Friars' Convent. What sorrow must have rent the parents' hearts, thus to be separated from their children! Well for them that their feet were steadfast on the Rock of Ages, for the stormy billows rose higher and higher, and their night grew dark ; but, we doubt not, even their dungeons were lighted by the presence of the Saviour for whose sake they suffered.

Let us follow the children. See them now arraigned before the stern Friar Stafford. How their little hearts must have heaved before so cruel a judge! Yet we may be sure there were "great hearts" beating beneath even those childish forms, for God gives strength to the weak.

"Let us see what heresies you have been taught," said the friar, with a severe look. Then followed various questions, and the frightened little ones confessed that they had been taught the Lord's Prayer, the Apostles' Creed, and the Ten Commandments, in English. There was no sin whatever in this. In these days we praise little children who can repeat as much without a mistake. But in the year 1519 Rome dreaded even so small an amount of knowledge. Her strength is in the ignorance of her people. She thrives in darkness. Friar Stafford, with a fierce countenance and an angry voice, replied, "I forbid you—unless you wish to be burned, as your parents will be—to have anything to do with the Lord's Prayer, the Apostles' Creed, or the Ten Commandments, in English." The fact was that these bloodhounds of Rome scented danger near at hand. Erasmus' Testament had been translated into Latin; would not the next step be to render it into English, which the people could read for themselves? And if England became a Bible-loving nation, then good-bye to the pope's authority on our shores.

A few weeks after the examination of the children, the six men--the four shoemakers, the glover and the hosier—were condemned to be burned alive. The judges, heartless though they were, felt a sign of human compassion for the lonely widow, Smith, especially for the sake of the children, who had none other to care for them. She might return home, they told her. It was night (in more senses than one); the roads were but badly lighted. So Simon Morton, the man who had

seized the prisoners, proceeded to escort her back. As they threaded their way through the narrow streets of Coventry, a rustle of paper caught the quick ear of Morton.

"What have we got here?" he exclaimed, clutching her arm. The next moment he had put his hand up her sleeve, and drew out a manuscript. A sorry-looking lamp flickered at some little distance, casting a faint light across the dirty, narrow lane. Morton approached it, and by its pale flicker eagerly scanned the paper. Yes, it was heresy. It actually contained the Lord's Prayer, the Apostles' Creed, and the Ten Commandments, in English. Horrible crime! Morton clutched the widow's arm, exclaiming, "Oh, oh, come along! As good now as another time." She was dragged before the bishop, the fatal manuscript was produced as evidence of her enormous guilt, and the poor woman was condemned to be burned. In the happy spring time, when flowers are budding and birds are singing for joy, on the 4th of April, Widow Smith, Robert Hatchets, Archer, Hawkins, Thomas Bond, Wrigsham and Lansdale suffered martyrdom in the " Little Park," in their own town of Coventry.

Why did they die?



Morton eagerly scanned the paper

Simply because they had taught their children the Lord's Prayer, the Apostles' Creed, and the Ten Commandments, in English. How dark were the times! We need no further proof that a system which could condemn and burn men and women for such a reason is indeed the religion invented by the Prince of Darkness.

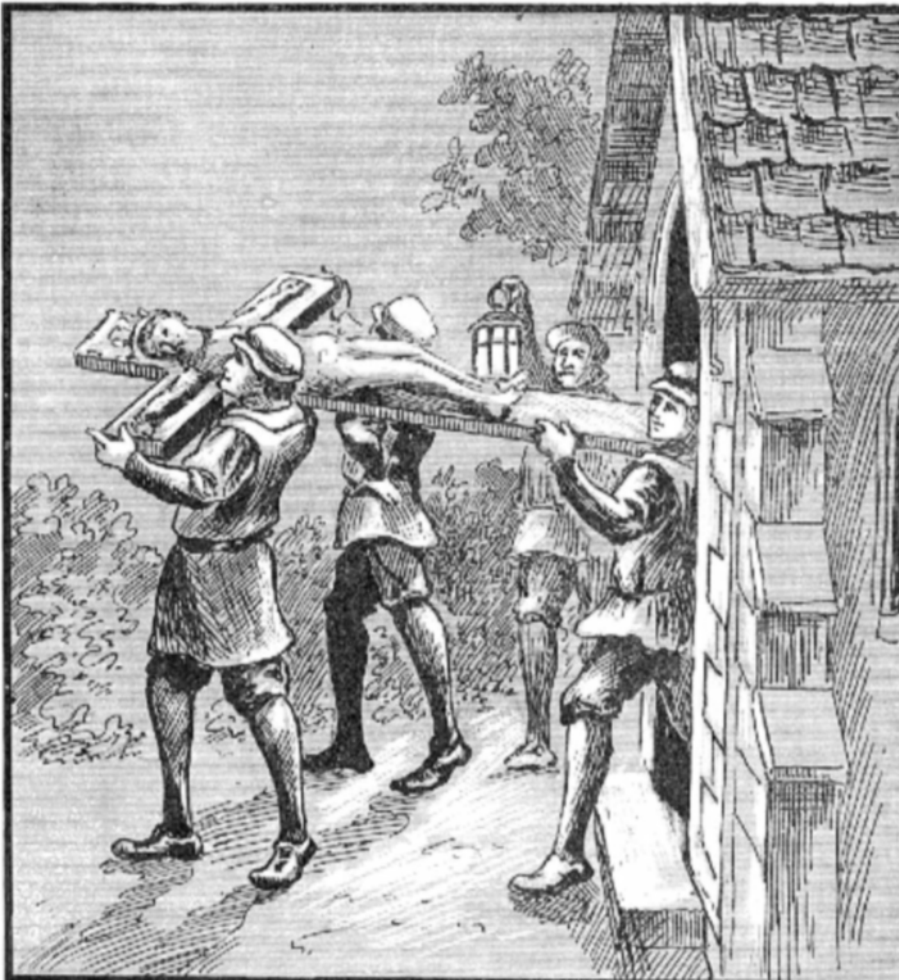
These died in faith, but yet the Light was not put out. The Reformation in England had begun: the burning stakes could not hinder its progress. Nay, they helped it forward; for they showed the nation of England how Godless was the iron rule of the papacy under which it groaned.

We cannot omit some notice of a Society whose labour helped to spread the Light. A year after Tyndale's first consignment of New Testaments had been landed in England (1525) was formed "The Association of Christian Brethren,"[5] a kind of sixteenth century Bible and Religious Tract Society. Its members were poor, taken principally from the artisan class; a few clergy joined them. The

Association was well organised. Its funds, though not large, were regularly audited. It had its paid agents, whose work was to go up and down the country with tracts and Testaments. These they sold, or gave away, as opportunity occurred; and they enrolled new members whenever such could be found. The work was highly dangerous. Even to belong to such a Society, or to possess one of its books, might result in martyrdom. Yet so eagerly did our land yearn for the Light, and so weary was it of the darkness, that many sought and found it even at the price of life.

One of the special foes of the Reformation was Cardinal Wolsey. He acted the part of a Grand Inquisitor, and sent his secret police all over the country, whose business was to search out and

arrest all persons suspected of heresy. Many escaped across the channel, but they were not safe in a foreign land. The kingdoms of the old Roman Empire were leagued to support the papacy, as it was foretold of them (Rev. xvii. 12-14); and the "bloodhounds" of Rome hunted the "heretics" through France, with the permission of the French Court.[6] Tyndale, busy with his printing of the English Testament, barely escaped their clutches at that time.



They bore away the image on their shoulders.

One more anecdote to show the state of the times, and then we must close this chapter.

Among the many superstitions that obscured the Light of God was that of image-worship. Each church and convent had its own special relics—the bones of dead "saints," or the dresses which they had worn. Lying legends of their miraculous power awed the ignorant, and excited their idolatrous reverence for the same. Im-

ages that could speak or wink were some of the "lying wonders" of those days. In Dovercourt, in Suffolk, was a famous rood, or cross, the "miraculous power" of which was far-famed. It stood in a church, the door of which was always open. The story went, that no human hand could close it. Four young men, who evidently possessed more common sense and courage than the misguided pilgrims who bowed to the rood, resolved to test the abilities of the image. One clear, frosty night in February they tramped some ten miles across the frosty ground, guided by the light of the full moon, and reached the church with its open door. Sonic would have been terrified to lay hands on the "sacred" idol; not so these stalwart Gideons. They bore away the image on their shoulders "without any resistance of the said idol," as one of the young men wrote in a letter at a later period (Foxe, p. 706). About a quarter of a mile from the church the "idol" was set down on the ground, burning tapers were fastened to it, and the vaunted image, unable to help itself, became at last a heap of ashes. So great was the blaze of the bonfire that "it lighted the young men quite a mile" on their homeward way. Robert Gardiner, who described the incident in the letter alluded to above, escaped, but his companions were hanged for their exploit six months later.

Such, then, is the brief outline of the early days of the English Reformation, when Light and Darkness struggled for the supremacy. Victory to the Word of God came in the long run, after hundreds of lives had been sacrificed—victory to the "Great Light" which illumined our lands, and in whose beneficent rays we still rejoice. Young readers, value the precious Bible, bought for you by the blood of Christ, and defended for you by the lives laid down of His holy

witnesses. Those early martyrs were, as Froude expresses it, "the first Paladins of the Reformation; the knights who slew the dragons and the enchanters, and made the earth habitable for common flesh and blood."

Footnotes to Chapter 25

1. D'Aubigne's "*History of Reformation*," vol. v.
2. Green's "*Short History of the English People*."
3. For life, work and martyrdom of William Tyndale, see chapters XXVIII. and XXIX.
4. D'Ambigne's "*History of the Reformation*," vol. v.
5. Froude's "*History of England*," vol. i., chap. vi.
6. Ibid, p. 518.





Chapter XXVI

TWO GREAT DISCOVERIES AND WHAT CAME OF THEM



THE glorious religious revolution, called the Reformation, was the direct outcome of two Great Discoveries.

THE FIRST DISCOVERY

---was, that Christ Jesus is the only Saviour. This fact had been lost sight of by Christendom, generally, during many centuries. Rome has lords many, and gods many. Let us take a swift glance at her complicated system of salvation.

Among her various saviours and mediators between God and man are the following:—

DEIFIED SAINTS, viz., dead men and women who have been canonised, and constituted mediators between God and man, and worthy to be invoked in prayer. The seventh General Council (787) authorised and established the worship of the "saints" and their images. This idolatry spread until it practically superseded all spiritual worship of the one true God and Saviour. It began as early as the close of the fourth century, and was fully established by the end of the next century. Gibbon says, in his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," "Those who had sealed a Christian's faith by a martyr's death were exalted above the condition of men and enthroned among superior beings.---It was calculated that prayer was never so efficacious as when offered at the tomb of some saint.---The fervent prayers (of the devoted) were directed to the bones, the blood, or the ashes of the saints."



**Medal of Alexander VII.,
1655.
Showing Antichrist's
judicial
enquiry on the dead.**

Rome's saints are very numerous, and still hinder the blinded Papist from coming to Christ. More "saints" were added to the Calendar as the ages went by—canonisation brings in immense sums of money to the Church of Rome; hence the importance of increasing their number. Many of their "saints" were mad, and others of very doubtful morality; as, for example, St. Alphonsus Liguori, whose "Moral Theology" teaches a subtle and organised system of committing every known sin, under the mask of holiness.

In 1590 Pope Sixtus V. found it necessary to purge the Calendar of many spurious "saints"; but he carefully retained one, called "Holy Saint Josaphat of India." However, it was not long after discovered that St. Josaphat was the heathen Buddha—under another name! biography which had been written of St. Josaphat was proved to have been compiled, principally, from an early Life of Buddha! In spite of this common sense fact, Pope Pius IX., having been declared infallible, ratified the Christian saintship of the heathen prophet![1]



Medal of Gregory XV., 1622. Showing Antichrist. awarding Heaven and Saintship to the dead



Medal of Clement X., 1670. Showing that the admission of the dead among the gods is the act and glory of Antichrist.

The idea is that the "saints" have gained for themselves, by penances and good works, a superabundance of merit, and, therefore, have "credit with God" wherewith to appease His wrath against sinners on earth.[2] Is it possible to conceive a more diabolical invention for the ruin of souls? Romish "Invocation of Saints" is nothing more than a continuance, under a new guise, of the old pagan worship of the Deified Dead.

No idol is more an object of worship than that of the **Virgin Mary**. She is made equal with Christ as Saviour and Mediator. What Christ will not do for the faithful, Mary is represented as doing; and she is called "The help of Christians—the refuge of sinners." In one of the Church Lessons we read: "For there is need of a mediator to the Mediator Christ; nor can any be more efficient for us than Mary." The Lord's Prayer and the Psalms in the Bible have been changed to suit this idolatry—wherever the name "Lord" appears, that of "Lady," or "Mother," has been substituted. This blasphemous work dates, probably, from the thirteenth century, and is still in use.

The "**Rosary**" (a string of beads, of heathen origin) has been introduced into the Romish system as a means to incite prayers to the Virgin Mary. The devotee says ten prayers to her for only one to God! But are they really invoking the Mary of the Gospels, the mother of our Lord? No! Mariolatry is nothing more than a continuance, under a new name, of the worship of the "Queen of Heaven," the Babylonish goddess to whom Israel committed idolatry (Jeremiah xlv. 17) as the Rornanists do to-day.

Rome's most powerful god is "£ s. d." The vilest sinner can get absolution—by paying for it; and gold "can" open the gates of Paradise. It was this terrible traffic of selling the forgiveness of sins that incited Luther to nail up his "Theses" on the gate of Wittenberg Church. Tetzl, the pope's merchant, travelled from town to town, offering for sale the pardon of every sin—at fixed charges. "None is so great," exclaimed the merchant, "but that pardon is ensured to the purchaser." [3] This iniquitous trade was, for centuries prior to the Reformation, a most lucrative branch of the apostate church. Could Satanic devices go further? "£ s. d." is still Rome's powerful god; "the pope's shop" is the modern and most appropriate name for the Church of Rome.

THE WHOLE HIERARCHY OF Rome have interposed themselves as mediators between the soul and God. The priest in the Confessional professes to grant or withhold salvation, but in accordance with his own will. In his hands the penitent is to be washed white as snow, or left in the blackness of sin, as suits best the design of the confessor. Mahomet spoke truly when he said in the Koran, "They take their priests and monks for their lords, besides God."



**Medal of Alexander VII.,
1655. He creates God from
bread and exhibits it for
adoration**



**Medal of Clement VII., 1525
Struck at his jubilee, and
showing Antichrist as the
opener Of Heaven to the
pilgrims.**

THE WAFER. It is pitiable that the "Wafer" is the only god the papist has which does not need a mediator. To this piece of flour-and-water the Romanist may go direct. He honours it with latria, the highest adoration given to the Almighty. He is taught it is God Himself; the self-same Christ who died on Calvary and rose again. We should pity—not admire—the deluded Romanist who goes early and often to Mass. His zeal is the outcome of the most grovelling superstition the world has ever seen, or ever can see. If we search all the most degraded forms of heathenism, we cannot find anything darker than the dogma of Rome, which teaches that a man can create his Creator out of bread (or a wafer), worship Him, and then eat Him up.

THE POPE. The head of the Papal System has laid claim to all the attributes and prerogatives of Divinity. Among other usurpations of Divine power he declares himself able to open or shut the gates of heaven as he wills, and to whom he will—even the holy angels, he has said, are subject to his commands.[4] But pages could be filled with examples of his blasphemous impieties. We have said enough to show that Christ, the one and only Saviour, is almost entirely hidden away behind these multitudinous mediators of man's invention, and these innumerable saviours of human (or rather of devilish) manufacture. Such is the Roman System to-day; such it was before the Reformation, but with a more universal and extended sway.

The Reformation was the direct outcome of the Great Discovery that Jesus Christ is the only Saviour, and may be boldly approached for salvation by the greatest sinner, without any mediator. "I am the way---no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me" (John xiv. 6). For "there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved" (Acts iv. 12). Glorious news to a benighted world! Effulgent Light to night-bound Christendom! No wonder that when the grand Discovery was made known, thousands, yea, millions, set forth to make it their own, even though the path of many led through trial, and martyrdom.

All through the darkest ages there were some, who never lost sight of the grand reality of a free salvation through Christ alone—the Albigenes and the Waldenses, Wycliffe and the Lollards, and many others kept the Lamp alight but these were but a little flock before the Reformation; when the Bible became an open Book to the people, then a great multitude made the Discovery. As Luther expressed it when preaching in Wittenberg Church:-

"Nothing remains but Jesus—Jesus only; Jesus abundantly sufficient for your soul. Hoping nothing from all created things, you have no dependence save on Christ, from Whom you look for all, and Whom you love above all. Jesus is the one sole and true God. When you have Him for your God, you have no other god."

In similar language Bilney, in Cambridge (afterwards martyred), rejoiced when he made the Great Discovery. "Yes," he exclaimed, "Jesus Christ saves! I see it all; my vigils, my fasts, my pilgrimages, my purchase of masses and indulgences were destroying instead of saving me."

THE SECOND DISCOVERY[5]

The first Discovery that Christ was the only Saviour quickly led to the second, viz., that the popedom, or succession of popes, was the Antichrist, and the Church of Rome was "Babylon the Great."

To the many this was a new Discovery; but the "little flock," who, all through the Dark Ages never lost sight of the fact that the only Saviour is Christ, realised—though but dimly at first, but more clearly as the ages rolled by—that the Papacy is the Antichrist.

It is deeply interesting to trace this knowledge, running, like a scarlet thread, through the history of the centuries.



Imperial Rome sitting on seven hills, holding her so he a lion; as Christ a king, so he military sword of Empire.



This imperial power was the "let" or hindrance to the growth of Antichrist. When Rome Imperial fell, Rome Papal was able to develop and increase, making ancient Rome the headquarters of this new world-wide dominion.

FROM THE TIME OF JOHN TO THE FOURTH CENTURY

From the time when Paul prophesied about "the Man of Sin," and John of "Babylon the Great," those who watched the signs of the times looked out for the appearance of this archenemy of Christ's Church. As early as the middle of the second century some poems were circulated, identifying Rome with "Babylon the Great," and stating that the "Antichrist" would be of Latin extraction.

In the same century Justin Martyr recognised that Daniel's "Little Horn" was identical with the "Beast" in Revelation, and with "Antichrist."

IRENÆUS discovered the mystic meaning of the number of the Beast-666, and said it signified "The Latin Man."

TERTULLIAN saw that the "Temple of God," in which the "Man of Sin" was to sit, was the Christian Church, and that heretics within it were Antichrists. He also recognised that the "let" or hindrance (mentioned by Paul, 2 Thess. ii., as the obstacle to the manifestation of "the Man

of Sin") was the Roman Imperial Power. He said: "There is also a greater necessity for our offering prayer in behalf of the Emperors----for we know that a mighty shock impending over the whole earth----is only retarded by the continued existence of the Roman Empire."

HIPPOLYTUS, who suffered martyrdom about the middle of the third century, wrote a treatise on "Christ and Antichrist," in which he shows that the Antichrist would not be an infidel,[6] nor an open enemy, but would have the appearance of Christ—a foe under a mask. He said: "The seducer will seek to appear in all things like the Son of God. As Christ a lion, so he a lion: as Christ a king so he a king; as Christ a lamb, so he as a lamb, though inwardly a wolf; as Christ sent out apostles to ail nations, so will he similarly send out false prophets." These words of that third century martyr should be noted; it would be difficult in these days to draw a truer picture of the popedom. He also recognised that the Antichrist would be a revival of *the Roman power*.

ORIGEN, who was a contemporary of Hippolytus, followed in the same interpretation.

VICTORINUS is the first writer who attempted a complete exposition of Revelation. He was a martyr at the close of the third century. In his work he recognised that the "abomination of desolation standing in the Holy. Place" was false doctrines in the Christian Church, which makes "desolate" by turning many from the faith; and that the Woman sitting on the Beast (Rev. xvii. 3) was Rome seated on the Devil.

LACTANTIUS, in his famous "Divine Institutions," clearly saw that the Antichrist would be one who falsely claimed to be Christ, and yet who would fight against the true Christ, and persecute His people.

All these early expositors believed that the Revelation was a prophecy of a series of events concerning the Christian Church, beginning with John's time to the second Advent, without any chronological interval. Considering that the Papal Antichrist had not then been manifested, their conceptions of the then future false Christ were marvellously true. On the duration of the arch-enemy they were, however, mistaken. Believing that Christ's advent was very close at hand, they could not realise that Antichrist would run his course for many centuries. This point was mercifully hidden from them. We will pass on to the next period, viz.:---

FROM CONSTANTINE TO THE FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE IN 476

EUSEBUS, Bishop of Caesarea, saw the fall of Paganism under Constantine, and recognised that Revelation xii. (the casting down of the dragon) was a prophecy of the same event.

ATHANASIUS believed that the Antichrist would be a ruler of the Roman Empire, making a Christian profession and in the Christian Church, saying: "I am Christ," and falsely assuming the place and attributes of the true Christ.



Showing the Church of Rome seated, holding out her golden cup (see Rev. xvii.).

HILARY, Bishop of Poitiers, in France, believed, like his predecessors, that the Antichrist would appear within the Christian Church. The long duration of his career seems to have been somewhat realised by Hilary, who wrote of the Second Advent as of a future event, six thousand years after the Creation.

CYRIL, of Jerusalem, wrote of the Anti-christ: "He will usurp the government of the Roman Empire, and will falsely call himself Christ."

CHRYSOSTOM said: "He will put down all gods, and will command men to worship him as the very God. And He will sit in the temple of God—not that which is in Jerusalem, but in the churches everywhere."

JEROME'S views on prophecy are most interesting: "It is only by assuming Christ's name that the simpler ones of believers can be seduced to go to Antichrist, while thinking to find Christ." He understood the year-day reckoning (a day symbolising a year), and recognised that the barbarous nations which had poured down into the Roman Empire, and its consequent breaking up, was foretold in Daniel ii. He said: "In our time the day has become mixed with iron. Once nothing was stronger than the Roman Empire, now nothing weaker." He also gave the number of the kingdoms into which the Empire had been broken up as ten.



**Medal of Calixtus III., 1456.
Showing the supremacy of Antichrist
over kings and rulers**

AUGUSTINE, Bishop of Hippo, in his renowned work: "*The City of God*," believed that the "woman clothed with the sun" (Rev. xii.) was the true Church of Christ, clothed with the Sun of Righteousness; the moon under her feet, "those growing and waning things of mortality," which she tramples under foot.

TICHONIUS, in his exposition of the slaying of the two witnesses, etc. (Rev. xi.), saw that they represent the light-giving Church, fed by the oil of the two Testaments; that their prophesying was from the time of

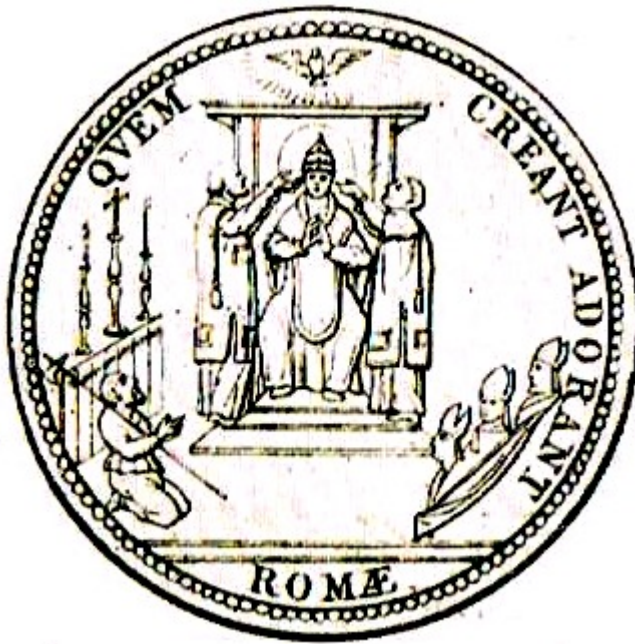
Christ to that of the last persecution. He knew the year-day system of reckoning, interpreting their death during three and a half days as representing so many years.

FROM THE FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE TO 1100.

As we have seen, Tertullian knew that the "let" or "hindrance" in the way of Anti-christ's growth and manifestation was the existence of the Roman Empire. This "let" was removed in 476. Did the expositors of those days recognise that the obstacle to his development had been taken out of the way? Commentators such as **PRIMASIUS**, **THE VENERABLE BEDE**, **AMBROSE**, **ANDREAS**, **ARETHAS**, all followed, more or less, in their interpretations of former teachers concerning Antichrist, viz., that he would be a false Christ—not an open enemy, but one assuming the attributes, etc., of the true Christ; false prophets, whereby many would be deceived to go to Antichrist, instead of to the true God. The fact that the Eastern, or Greek Empire, was still standing, prevented expositors from realising that the "let" was removed by the fall of the Roman Empire. These expositors were themselves unconsciously tainted with the heresies of the fast developing Antichrist. It is possible to live in the midst of the fulfilment of prophecy,

and yet be unaware that it is being fulfilled (for example, the first coming of the Messiah, who was rejected and unrecognised by the very people who saw, without realising, the fulfilment of prophecies concerning Him).

But as the Antichrist became fuller developed, he was proportionately recognised by some who were watching the signs of the times. As the eleventh century was drawing to a close,



Showing himself as God."
Medal struck to commemorate the creation and adoration, by the Cardinals, of the papal-god Martin v., 1417,

GHERBERT, Archbishop of Rheims, in a synod in 991 spoke as follows concerning the pope:—"What do you believe this man to be, sitting on a lofty throne, glittering in purple and gold? If he be destitute of charity, and puffed up by knowledge alone, he is Antichrist, sitting in the temple of God, and showing himself that he is God."

BERENGER (eleventh century) wrote a commentary on the Revelation. He has the honour of being among the first public opponents of the dogma of transubstantiation.

Concerning the system of Rome, he said: "The Romish Church was the church of malignants and its See not the Apostolic Seat, but that of Satan."

FROM 1100 TO THE REFORMATION

JOACHIM (an abbot), considered the most famous exponent of prophecy in the Middle Ages, wrote a book on the Revelation. Many of his views show originality of thought, and that the papal power is the Antichrist seems to have been clearly perceived by him. In his comments on the two Beasts in Revelation xiii. he wrote: "But why two Beasts? Because, as Christ is both anointed King and Priest, so Satan may put forth the first Beast to usurp His kingship, the second to usurp His priestly dignity: the latter having at its head some Mighty prelate, some universal pontiff, as it were, over the whole world, who may be the very Antichrist of whom St. Paul speaks, as being extolled above all that is called God, and worshipped, sitting in the temple of God, and showing himself as God."

This shrewd expositor has special interest for the English student, because of his interview with our Richard I. This king, when at Messina, in Sicily, on his way to Palestine, sent for Abbot Joachim, and heard him expound the Revelation and discourse on Antichrist. Joachim believed that "Babylon the Great" represented, in a certain sense, papal Rome. With regard to the duration of Antichrist, viz., 1260 days, Joachim had more light than many of his predecessors, for he saw that it was a symbolic period of 1260 years.

Joachim died at the beginning of the thirteenth century, but his views were taken up by others. But quite independently of these, we must mention.

THE WALDENSES, to whom belongs the inestimable glory of being the only race in Christendom who never bowed the knee to the papal Antichrist. In their "Noble Lesson," written in the twelfth century, many of the errors of Rome were refuted, and the hint dropped that the popedom was the Antichrist. In the next century this supposition grew into certainty. In 1250

was held a public disputation at Carcassonne between Romanists and Waldenses. The latter were represented by Arnold, who emphatically declared that "Babylon the Great" represented the Church of Rome, and consequently was the Antichrist. This belief became so prominently a part of the Waldensian creed, that Rome considered it the chief of their heresies. About the close of the thirteenth century appeared the "Treatise on Antichrist," which very directly identified the predicted Antichrist with the papacy, and showed clearly that he was not a person, but a system. Here is an extract:—"Antichrist is not a certain particular person, ordained in a certain grade office, or ministry, considering the thing generally, but the falsehood itself opposed to the truth, with which, however, it covers itself; adorning itself outwardly with the beauty and piety of Christ's Church, of Christ Himself, His name, offices, Scriptures and sacraments. The iniquity of this system, with all its ministers, higher and lower, following it with an evil and blinded heart—such a congregation taken together is called Antichrist, or Babylon, or the fourth Beast, or the Man of Sin, the Son of Perdition. It is called Antichrist, because, being covered and adorned with the semblance of Christ, His Church and faithful members, it opposes itself to the salvation wrought by Christ."

WYCLIFFE, England's greatest reformer, passed his days in incessant warfare against the papal system, which he constantly designated as "*the veriest Antichrist.*"

HUSS and **JEROME** followed in the same views.



Antichrist's Medal.

Struck to commemorate the hunting down of the Bohemian Protestants as wild boars, in 1469.

THE LOLLARDS, or followers of the doctrines preached by Wycliffe, emphatically took the same course. Of the Wycliffite views on this subject, the following will serve as an example:—

WALTER BRUTE was a Lollard, living at the close of the fourteenth century. Foxe describes him as "a layman and learned, and brought up in the University of Oxford, being there a graduate." He was accused of having said: "The pope is Antichrist, and a seducer of the people, and utterly against the law and life of Christ." Being summoned before the Bishop's Court at Hereford, he there demonstrated his belief that the papacy is the Antichrist in a remarkably clear and forcible way. He showed that the popedom had fulfilled the prophecies concerning the false Christs foretold by Christ; "the Man of Sin" prophesied by Paul; the first and second Beasts of Revelation xiii; and that of Rome was symbolised by "Babylon the Great" in Revelation xvii. The period of Antichrist's dominion, represented by 1260 days (or 'time, times, and half a time'), he recognised to mean 1260 years. Of the seventy weeks of Daniel ix. he was conspicuously accurate in realising that they were not weeks of days, but weeks of years (490 years), and was a prophecy of Christ's first coming. This remarkable expositor justified his views at some length,



THE ANTICHRIST OR VICE-CHRIST

**BORN IN GOD-LIKE STATE, EXHIBITING HIS OWN NEW MADE BREADEN GOD FOR
ADORATION**

proving how contrary are the laws of the papal Antichrist to those of the true Christ, and concluded with a solemn warning against "Babylon the Great," or the false system of Rome.

THE ERA OF THE REFORMATION

The growing conviction that the prophecies concerning "Babylon the Great" and "the Man of Sin," etc., foretold the false Church of Rome and the popedom, and the increasing light thrown on these portions of the Scriptures, considerably strengthened the hands of the protesting party in their opposition to the errors of the papacy, and drew new converts and martyrs from its ranks, as the prophecies became more and more understood. This interpretation was, indeed, held by all the reformers and martyrs. So mighty an influence did the interpretation of Revelation and the prophecies concerning Anti-christ exercise against the interests of the Roman apostasy, that at the fifth Lateran Council, held in 1514, it was found necessary to forbid the -mention of Antichrist! At this Council was the actual Antichrist more clearly revealed than, perhaps, ever before. His pride and his assumption of all Divine attributes, which he exercised in the temple of God, or professedly Christian Church, branded him as the unmistakable "Son of Perdition." "Christ, acting no more Himself as God, has resigned all power to the pope," cried Tetzell, as he vended the papal indulgences. Truly the Antichrist was showing himself as God, and exalting himself above all that is worshipped. It was the epoch of his triumph, but the epoch also of his sudden and unexpected downfall. In vain did the popedom seek to silence the exposure of itself as the Antichrist. The conviction had laid hold of many in England, Germany, Switzerland, France, Denmark and Sweden, that it was the predicted "mystery of iniquity." "On this - principle, viz., that the-Man-of-Sin, or Antichrist, could be no other than the man that fills the papal chair, was the Reformation begun and carried on ; on this the great separation from the Church of Rome was conceived and perfected on the principle that she (Rome) is Antichrist's, they had not only the right, but lay under the obligation of a command, to come out of the spiritual Babylon" (Warburton's Works, p. 488).

What, then, came of this Great Discovery—that the papacy is the Antichrist, and the Church of Rome the Babylon of the book of Revelation? That which came of it was the glorious Reformation, that mighty separation from Antichrist by thousands and millions in every part of Christendom. As we have proved, the Discovery was not the outcome of the Reformation, but the Reformation was the outcome of the Discovery. Just as the other Great Discovery (that the only Saviour is Christ) was not the outcome of Conversion, but Conversion was the outcome of the Discovery. Hence the inestimable value of these tremendous Discoveries. Hence also the incalculable loss, to the Church at large, of the waning, in these latter days, of the conviction of the truth of these two great facts. They appear to always rise or fall together.

Footnotes to Chapter 26

1. See Dr. Robertson's "*Roman Catholic Church in Italy.*"
2. This can be verified by the "*Legends of the Canonised*"—a series of fables which the Romanist believes more than he does the Bible.
3. D'Aubigne's "*History of the Reformation*"
4. Clement V. (1350) said in a Bull, in reference to pilgrims visiting Rome for his Jubilee: "We absolutely command the angels, that they place his soul in Paradise, entirely exempt from Purgatory."—Horne Apocalypica II. 619.

5. The object of the remainder of this chapter is to show that the Protestant or Historical interpretation has been held by expositors throughout the Christian era from the time of John until the present day, and was, in a large measure, the cause of the Reformation. Readers will understand the references to various portions of the prophecies if they peruse a little book—"Light Ahoy! " Published by Morgan & Scott, 1/-.

6. The idea that the Antichrist might be an infidel does not appear to have occurred to any of the early expositors.. **9 next**



The details in foregoing pages have been culled chiefly from Rev. E. B. Elliott's *Horæ Apocalypticæ* vol. iv., fifth edition, appendix. The reader of this marvellous work is overwhelmed with the abundance of evidence in proof of the Historic or Protestant interpretation of prophecies. It is to be regretted that it is now out of print, and copies are very rare. Any publisher or society reprinting it with all its notes and appendixes, would confer a lasting benefit on the Protestant cause at the present crisis.



Chapter XXVII

THE MUCH-MARRIED MONARCH



THERE is not very much to be said for the personal character of Henry VIII. As the title of this chapter suggests, he is most commonly remembered as the man with six wives. Yet, when he ascended the throne, he was hailed with much the same feelings, as those with which the people of Israel greeted King Saul: for he gave similar promise of doing well, though, as in the case of the Old Testament King, the expectation was not realised. He was clever, and as a young man took a great interest in what was called "the New Learning," represented by men like Erasmus and Colet; but his nature grew coarse and cruel, and he became unscrupulous, as he advanced in years. In spite of all his faults, however, he has always been something of a popular figure in English history. God did with him as He has often done, viz., used a very imperfect man to effect His purposes.

Cardinal Wolsey

We may divide the reign of Henry VIII. into two parts, represented by the two great ministers who practically ruled king and country — Cardinal Wolsey and Thomas Cromwell. Wolsey was a man of tremendous ambition, who rose from a humble origin, and being introduced into the royal household, sought to find favour with the king. He joined in all the folly and wild life of the Court, and so well did he succeed that in the early years of Henry's reign, he had been created Lord Chancellor and Archbishop of York --in addition to holding the Bishoprics of Winchester and Lincoln and the Abbey of St. Albans while the pope made him a cardinal, and papal legate. He drew an enormous income from his various offices, and lived in royal state. Five hundred people of rank formed his establishment, and among his residences were Hampton Court and Whitehall then known as York House.



To cap all his other achievements, he longed to become pope, and made use of every intrigue to gain the position, but failed.[1]'

As legate Wolsey set up a Papal Court, but it was not allowed to act without challenge. There was a highly respected citizen of London, Richard Hun by name. He was a Roman Catholic, and



HENRY VIII

having a copy of Wycliffe's Bible, was wont to retire to his own room every day to read it. When one of his children died, a greedy priest charged him an enormous fee for his ghostly offices, which he declined to pay. To have his revenge, the priest caused him to be summoned before the Legate's Court. Roman Catholic though he was, Hun was a sturdy Englishman, and resented the interference of a foreign court. Accordingly he took action under the Act of *Præmunire*, which forbade appeals to Rome. The priests as a body vowed vengeance on him, and soon had him arrested on a charge of heresy. Though they could not prove it at the trial, Hun was detained in prison at the Lollards' Tower, the judges fearing to encourage the Reformers by releasing him.



Cardinal Wolsey in the height of his power

This, however, did not satisfy his enemies. The very same night three men entered his cell: the Bishop Chancellor, a sergeant, and the bell ringer. The poor prisoner made a fight for life, but they, being three to one, soon strangled him. In order to cover their terrible crime they fastened his belt round his neck, and hoisting him up left him hanging from an iron ring in the wall, as though he had committed suicide. The people, however, refused to accept such an explanation. Richard Hun was widely known, and bore so excellent a character, that no one would believe he could take his own life. They very quickly guessed that he had been murdered by the priests. So strong was the agitation, that an inquest was held.

You will see here what a very valuable institution is the coroner's jury. They were brave men who conducted this enquiry, and were not to be brow-beaten into returning a false verdict. Adjoining to the Lollards' 'Tower, they carefully inspected the body and the cell. First, somebody pointed out that from the shortness of the belt and the impossibility of getting the head out of it, Hun could not have fastened it himself. Then they looked up at the ring in the wall, and found that it was beyond his reach. The body, also, was disfigured by blows, and there was blood about the cell. This then was their verdict: "Wherefore all we find by God and all our

consciences that Richard Hun was murdered. Also, we acquit the said Richard Hun of his own death."



Murder of Richard Hun.

The priests were mad. A trio of bishops condemned Hun as a heretic, and his body was burned at Smithfield. The priestly logic was very funny: "Hun's bones have been burned, and therefore he was a heretic," they said. "He was heretic, and therefore he committed suicide." They still adhered to their story, but one of the murderers, the sergeant, confessed to his maid-servant what they had done. Very soon all three were arrested, tried and convicted. The Houses of Parliament passed a Bill which cleared Hun's memory and restored his property to his family. This is what the king said to the priests: "Restore to these wretched children the property of their father, whom you so cruelly murdered, to our great and just horror." [2] But alas, this royal command was not obeyed.

We must not make the mistake of thinking that Henry VIII. was a Protestant. With the exception of the pope's supremacy (which he denied to gain his own ends) he was a most obstinate Romanist. Before this breach occurred, the king had posed as a champion of popish doctrine. If you take a penny and look on the obverse side, viz., the side which bears the king's image—you will find in the inscription which runs round the edge these words, "Fid. Def.," abbreviations of

the Latin, *Fidei Defensor*, meaning "Defender of the Faith." How did our English sovereigns gain this title? The fact is as follows:— In Germany Martin Luther, the monk who shook the world, was contending against the doctrines of Rome, and Henry VIII. entered the lists against him and wrote a book entitled "*A Defence of the Seven Sacraments*" The pope was delighted, and he rewarded him with the title of "Defender of the Faith," and the king was mightily proud of it. English sovereigns ever since have retained the title, and it is one of the most important of the very many borne by King Edward VII.; but what a different faith he is sworn to defend!

King Henry had a great deal of trouble with his wives, but it was chiefly his own fault. One of them, Jane Seymour, the mother of Edward VI., died early—which was, perhaps, fortunate for her! The last, Catherine Parr, survived him, which might not have been the case had he lived a little longer. Of the other four two were divorced and two beheaded. It was concerning the first, Catherine of Arragon that he quarrelled with the pope. She had been the wife of his elder brother Arthur, who died as Prince of Wales. His father, Henry VII., mainly because he was a miserly old man and begrudged the return of the handsome dowry Catherine had brought with her, resolved to marry her to his second son, Henry, who, of course, had become heir to the throne. The pope granted a special dispensation to permit the marriage, although strenuous opposition was offered to it, and Henry himself declared that he would never have her. He altered his mind, however, in 1509, when he came to the throne.



Queen Catherine Parr

It was nearly twenty years afterwards that the king pretended to find his conscience pricking him on the subject; but the fact that he had fallen in love with the lady Anne Boleyn had much to do with his desire to be divorced. Cardinal Wolsey encouraged his master's scruples because it suited his political policy to do so, and supported the proposals for a divorce, not foreseeing that this action would bring about his own ruin. When Henry had set his heart on a project, he desired its accomplishment at once, but there being difficulties in the way in this case, his Majesty's patience was much put to the test. Pope Clement was appealed to. He was afraid

of offending the Emperor Charles V. of Spain, the nephew of Catherine, so he endeavoured to persuade Henry to take the responsibility of deciding upon himself. As the king would not do this, the pope appointed Cardinals Wolsey and Campeggio to try the facts, and when they could make no headway he cited the case to Rome. There he dallied with it further. Henry became exasperated and vented his spleen on Wolsey, who fell into utter disgrace. He secured a nominal pardon by sacrificing his wealth to the king. All his offices excepting the Archbishopric of York

were taken from him, and he had only retired to his See for twelve months when he was arrested on a charge of high treason. He died at Leicester Abbey on his way to London, giving utterance to those memorable words: "Had I but served God as faithfully as I have served the king, He would not have given me over in my grey hairs." Wolsey was succeeded in the king's favour, and in high office, by his servant Thomas Cromwell. Reforms were instituted, and it is very important to bear in mind that they were enacted by Parliament. Of course the clergy objected to this, and claimed that their own assembly, or Convocation, ought to legislate for the church. But Parliament rightly took its stand, from the beginning, on the ground that as the church belonged to the people, it was for the good of the church, that the people should have this voice in the matter. Quite a number of small Bills were passed in 1529, in the first session of what was known as "the Reformation Parliament," which removed certain abuses, such as the holding by a clergyman of a large number of livings.

Two years later, it was declared that the whole nation had broken the Statute of *Præmunire*, by submission to the Legate's Court. The laity received a general pardon, but the clergy were compelled to acknowledge the king as "Protector and only Supreme Head of the Church and Clergy of England," and to pay a heavy fine of £118,000, or about a million of money according to our value. So the back, of the pope's authority was broken. Further, the king received the power at his pleasure to withhold payment to the pope of the "First Fruits," or what is sometimes called "the pope's pocket money." This consisted. of the first year's income of holders of offices in the church, especially bishops, to which the pope had since the time of Henry III. claimed a right.

A law was enacted in 1533 which prevented any appeal in actions concerning wills, marriages and divorce, from the spiritual or ecclesiastical courts of the kingdom which dealt with such cases. This was to prepare the way for the decision, by Archbishop Cranmer, declaring the king's marriage with Catherine null and void, and making the marriage with Anne Boleyn, which had been celebrated secretly earlier in the year, legal. The new Queen was beheaded three years later, leaving a daughter who afterwards came to the throne as Queen Elizabeth. Pope Clement answered Cranmer's decision by maintaining the validity of the king's first marriage, and Convocation followed this up by declaring that the pope "hath no greater jurisdiction conferred upon him by God in this kingdom of England, than hath any other foreign bishop." However badly we may think of Henry's treatment of Catherine of Arragon, and though he only considered his own selfish ends, this question was overruled by Providence as the means of lifting off, in a measure, the yoke of Rome from English shoulders.

The king had reserved to himself the right to appoint bishops, who previously had been nominated only by him, and appointed by the pope. "Peter's Pence" and other payments to Rome were stopped. We come now to the great master-stroke which completed the severance between our country and the papacy, the:--

ACT OF SUPREMACY

---passed in 1534, which declared that the king "shall be taken, accepted and reputed the only Supreme Head in earth of the Church of England."

This Act constituted the power of the Crown absolute, and the ecclesiastical courts became just as much the king's court as were the civil and criminal ones.

Of course, the papists did their best during the next few years to wreck the new Constitution. There was a rising in 1536 known as the "Pilgrimage of Grace," the members of which wore as a badge, "The Five Wounds of Christ." This was peaceably dispersed, but further movements were only checked by sharp measures. Reginald Pole, afterwards Cardinal, was actively engaged in the south coast for a couple of years, trying to stir the flame of insurrection but without

result. A new pope, Paul III., hurled a Bull of Deposition at Henry in 1538, but that did him no harm.

Some of the dense darkness which Henry was instrumental in dispelling was that of the monasteries. He commenced with the smaller, and then paid attention to the larger, houses. A thorough visitation was made all round and the facts brought to light opened the eyes of many to their enormous iniquities. These establishments had got hold of much valuable property, derived from masses for the dead; large gifts of land and money being made over to them, on consideration that so many masses were offered for the souls of the donors, or their friends. As the monks became rich, they grew corrupt. Drunkenness and vice appeared in many and the coiners' tools, found in some monasteries, proved their dishonest craft.[3]

]

All kinds of superstitions were palmed off upon the simple-minded people by the monks. So-called miracles were wrought. At Hales, in Gloucestershire, there was exposed to view a phial containing what was said to be the blood of our Saviour, which none who were living in deep sin could see. You can understand how the trick was done. Some animal blood was renewed each week, and there being two sides to the phial, one transparent, which was shown to the supposed good people—those who paid the most money—and the other opaque, which was turned to the very bad—those whose gifts were not handsome enough.

As to Protestant worship, it was very unstable in Henry's reign. There was action and reaction, as was natural until the Reformation movement was firmly grounded, and while such men as Henry and Cromwell were in control. The people, however, were being moved strongly along the lines of the Gospel doctrines. Henry issued a warrant for the reading of Miles Coverdale's Bible, and it was soon after ordered to be set up in the churches by the clergy, who were required to urge the reading of it. They were instructed also to teach the Creed, the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments in English, which hitherto had been a crime worthy of death (see chapter xxv.). The idolatrous dogma of the Mass and Transubstantiation gave way to Scripture views concerning the Lord's Supper.

Then came the reaction. In spite of the efforts of Cranmer and five bishops in the House of Lords, the Statute of "Six Articles" was passed. Among other things, the Articles made the belief in Transubstantiation, private Masses and Confession, etc., compulsory under pain of death, and---withheld the wine from all but the clergy at the Communion. But it shows how strong a hold the Reformation faith was taking, that in London alone 500 Protestants were brought to book for offending this law. "Cranmer himself was only saved by Henry's personal favour." [4] Again the tide turned in the right direction, and the "Articles" were repealed. We may dismiss Cromwell by saying that the king also dismissed him when he no longer required his services; accused of heresy and treason he was brought to the block.

We have been obliged to give a fair amount of space in this chapter to the political side of the question, because that enters into it so largely just here. At the same time, the spiritual aspect was never absent, as we shall see if we think of some of those who suffered for the Faith during this reign.

JOHN LAMBERT

In 1538, was brought before the king in person, and people came from all parts of the country to witness the unusual sight, of a monarch personally judging a prisoner. Bishops, nobility and others were there; it was a great State trial. Lambert had been converted under Thomas Bilney at Cambridge, was associated with Tyndale and Frith in Antwerp, and had been English chaplain there. He was, of course, condemned, and suffered a frightful death. Yet, as he was raised on the points of the halberds of the soldiers above the fire, his legs having been burned from under him, he cried, "None but Christ ; none but Christ," and was then let down into the flames and expired.

Let us take a glimpse at a scene in Scotland. Entering the Abbey door at St. Andrews one morning in 1546, under an escort of soldiers, is a tall man in a plain frieze gown, who throws his purse to a beggar on the steps. This is:---

MR. GEORGE WISHART, GENTLEMAN

---a member of the University of Cambridge, a Godly man, who, one of his scholars informs us, used to give away all he had, lying at night on a wisp of straw, and coarse canvas sheets, and living generally a hard and simple life. After having listened to a sermon, he is compelled to ascend the pulpit and hear the accusation against himself. His accuser, "frothing at the mouth like a boar," spits in his face as he ends his speech. The man of God is condemned to be hanged and burned. So great is the popular affection for him that the Cardinal, while the fire and gallows are being prepared, fearing his friends may take him away by force, has all the ordnance of the Castle directed to the spot, and the gunners ready at their posts, where they remain until the execution is over. When he reaches the stake, with a rope round his neck and a chain round his body, the condemned man kneels and prays, and rising addresses the people. The hangman, moved with, pity, kneels and craves his pardon. Bidding the man come to him, Wishart kisses him on the cheek, saying, "Lo, here is a token that I forgive thee. My heart, do thine office," after which he is hanged and burned to ashes.



The condemned man kneels and prays

A woman's name appears in letters of gold, high up on this roll of honour.

ANNE ASKEW

---has left on record her own account of her terrible persecutions. After her first imprisonment and examination in 1545, she was released, but rearrested the next year and examined before the King's Council at Greenwich. She was seized with extreme illness, and was removed in the height of it to Newgate, where she recovered. Thence she went, after examination, to the Tower, and was put upon the rack till she was nearly dead. On being loosed she swooned, and on recovery was forced to sit with aching bones on the bare floor, reasoning with the Lord Chancellor for two hours. She wrote a noble confession of faith in prison, which has been preserved with her other records. On the day of her execution she was carried to Smithfield in a chair, because the effects of her torture had been so cruel that she could not walk. With three men, one of them, John Lancel, a gentleman of the Court and household of the king, she died, gunpowder helping- to put an end to her pains.

Of others we have no room to speak here. Thomas Bilney, one of the chief of the martyr band, was associated in a very special manner with the history of Hugh Latimer, and we shall mention them together later,[5] with others whose testimony unto death helped to illumine our fatherland.

Footnotes to Chapter 27

1. D'Aubigne.

2. Foxe.

3. There fell about 645 monasteries, 90 colleges, 110 hospitals, and 2374 chantries and free chapels, representing in all a yearly income of £163,000, besides immense value in cattle, corn, ornaments, plates and jewels. Such was the poverty of the monks! See Paton's "*British History and Papal Claims*," vol. 1.

4. J. R. Green.

5. See Chapter xxxii.





Chapter XXVIII WILLIAM TYNDALE



N the refectory of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, is the picture of a man to whom, for all time, they who speak the English language, and read the English Bible, owe a lasting debt of gratitude. It is the portrait of a man who was a torch-bearer indeed, who, having had his own soul illumined by the Light of the Gospel, determined by God's help to give to his fellow-countrymen the opportunity of basking in its glorious rays. The name of the man whose portrait hangs on the wall in the Oxford Hall is William Tyndale, the man who first gave the printed New Testament to England.

Beneath the picture is an inscription in Latin which may be translated thus:--

**"This canvas represents (which is all that Art can do) the likeness of William Tyndale,
formerly student and pride of this Hall**

:

**Who, after reaping here the happy first-fruits of a purer faith,
Devoted his energy at Antwerp to the translation
Of the New Testament and Pentateuch into the native language:**

**A work so beneficial to his English countrymen that He is
Not undeservedly called the Apostle of England.
He received the crown of martyrdom at Vilvorde, near Brussels, 1536.**

**A man (if we may believe his opponent, the Procurator-
General of the Emperor) very learned, pious and good."**

Memorial tablets are not as a rule to be relied upon as safe guides in respect of the true worth of the deceased, but the above one is true every whit. No eulogy can be too emphatic as to the lasting value of this good man's work.

**"The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones"**

---but in Tyndale's case his good work was recognised in his own century (that most stirring one of all centuries, the sixteenth), as well as in these later days. As an anonymous writer

in Foxe's "*Acts and Monuments*" says of him that he "*put forth certain bookes of the Olde Testament, into the Englishe tongue---whereby since, thanks be given to God, the lore of lyght*

into the Scriptures hath and Bailie is more and more opened unto us, the whiche before was many years closed in darkness."

High up on one of the boldest of the Cotswold Hills, Nibley Knoll by name, is to be seen the monument that has been erected to the memory of William Tyndale. Nearby is the little village of North Nibley, the reputed birthplace of the noble Reformer and martyr, and a dilapidated manor house in the village, known as Hunt's Court, is pointed out as the home that sheltered the boyhood of the future Reformer. The latest investigation, however, indicates that although in the sixteenth century there was a family of Tyndales living at North Nibley, it was another branch of the family to which our Tyndale belonged.

It is, however, pretty certain that Tyndale was a west countryman, born, as John Foxe tells us, "on the borders of Wales."



William Tyndale

These points are not of great importance, neither does it matter very much what was the date of his birth, as that also is a point enshrouded in considerable uncertainty.

Before, however, we accompany the future Reformer to Oxford, it will be as well to have a passing glance at the religious life of the times.

Lollardism had been well-nigh stamped out, but the incorruptible seeds of Divine Truth, although buried, would yet burst into life; the time, however, was not yet. The witnesses had for

a period been silenced, and, as a consequence, the follies and idolatries of Romanism were taught without let or hindrance. The light was quenched, but not extinguished, for it was the light that never has, nor ever will go out while time shall last, that had been kindled in our land. However, amidst the prevailing darkness, there were not lacking signs that the dawn of a brighter day was at hand. At the Universities, the Greek language had risen from her long sleep with the New Testament in her hand, while sober-minded young students were not only asking the old question, "What is truth?" But with purpose of heart were searching for the solution of the question in that only Book which is Truth. "Thy Word is Truth." Fuller, the historian, speaking of those moving times, quaintly puts it "Midnight being now past, some early risers were beginning to strike fire, and enlighten themselves from the Scriptures."

Even in his boyhood, before he went to College, God had evidently been preparing the future Reformer for his work. In a book which he afterwards published, entitled, "The Obedience of a Christian Man," while referring to the desirability of translating the Scriptures into English, he said: "Except my memory fail me, and that I have forgotten what I read when I was a child, thou shalt find in the English Chronicle, how that King Athelstane caused the Holy Scripture to be translated into the tongue that then was in England, and how the prelates exhorted him thereto."

Although the reference to Athelstane is not correct, for it was Alfred who translated the Scriptures, and not Athelstane, it reminds us that with the case of Tyndale, as in most instances, "the boy is father to the man." The boy was a student, possibly a bit of a book-worm, and the man in after years, was a scholar of no mean ability.

Another association of his boyhood cannot be well overlooked. About a century before the birth of Tyndale, there had been a vicar of Berkeley, John de Trevisa by name, possibly a follower of Wycliffe. He had considerable influence in the west country, and his teaching was remembered for a long time after his decease. His attitude in regard to things ecclesiastical can well be gauged by his Wycliffe like remark that "Christ sent apostles and priests into the world, but never any monks or begging friars."

It is not at all improbable that Tyndale heard oft times of this sturdy witness, and pondered over what he heard. In these things we can trace "the good hand of God," forging links in the life-chain of the future Reformer.

The days of Tyndale's youth were, however, times when, in many instances, there was not even the stateliness of outward show to commend religious observances to those who delight in "outward things." Religion had degenerated into mere follies and nonsense, especially in the rural districts, where Tyndale was brought up.

"Nowhere did these religious abuses flourish in greater vigour than in the county of Gloucester, where Tyndale was born and spent his early years. That county was the very stronghold of the church; it boasted of no fewer than six abbeys; it possessed the most famous relic in the kingdom, the blood of Hailes, the sight of which was supposed to ensure eternal salvation; and so predominant was the influence of the clergy throughout the county, that as sure as 'God is in Gloucester' had come to be a familiar proverb all over England. Nowhere, probably, was religion more entirely a thing of form and ceremony; and of these ceremonies, in almost all cases unmeaning, and in not a few grotesque and ridiculous, the young Tyndale, shrewd and thoughtful from his childhood, was no inattentive observer. When at a subsequent period he directed all the energy of his pen against the superstitious practices sanctioned by the church, his recollection of what he had witnessed around him in his youth, furnished him with endless illustrations to point his arguments. The kissing of the thumb-nails previous to engaging in prayer, the flinging holy water at the devil, the offering of a big cheese every year to St. White, the strange performances at Baptism, at Confirmation, and at Mass, all formed part of the dumb ceremonies' which Tyndale had witnessed from his youth, and in which we can scarcely imagine that one, with so acute and logical a mind, ever joined with any feelings of reverence.[1]

Little is known of Tyndale's early years, but John Foxe gives us a glimpse of the college days of the young student. "At Oxford," says Foxe, "he, by long continuance, grew and increased as well in the knowledge of tongues and other liberal arts, as specially in the knowledge of the Scripture, whereunto his mind was singularly addicted, insomuch that he, lying there in Magdalen Hall, read privily to certain students and fellows of Magdalen College, some parcel of divinity, instructing them in the knowledge and truth of the Scriptures. Whose manners also and conversation, being correspondent to the same, were such, that all they that knew him respected and esteemed him to be a man of most virtuous disposition, and of life unspotted. Thus he, in the University of Oxford, increasing more and more in learning and proceeding in degrees of the schools, spying his time, removed from thence to the University of Cambridge, where, after he had likewise made his abode a certain space, being now further ripened in the knowledge of God's Word, leaving that University also, he resorted to one Master Walsh, a Knight of Gloucestershire, and was there schoolmaster to his children, and in good favour with his master."

Tyndale's college career was not spent entirely at one University, as the quaint words above quoted indicate, for, "spying his time," he removed from Oxford to Cambridge. What caused his removal? Was it the presence of Erasmus, with his Greek Testament, that attracted the ardent Bible lover? We know, at any rate, that he was a great admirer of the learned Dutchman, and his after life was a living commentary on the following stirring words of the great scholar:

"I totally dissent from those who are unwilling that the sacred Scriptures, translated into the vulgar tongue, should be read by private individuals, as if Christ had taught such subtle doctrines that they can with difficulty be understood by a very few theologians, or as if the strength of the Christian religion lay in men's ignorance of it. The mysteries of kings it were perhaps better to conceal, but Christ wishes His mysteries to be published as widely as possible. I would wish even all women to read the Gospel and the Epistles of St. Paul. And I wish they were translated into all languages of all people, that they might be read and known, not merely by the Scotch and the Irish, but even by the Turks and the Saracens. I wish that the husbandman may sing parts of them at his plough, that the weaver may warble them at his shuttle, that the traveller may with their narratives beguile the weariness of the way." [2]

]

Tyndale's time at Cambridge was indeed a fruitful time, for not only was his store of earthly learning increased, but he was there, according to Foxe, "further ripened in the knowledge of God's Word." Thus was Tyndale being prepared for his life's work, but the arena for these feats of true greatness, which will ever be associated with his name, was not yet ready, for we next find him occupying a very humble post as tutor to the children of "Master Walsh, a Knight of Gloucestershire."

With this event closed the college days of Tyndale, having left a good name behind him, if we may trust the testimony of Sir Thomas More, who, in after years, was one of his most strenuous opponents. He said that before he left England, "Tyndale was well known for a man of right good living, studious, and well-learned in Scripture." [3]

It was in the manor house of Little Sudbury in his own west country that the next epoch in Tyndale's life was spent amid surroundings peaceful enough to any who would pay for peace at any price, but Tyndale had already learnt the value of the jewel of truth, and from these days forward held it in higher esteem even than the peace which was so congenial to his natural disposition.

Sir John Walsh was of a hospitable nature, and around his board, among others, many ecclesiastics found a ready welcome. Matters religious were naturally oftentimes the theme of conversation, but while others quoted "the church," and "the fathers," the young tutor had acquired the habit, very disconcerting to his foes, of appealing to the Scriptures as the final court of appeal, and, as it has always been, Mr. Valiant-for-the Truth, "the man with the sword in his hand, a true Jerusalem blade," was more than a match for the doughty champions of Rome.

On one occasion, Sir John and Lady Walsh paid a visit to a neighbouring mansion, but Tyndale was not one of the party, but there were evidently several clerics at the gathering, who, as Foxe says, "freely uttered their blindness and ignorance without any resistance or gainsaying." Upon their return, the knight and his lady called for Master Tyndale, and talked with him of such communications as had been, where they came from, and of their opinions. Master Tyndale thereunto made answer agreeable to the truth of God's Word, and in reproving of their false opinions. The Lady Walsh, being an obstinate woman, and as Master Tyndale did report her to be wise, being there no more but they three, Master Walsh, his wife, and Master Tyndale : "Well," said she, "there was such a doctor, he may dispend (spend) two hundred pound by the year, another, one hundred pound, and another, three hundred pound; and what think ye, were it reason that we should believe you before them so great, learned, and beneficed men?" Master Tyndale, hearing her, gave her no answer; nor after that had but small arguments against such, for he perceived it would not help in effect to the contrary.



Little Sudbury Manor House

Although Tyndale held his peace for a while, he was only waiting his opportunity, for he was in the meanwhile preparing a new shaft which by God's blessing was to prove effectual. He was busy at this time in translating a book by Erasmus, entitled, "***The Manual of a Christian Soldier***," a book of a very anti-papal tendency. It was Tyndale's intention to eventually get the book into print, but the immediate purpose he had in view was to get the knight and his lady to read the book, so that they might see that one of the greatest scholars of Europe was teaching views which were in many respects similar to his own.

The book was read seriously, and it had the effect of "mightily convincing" its readers, and the result was soon apparent, for, in the words of Foxe : "*After they had read that book, those great prelates were no more so often called to the house, nor, when they came, had the cheer nor the countenance as they were wont to have; the which they did well perceive, and that it was by the means and incensing of Master Tyndale, and at last came no more there.*"

You can well imagine that this did not add to his popularity with the neighbouring priests and friars, and his next step still more incensed them. Tyndale had felt the powers of the world to come, and also had the knowledge of pardoned sin; his heart was filled with Gospel zeal, and

having ample leisure, in the neighbouring villages he was heard preaching the Gospel of free salvation; and on the College Green at Bristol, he always found a ready and attentive audience.

Such procedure soon became the gossip of the many clerical habitués of the neighbouring ale-houses. "These blind and rude priests," says Foxe, "flocking together to the alehouse, for that was their preaching-place, raged and railed against him; affirming that his sayings were heresy, adding moreover unto his sayings, of their own heads, more than ever he spake."

The upshot of these ale-house conferences was that, as they could not answer his arguments, they would resort to other methods less creditable, and indeed, to them, possibly more effective in silencing an opponent's unanswerable arguments. The impudent tutor who had dared to confute their errors, and lessen their influence, should be secretly charged with heresy before the Chancellor of the Diocese, and accordingly before that important personage he appeared. Tyndale was not aware of the nature of the charge that might be brought against him, but he had his suspicions, "so that he, in his going thitherward, prayed in his mind heartily to God, to strengthen him, to stand fast in the truth of His Word."

Tyndale has himself given us an account of his appearance before the Chancellor. He said: "When I came before the Chancellor, he threatened me grievously, and reviled me, and rated me as though I had been a dog; and laid to my charge (things) whereof there could be none accuser brought forth, as their manner is not to bring forth the accuser; and yet all the priests of the country were the same day there."

It was evidently about this time that Tyndale set his heart on the great work of his life, namely, the translation of the New Testament (and the printing) in English.

A little incident urged him forward.



Tyndale answered him, "If God spare my life, ere many years I will cause a boy that driveth the plough shall know more of the Scriptures than thou doest."

He came to close quarters with one of the Pope's stalwarts, who evidenced such extreme hatred towards, and ignorance of the truth, that Tyndale's determination was fully made up to immedi-

ately begin the carrying out of the glorious purpose he had on hand. It had been for some time a secret purpose, but now it became his declared intention, for, "Communing and disputing," says Foxe, "with a certain learned man in whose company he happened to be, he drove him to that issue that the learned man said, we were better be without God's laws than the pope's. Master Tyndale hearing that, answered him: "I defy the pope and all his law.'

He also said, If God spare my life, ere many years I will cause a boy that driveth the plough shall know more of the Scriptures than thou doest."

This bold avowal was soon blazoned abroad, and it was evident that Little Sudbury and its locality had become too dangerous a corner of England for him to remain in, and so it came to pass he had to bid farewell to his considerate master, Sir John Walsh.

"I perceive," he said to his patron, "that I shall not be suffered to tarry long here in this country, nor you shall be able to keep me out of their hands; and what displeasure you might have thereby is hard to know, for the which I should be right sorry."

So, with the goodwill of his master, he departed from him to London.

Thus Tyndale said goodbye to his life in the country, and with his beloved books and high hopes of the future, he set out for London. His purpose was to interview the new Bishop of London, Dr. Tunstal by name. He was known to be a man who cultivated literature, art, and as we should say in these days, was thoroughly up-to date, but there was one thing lacking in the great man—he had not the love of God shed abroad in his heart, and was consequently unprepared to endure scoffing, much less suffering for the sake of the Truth of God. Tyndale spent about a year in London, and he gives us a very striking account of his impressions of the Metropolis during that period.

"In London I abode almost a year, and marked the course of the world, and heard our praters (I would say, our preachers), how they boasted themselves and their high authority; and beheld the pomps of our prelates, and how busied they were, as they yet are, to set peace and unity in the world, though it be not possible for them that walk in darkness to continue long in peace.----- And saw things whereof I defer to speak at this time; and understood at the last, not only that there was no room in my lord of London's palace to translate the New Testament, but also that there was no place to do it in all England, as experience doth now openly declare."

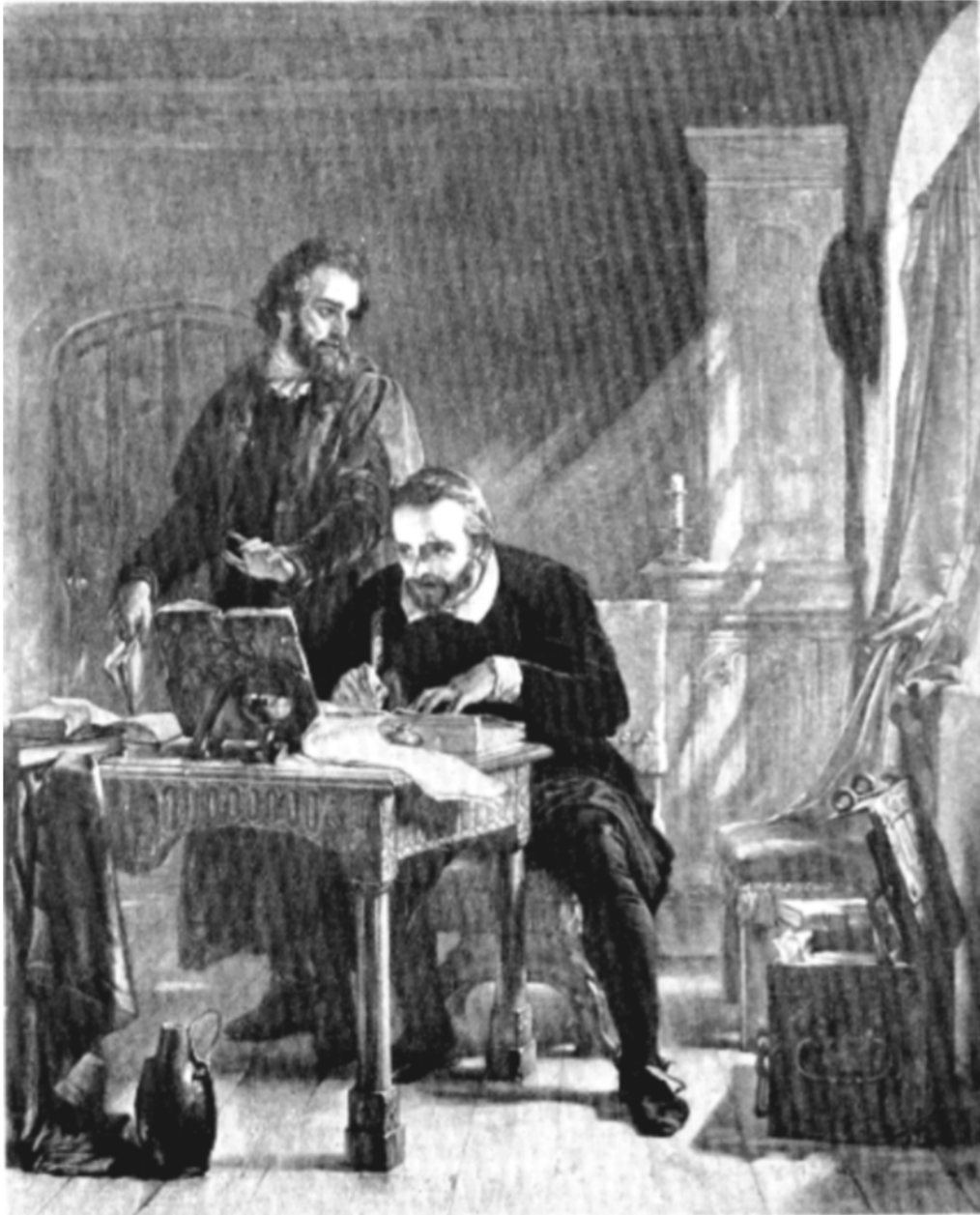
The year was not, however, a wasted year, for he had opportunities for preaching the Gospel, and among his hearers was one named John Fryth, who, as Foxe tells us, "first received through him the seed of the Gospel and sincere godliness." The friendship thus formed was a lasting one, and both suffered martyrdom within three years of each other.

The visit to the Bishop was altogether unsatisfactory, for he received the poor scholar very coldly. If Tyndale had brought with him one of the heathen classics, he might have looked at the proposal in a different way, but for the Scripture he would not risk losing popularity, which the association with Tyndale's proposal would have involved.

"My lord answered me," says Tyndale, "his house was full, he had more than he could well provide for, and advised me to seek in London, where he said I could not lack a service."

And thus the poor scholar was sent about his business. Truly, in this case, "vain was the help of man."

It appears at this time he had hardly sufficient food, but God called to his aid a sterling friend in a kindly merchant, named Humphrey Monmouth. He loved the Reformer for the Gospel's sake, and did all he could to assist him in his work. But it soon became apparent that the work could



William Tyndale translating the New Testament

(Reproduced from the painting by Alexander Johnston, by permission of the Art Union of London).

not be carried on in England, and so, with doubtless a feeling of intense disappointment, Tyndale gathered together his books and manuscripts, and crossed the seas, an exile, never more to return to the land he loved so well, and served so faithfully.

He sailed for Hamburg, and had actually begun his work, when the relentless foes of the Gospel forced him to flee to Cologne, where, under the shadow of its towering cathedral, the work was continued, and in due course the New Testament translated. Tyndale took his precious manuscript to a firm of printers, named Quentel & Bryckman, and soon the presses were at work printing the sheets; but both the printers and the translator were surrounded by wily foes. On an unhappy day one of the printers, under the influence of drink, became very talkative, and began talking about the English New Testament, upon which he was engaged. This soon reached the ears of a man named John Cochloens, a bitter opponent of Martin Luther. He soon set the wheels in motion for stopping Tyndale's work, but Tyndale was too quick for him, for, hearing what had happened, he packed up the bales of sheets which had been printed, and started with them to the city of Worms, where the work was at length completed.

The gospell of S. Mathew.

The fyrst Chapter.



Hys ys the boke of

the generaciō of Iesus Christ the sonne of David / The sonne also of Abraham
 Abraham begatt Isaac: Isaac begatt Jacob:
 Jacob begatt Judas and hys bretheren:
 Judas begatt Phares: Phares begatt Esrom:
 Esrom begatt Aram: Aram begatt Aminadab:

* Abraham and David are fyrst rehearsed / because that churche was chiefly promysed vnto them.

Aminadab begatt naasson:
 Naasson begatt Salmon:
 Salmon begatt boos of rahab:
 Boos begatt obed of ruth:
 Obed begatt Jesse:

Extract from the First Edition of Tyndale's New Testament.

Before we follow the further fortunes of Tyndale and his Testament, it will be as well to look at the translation which reflects not only the ardour of its translator, but also his true scholarship.

Of the many copies of the first edition of the New Testament issued by William Tyndale, only one small fragment remains. It is in the British Museum, and consists of a kind of preface, a table of the books of the New Testament and the Gospel of Matthew, down to Chapter XXII., verse 12. There is, moreover, a frontispiece, representing Matthew writing his Gospel. Throughout the books in the margin there are notes, many of which are very original, and not a few would find little favour in the eyes of the pope's party, so in order that you may see what the book looked like, we have reproduced the frontispiece, and also the first page of the first chapter of Matthew.

Let us give you two examples of Tyndale's notes:--



Frontispiece of Tyndale's New Testament

Matt. XVI. 5-7. *"Read Erasmus's annotations; it was not for nought that Christ bade beware of the leaven of the Pharisees. Nothing is so sweet that they make not sour with their traditions. The Evangelion, that joyful tidings, is now bitterer than the old law; Christ's burden is heavier than the yoke of Moses. Our condition and estate is ten times more grievous than was ever the Jews; the Pharisees have so leavened Christ's sweet bread."*

Matt. XVI. 16-18. *Thou art Peter. "This confession is the rock. Now is Simon Bar Jona called Peter because of his confession. Whosoever then this wise confesseth of Christ, the same is called Peter. Now is this confession come to all who are true Christians; then is every Christian, man and woman, Peter. Read Bede, Augustine, and Jerome, of the manner of loosing and binding, and note how Jerome checketh*

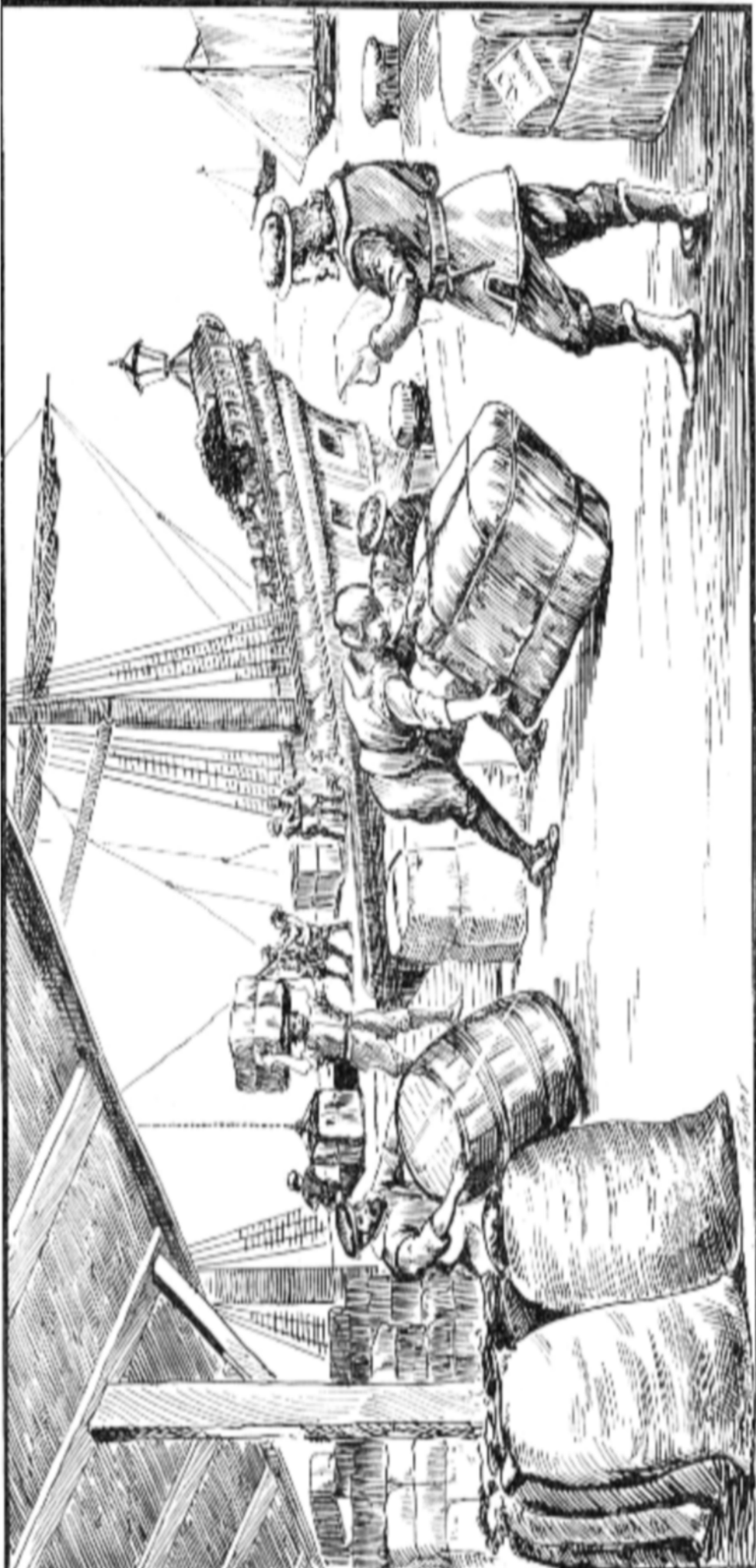
the presumption of the Pharisees in his time, which yet had not so monstrous interpretations as our 'gods' have feigned."

The next question to be decided was. How were the Books to be conveyed to London? It would never do to send them in bales, labelled "Testaments," as there were many enemies of the truth awaiting the arrival of the dreaded Book of God. Where there is a will there is a way, Tyndale and his friends were equal to the occasion. Godly merchants in London offered to carry the bales across the seas, and to see to their distribution upon their arrival, and so, stowed away in the sacks of corn and in bundles of merchandise, the books reached the wharves in London. They were soon being scattered, stealthily, but carefully, and in many an English home the wonderful words of life found ready acceptance, and in many a heart the incorruptible seed sown, to bear in due course a harvest of praise to the Giver "of every good and perfect gift."

The common people as of old received the Word gladly, but among the rulers of the people, both ecclesiastic and lay, there were few who sympathised, but many who bitterly opposed the circulation of the scriptures.

One of the most zealous adversaries was Doctor Tunstal, bishop of London. Soon after the first edition was issued, he preached against the Book at St. Paul's Cross, and caused a copy of the Testament to be publicly burned. This gave great satisfaction to the pope's party in England, and at Rome itself, for Cardinal Campeggio wrote to Cardinal Wolsey in the following terms:

"I cannot but greatly rejoice when I hear daily from our most serene and most powerful king, that by your most illustrious lordship's assistance and diligence, a glorious and saving work: is being carried on in his kingdom for the protection of the Christian religion. As, for instance., we lately heard, to his Majesty's great praise and glory, that he had most justly caused to be burned a copy of the Bible which has been mistranslated into the common tongue by the faithless



LANDING OF TYNDALE'S TESTAMENTS

followers of Luther's abominable sect, to avert the pious minds of simple believers, and had been brought into his Kingdom. Assuredly no burnt offering could be more pleasing to Almighty God."

Thus the conflict continued, king, cardinal, bishops, priests, scholars and all the rest of them marshalled their forces against the "little book," but they might just as well have attacked the rock of Gibraltar with a pea-shooter, for the Book had come to stay.



Tunstal burning the New Testaments at St. Paul's Cross

A second edition of the New Testament was soon ready, and not only so, but various enterprising printers on the Continent issued editions of their own, with many mistakes in them. Tyndale did not pretend that his translation was perfect, and each edition that was subsequently issued bore proof of his careful revision. All this cost money, but the need was supplied, not always by his friends.

His enemy, Doctor Tunstal, bishop of London, unwittingly helped him considerably with the finances. This is how it happened. Tunstal found that, in spite of his preaching, the people were still reading the forbidden Book. What should the Bishop do? At last he hit upon what he thought was a splendid plan. He found a merchant named Packington, who told the bishop that he thought he could buy all the copies that were left, and then the bishop could do what he liked with them.

"Only," said Packington, "you will have to pay a good long price for them."

"Never mind the money," said the bishop, "you get the books."

So Packington went to Tyndale, and told him he had found customer for his New Testaments, but he did not tell the bishop that he was a secret friend of William Tyndale.

"Who is the merchant?" said Tyndale, "that is so anxious to buy my Testaments?"

"The Bishop of London," said Packington.



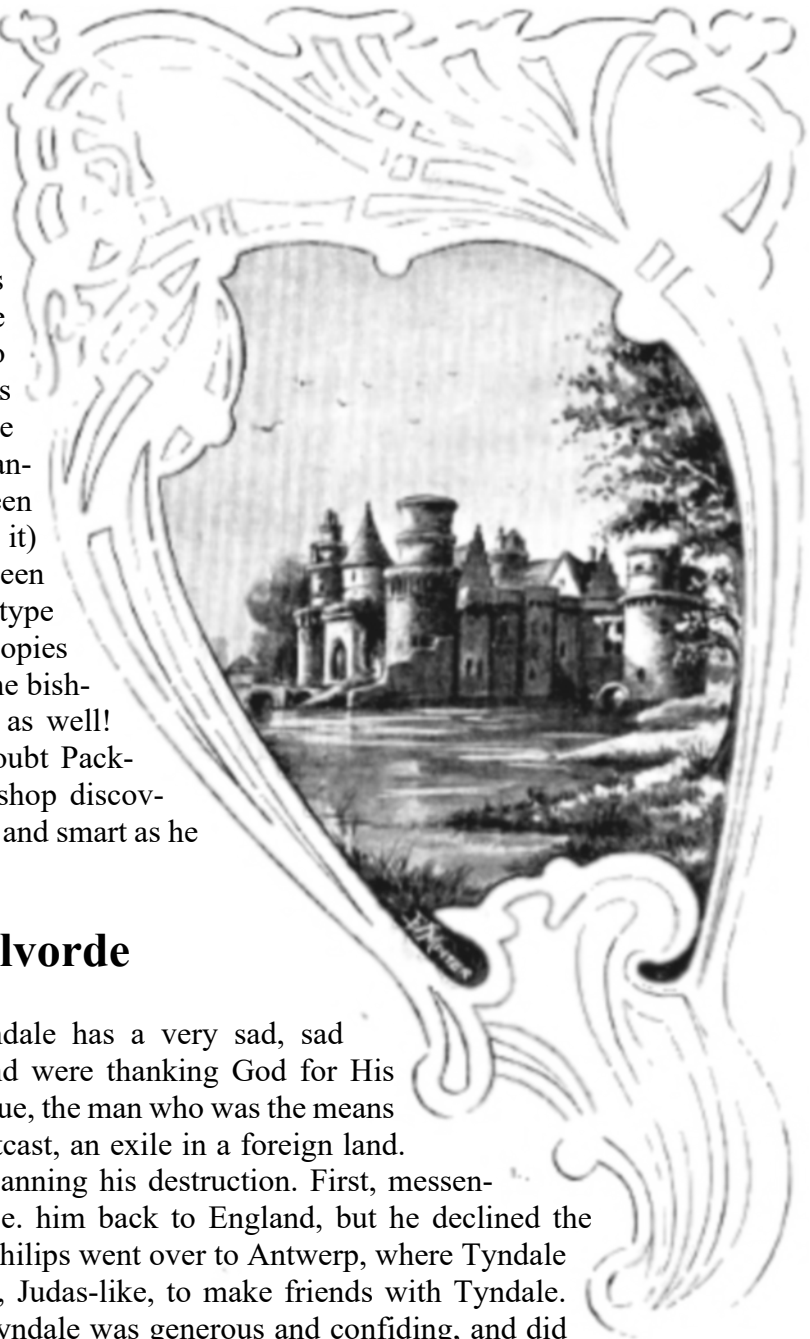
Arrest of William Tyndale

"Then," said Tyndale, "if it is the Bishop of London who wants the Books, he only wants to burn them; but never mind, he shall have them." So the bargain went forward; "the bishop had the Books; Packington had the thanks; and Tyndale had the money."

The bishop, in high glee, thought he would now once and for ever stop the people reading the New Testament. He went to St. Paul's Cross, and there, with much ado, made a huge bonfire of the Books. This grand bonfire, which pleased the bishop and his friends, was the means of making the good folk of England more inquisitive as to what there possibly could be inside this Book which the bishop hated so heartily.

The devil often oversteps the mark, and he did so in this case, for with the money which Wil-

William Tyndale obtained for his New Testaments he printed yet another edition, which was soon being scattered on all sides throughout England. The bishop could not make head nor tail of it, so he sent for Packington, and asked him how it was that, in spite of all the money he had spent, there were still so many of Tyndale's Testaments being scattered up and down the land? To which Packington answered (and there must have been a twinkle in his eye as he said it) that although the books had been bought, there was still plenty of type remaining from which fresh copies had been printed, and perhaps the bishop would like to buy the type as well! The bishop laughed, and no doubt Packington laughed too, and the bishop discovered he was not nearly so clever and smart as he thought himself to be.



Castle of Vilvorde

But the story of William Tyndale has a very sad, sad ending. While many in England were thanking God for His precious Book in their own tongue, the man who was the means of their blessing was a poor outcast, an exile in a foreign land. His enemies were cunningly planning his destruction. First, messengers were sent to try and entice him back to England, but he declined the invitation. Then a man named Philips went over to Antwerp, where Tyndale was then living, and pretended, Judas-like, to make friends with Tyndale. Philips was crafty and artful; Tyndale was generous and confiding, and did not think that his new friend was plotting his destruction. So one day, when Philips called upon him and invited him to dinner, his guest did not suspect any evil.

On the way to the house where they were to dine was a narrow lane, down which they both went, Tyndale in front and Philips behind. But all the while, hidden away in this lane, were some soldiers, waiting to seize Tyndale when Philips should give them the signal. In a little while the traitor pointed at Tyndale, and in a moment he was a prisoner, being hurried to the castle of Vilvorde, where for nearly eighteen months he was kept in a cold, dark, damp, underground cell, with insufficient clothing, without a candle, and daily expecting to be taken from his prison to suffer death.

We have all read of the conversion of the Philippian jailor and his family through the prisoners, Paul and Silas but perhaps all have not heard how that Tyndale's life and words in prison were used by God for the conversion of the jailor of Vilvorde, the jailor's daughter, and others of the jailor's family. Many of the other prisoners, too, were so affected by the manner of life of the simple, Godly prisoner, that they said that "if he was not a good Christian man, they could not tell whom to trust."

Copp of the Autograph Letter by William Tyndale.

"I believe, Right Worshipful, that you are not ignorant of what has been determined concerning me (by the Council of Brabant); therefore I entreat your lordship, and that by the Lord Jesus, that if I am to remain here (in Vilvorde) during the winter, you will request the Procureur to be kind enough to send me from my goods which he has in his possession, a warmer cap, for I suffer extremely from cold in the head, being afflicted with a perpetual catarrh, which is considerably increased in the cell; a warmer coat also, for that which I have is very thin : also a piece of cloth to patch my leg-

gings. My overcoat has been worn out; my shirts are also worn out. He has a woollen shirt of mine, if he will be kind enough to send it. I have also with him leggings of thicker cloth for putting on above; he also has warmer caps for wearing at night. I wish also his permission to have a candle in the evening, for it is wearisome to sit alone in the dark. But above all, I entreat and beseech your clemency to be urgent with the Procureur that he may kindly permit me to have my Hebrew Bible, Hebrew Grammar, and Hebrew Dictionary, that I may spend my time with that study. And, in return, may you obtain your clearest wish, provided always it be consistent with the salvation of your soul. But if any other resolution has been come to concerning me, that I must remain during the whole winter, I shall be patient, abiding the will of God, to the glory of the grace of my Lord Jesus Christ, whose Spirit, I pray, may ever direct your heart. Amen.—W. Tyndale."

The picture of this man of true nobility, sitting in the cold, dark prison cell, asking the favour of warm clothing, but especially desiring his books, can but remind us of another prisoner, who, from his prison, wrote for his "cloke and his books, but especially the parchments."

When people are in trouble and suffering, they do not, as a rule, send for the newest novel to comfort their sad hearts. No; the Bible, God's Word, is the only Book that can comfort those in

trouble, because it tells us of God who is "a very present help in trouble." The "warmer coat" no doubt warmed Tyndale's body, but his Bible cheered his heart.

But the story of William Tyndale becomes sadder and sadder.

A few years before he had written, "If they shall burn me, they shall do none other thing than that I look for."

"There is none other way into the kingdom of life than through persecution and suffering of pain, and of very death, after the ensample of Christ."

And now what he had long expected, he was about actually to suffer. He was condemned to be executed—not because he was a bad man, a liar, a thief or a murderer, but because he was a good man, a faithful servant of Jesus Christ. On the 6th October, 1536, Tyndale was led from prison, and strangled, and his body burned to ashes.

If we could have witnessed the end of this true hero, we should have heard his last memorable words. The last words of William Tyndale were a prayer for dear old England: "Lord, open the King of England's eyes."

We shall in a little while see how God answered His servant's prayer; but before we read about that, we must remember that William Tyndale was a true hero. He was not a great soldier, neither did the great people of his time think much of him; but he was a man who sought "first. the kingdom of God and His righteousness," and whatever he thought to be right he did it, without heeding what people said of him, or did to him. This is true 'heroism.

May God give to each of us more of this true heroism, and then, even though we may not be called to do and suffer as did William Tyndale, we may each shine for God and His truth in the place where God Himself has placed us, "you in your small corner, and I in mine."

Upon the Thames Embankment in London, between Charing Cross and Westminster Bridges, there is a beautiful statue of William Tyndale with the following inscription upon it :—

**WILLIAM TYNDALE,
FIRST TRANSLATOR OF THE NEW TESTAMENT INTO
ENGLISH FROM THE GREEK.
BORN A.D. 1484,
DIED A MARTYR AT VILVORDE, IN BELGIUM, A.D. 1536.**

**THY WORD IS A LAMP UNTO MY FEET AND A LIGHT UNTO MY PATH."
THE ENTRANCE OF THY WORD GIVETH LIGHT."
PSALM CXIX. 105, 130.**

**THE LAST WORDS OF WILLIAM TYNDALE WERE: "LORD, OPEN
THE KING OF ENGLAND'S EYES."
WITHIN A YEAR AFTER THESE WORDS, A BIBLE WAS PLACED IN EVERY
PARISH CHURCH
BY THE KING'S COMMAND.**

Here is another reproduction of a page of Tyndale's New Testament. It is taken from one of the later editions. It is a part of the first chapter of Paul's Epistle to Titus.

It looks very strange to us. But by the Bible readers of those days it was easily and eagerly read. Some of the expressions in it are very different to those in our own Bible, and in some cases more correct. For example, the following passages:—

Acts XIII:15.—"After the lectur of the law and the prophets, the rulers of the synagogue sent unto them sayinge, Ye men and brethren, yf ye have eny sermon to exhorte the people, say on."

Hebrews XII. 16.—"Which for one breakfast solde his right that belonged vnto him"

cclyxxiiij

The pistle of paul

vnto Titus.

The fyrst Chapter.



Paul the servaunt of god
and an Apostle of Jesu Christ/
to preache the sayth of goddis es-
lecte/ and the knowledge off the
trueth/ which trueth is in servys-
nge god in hope of eternall lyfe/
which lyfe god that cānot lye/ hath promysed be-
fore the worlde began: but hath at the tyme ap-
oynted opened his worde by preachynge/ which
preachynge is committed vnto me/ by the com-
aūdemēt of god oure saveoure.

To Titus his naturall sonne in the common
sayth.

Grace mercie and peace from God the fath-
er/ and from the lord Jesu Christ oure saveour.

For this cause left I the in Creta/ that thou sh-
uldest performe that which was lackynge and sh-
uldest ordeyne seniours in every citie as I apo-
ynted the. Wherof be soche as no man can comp-
layne on/ the husbāde of one wyfe/ havynge fa-
ythfull children/ which are not selandred off ro-
pote/ nether are disobediēt. For a bisschoppe mu-
st be soche as no man can complayne on/ as it be-
commeth the minister off God. not stubbornne/
not angrie/ not dzonfarde/ not fyghter/ not geve

¶

Extract from Tyndale's New Testament

Matt. XV. 26, 27.—"*He answered and saide, It is not good to take children's breed and to cast it to whelppes. She answered and saide, It is truthe, nevertheless the whelppes eate the crommes which fall from there master's table.*"

Not only do we now spell many of the words differently, but many words had a different meaning then to what they have now.

Footnotes to Chapter 28

1. "William Tyndale," Rev. R. Demaus,
2. Erasmus Paravlesis, Works Vol. iv., pp. 140,
3. Sir Thomas More's Dialogues.





Chapter XXIX. THE MARTYR'S PRAYER ANSWERED



LORD, open the King of England's eyes!" were the sainted Tyndale's words, ere the relentless haters of the Scriptures of God put him to death, which was, in his case, as in that of every child of God, but a releasing of the spirit that it might soar upwards to be for ever with the Lord, where his wicked persecutors could not follow him, though they burnt to ashes the mortal body which contained his soul, just as a chrysalis holds the butterfly.

"Open the King of England's eyes!" Open them to what? To see the beauty of the Word of God and suffer his subjects to read it. But what an unlikely thing to happen. Humanly speaking, how far from possible! Some would say indeed impossible.

For the King of England was that "bluff King Hal," whose hatred to the religion of the Bible was so keen and bitter that the Pope of Rome had bestowed upon him the title of "Defender of the Faith"—the faith of Rome.

The King who detested the principles of the Reformation which, in spite of cruel persecution, were gaining ground every day among the English people, and were soon to become a flood of living water which no man, be he king or prelate, had the power to check.

And there lay the hope. That irresistible power of God's Holy Spirit on the English nation had already made its influence felt, even among the prelates, to such an extent that the king saw the prudence of reforming the church in some measure. He had already quarrelled with the pope over the question of the lawfulness of his marriage with his brother's widow, into which he had, when but a youth, been coerced by his tyrant of a father, and thus the first step had been taken, soon to result in the glorious Reformation which King Edward the Sixth was destined to accomplish.

True, Tyndale's New Testament was forbidden by the king's proclamation to be circulated or even read, and though in the year of the martyr's death a petition from Convocation that the people might be graciously indulged in the reading of the Bible in the English tongue was not granted, yet God was true to His promise, that "while they are yet calling I will answer them," so the third edition of a version which a learned Cambridge man had printed, was allowed, having at the foot of the title-page the words, "Sett forth with the Kynge's most gracious license."

This learned Cantab, who was a Yorkshireman by birth, and a Cambridge man by residence in the priory of St. Augustine, was named Miles Coverdale. The light of the Gospel had never entirely failed in that seat of learning, but had been kept alive by the few godly men whose plain,

unaffected piety even the monks and friars could not but respect. Several years before Tyndale's martyrdom, there had been an evangelical revival among the students; and meetings for prayer and the reading of the Scriptures, either 'Wycliffe's translation or that from the Greek of Erasmus' New Testament or the Latin Vulgate, were privately held in (among other places) a room in a hostelry, known as the White Horse, which then stood at the corner of King's Lane.

Coverdale was among those who attended these meetings, and although formerly only a devout papist, he learned there to love the Scriptures, and became a Reformer. Eight years before Tyndale was put to death, he burned with such zeal for God that he went about preaching against that so-called "Sacrifice" of the Mass, which our late beloved Queen and King Edward VII. at their accessions declared to be superstitious and idolatrous. Miles Coverdale also preached against image worship and confession to priests, telling the people that contrition for sin between God and man's own conscience was enough, without the absolution of a priest.

But King Henry VIII. would not tolerate such teaching, and Coverdale deemed it prudent to retire to the Continent, where he assisted Tyndale in re-translating the Pentateuch, or first five books of the Old Testament, the former manuscript having been lost in the wreck of the ship in which Tyndale had sailed for Hamburg.

It is possible he was already engaged in a translation of the whole Bible, or through his collaboration with Tyndale, this idea may have suggested itself to him. Be this as it may, it was not long before Coverdale's translation appeared. It was sent to the press in 1534, and was issued by Froschover of Zurich in the following year. A second edition was printed in the succeeding year, and published by Nycolson of Southwark. This was succeeded by a third edition almost immediately afterwards, and on this appeared the words of the title page:

."Sett forth with the Kynge's most gracious license," as already mentioned.

The prayer of the martyred Tyndale was heard, the scales were falling from King Henry's eyes.

Coverdale's Bible was unlike the Bible with which we are familiar, inasmuch as it contained the Apocrypha, and it differed in some material respects from both Tyndale's translation of the New Testament and our Authorised Version. The most noteworthy of these is where he puts "doth penance," in Luke X V. 7 and 10, instead of "repenteth," as in the original Greek, and in Tyndale's, and our own Testaments,

This seems to show that Coverdale had not fully come into the light of the Gospel, and was unable to shake off the influence of the Latin Vulgate. It is quite possible he did not mean by the word "penance" imposed by a priest, but he seems to have been unable to grasp the idea of God's full and free forgiveness, and seemed to think the erring sinner must do something to punish himself for his sins before he could obtain mercy.

Still, it must not be thought he had in mind mortification of the flesh after the manner of papists, but rather of bravely and patiently enduring the sufferings which living as the witness for Christ would surely entail; the daily cross, the fiery trial, the choice of poverty and deprivation of the comforts of life rather than the ease of wealth and luxury. This is the doing penance according to his knowledge which he explains in his answer to Standish that, unless penance proceedeth from faith, it is not profitable

Two years after Coverdale's translation, another appeared. "This was the work of the Well-known John Rogers, the martyr, but it was not brought out under his own name, but under the nom de plume of "Thomas Matthew"; hence it is known as Matthew's Bible.

Although, as the friend and patron of Miles Coverdale, the Lord Vice-general, Thomas Cromwell, would have preferred his version above all others, yet when, on the recommendation



TITLE PAGE OF THE “GREAT BIBLE”

of Archbishop Cranmer, he read the new Bible, he was so pleased with it that he exerted all his influence with King Henry to authorise its publication in England, and succeeded in his desire. Thus, both Coverdale's and Matthew's Bible received the royal license in the same year; but whereas the former was only licensed, the latter was published with the King's authority.

Thus once more, and in fuller Measure, an answer was vouchsafed to the prayer of the dying martyr.

Truly in fuller measure, for the authority of King Henry had actually been given to the full publication of Tyndale's own Bible.

How this came about we will proceed to narrate.

John Rogers, B.A., of Cambridge, accepted the appointment of Chaplain to the Merchant Adventurers when Tyndale was resident in that City. There Foxe relates he "fell in company with the worthy martyr of God, and although Tyndale's martyrdom so soon afterwards made their acquaintance a brief one, yet they were very intimate.

Now, Tyndale had been at work on the Old Testament long after the completion of the Pentateuch, probably up to the very last, and he left behind him the manuscript of his labours, including the books from Joshua to Chronicles, quite complete. Besides he left unfinished MSS. and notes, and, probably, verbally explained his ideas to Rogers with such clearness that the latter was enabled to faithfully carry out the martyr's plans, in giving in the English the complete Bible which Tyndale himself would have given them had he lived.

Copies of this Bible are preserved, among other places in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, the British Museum, and the Library at Lambeth Palace. In form it was a fine folio of larger size than Coverdale's, and like his, illustrated with small wood cuts.

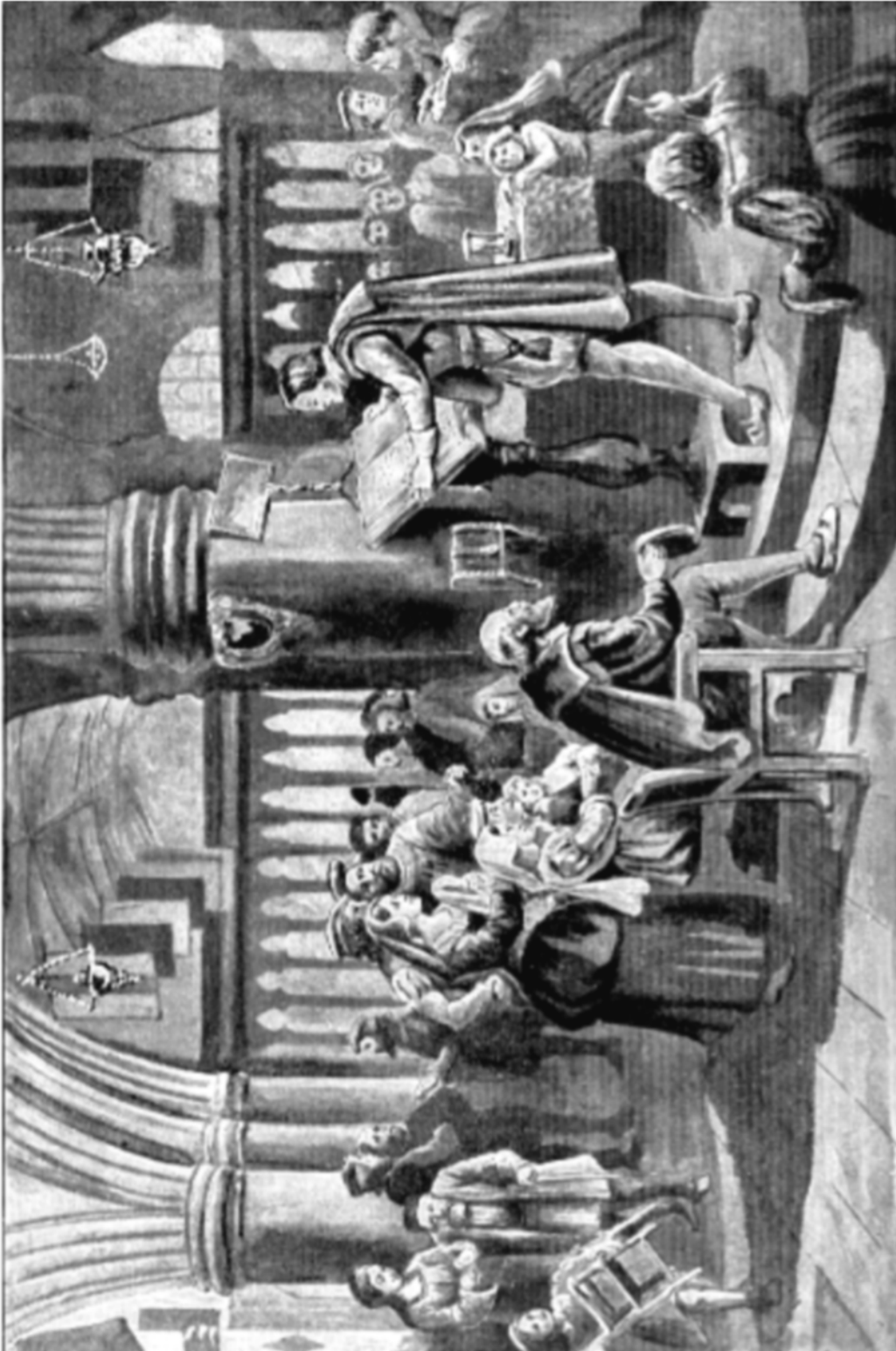
About the same time another Bible was translated by one more Cambridge man---Taverner, of Benet College, now known as Corpus, who also graduated at Oxford, a layman so fond of Greek that when he subsequently went to the Inner Temple, his humour was to quote the law in Greek when he read anything thereof.

The interest of this Bible lies chiefly in the New Testament portion. Of the Old, little is noteworthy, and the influence of the Latin Vulgate is obvious. But the New Testament's translation from the Greek evidences a good scholar in that language, and many of his variations from Coverdale's and "Matthew's" Bibles are retained in our own Authorised Version.

One great merit of Taverner's Bible was that the Old Testament, being printed in quarto as well as folio, and the New both quarto and octavo, and also, not possessing the wood cuts which must have added greatly to the expense of Coverdale's and Rogers' Bible, it could be more easily purchased by those unable to afford the more costly versions. The King not only permitted its sale, but allowed it to be read in churches.

But Cranmer and Cromwell apparently thought this multiplicity of authorised versions would tend to confuse men's minds. The latter therefore charged Coverdale, who was then in Paris, to revise his own and the version known as "Matthew's," and retain the best features of both. The result was what is known as the "Great Bible."

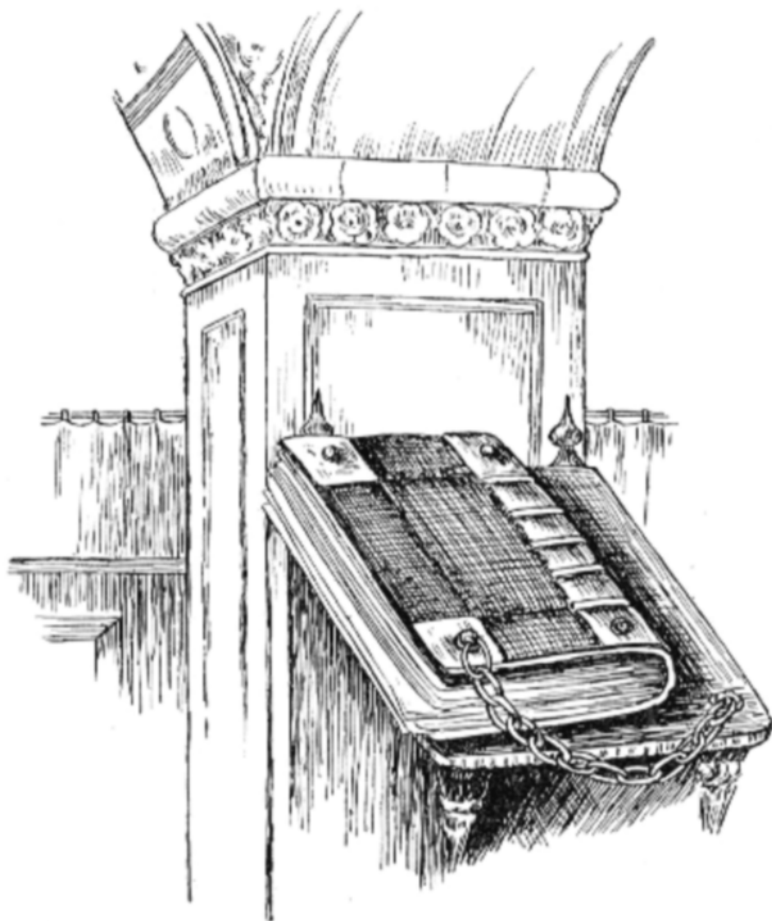
There is a diversity of opinion as to whether Cranmer had any share in the making of this version. It is often called Cranmer's, but some think so without just reason. Nevertheless, it is probable that if he did not do the bulk of the literary work, he may have revised the sheets before they were printed, or corresponded with Coverdale about the meaning of certain passages. We



READING THE CHAINED BIBLE IN THE CRYPT OF ST. PAULS

know he wrote the preface, and his name appears on the title page, and as it was brought out under his patronage, the name, Cranmer's Bible, is not inappropriate.

This Bible has many pictures in it of a style which seems quaint to us nowadays. There are some which are full of interest, as, for example, that of the brazen serpent, which is depicted as half coiled, half hung on a tree or pole, with short branches on the top in the form of a Y instead of on a cross, as has been the fashion to represent it since Ritualism cropped up.



Example of a “Chained Bible” from Cumnor Church

As we have just said, some of them are quaint. One of the quaintest is that of David and Goliath. Goliath does not look at all like a fierce giant, and he is not so big as many a burly policeman. David is standing but a pace away from him, swinging his sling in an idle fashion, as if he had no intention of doing anything with it.

But, quaint and indifferently drawn as some of the small wood cuts are, the title page is a very spirited piece of work. It is supposed to have been designed by the great Dutch artist, Hans Hol-

bein. What makes it of interest to us is that herein is graphically depicted the Divine answer to Tyndale's prayer. For we have the King of England not only permitting the reading and circulation of the Scriptures, but with one hand himself delivering the Word of God to the clergy, and with the other handing it to the people, of whom Thomas Cromwell is the most conspicuous, and-seems to be receiving it to pass on to them.

In another part of the picture Cromwell appears again, putting the Bible in the hands of the people, while over his head is a scroll, on which is inscribed in Latin the 14th verse of the 34th Psalm:--

"Depart from evil and do good, seek peace and ensue it."

In the lower part of the picture all sorts and conditions of men and women are joyfully receiving the Word of God, and shouting: "*Vivat rex!*"

Not only did the king put the Holy Scriptures in the hands of his people, but he took care they should read them. He issued an injunction to the clergy, ordering them, one and all, to provide by a certain date in every parish "one booke of the whole Byble of the largest volume in Englyshe," to be set up in a convenient place within the church, and that not only were such of the people as could read to be allowed to peruse its pages, but the clergy were expressly

commanded to "provoke, stir up, and exhort every person to read the same." Even Bonner, that enemy of God's Word and the Gospel of Christ, had, against his will, to place six Bibles in St. Paul's

Would that King Edward would order six Bibles to be placed on reading desks in St. Paul's nowadays, or even that one might be so placed that any layman, if he chose, might read out of it to the people who daily go to sit and rest under the great dome.

Thus we see how the noble martyr's prayer was answered, and that the Word he loved so well became the heritage of the land and people for whom he prayed, laboured and died.





Chapter XXX. THE ENGLISH JOSIAH



THE boy king, Edward VI., is, to young students especially, one of the most interesting personages in English history. The slender figure, delicate face, and thoughtful eyes, are characteristics well known to those who are familiar with his portrait.

"The second Josiah," as we like to think of him; was so named by Archbishop Cranmer, when he preached at the coronation of the young sovereign. The famous sermon is worth noting. Here are some extracts:-

"Your Majesty is God's vicegerent and Christ's vicar within your own dominions, and to see, with your predecessor Josiah, God truly worshipped, idolatry destroyed, and the tyranny of the Bishop of Rome banished from your subjects, and images removed. These acts be signs of a second Josiah, who reformed the church of God in his days. You are to reward virtue, to revenge sin, to justify the innocent, to relieve the poor, to procure peace, to repress violence, and to execute justice throughout your realms. For on those kings who performed not these things the old law shows how the Lord revenged His quarrel, and on those kings who fulfilled these things He poured forth His blessings in abundance. For example, it is written of Josiah in the book of Kings thus: Like unto him there was no king before him, that turned to the Lord with all his heart, according to all the law of Moses, neither after him arose there any like him.' This was to that prince a perpetual fame of dignity to remain to the end of days."[1]

Like Josiah, Edward VI. came to the throne in the midst of a widespread apostasy. The Reformation had only begun; difficulties, insurmountable to human strength alone, needed to be overcome in power Divine. Let us follow the short career of the boy-warrior, who went forth like a young David, to fight and conquer the Giant of Darkness.

Edward knew that without the weapon with which God had provided him he could not overcome. Cranmer had placed the crown on the boyish head in Westminster Abbey, and the procession was formed ready to return to the palace. Three swords, signifying the monarch's three kingdoms, were borne before him; but Edward's quick eye detected the absence of the sword he loved the best.

"There lacks yet one sword," said the young king.

The nobles attending him looked astonished, wondering what sword he meant.

"The Bible," replied the English Josiah, "that Book is the sword of the Spirit, and it is to be preferred before these. It ought in all right to govern us; without it we are nothing, and can do nothing. He that rules without it is not to be called God's minister or a king."

What a beautiful speech for a prince but ten years old! It revealed a sanctified judgment, and showed what a heavenly wisdom was animating that youthful mind.



Edward VI

By the will of Henry VIII. Edward's majority was fixed at the completion of his eighteenth year. A Council of Regency was formed to rule until his coming of age; one of the Council was Cranmer. We can understand how delighted was the Reformer to perceive so many signs of early piety in Edward. It is said he wept for very joy when he marked the development of spiritual graces in England's Josiah.

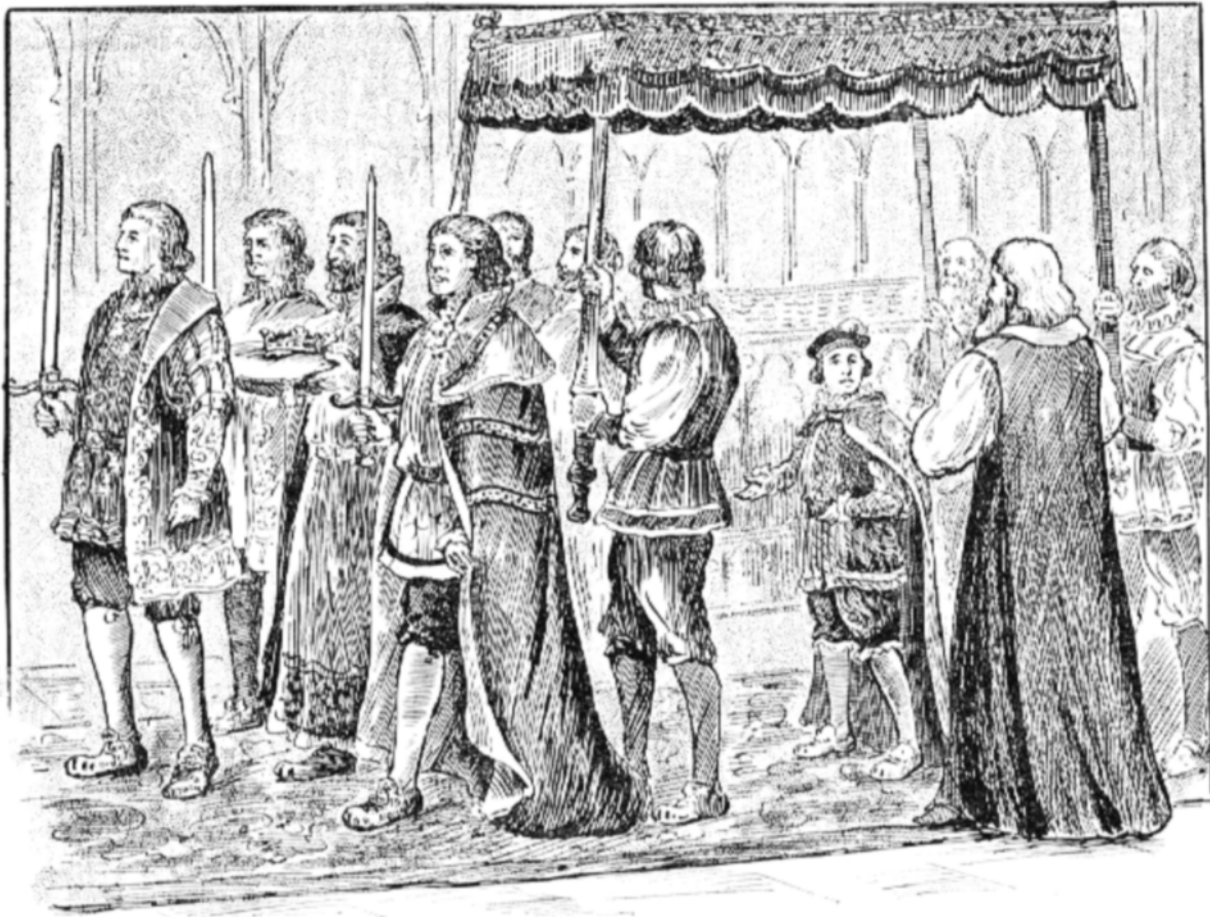
The work of Reformation was speedily commenced. The Duke of Somerset, Edward's uncle, was appointed Protector, and he zealously sought to purify the Church of all symbols of idolatry; yet his administration was not without serious mistakes, nor, perhaps, entirely devoid of personal ambition.

Protestants hailed with delight the succession of the boy-king. Longing to see popery quickly banished from the land, some of them took the matter into their own hands. The warden and curates of a church in London (St. Martin's), acting on their own authority, pulled down the images and whitewashed the paintings on the walls. The zealous iconoclasts were, however, committed to the Tower. Nevertheless, the desire for the completion of the Reformation grew among the people, and their wishes were voiced by public speakers. Ridley was stepping into prominence. He was then Principal of Pembroke Hall at Cambridge, and was one of those who loudly denounced popish superstitions at St. Paul's Cross, in the city of London—a favourite resort for a public assembly. There was heard many a sermon against the corruptions in religion. The popular movement against idolatry grew in strength. In Portsmouth the churches were cleared of their symbols of popery; in Canterbury a crucifix was sent to the mint, and melted into coin.

At last the iconoclasts received the formal sanction of Government. An "Injunction on Images" was issued. It is too lengthy to quote in full, but the following paragraphs should be noted by us; they are as applicable to the twentieth century as they were to 1547:-

"The King's Most Royal Majesty, by the advice of his most dear uncle, the Duke of Somerset, Lord Protector of all his realms, dominions and subjects, and governor of his most royal person, and residue of his most honourable Council, intending the advancement of the true honour of Almighty God, the suppression of idolatry and superstition throughout all his realms and dominions, and to plant true religion, to the extirpation of all hypocrisy, enormities, and abuses as to his duty appertaineth; doth minister unto his loving subjects these godly injunctions hereafter following---

The first is, that all deans, archdeacons, parsons, vicars, and other ecclesiastical persons, shall faithfully keep and observe, and as far as in them lie, shall cause to be kept and observed of others, all laws and statutes made as well as for the abolishing and extirpation of the Bishop of Rome, his pretended and usurped power and jurisdiction, as for the establishment and confirmation of the King's authority, jurisdiction, and supremacy of the Church of England and Ireland.



"There lacks yet one sword," said the young king

And furthermore, all ecclesiastical persons having cure of souls, shall to the utmost of their wit, knowledge, and learning, purely, sincerely, and without any colour or dissimulation, declare, manifest and open four times every year at least, in their sermons and other collations, that the Bishop of Rome's usurped power and jurisdiction having no establishment nor ground by the laws of God was of most just causes taken away and abolished, and that therefore no manner of obedience or subjection within his realms and dominions is due to him, and that the King's power within his realms and dominions is the highest power under God, to whom all men within the same realm and dominions, by God's laws, owe most loyalty and obedience afore and above all other powers and potentates on earth.

Besides this, to the intent that all superstition and idolatry crept into divers men's hearts may vanish away, they shall not set forth or extol any images, relics, or miracles, for any superstition or lucre, nor allure the people by any enticement to the pilgrimage of any saint or image; but reproving the same, they shall teach that all goodness, health, and grace ought to be both asked and looked for only of God as of the very Author and Giver of the same and none other.---That such images as they know in any of their cares, to be or to have been abused with pilgrimage or offering of anything made thereunto, or shall be hereafter censured unto, they shall for the avoiding of that most detestable offence of idolatry forthwith take down, or cause to be taken down, and destroy the same, and shall suffer from henceforth no torches nor candles, tapers, or images of wax to be set afore any image or picture.---Also that they shall provide within three months next after this visitation one book of the whole Bible of the largest volume in English, and shall comfort and exhort every person to read the same as the very lively Word of God, and the special food of man's soul, that all Christian persons are bound to embrace, believe, and follow if they look to be saved.-- [2] Also they shall take away, utterly extinct, and destroy all shrines, covering of shrines, all tables, candlesticks, trindles or rolls of wax, pictures, paintings, and all other monuments of feigned miracles, pilgrimages, idolatry, and superstition, so that

there remain no memory of the same in walls, glass windows, or elsewhere within their churches or houses, and they shall exhort all their parishioners to do the same within their several houses, and that the churchwardens, at the common charge of the parishioners in every church, shall provide a comely and honest pulpit, to be set in a convenient place within the same for the preaching of God's Word."[3]

The reader will note the mention of images on "glass windows." The injunction to destroy the same is needed to-day, not only in ritualistic, but in most Evangelical churches also. To find a place of worship, in the English Church, entirely free from every symbol of idolatry, is very rare indeed.



Edward the Sixth and his Council

About the same time that the "Injunction against images" was issued the famous Book of Homilies was published as a guide in doctrine to clergy and people. It contains thirty-three sermons, some of which were written by Archbishop Cranmer. The first volume, containing twelve homilies, was issued in 1547; the second appeared in 1563, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. In 1603, at the synod in London, in the reign of James I., the "Canons Ecclesiastical" were agreed upon, "with the king's license." The 80th Canon enjoined that the Homilies should be placed in every church. These valuable discourses are an armoury of Protestant weapons, with which every Protestant household to-day should be equipped. As the 35th Article of the Prayer Book says: "They contain a godly and wholesome doctrine, and necessary for these times."

England was divided into six circuits. The clergy were admonished to further the observance of the "Injunctions" in their respective circuits. Old English superstitious customs were to be discouraged, such as "casting holy water on the beds, upon images and other dead things, or bearing about holy bread, or keeping of private holy days, as bakers, brewers, smiths, shoemakers, and such others do, or ringing of holy bells, or blessing with the holy candle, to the intent to be discharged of the burdens of sin, or to drive away devils, or put away dreams and fantasies."[4] Such a list of ancient usages gives us a side glance of the spiritually dark condition of England prior to the Reformation.

The movement of Reform was necessary, and at the first the people received it quietly; but Somerset's worldly and selfish policy proved a serious obstacle to the carrying out of the schemes. His first fatal step was a war with Scotland, the object of which was to force a marriage between Edward VI. and Mary Stuart. With this design in view, the Protector made no effort to rescue the Scotch Protestants when they were besieged by the French, and when the Carronades of France attacked the walls of St. Andrews. In vain the defenders looked for help from England. John Knox, with a shrewd insight which never forsook him, warned them that it would not come. He was right. The garrison, after a six weeks' siege, were compelled to surrender, and were carried off as prisoners. The calamity hindered the cause of Reformation. The Protestants of Scotland realised that they could not look to England for protection.

On Sunday, September 4th, 1547—Sunday, by the way, appears to have been Somerset's favourite day for great occasions—the English army crossed the Tweed, under the command of the Duke, and some days afterwards was fought the battle of Pinkie Cleugh. The English won the day, but the object which had led them on the path of bloodshed, the marriage of Edward with the Queen of Scots, was not nearer fulfilment, and the far better cause of the Reformation was retarded. The battle of Pinkie Cleugh has, however, a bright spot—it was the last war between England and Scotland before the union of the crowns. The union of the two countries for which Somerset had invoked Divine aid was brought about in later years, not by the means which the Duke willed[5] that Heaven should use, but through circumstances which the Ruler of the world thought wiser.

The young Queen was sent to the Continent, and betrothed to the Dauphin, and so, "she was sold to go into France," said Knox, "to the end that in her youth she should drink of that liquor that should remain with her all her lifetime, a plague to the realm, and for her own final destruction." [6]

The special point upon which the English Reformation turned was *Transubstantiation*. Was the bread after consecration by the priest still bread, or had it been changed into the Almighty God? This was the great test question in England. As men's eyes were opened to see that Transubstantiation was but a lying fable, the adoration which they had been accustomed to pay to it vanished, and even a reverence of the falsehood departed. Instead of calling it "the sacrament of the altar," it was styled "the sacrament of the halter," and the priests' conjuring formula, "*hoc est corpus*," was spoken of jestingly as *hocus pocus*.

But for many long centuries the winds of the superstitious had regarded the mass as of divine origin, and all could not readily be brought to look upon it in the true light. A rising resulted in the summer of 1548, and a royal commissioner was murdered in a church by the Romanists.

In the same year the Protector found a new adviser in the great Swiss Reformer, Calvin. Nowhere was the Reformation more firmly established than in Geneva, on the shores of the blue depths of Lake Lemman. In 1535 the whole body of the citizens swore with hands uplifted, and faces upturned to heaven, to renounce the Romish mass, and all popish doctrines, and intimated their reception of the Truth by a device stamped on the new money of the State, *Post tenebras lucem*—After darkness, light. The dawn for which they had looked now arrived, and was welcomed, and their gratitude to God was expressed in suitable words, inscribed on a modest brass tablet. No monument of architectural magnificence could have been found splendid enough to show the inexpressible grandeur of the mighty victory of the Genevans over Rome. The simple brass tablet is eloquent, in its grand simplicity, of the unutterable brilliancy and immortal fame of the triumph of Protestantism. There laboured Calvin, the renowned author of "The Christian Institutes". On a summer's day he had entered the city intending but to tarry for a night; but the small stature, pallid face, and keen eyes of the traveller were recognised by some friends. Farel, who had toiled with difficulty, welcomed the newcomer as a helper sent by heaven, and entreated him to remain. So Calvin tarried, and shoulder to shoulder the two great men sought to make "The Christian Institutes" not a mere book of doctrines, but a living reality.

Such, then, was the centre of Genevan light, when the English Protector received a letter of advice from the intrepid Swiss in 1548:--

As I understand, my lord, "wrote Calvin," you have two kinds of mutineers against the king and the estates of the realm: the one are a fantastical people, who under the colour of the Gospel would set all to confusion; the others are stubborn people in the superstition of the Antichrist of Rome.. These all together do deserve to be well punished by the sword, seeing that they do conspire against the king, and against God who had set him in the royal seat."[7]

Calvin, who but little understood the temper of the English people, recommended sweeping measures, and advised that a code of doctrines be drawn up to which the clergy and the laity should be desired to conform: in fact, to seek to advance, by legislation, a spiritual movement, which only the grace of God could bring about. The course of proceeding indicated by Calvin had been already decided upon by Somerset, who sought to win the Romish bishops to his side, if not by argument, at least by intimidation.

In the previous year the "Six Articles Bill" passed in the former reign for condemning to death those who could not believe in Transubstantiation and other such doctrines, was repealed. Earlier Bills against the Lollards enacted in the reigns of Henry IV and Henry V were also repealed, and England began to feel she was entering a golden age; but errors which had kept her in bondage for hundreds of years, were not so easily shaken off.

Of the chief of these errors was a persecuting spirit, which is part of Rome's creed, but is entirely foreign to the Protestantism based on the Word of God. Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, who had been sent to the Fleet, had been liberated, and was first taken in hand, and was requested to preach a sermon "to bring the people from ignorance to truth.' The bishop complied, and with that ingenuity in which Rome excels, managed to say nothing that could be construed against him, and at the same time did not commit himself into a denial of popish doctrines. "You preached obedience," it was said to him, "but you did not obey yourself." The next day he was taken to the Tower. Having been an ardent persecutor of the Protestants, many were pleased to hear he was where he could not harm them. It is said that as the Duchess of Suffolk passed his prison she looked up and saw his face behind the window bars, "Oh, Bishop," said she, "it is merry with the lambs when the wolves are shut up." [8] The "wolf" remained "shut up," till Mary of cruel memory liberated him to wreak his vengeance on the "lambs."

The "wolf" being out of the way for a while, the Reformers proceeded with their preparation of measures to be considered at the next session of Parliament. In the meanwhile Somerset gave another example of his selfish ambitious designs. His victory in Scotland had acquired him immense wealth, and he now contemplated the building; of splendid mansion, suitable for the expenditure of so princely a fortune. A parish church was pulled down, a chapel was blown up with gunpowder, and a part of St. Paul's churchyard was desecrated to make room for "Somerset House," as the Duke's new residence was called. This fact alone shows how inadequate was Somerset to frame and lead the Reformation. One thinks with a sad longing of John de Wycliffe, and contrasts his unselfish, disinterested labour, and his condemnation of all that was self-loving, with the vainglorious policy of the Duke.

The second Parliament of the young king- met in November, 1548. Archbishop Cranmer had been busy completing an English Prayer Book which was intended to supersede the Latin Services. In this labour Cranmer had sought and found the advice of several of the Reformers abroad. At that time there was, unfortunately, a division in the ranks of the Continental Reformers, those who followed the Lutheran form of worship, and those who adhered to the yet purer faith of the Swiss church. Cranmer had asked the help of both. Peter Martyr, the disciple of Calvin, had been brought over to lend his aid. The opinions of Lutherans and those of the Zwinglians also were collected.[9] The result was the first English ***Book of Common Prayer***. However imperfect may have been this first rough draft, yet much of popish superstition had

been cast aside. The English church struggled for emancipation; but her entanglements did not fall off suddenly, but by degrees. One of the most heated points of controversy at that time in Parliament was the subject of the Lord's Supper. Was the bread after consecration still bread only, or was the Lord bodily present in it? This was the vexed question which the lords discussed, and over which the bishops wrangled. "There is so much contention about the Eucharist," wrote the Calvinist, Peter Martyr, to his friend Bucer, "that every corner is full of it; every day the question is discussed among the Lords with such disputings of bishops as was never heard, the Commons thronging the Lords' galleries to hear the arguments."

The learned heads could perhaps have settled it more clearly and quickly if they had recognised the simple fact that our Lord, when instituting the Supper, did not "consecrate the elements" at all. This is a popish innovation, which has no warrant in Scripture. Christ blessed God in heaven, but he never blessed the bread nor the wine.[10] This simple though important point does not appear to have occurred to the debaters, and something like a compromise between them was arrived at. The ancient citadel of superstition cannot be thrown down in a moment.

The "Act of Uniformity" was passed in January, 1549, by which it was intended to bend all opinions to the one which Parliament thought to be right. It enjoined that all Divine Services should be performed according to the new Prayer Book, and enacted that clergy who should refuse to conform would "for a first conviction be imprisoned six months and forfeit a year's profit of their benefices; for a second forfeit all their preferments, and be imprisoned for a year, and for a third be imprisoned during life." [11] Laymen who should oppose the Act, or seek to prevent its operation, should be fined "£10 for a first conviction, £20 for a second, and for a third forfeit all their goods and be imprisoned for life." This Act was, in the views of its framers and supporters, drawn up "by the aid of the Holy Ghost"; [12] but the fully enlightened Protestant will see in it more of the demon of a persecuting popery than of that spirit of Christ which brings liberty, and not bondage.

It is always dangerous to seek to coerce the human will, especially in the matter of religion. The English Liturgy was appointed to be read for the first time in all churches on Whit-Sunday, June 9th, 1549. Encrusted as it was then with much of the Romish dross, it had nevertheless been purged sufficiently to raise the rebellion of papists. In Devonshire and Cornwall, the adherents of the time-worn superstitions rose to defend their ancient idols. In Dartmoor, a priest was not permitted to read the English Liturgy, the people clamouring for the Latin mass. When the magistrates appeared the next day to enquire into the matters, they were met with bows and pikes. The rebellion spread, and near Exeter the rebels assembled in force. At Crediton a barn was set on fire, and the excited mob used the occasion to further the insurrection.

Walter Raleigh, who afterwards became the father of the famous Sir Walter Raleigh, was on his way to Exeter when he met an old crone telling her beads as she hobbled along. Raleigh, who had been used to the stern dangers of a seafaring life, upbraided the woman for her follies, bidding her give up her beads and live like a Christian woman. The old dame, as soon as she reached a village church, bawled out her grievances to the congregation. "Ye must leave beads now," she whined; "no more holy bread for ye, nor holy water; it is all gone from us, or to go, or the gentlemen will burn your houses over your heads." The villagers rushed out, and the outspoken Raleigh barely escaped their murderous clutches. Thus did the people, reared in superstition, contend against the Light; thus did Darkness wage war against the Dayspring.

A series of fifteen Articles was drawn up, setting forth the demands of the insurgents. "We will have," was their dogmatic demand. What they "willed" was the return of the Six Articles of Henry VIII., the Latin mass, images, palms, ashes, holy water, etc., prayers for souls in purgatory, and the death of all heretics. Archbishop Cranmer replied at length to the rebels' Articles:-

"When I first read your requests, O ignorant men of Devonshire and Cornwall," wrote the Reformer, "straightways came to my mind a request which James and John made unto Christ, to whom Christ answered, 'You ask you wist not what.' Even so thought I of you as soon as ever I heard your Articles, that you were deceived by some crafty papists, who devised those Articles for you to make you ask you wist not what."

Cranmer, article by article, refuted the demands of the rebels. His answer is characterised by forcible arguments, firmly but kindly given, as to simple folk deceived by "most rank papists." [13]

The "*will have*" of the Devonshire rebels was like the stubbornness of disobedient Israel, when they said, "We will burn incense to the Queen of heaven" (Jeremiah XLIV. 17). In spite of Cranmer's godly admonitions the rebellion spread, and arguments more drastic than mere words were used to quell the storm. Round Oxford the disorders prevailed, and in the neighbouring villages priests grew excited over the Eucharistic controversy, and incited their people to aid them in defending the old fable of the mass. Bells rang out their peals calling the peasants to revolt, until it was found necessary to use stern measures to quiet the country. The bells were taken down and sold, and several of the ringleaders were hanged, the bodies of vicars and curates dangling from their church towers.[14] Thus did the unexorcised demon of persecuting popery turn against its own children.

In Norfolk the insurgents were led by a tanner, named Ket. Sixteen thousand men collected round him on Mousehold Hill, near Norwich; but the oppression of the poor by the rich classes was a chief point of grievance. Beneath an old oak tree sat Ket, day after day, administering justice. County gentlemen who had been guilty of robbing the poor were brought before the tanner, and imprisoned in the camp. In the same oak tree a pulpit was erected, and chaplains were permitted without molestation to preach to the people, enjoining them to give up their rebellious movement. The venerable tree was called "The Oak of Reformation." Among the preachers was Matthew Parker, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

The oppression of the poor, the lack of charity and justice, is a sad phase in the history of any nation. Hugh Latimer, "the apostle of Britain," as he has been called, commenced a series of sermons (1548) on this among other crying evils. From the pulpit in St. Paul's Cross was his voice raised in protest before rich and poor, high and low (see our coloured Frontispiece). His words on the injustice of the wealthy towards the poor should be noted. They voice the fact that oppression of any kind is foreign to the spirit of Protestantism. If it has sometimes been betrayed into an impulse that savoured of tyranny, it merely borrowed a weapon from its chief enemy Rome; a weapon forged by the devil for the service of the false church, absolutely antagonistic to the Christianity of the Bible.

"You landlords," Latimer said, "you rent-raisers, you have for your possession too much---and thus is caused such dearth, that poor men that live on their labour cannot with the sweat of their faces have their living. I tell you, my lords and masters, this is not for the king's honour; it is to the king's honour that his subjects be led in true religion. It is to the king's honour that the commonwealth be advanced, that the dearth be provided for, and the commodities of this realm so employed as it may be to the setting of his subjects at work, and keeping them from idleness---The enhancing and bearing goes all to your private commodity and wealth. Ye had a single too much, and now ye have a double too much; but let the preacher preach till his tongue be worn to a stump, nothing is amended. This one thing I will tell you, from whom it cometh, I know, even from the devil---I say ye pluck salvation from the people, and utterly destroy the realm; for by the yeomen's sons the faith of Christ is, and hath been maintained chiefly[15] (There are words in this famous sermon which Governments of the twentieth century might do well to ponder.)

After much cost and much bloodshed, the unhappy rebellion -was put down in England. Ten thousand Englishmen had laid down their lives. The sanguinary details give us a side-glance at the state of England in the middle of the sixteenth century. .A fanatical popery on the one side, and an infant Reformation on the other, struggling through the mists of its immatured experiences to scatter the darkness of many long centuries.

It was rumoured that the Lady Mary--daughter of Henry VIII., and heir apparent to the throne--had sanctioned the rebellion, and that her own chaplains were among the insurgents in Devonshire. A staunch papist, she had refused to conform to the English Liturgy. There is no portrait in the gallery of the English history to which we turn with more sadness than that of Mary. Her unpleasing exterior told too well the mental and spiritual disfigurements of her inner being. The broad sallow face, with its large forehead projecting at the top, showed passion and determination; her eyes, though bright, were short-sighted. Still more short-sighted was her insight into character and her discernment of the things of the moment, Her "man's voice" showed her masculine energy. She was not without moral courage, and one regrets it did not find a better cause for its exercise. Every womanly grace was smothered beneath the hatred that found vent in ruthless cruelty when power was in her hand to inflict it; yet we must blame, not the miserable woman, but rather the false system in whose serpent-bosom she had been reared, and whose poison she had imbibed.

Refusing to conform to the English order of service, the Lord Chancellor and two others visited the princess with a letter signed by the young king, which ran as follows:-

“Right dear and entirely beloved sister, we greet you well, and let you know that it grieves us much to perceive no amendment in you, of that which we, for God's cause, your soul's health, our conscience, and the common tranquillity of the realm, have so long desired; assuring you that our sufferance hath much more demonstrations of natural love than contention of our conscience and foresight of our safety. Wherefore, although you give us occasion, as much almost as in you is, to diminish our natural love, yet we be loath to feel it decay, and mean not to be so careless of you as we be provoked. And therefore meaning your weal, and therewith joining a care not to be found guilty in our conscience to God, having cause to require forgiveness that we have so long, for respect of love towards you, omitted our bounden duty, we send at the present the Lord Rich the Lord Chancellor of England, and our right trusty and right well-beloved councillors, Sir Anthony Wingfield and Sir William Petre, in message to you touching the order of your house, willing you to give them firm credit in those things they shall say to you from us. Given under our signet. Windsor, 24th August.”[16]

The "message" was to the effect that Mary's form of worship must cease- her mass, and her Latin prayers. In fact no other service should be used in her house but that set forth by the realms of the land. To this Mary replied if no mass was said in her house she could hear none, but the new service she would not have. The popish princess was not moved from her own convictions; but the petty persecutions, so unprotestant in spirit, were the means of laying up in Mary's heart a vast store of religious hatred, which she vented a hundredfold when the reins of power were in her hands.

Somerset had many enemies, who were only too eager to use against him the faults of his own ruling, and the weakness of his worldly ambitions. One of his chief foes was Gardiner, who, though a prisoner in the Tower, was the principal instigator of the plot to ruin him. He was accused of high treason and felony; but was acquitted on the first charge, though found guilty on the second. The articles of indictment against him were drawn up in Gardiner's hand.[17] The "shut up wolf," as he had been well called, was able to use his fangs even behind the bars, and to rid the land of so zealous a Protestant was, in Gardiner's eyes, a pious act! The destroyer of the idols of Baal was charged, says Strype, "with the great spoil of churches and chapels, defacing ancient tombs and monuments, and pulling down the bells in parish churches, and

ordering- only one bell in a steeple as sufficient to call the people together, which set the commonalty almost into a rebellion."

The following; charge will show us that the progress of the Reformation was not the only cause of the rebellion. Somerset espoused the cause of the poor, and as we have already remarked, their complaints were just. "Also", ran the tenth article, "you are charged, that you have divers and many times, both openly and privately, said and affirmed, that the nobles and gentlemen were the only causes of the dearth of things; whereby the people rose, and did reform things themselves."

When the executioner's axe had fallen upon him, the people rushed forward, and dipped their handkerchiefs in his blood, for the duke was much beloved. The loving gratitude so pathetically manifested by a people he had sought to benefit, is no mean monument to the memory of the Protector.

One of the most interesting events of Edward's short reign was the publication of the second Prayer Book. While the peasants were rebelling, and the rich oppressing the poor, Cranmer was labouring quietly at the revision of the first prayer book. Many of its imperfections were remedied, its dross more thoroughly purged away, and the result (with some further revision in Elizabeth's reign) is the "Book of Common Prayer" we use to-day in the English church services. Not a faultless compilation by any means; but a work having a lustre of immortal glory from the fact that it was given to England as a substitute for the superstitious forms of worship of the Roman Antichrist, given by the hand of one who sealed his untiring labour in the fiery martyrdom, and is numbered among; that holy band of conquerors of whom we sing: "The noble army of martyrs praise Thee!"

Early in the year 1552, Parliament passed the second Prayer Book, and a second Act of Uniformity was enacted, persons refusing to come to the English church services being liable to punishment, and those who attended any other service to imprisonment. In these proceedings we notice the significant fact that Parliament, not convocation, first sanctioned the changes in the church. Thus England was throwing off the bondage of ecclesiastical rule.

In the summer of the following year (1553) the consumptive boy-king, only half-way through his teens, died with what regret the Protestant historian must record this fact at this point in the annals of the English Reformation! Just when the young "Josiah" is showing promise of so much nobility of character, when we would fain tell of those heroic deeds of it calm and wise judgment which we expected to find in so Godly a prince, just when the shadows are receding, and we desire to welcome the full day---just then We are Obligated to tell instead the story of deepening gloom, of the temporary triumph of " Dark Days" which followed the early decease of Edward VI.

Before the brief page Of his human life was closed, Edward had shown signs of at rare and deep piety. A short sketch of personal incidents in his life will interest our young readers.

No English babe had been welcomed with greater joy than was Edward, the only son of Henry VIII. Born on 12th October, 1537, the infant prince was looked upon as the hope of the Protestants. Disappointment was felt only among the Romanists, who, as one of them expressed it, expected a "jolly stirring"[18] after the death of Henry VIII., viz., the overthrow of all Reformation progress which had taken place during his reign.

But now a prince was born—a prince destined to be reared in Biblical principles! The delight of the Protestants was voiced by Latimer in his letter to Cromwell. "There is no less rejoicing," he wrote, "for the birth of our prince for whom we hungered so long, than there was I trow at the birth of John the Baptist. God give us grace to yield due thanks to our Lord God, the God of England, for verily He hath showed Himself the God of England; or rather an English God, if

we will consider and ponder His proceedings with us. He hath overcome our illness with His exceeding goodness, so that we are now more compelled to serve Him, and promote His word if the devil of devils be not in us."[19]

Lest the "Devil of devils" should make away with the royal infant, every care was taken for his preservation. Fearing that poison might be mixed with his food, everything was first put to the test before he was permitted to taste it. None but his own servants were allowed to wash his clothes, and everything brought into the palace for the use of the prince had first to be aired and perfumed, lest any infection should be conveyed to the babe. Only special attendants could approach the cradle; pages, or boys of any kind, were strictly excluded.[20]

As he grew older every care was taken to provide him with able and godly preceptors, chief of whom was Sir Anthony Cook and Dr. Richard Cox, afterwards Bishop of Ely.[21] One of his instructors, William Thomas, wrote of his royal pupil as follows:—"The beautifullest creature that liveth under the sun, the liveliest, the most amiable, and the gentlest thing of all the world; such a spirit of capacity in learning the things taught him by his schoolmasters, that it is a wonder to hear say; and finally he hath such a grace in bearing and manners, when he cometh into any presence, that it should seem he were already a father, and yet passeth he not the age of ten years, a thing undoubtedly much rather to be seen than believed" (Dr. Wordsworth's *"Ecclesiastical Biographies,"* Vol. III, p. 193, note). Catherine Parr, the prince's step-mother, nobly sought to develop his moral character, and the young prince exceeded the expectations of his instructors, both in spiritual gifts and intellectual progress. At nine years of age he could write fluently in Latin and French. Several of his letters in those languages are still extant.

The Book he loved best was the Bible.

We read of his reverence for the Holy Word. On one occasion, when a servant was about to place his foot on a copy of the Scriptures, in order to reach a volume on a high shelf, Edward immediately bade the attendant choose some other book as a step, saying that God's Word was too holy to be used for such a purpose.

The many grievances during his minority were noted by the boy-king with a shrewd insight, and commented on with a maturity of judgment far beyond his years. He had not the power to do much in active policy, but what he did was in a wise direction. For example, we note his "device for the payment of the king's debts," unnecessary expense of his household being cut down, and the military garrisons diminished.

We see him following the business of his Council with a keen and intelligent interest; he required to be informed beforehand of their proceedings, and a regular account of their deliberations and plans was laid before him. His remarks on the condition of England; his "Journal," which recorded the events of his reign; his Will, dictated a year before his death to Sir William Petre, reveal those extraordinary inherent capabilities, which age and experience would have perfectly developed. In his Will he directed that should his successor be a minor, the Council of Regency should engage in no wars, except compelled by the invasion of the country. There should be no alteration in "religion," nor of his "device" for the payment of his debts, and all extravagance was to be avoided.

With a love of fair play to all concerned, Edward considered that every man should have enough of the necessities of life, but not enough for self-indulgence. Everyone should serve his day and generation—the gentleman as well as the artisan; the idle vagabond class should be banished. With a thoughtful intelligence he deplored the condition of his country. Dishonesty, avarice, injustice to the poor, the luxury of the rich, religious dissensions, overturning peace and order—these were the vices of the age which Edward recognised, and which he would have sought, had he lived long enough, to cure by wise laws and good government. The boy-king had a deep abhorrence of idolatry; one or two incidents will show this.

Among the favourites of the young sovereign was Hooper. It speaks volumes for the spiritual insight of Edward, that he should have been a chief admirer of "the first Puritan," as Hooper has been called. When Edward was fourteen years old Hooper was nominated Bishop of Gloucester. Not desiring elevation, the post had been at first refused; but at Edward's earnest entreaty it was reluctantly accepted. The oath of consecration was made to the crown, and therefore the king had power to alter the form, or dispense with it entirely. Hooper pointed out to him the objectionable words of "to the saints." The young king's pale face flushed up with zealous indignation at this relic of popish superstition. "What wickedness is this?" he exclaimed. Seizing a pen, he scratched out the words.[22]

Hooper was consecrated bishop, though strenuously resisting all idolatrous usages connected with the office. He would not be called "my lord," nor receive the tonsure, and despised with holy contempt the petticoat fineries of prelates. At that time he was almost the sole Reformer who fought against these gewgaws of popery. Peter Martyr, to whom he turned for encouragement, and who was lecturing at Cambridge, told him the matter was of no consequence. No doubt, in themselves, the vestments are but vain baubles, and not worth a thought; but as symbolic of idolatrous ceremonies, they are of sufficient importance to justify Hooper's violent opposition to them. How much trouble, schism and bloodshed would have been avoided had the discernment of Cranmer and others been clear enough to show them the need of casting out all Babylonish garments! Edward excused Hooper from taking the oath, and the bishop was permitted, in his own diocese, to wear the vestments or not, as he pleased.

Another incident in Edward's life, showing his unflinching zeal in doing what he believed to be God's will, refers to the measures which the Council took to enforce conformity on Mary, the popish princess. The Emperor Charles espoused her cause, and threatened war on England if her liberty in matters of religious forms were curtailed. Charles, a relentless persecutor of Protestants, was also a powerful monarch. War with him was a dire possibility from which the Council shrank, and yet it could not compromise its honour by submitting to the threats of a foreign monarch. In this dilemma Archbishop Cranmer, Ridley, and Ponet were sent for. The case was put before them. The realm was in danger; was it lawful to yield? The moment of extremity had arrived; the popish emperor would take no nay, and the Protestant Edward would give him no yea. What was to be done? The bishops begged for a night. to consider the problem, and on the following day gave the following reply:—"Although to give license to sin was sin, yet if all haste possible was observed, to suffer and wink at it for a time might be borne."

The king's presence was then requested, and Edward was summoned to hear their answer. See him enter. The slender figure of the fifteen-year old sovereign drawn to its full height, the unflinching look of resolution in his earnest eyes. His Council were wavering; the bishops had given way; but the boyish form contained a soul that would not swerve from the right, come what may.

The Lord Treasurer, throwing himself on his knees, exclaimed, the realm would come to naught unless they yielded to the emperor, and allowed the princess to do as she liked. Even the bishops said that it might be done.

Edward turned with a noble bearing to the bishops. "Are these things so, my lords? Is it lawful by Scripture to sanction idolatry?" he asked them.

Their reply showed a spirit of compromise, which contrasts but ill with the spirit of the royal boy. "There were good kings in Scripture, your Majesty," they said, "who allowed the hill altars, and yet were called good."

"We follow the example of good men," was the wise reply of Edward, "when they have done good. We do not follow them in evil. David was good, but David sinned and murdered Uriah; we are not to imitate David in such deeds as those. Is there no better Scripture?"

What a study for the thoughtful Protestant—the young conqueror, strong in his knowledge of the right ; his old counsellors, learning wisdom from his youthful lips!

"Is there no better Scripture?" he asked. The bishops could not think of any.

"Then I am sorry for the realm," was Edward's reply, "and sorry for the danger that will come of it. I shall hope and pray for something better, but the evil thing I will not allow."

Edward said he would pray, and no doubt he did; though no earthly manuscript records the words of his petition, we may be certain it was heard and noted by Him who is the Ruler of kings. The Emperor Charles became powerless to wage war against England, for political affairs drew his attention elsewhere. Did he know that the prayer of Protestant England's young king was the impregnable barrier to the carrying out of his designs?

In this incident, Edward's appeal to Scripture as the standard of faith is conspicuous. We see that he intensely desired to follow its precepts so far as he understood them, and that an imminent danger, before which the older quailed, did not influence him to shrink one iota from the path which he believed to be according to the will of God. In these days of fuller light, we know that the faith of Christ is liberty, and personal devotions of the individual cannot be regulated by legislation. Protestants in the days of Edward VI. put stress more on the admonitions of the law of the Old Testament, which enjoined the penalty of death to the idolater, rather than on that more perfect law of the Gospel, which teaches us to give blessings in place of cursings.

The Legislature does right to enforce a pure form of public worship in the national church, and to use every lawful means to have its laws obeyed by those who profess to belong to it; but it cannot coerce the conscience of anyone. Those who do not approve of the Protestant principles of the English Church should leave it, and join the system of the pope, where they can worship idols, and follow the priests of Baal to their heart's content; but in the English Church—which by her Articles, her Prayer Book, and her Homilies, has repudiated these superstitions—England must say in the words of the young king, Edward VI., **"The evil thing I will not allow."**

Would that the Episcopal bench of to-day possessed the manly and fearless Protestant spirit of the boy-king, at whose feet they would do well to sit and learn!



Greenwich Hospital from the River

Edward, even at fifteen, was more clear-sighted than the archbishop. Cranmer, with the assistance of Foxe, the martyrologist, produced a volume in which the burning of heretics was sanctioned, and a few were sent to the stake in Edward's reign; but the king, though admitting the desirability of discipline, said that executors of such discipline should be men of tried honesty, wisdom, and judgment; but among the bench of bishops were found none meet for such a task. "Those bishops who should execute it—some for papistry, some for ignorance, some for age, some for their ill names, some for all those causes—were men unable to execute discipline; it was therefore a thing unmeant for such men." [23] A king with such discernment in boyhood would have required a strict account of his Council, had he lived to reach his majority.

The hapless Duke of Somerset was succeeded in power by the ambitious and hypocritical Duke of Northumberland. It was owing in some measure to the evil designs of Northumberland that Somerset was brought to the block; the Protector filled a high place, which Northumberland coveted for himself. When Edward was known to be dangerously ill, the Duke aimed yet higher; for by the marriage of his son, Lord Dudley, with the Lady Jane, cousin to the king, he hoped to bring the royal sceptre into his own family. Under the cloak of a zeal for the Reformation, he persuaded Edward to name his successor by letters patent, or by will. The document being prepared, Northumberland requested all whose influence was necessary to his designs to add their signatures. When this was arranged to his satisfaction, the young king was made to feel that he was dying; some have thought his end was hastened by poison. A nameless woman was appointed as nurse, who professed to be able to cure the invalid; but her treatment hastened the progress of disease, and on 6th July, 1553, "the English Josiah" departed this world at Greenwich.

The boy-king's prayer, shortly before his death, is worth noting. With eyes closed, and thinking no one was near enough to hear, he said softly aloud:

"Lord God, deliver me out of this miserable and wretched life, and take me among Thy chosen: howbeit not my will but Thine be done. Lord, I commit my spirit to Thee. O Lord, Thou knowest how happy it were for me to be with Thee. Yet for Thy chosen sake send me life and health, that I may truly serve Thee. O, my Lord God, save Thy chosen people of England, O, my Lord God, defend this realm from papistry, and maintain Thy true religion, that I and my people may praise Thy holy name, for Thy Son Jesus Christ's sake."

Then opening his eyes, Edward saw one or two standing by his bed-side. "Are you so nigh?" he exclaimed, "I thought you had been further off."

"We heard you speak to yourself," was the reply, "but what you said we know not."

With one of his sweet, rare smiles, Edward said : "I was praying to God."

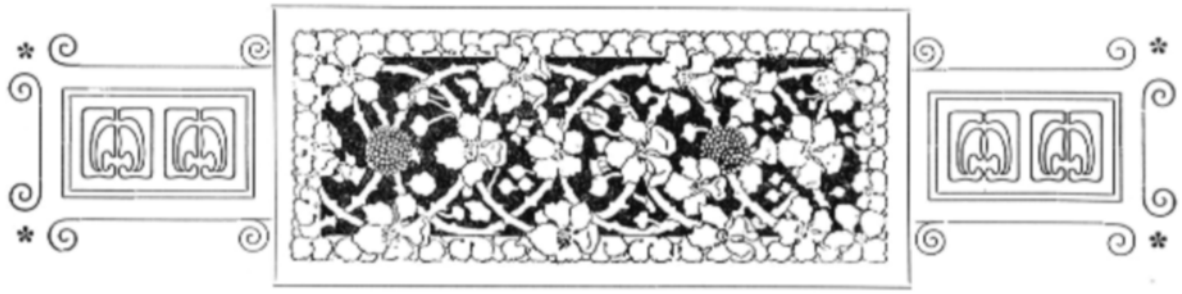
Shortly afterwards they heard him say: I am faint; Lord, have mercy upon me, and take my spirit." And the Lord took him.

The Light of Truth, which had burned brightly, in spite of the mistakes of its best friends, was now destined to be over clouded for a season. England had to learn, by experience, the deep iniquity of the papal system. "Dark Days" must overshadow her for awhile, that her gold may be purified in the furnace of affliction.

Footnotes to Chapter 30

1. From "*The Remains of Thomas Cranmer, D.D.*," collected and arranged by Rev. H. Jenkyns, vol. ii.

2. The "Paraphrases" of Erasmus were also ordered to be placed in the church as a Commentary on the Gospels.
3. From "*The Remains of Thomas Cranmer, D.D.*," collected and arranged by Rev. H. Jenkyns, M.A. Vol. iv.. Appendix.
4. From "*The Remains of Thomas Cranmer, D.D.*," collected and arranged by Rev. H. Jenkyns, M.A. Vol. iv., Appendix.
5. The prayer of the Duke before the battle is given by Fronde ("*History of England*," vol. iv.). It breathes, no doubt, sincerity, but is characterised by a spirit of dictation to the Almighty. Somerset made plans, and then requested God to perform them! It was the prayer of one that relies on God, but of one that cannot let Him decide, and do what He wills, and in the way He chooses.
6. Knox's "*History of the Reformation*."
7. Froude's "*History of England*."
8. Froude's "*History of England*."
9. Froude.
10. See Revised Version, Luke XII:19; "When He had given thanks."
11. Patan's "*British History and Papal Claims*," vol. I
12. Ibid.
13. The Articles, with Cranmer's answers, are given in "*The Remains of Thomas Cranmer, D.D.*," by Rev. H. Jenkyns, M. A.
14. Fronde.
15. From Latimer's "*Sermon on the plough*."
16. Foxe.
17. See Strype's "*Memorials of Archbishop Cranmer*." Book ii., Chapter XXVI.
18. *Trial of Lord Montague* (Froude).
19. State paper office, vol. i., page 571.
20. Fronde, vol. iii.
21. Wylie's "*History of Protestantism*."
22. Froude, vol. iv.
23. Burnet's "*Discourse on the Reformation of Abuses*."



Chapter XXXI

Dark Days



FOLK who were living in 1553 were startled in July of that year by a terrific storm that swept across London. Though it was a summer month the hail tore fiercely down, and lay along the streets and in the fields—not white in colour, but red as blood. Instead of twilight, darkness black as midnight enwrapped the city. The rain poured down in cataracts, till the narrow streets and lanes were converted into rivers. The pitchy gloom was enlivened only by the flashes of forked lightning ; while above the roaring of the wind rose the terrific cannonade of repeated thunder-claps.[1]

Thus was ushered in the death of England's boy-king, Edward the Good. Thus our land began the darkest page in all her history—the "Reign of Terror." Terrible as were the blood-red hail, the thunder's roar, the lightning's flash, the sweeping hurricane, all were as nothing to the five years of horrible darkness—the reign of "bloody" Queen Mary.

Queen Mary

A little before nine o'clock on Thursday night, July 6th, Edward VI. breathed his last. Preparations for proclaiming Lady Jane Grey Queen, had been made by the ambitious Duke of Northumberland, whose real motive was not the progress of the Reformation, but his own aggrandisement. But this evil motive had not been perceived by the dying young king; who had been persuaded to appoint his beautiful young cousin his heiress to the crown, instead of his sister Mary, whose religious bigotry would paralyse the Reformation, still in its early stages.

But God's thoughts and ways were otherwise.

The Reformation was destined to advance; but it had first to pass through a storm of fire, blood, and darkness. If it was to last, it must gain strength by the martyrdoms of its best sons and daughters. Easy times under the gentle sway of Lady Jane Grey would never have brought it into vigour; the English people would never have learnt the true nature of the



oman Church, which delights in persecutions. The fires of Smithfield, and the provinces, have burnt the truth into English hearts, and ingrained a hatred of the system of the pope, which can never be effaced.

It was but three days after Edward's decease, that Lady Jane Grey received a message to repair at once to Sion Palace. There she was officially informed that King Edward, before his death, had "bequeathed" the crown to her. The young girl, accustomed to a quiet life, was alarmed at the splendid position offered her. To study the Bible in Greek and Hebrew, to pen letters in Latin to Bullinger,[2] were pastimes far more delightful to her than the tinsel glory of an earthly throne. Reluctantly she accepted the exalted responsibility, with a touching trust in God, that He would grant her the needed strength for so heavy a burden. She was not destined to bear it long.

Circulars announcing the accession of Jane were sent to the sheriffs, mayors, and magistrates; while the troops, man by man, swore obedience to the girl-queen. The next day the old river Thames bore the royal barges on its murky waters. From Richmond to the Tower the new sovereign, glittering in regal splendour, stepped up the broad staircase. No cheers greeted her. The people watched her alight in sullen silence. London heard, with gloomy discontent, the voice of the herald-at-arms announcing that "Lady Mary was unlawfully begotten, and Lady Jane Grey was queen."

Lady Jane Grey

In the meanwhile Mary had proclaimed herself queen. For a while events seemed to favour the cause of Queen Jane; but the tide soon turned. England was on the brink of a civil war. John Knox saw the storm approaching, and with saddened heart addressed the men of Buckinghamshire—Roman Catholic and Protestant, who were preparing for war and the knife—"O England, now is God's wrath kindled against thee; now hath He begun to punish thee as He hath promised by His prophets and messengers--- O England, alas! These plagues are poured upon thee because thou wouldst not: know the time of thy most gentle visitation."

About three-quarters of a mile above London Bridge stood, facing the Thames, the palace of Baynard. There, on July 19th, was held a meeting of many of the great men of London. One after another rose to speak in favour of Mary: not a voice was raised for Jane. Their plans were quickly laid, and soon put into execution. A hundred and fifty men marched to the Tower, and demanded the keys. "The twelfth-day queen" sat beneath a royal canopy in undesired splendour. Resistance was useless. The keys were given up, and Jane gladly surrendered the short-lived glory of sovereignty.

That day London was wild with joy, for Mary was publicly proclaimed queen. "God save the Queen!" thundered the noisy crowds; church bells pealed forth, and the great organ in St. Paul's rolled out a song of praise. As the evening approached, bonfires illumined the narrow thoroughfares. Alas! Alas! England had refused a Protestant Queen, and welcomed a papist to the throne! Bonfires shall again be lighted—not for joy, but for living human sacrifices. With Mary as queen, the pope's reign brooded its baleful night across our land. The dark days began.



But a very short time had passed ere the first sign of the approaching storm was clearly visible, when the popish queen announced her intention of having a "mass" said for the repose of the soul of the young king, whose dead body had remained unburied during these troublous days. Edward the Sixth had lived and died a Protestant. Renard, the Spanish Ambassador, Mary's closest confidant, reminded the queen that as the king had been a "heretic," only a "heretical funeral" would be fit for him. So the "English Josiah" was interred with the forms of the Church of England, and Archbishop Cranmer officiated. To him there must have been a peculiarly sad pathos in the solemn event. It was his last public ministry: Mary had already marked him as a special object of her persecuting hatred. While Westminster Abbey was the scene of this sacred service, the chapel in the Tower echoed the mournful dirge which was chanted by Gardiner—the popish "Mass for the Dead." The incident showed the people that the queen was determined to crush the Light of the Reformation.

There was another royal lady faithful to her conscientious principles. Princess Elizabeth had been requested to attend the "Mass," and she had refused. Have you ever seen a deep black thunder-cloud with a silver lining? This Protestant princess was like a silver lining to the darkness that was gathering o'er our land. A little later, Protestants learned to look beyond the gloomy days of Mary's reign, to the brighter times when "Bonnie Bess" would—so they hoped—come to the throne.

Mary was in haste to restore popery in England; only the advice of calmer heads held her back a little. Renard rightly anticipated a civil war if matters were pushed too quickly. One of her earliest acts was to release Roman Catholic prisoners, and send Protestants to gaol. All the Protestant bishops were deprived of their Sees, and a number of the clergy driven from their parishes. Churches which had been cleansed from idolatry were again polluted by altars and images, and the "Mass," which the Church of England describes (Articles xxxi.) as a "blasphemous fable and a dangerous deceit," was restored, in the place of the Communion of the Lord's Supper.



Queen Mary went in state to open Parliament

The first Parliament assembled early in October. Mary rode thither in state, dressed in regal robes, and attended by a retinue of lords and bishops. Heralds, with blowing of trumpets, announced the royal procession. The work of this Parliament was a destructive one. It was nothing less than to undo all the good which the Reformation had taken seven years to accomplish. The Bill under debate was for the "Repeal of all King Edward's laws." After a week's discussion the Bill was passed, enacting that "there should be no other form of Divine Service but what had been used in the last year of Henry VIII."

Thus, at one bound, England was back again to the bad days of the pope's reign ; at one blow the fetters, which had been broken with so much difficulty, were re-clasped, like a yoke of bondage, around the people, who had but dimly begun to realise the blessings of Gospel liberty.

Soon another cloud obscured the waning light, and caused fresh alarm to the people. Mary was contemplating a marriage with Philip of Spain. Nearly the whole nation was opposed to the match. The Protestants dreaded it, because they saw fresh troubles to themselves, for Philip was about the most obstinate and bigoted papist then in Europe. Those who were Romanists also disliked the idea of the queen marrying a foreigner; for Spain was then the mightiest empire of the world, and Englishmen had no desire to see their country become one of its provinces. Even Parliament desired she should "not marry a stranger." But the queen was determined to have her own way, and her self-will brought on a rising among the people, headed by Wyatt, a gentleman of Kent.

The stillness of a winter's early morn was suddenly disturbed by the sound of alarm bells, which rang out the signal in every Kentish town and hamlet. Rochester was chosen as the rallying point, and thither repaired many of the insurgents. Proclamations were scattered in many parts of England, calling upon all patriotic Englishmen to unite in defending their country from the Spaniards. The insurgents hoped to have deposed Mary, and to have placed Elizabeth on the throne.



One night they had an unexpected visitor

The plot interests us, in so far that it was a protest against the encroaching papal darkness in our land. England's best and bravest sons joined the revolt. The ships in the Thames were seized; but the issue of the day hung on the question—which side would London take? Had Wyatt and his followers moved more quickly towards the capital, it would have declared itself on their side. But the delay provided the queen with an oppor-

tunity of calming the city, and winning it to her sympathy. Assuming an air of despair, Mary rode boldly to the Guildhall, and there "in a man's voice" addressed her people, assuring them she desired only their welfare; and that, if Parliament disapproved of her marriage with the King of Spain, she would sacrifice her own wishes. Needless to say, she had no intention of sacrificing anything; but her apparent distress won their pity; her courage roused their admiration. She had gained the day, and when Wyatt arrived at London Bridge he found the gates closed against him, and the drawbridge cut down. London Bridge was then very different to

what it is now. It was like a narrow street, with houses on either side. Near the gates lived the porter and his wife. Those must have been exciting days for the worthy pair. One night they had an unexpected visitor. They had not retired to rest; the troublous day had necessitated their remaining up. We see them sitting drowsily beside their kitchen fire, each moment bringing them nearer to the "land of nod." Probably they had reached its happy shore, when a stealthy footstep aroused their slumber. It was the intrepid Wyatt, who had scaled the roof of their house, had let himself through a top window, and quietly descended the stairs into their very presence.

He delayed but a moment to warn them, as they valued their lives, not to utter a sound. The next instant he had stepped out on the bridge, and was gazing wistfully across the dark waters to the other side, where the Queen's guard kept silent watch. Four cannons, with open mouths, seemed to be threatening him with death. To take London by that route was impossible. Wyatt tried another way, and eventually reached as far as Ludgate; but—to cut a long story short—was at last obliged to surrender, and was borne off in a barge to the Tower.

Mary's spirit of revenge was as great as her courage. The prisons were crowded with the insurgents, who lay in their dismal cells, huddled together, and awaiting death by hanging. In the Tower the prison wards were so full that Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer and Bradford were thrust into one cell. It was during these unquiet times that these four heroes of God found peace together in that lonely corner, and strengthened themselves by the diligent reading of God's Word for a harder and better light than Wyatt's had been.

Had the Kentish leader succeeded, Elizabeth would have come to the throne under the ban of treason. Liberty of conscience would have been restored; but so glorious a cause as the

Reformation needed a better foundation---the life-blood of holy martyrs shall lay an immortal basis for this land of God, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner-stone.



The Princess Elizabeth was sent to the Tower

The hour of darkness had come. Popery seemed to triumph; the Protestant lay trampled beneath its feet. Lady Jane Grey and her husband were executed; Wyatt and his chief followers met the same fate; while the bodies of the less influential prisoners were seen hanging in every thoroughfare in London and at every cross-way in Kent.

Elizabeth, though absolutely innocent of any design against her sister, was sent to the Tower. It was a time of imminent peril to the princess. Her words, her actions, were carefully watched and weighed by her enemies, in the hopes of finding an excuse for beheading her. But Elizabeth, with a wisdom so wonderful that we cannot but believe that God's hand was tracing out her destiny, carefully and safely picked her way through the tangled path of her perilous life. By the

will of Henry VIII., she had been named Mary's successor to the throne. Unable to behead her, Gardiner, who was Lord Chancellor as well as Bishop of Winchester, sought to bring in a Bill to disinherit her, in Favour of Philip, Mary's affianced husband. The measure failed; so Gardiner next sought to pass his "Religious Persecutions" Bill.

The fact was, the bishop had a band of heretics ready to be burnt, but he needed the necessary powers to set light to the faggots. Among these godly men were Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer, Hooper, Ferrars, Coverdale, Taylor, Philpot, Sandars, etc. What a galaxy of brilliant stars in God's firmament! The first three had been cited before a Convocation in Oxford, where their religious opinions were condemned, and themselves ordered to recant, or prepare for the death due to heretics. The Bill, however, which would have granted authority to make a bonfire of these worthies, did not pass at that time. Paget's name should ever be remembered as one of the chief opponents of the terrible measure. The excitement throughout England was at fever heat, and it was therefore thought wiser to dissolve parliament until the queen's marriage, so, obnoxious to the nation, had taken place.

Policy dictated yet another step, with which the bigoted queen found it necessary to comply. The Princess Elizabeth was released from the Tower, and conveyed in a barge to Woodstock. As the storm-clouds grew blacker this "silver lining" became more and more the hope of the people. Imagining she was set at liberty the joy was great: guns were fired as a sign of gladness. Mary noticed with dismay this public demonstration on behalf of her heretic sister.

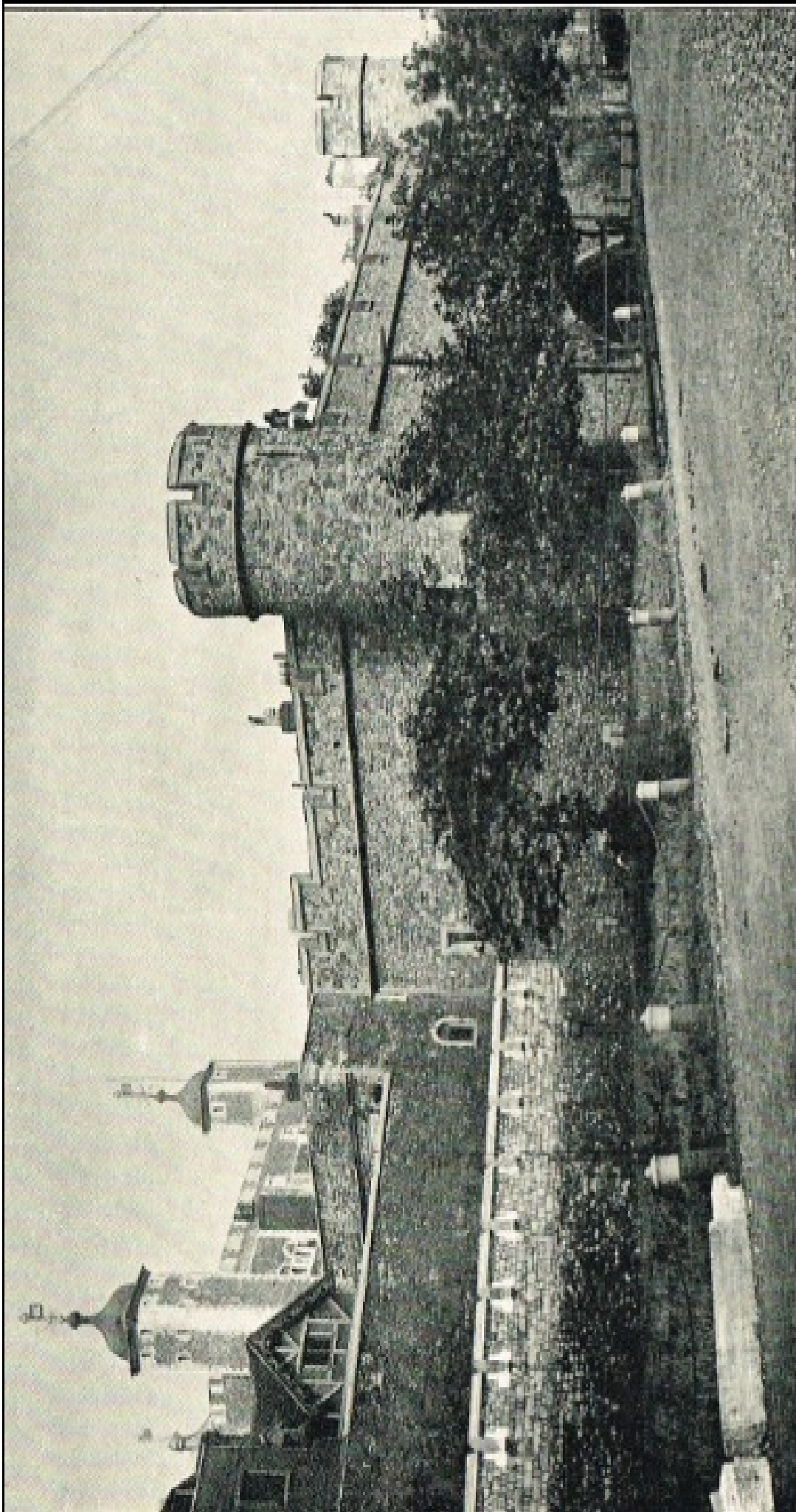
Wyatt's defeat had helped to open the way for the Spanish match. At last the unwilling lover—for Philip was in no haste to meet his bride—landed at Southampton. He had his own cook, lest he should be poisoned, and his servants were men-at-arms, ready for fight if need required. Happy position for a bridegroom! His reception, however, was magnificent. The marriage took place, but the people were in a continual state of ferment; brawls and bloodshed were of constant occurrence between the English and the unwelcome foreigners. Against the Duke of Alva the feeling was specially bitter; nor need we wonder at this, for he was the cruel duke whose atrocities against the Protestants in the Netherlands have for ever stamped his name with ignominy.

The entry of the royal bride and bridegroom into London was marked by a significant incident. The streets had been gaily decorated, and among the quaint pictures which helped to make the old capital look bright, was one of King Henry the Eighth, who was represented as holding a Book in his hand, on which was written "*Verbum Dei*" (the Word of God). As the procession advanced, the "heretical" illustration caught the eye of Gardiner, and raised his episcopal anger. The artist was summoned, rated, and threatened, and made to wipe out the Bible, and put a pair of gloves in its place! Note the incident, young readers; it is a true example of Rome's dread, and hatred, of the Holy Word of God.

Among the ancient enemies of the Light of the Reformation was Cardinal Pole. It was his misfortune to be appointed legate, or representative of the pope, in England. His work was to formally and officially reconcile England to Rome. In other words, to give the final blow to the Light, which Mary, from the outset of her reign, had tried to puff out.

We must look in at the scene which took place in Whitehall towards the latter end of the year 1555. The comedy—for in some respects it was such—which was enacted there that day was a most humiliating moment for England.

Mary and Philip sat beneath a canopy; on their right hand was seated Cardinal Pole, before them were assembled the Lords and Commons of Parliament. They had been summoned to hear a long oration from the legate, in which he stated that the "keys" were in his hands, but the door could not be opened—the door to Rome—until certain obstacles had been taken out of the way. Parliament then retired to Westminster to consider the removal of these impediments, viz., the



THE TOWER OF LONDON

repeal of all the Acts which were directed against the pope, and a. national return to the pontifical bosom. The Lords had no difficulty in complying with the demand. The House of Commons found but two dissentients, one of whom was Sir Ralph Bagenall.

Again we are in Whitehall Palace. Only three days have passed since the last arrogant demand of the legate. On a raised platform, beneath a canopy of cloth of gold, were seated Mary and Philip—on their right the legate. Below were assembled the bishops, peers and the Commons, and farther back were gathered as many spectators as could find sitting or standing room. England's Light was flickering and the crowd had come to see it set. The dim shadows of a November afternoon were falling across the assembly, when Gardiner, drawing a scroll from under his robe, presented it to the queen and king, and then read it aloud. It was nothing less than the betrayal, by parliament, of the country to Rome.

Having expressed sorrow and repentance for the long schism and disobedience of the realm from the Church of Rome, the parliament promised to repeal all laws against the pope, and desired to be received "as children repentant" into the "perfect obedience" to the See of Rome. The next scene in the comedy exhibits Lords and Commons down on their knees, grovelling in the dust at the feet of the pope's representative, and receiving absolution "from all heresy and schism," as well as from all "censures and paynes for that cause incurred." [3] There was but one who refused to kneel. Let his name be inscribed with honour—Sir Ralph Bagenall.

Having become the slaves of superstition, parliament hastened to obey its mandates. Before the close of that dark year all laws still standing against the pope's jurisdiction in England were repealed; and what was still more terrible, the cruel "Acts against Heresy" were revived, making it lawful to persecute and burn all who followed the Gospel of Christ, and denied the papal Antichrist.

Bishop Gardiner had at last got his heart's desire—full authority for making bonfires of living men, women, and little children. No wild beast in his lair was more eager for his prey than were the agents of Rome for these human sacrifices. No stone was left unturned to hunt out their victims: Secret informers were placed in every diocese, whose work was to discover every person suspected of so-called "heresy" Had they absented themselves from the idolatrous "Mass?" Were they no longer seeking the forgiveness of sins from a priest in the Confessional? Were they attending meetings where the Bible was read and preached? Had they dared to think for themselves on questions of their soul's salvation? These were the ones fit only for the dungeon and the stake!

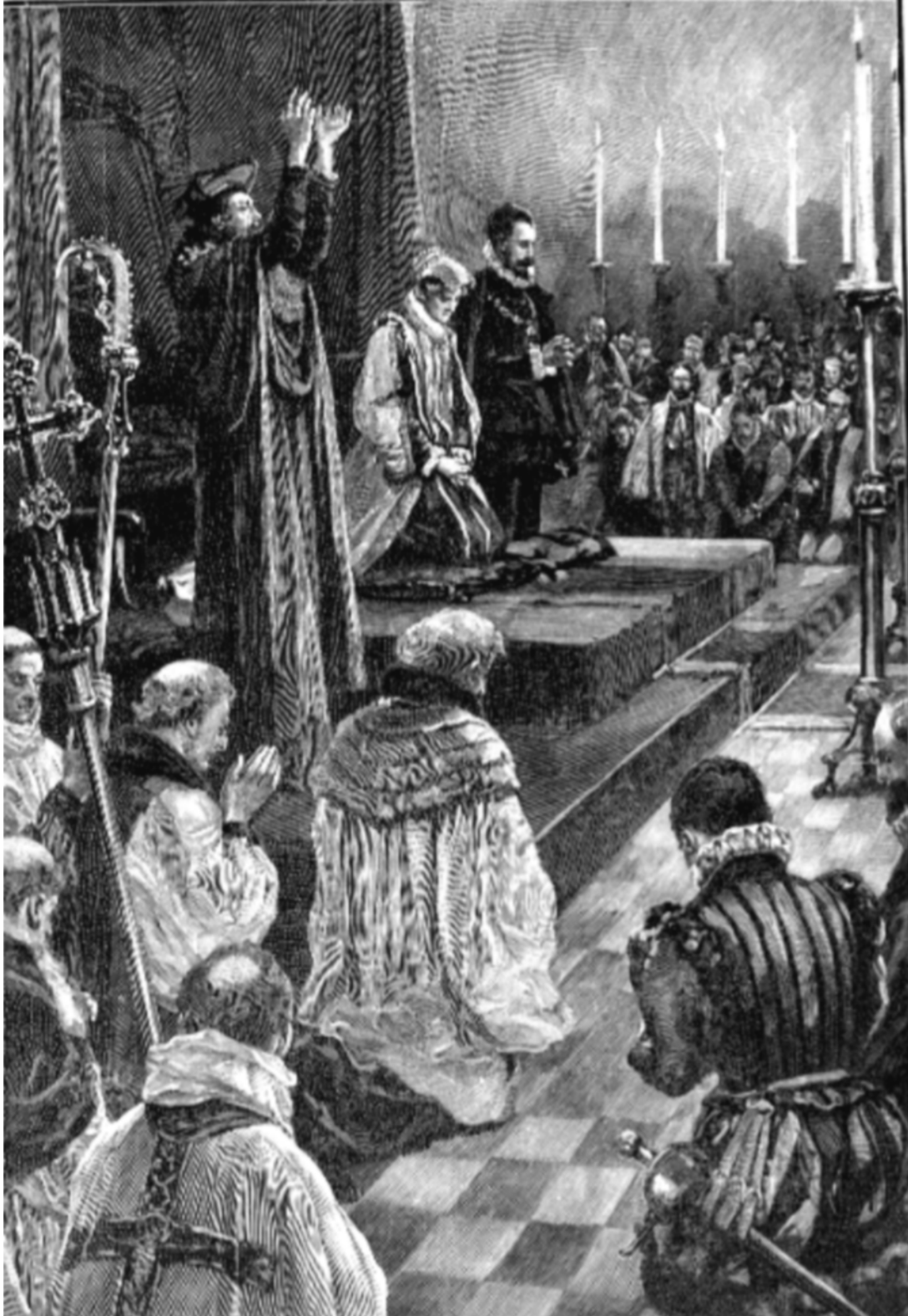
For three dreadful years raged the storm of persecution. The sufferings of the lowly followers of Jesus Christ were appalling. The tempest clouds burst in all their fury over the witnesses of God. The days were dark with the night of Egyptian blackness.

Was there light still in Israel's camp? Aye! And the upholding of that Light in spite of the strenuous endeavours of the enemy to put it out, is the thrilling tale of the holy martyrs, who were faithful even unto death.

Our next chapters will tell you the story of those three darkest years—England's "Reign of Terror."

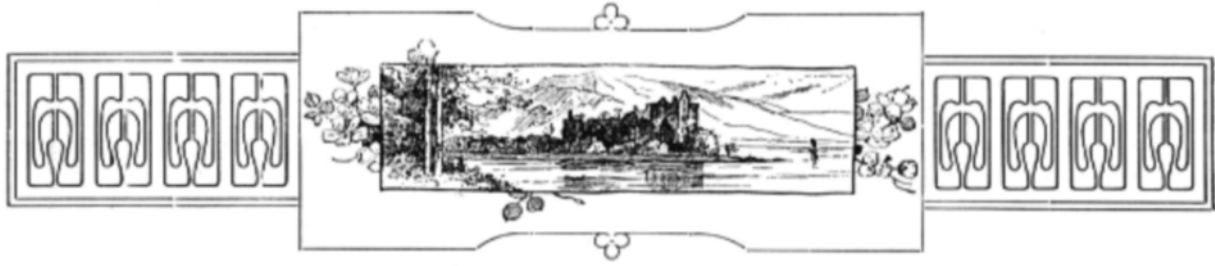
Footnotes to Chapter 31

1. Froude.
2. One of these letters is preserved in the Zwingli Museum in Zurich
3. British History and Papal Claims," by James Paton, B.A.



THE HOUR OF ROME'S TRIUMPH

Cardinal Pole reconciling the realm of England to the Romish Church



Chapter XXXII

"LATIMER'S LIGHT SHALL NEVER GO OUT."



“**B**E of good comfort, Master Ridfey, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out.”

Memorable words, as fresh and stimulating in our twentieth century as they were when spoken by old Hugh Latinmer in the year 1555. His aged limbs had just been fastened to the stake; the hot flames were just beginning to ascend at the feet of his fellow sufferer, Ridley, when this immortal sentence, destined to survive all times, was uttered.

It was then the rule of the burning stake in England—the hour of the Prince of Darkness—when Egyptian blackness enwrapped the land, and when the holy martyrdoms of our indomitable forefathers were the only "candles" which illumined the pitchy gloom. Latimer Ridley were not the first martyrs under Mary's cruel reign; that honour was reserved for a man named Rogers.

There seems; to be always a peculiar pathos in the suffering witness of every pioneer of Truth; a special interest seems to encircle the first life laid down in every era. The proto-martyrs, of every age, stand forth as special objects of crowned glory—those "first-fruits unto God and the Lamb."

Towards the close of January, 1555, Gardiner, Bonner, Bonner, and several others of the pope's bloodhounds sat in court to "try" the "heretics." The first who were arraigned before them were Rogers, a canon of St. Paul's, and Hooper, Bishop of Gloucester.

JOHN ROGERS

--had long basked in the Gospel rays of Truth before the "dark days" of Mary's reign had begun. He had laboured abroad with Tyndale and Coverdale in the translation of the Scriptures. Wittenberg for a time had been his home. There, we may be sure, he had met the German monk who "shook the world"—Martin 'Luther.

When good King Edward the Sixth ascended the throne Rogers returned to England, a zealous preacher of Bible truth. When Mary was Queen and popery about to be restored, he had boldly preached against it at St. Paul's Cross. Bonner put him into Newgate Gaol, where he was left to wait until Parliament had passed a Bill which would authorise "the Church" to burn him. See him now before the judges, whose tenderest mercies spell cruelty. He is not alone, for with him Bishop Hooper was cited.

BISHOP HOOPER



THE MARTYRED BISHOPS OF QUEEN MARY'S REIGN

For a year-and-a-half this worthy man had lingered in the Fleet Prison; the latter part of his incarceration had been passed in the most trying discomforts.

Rogers and Hooper were requested to recant their doctrine and submit to the pope's laws. A day was given them in which to consider.

"Come, brother Rogers," said Hooper, "must we two take this matter first in hand and fry these faggots?"

"Yea, sir, with God's grace," replied Rogers.

"Doubt not, but God will give us strength," was the faithful rejoinder.

It was early on a February morning that Rogers was awakened from his slumbers. The certainty of a painful death by fire had not disturbed his rest. He rubbed his eyes, and beheld the wife of the keeper of the prison, who bade him get up quickly, for Bonner was waiting to degrade and burn him. Pleasant news to hear when one wakes from a peaceful sleep!

The ceremony of "degradation" (so-called) was then proceeded with. The priest's vestments were thrown over him and over Hooper, and then removed one by one, and they were then declared "degraded" from the office of sacrificing priesthood, and fit for nothing but to be made into sacrifices themselves. As they no longer believed in the power of a priest to offer the sacrifice of the mass, the "degradation" could not have troubled them. Rogers was then led out to Smithfield to die.

Some had believed that the "Gospellers" had not the courage of their convictions. Great, therefore, was the disappointment of their enemies, intense the joy of their fellow-believers, when Rogers appeared on the spot, consecrated to martyrdom. Cheer after cheer greeted the holy man.

Foremost among the enthusiastic crowd were his own wife and children. In vain he had pleaded for a last farewell in private; this had been denied him, but they were permitted to see him publicly offered up to God. Perchance his foes thought that a sight of his clear wife, and darling little ones, would have unmanned and conquered the hero. One babe nestled in the mother's arms; ten children were clinging to her side. We can imagine how the tiny fingers clutched her skirt and the brave little arms stretched out to "father." Mistress Rogers did not weaken her husband by shedding tears; the bairns did not add to his burden by childish crying. No, a hero's heart beat in each young breast. The joy of the Lord was their strength. They had a realisation—something like Stephen must have had just before his martyrdom, when he beheld a vision of Christ at the right hand of God—a realisation of the crown of glory laid up for all who are faithful, even unto death. Ah! Who would not say that those ten little ones are, even now, helping to swell the martyrs' choir of praise in the paradise above!

At the last moment Rogers was offered a pardon if he would recant.

"Nay," was the reply, "away with it! That which I have preached I will now seal with my blood."

So the faggots were lighted and the flames ascended. But Christ was with him in the fiery furnace, and those standing around noted the invincible spirit of the martyr, who seemed to be "bathing his hands in the fire as if it were cold water." Then lifting them to heaven, he held them in that position till they dropped into the fire. So passed away the first martyr of Queen Mary's cruel reign.

Was the Light put out because his body had been burned? Nay. Another candle had been lighted in England—a torch of flaming brightness which illumined the murky darkness more than a

thousand sermons, could have done. Let us also note that John Rogers—sometimes styled "Matthews"—was the editor of the famous Bible received by Henry VIII. in 1537. For this great labour of love Rome burnt him alive, and heaven enrolled his name among the "noble army of martyrs."

HOOPER

Bishop of Gloucester, was condemned to be burned in his own city. The news made him leap for gladness. To suffer for Christ anywhere was sweet; but to do so in the midst of his own flock was joy.

The twilight of a winter's evening had descended as Hooper entered Gloucester. The report of his arrival had preceded him, and for a mile outside the town the main road was lined with spectators. Many among them had learnt the way of Truth from his lips; now they were about to see him seal his testimony with his life. A day's rest was allowed him--a day on which to buckle on his armour, and get ready for the last conflict. Many friends came to wish him good-bye: among them was Sir Anthony Kingston, a friend whom he had led into the better way. "O consider," cried the young man, with the tears coursing down his face, "life is sweet and death is bitter; therefore, seeing life may be had, desire to live; for life hereafter may do good."

With touching earnestness the bishop assured him that because life was sweet, therefore he had chosen life; to lose one's life here, for Christ's sake, is to find it again in eternity.

One other visitor that February afternoon claims our attention. Thomas Dowey was a poor blind boy who had "not long before suffered imprisonment at Gloucester for confessing the truth." His own brave witness, borne with so much fortitude, taught him true sympathy with Hooper's trials. The bishop was in prison awaiting death. How soon he himself might be called upon to a similar fiery affliction he could not tell. He, too, was ready to die; but, oh! How an interview with the martyr would strengthen his faith. He could not see his face; yet he would be able to hear his voice, to touch his hand; and how the experience would be helpful in the dark days to come! It would survive all times; the memory of it would be a ray of hope like a bright rift in the storm clouds!

So the lad besought the guard for an interview with Hooper. He had to beg long and earnestly, and great was his joy when the request was granted.

We see them together. The boy's sightless eyes lifted up to the kindly gaze of the noble martyr. They talk—the bishop questioning him concerning his Christian belief. Tom's answers proved that though his years were not many, yet, by faith, he had seen Jesus with spiritual eyes, and had been taught of Him. Bishop Hooper, touched by the stripling's bearing, and foreseeing that his tender years and physical affliction would be no barrier to the cruelty of Roman persecutors, could not keep back the tears that started to his eyes. He had no sorrow for himself, though the faggots were being prepared to burn him; but he could weep for others.

"Ah! Poor boy," we hear him exclaim, "God hath taken from thee thine outward sight—for what consideration He best knoweth; but He hath given thee another sight, much more precious; for He hath endued thy soul with the eye of knowledge and faith. God give thee grace continually to pray unto Him, that thou lose not that sight, for then shouldst thou be blind both in body and soul."

The martyr's prayer was granted. Young Thomas Dowey was given grace: he, too, was tied to the stake and burned because he denied the blasphemous doctrine of transubstantiation. His martyrdom took place about fifteen months after that of Hooper. "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength."



Bishop Hooper and the boy prisoner.

As the afternoon advanced, the mayor, sheriffs and aldermen came to see Hooper. With tears they listened to his pathetic words. He desired them only "that there may be a quick fire, shortly to make an end," promising to be as obedient to them as they could wish.

"For," said he, "I am not come hither as one enforced or compelled to die; for it is well known I might have had my life, with worldly gain; but as one willing to offer and give my life for the Truth, rather than to consent to the wicked, papistical religion of the Bishop of Rome, received and set forth by the magistrates in England, to God's high displeasure and dishonour ; and I trust, by God's grace, to-morrow to die a faithful servant of God, and a true and obedient subject of the queen" (Foxe).

His last night on earth was spent, partly in a sound sleep (for a quiet conscience gives rest, even at the mouth of a fiery furnace), and the latter half was passed in prayer.

The morning of the martyrdom arrived. Heaven seemed to be weeping in unison with mourning hearts; for the rain fell, and the day was dark and windy.

In an open space, opposite the college, was an old elm tree. Beneath its shadow Hooper had been wont to preach, and near the old familiar spot he was to die for the Gospel he had proclaimed. There was a big crowd of many thousands assembled to witness the burning. Several, unable to

find a good place, had climbed into the old elm. Some priests were noticed watching from the college windows—"watching," as Froude says, "with pity or satisfaction, as God or the devil was in their hearts."

Hooper was not allowed to utter a word to the vast assembly. What matter! His triumphant death would be a grander sermon than any he had yet preached. We see him limping somewhat painfully along to the place of execution; his long imprisonment in a damp cell had made him lame. Yet the expression of his face is so cheerful, one would think he is going to a banquet. At the sight of the faggots which were to roast him, he smiled, and kneeling down, began to pray. As he knelt, a box was placed before him. It contained his pardon, if he would recant.

"Away with it!" cried the martyr; if you love my soul, away with it!"

Then lifting his soul to God, he again prayed. Shall we listen to his words—the heart communings of a man on the brink of eternity?

"Lord, Thou art a gracious God, and a merciful Redeemer. Have mercy, therefore, upon me, most miserable and wretched offender.---Thou art ascended into heaven; receive me to be partaker of Thy joys---Thou knowest, Lord, wherefore I am come hither to suffer---because I will not allow their wicked doings to the denial of the knowledge of Thy Truth---And well Thou seest, my Lord and God, what terrible pains and torments be prepared for Thy creature.----Therefore strengthen me of Thy goodness, that in the fire I break not the rules of patience; or else assuage the terrors of the pains, as shall seem most to Thy glory."

This prayer, sublime in its exquisite simplicity, divine in its immovable patience, was fully answered. Three times was the fire kindled about him before it would burn sufficiently; for the faggots were damp, and the wind blew away the flames. Thus the lower part only of his limbs were being literally roasted.



"For God's love, good people, let me have more fire!" cried the sufferer, wiping his eyes with his hands.

Presently the gunpowder (which had been placed to hasten his end) exploded, and the martyr was heard to utter his last words on earth—"Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."

Still he lived, for the gunpowder had been badly placed; his tongue was swollen, so that he could not speak; yet his lips moved till they shrunk from the gums. One hand knocked at his breast till it fell off into the fire, and then the other, still beating in the same way, till strength was gone.

His agonies lasted nearly three-quarters of an hour, which he bore, says Foxe, "even as a lamb, patiently to the very end, without a murmur or a complaint, quietly as a child in his bed; and now he reigneth as a blessed martyr in the joys of heaven, prepared for the faithful in Christ."

His prayer for patience and faithfulness to the end—was it not more than answered? Aye, we perceive the Almighty's power made perfect in him. We see also—oh, how dark the picture!

that the system that could thus torture God's creatures is begotten indeed of the very inspiration of hell, and of all its devils.

DR. ROWLAND TAYLOR

--together with LAURENCE SANDARS and JOHN BRADFORD, were the second batch of prisoners arraigned before the cruel court of Bonner and Gardiner. The sentence of death by burning was passed upon them, as it had been upon Rogers and Hooper only the day before. Of these three, Dr. Rowland Taylor was martyred at the same time that Hooper suffered. But while Hooper was burned at Gloucester, Taylor was executed on Oldham Common, in Suffolk.

This martyr was vicar of Hadleigh. During the peaceful days of King Edward VI., the good doctor had laboured happily among his flock, beloved by all for his piety and his kindness to the poor. When Queen Mary came to the throne he still continued to conduct Divine Service in his parish church, in the reformed manner, as he had done in better days. The worthy vicar was one morning busy in his study, the Holy Bible was open before him, and he was reading its sacred words, when he was surprised to hear the church bell ringing. He at once hastened out to ascertain the reason. When he had entered his church, imagine his astonishment to find there a popish priest, attired in the usual pagan vestments, about to celebrate "Mass," guarded on all sides by armed men with drawn swords, who stood ready to protect him, and the wafer-god he was about to create. An altercation, of course, ensued. Dr. Taylor naturally resented such unseemly interference in his own church, and demanded of the priest how he dared be so bold as to enter into the Church of Christ to profane and defile it with his "abominable idolatry." Very soon after this incident Taylor was summoned to appear before Gardiner in London, and answer for his conduct.

When the Reformation was progressing in the days of Edward VI., Gardiner had pretended to be its friend; when Mary succeeded, he became one of its bitterest foes. Dr. Taylor reminded him of his apostasy, as he stood arraigned before him that January day, in 1555. Gardiner replied that he had returned to the Church of Rome, and wished him to do the same. But Taylor answered—and can you not picture the noble old vicar, with his flowing white beard, as he boldly faced his cruel judge, and said –

"Should I forsake the Church of Christ, which is founded upon the true foundation of the apostles and prophets, to approve those lies, errors, superstitions and idolatries, that the popes and their company at this day do so blasphemously approve? God forbid."

After further trial Dr. Taylor was condemned to be burned, and the worthy divine cheerfully prepared himself for the sacrifice. When he had been taken back to Hadleigh, the old home-town was crowded with people; when he arrived at Oldham Common, where he was to suffer, the multitude was still greater. With one loud voice they cried out: "God save thee, good Doctor Taylor; Jesus strengthen thee; the Holy Ghost comfort thee." "Good people," replied the doctor, "I have taught you nothing but God's Holy Word; and the lessons taken from God's Holy Bible I am now come to seal with my blood." A cruel blow from the guard bade him be silent. He knelt and prayed. A poor woman from the crowd hastened to him, and knelt down at his side to pray with him. Can we realise the pathos of this scene? Can we have any conception. of the immeasurable height of spiritual grandeur reached even by this lowly woman, who, at the risk of her life, held out this cup of cold water to this servant of God?

Having risen from his knees, and placed himself in a pitch-barrel, the martyr was tied to the stake, and the faggots were lighted. A cowardly blow from a bundle of wood struck his face and made it bleed.

"Friend," said the doctor, "I have pain enough; what was the need of that?"

The flames leaped up; one more brutal blow knocked out his brains, and mercifully ended his sufferings.

LAURENCE SANDARS

--had been borne upward in a similar chariot of fire the day previously. His martyrdom took place in the park at Coventry—a spot already consecrated to the sufferings of the Lollards. He had been vicar of All Hallows, in London. When he saw the stake he kissed it, saying, "Welcome, the cross of Christ; welcome, everlasting life."

These four, whose martyrdoms we have briefly described above, were the first four martyrs of Queen Mary's cruel reign.

JOHN BRADFORD

---whose trial took place the same day as the last two, was burned about six months later, at Smithfield.

During the reign of good King Edward VI., Bradford had been a famous Gospel preacher; and this, together with his denial of the doctrine of transubstantiation, brought him to the stake. His fellow martyr was a young apprentice, named John Lease.

"Be of good comfort, brother," said Bradford; "we shall have a merry supper with the Lord this night."

And the young man said, "Jesus, receive us."

LATIMER AND RIDLEY

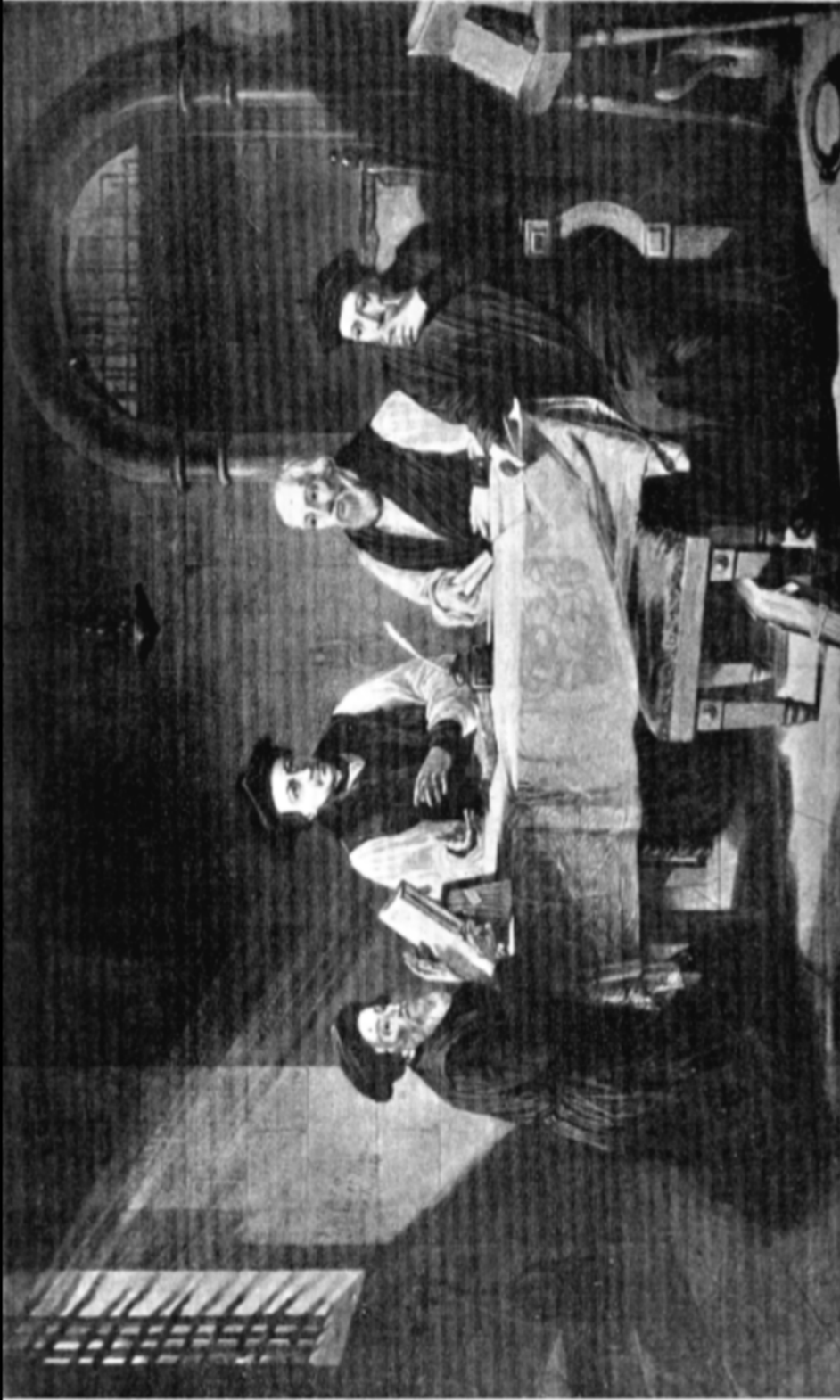
These two names have become household words. We cannot hear them mentioned without thinking of Latimer's "candle," which was lighted that October day, about three and a half centuries ago, and has never gone out.

Hugh Latimer's childhood had been passed on his father's farm in Leicestershire. There he and one of his sisters helped to shepherd the sheep, while his mother milked the "thirty kine."

Among the incidents of boyhood he well remembered buckling on his father's rusty armour, when he went forth to fight the Cornish rebels.[1] Little Hugh was then but six years old. At the age of fourteen the lad, who had already shown much intelligence, was sent to study at Cambridge. It was at that University that the first great event of his life occurred, viz., his conversion to God. The instrument used by the Divine Hand was Bilney, who afterwards also sealed his testimony by martyrdom.

Latimer was a bigoted Papist, and had vigorously preached against the Reformation. "For the love of God hear my confession," exclaimed Bilney, one day suddenly entering Latimer's study. And then, into the astonished ears of the Roman zealot, Bilney poured out the account of his own conversion---how church ceremonies had failed to bring him the peace which Christ alone had bestowed, and which had been revealed to him by means of the holy Bible.

Latimer listened. The natural pride of his heart was dispelled by this faithful message; the darkness vanished; Latimer's "Candle" was already lighted. From that day Hugh Latimer became one of the most earnest Christian workers and Gospel preachers. They laboured together Bilney and united in one holy cause, yet vastly different in form and character, Bilney, small of stature and weak in constitution; Latimer, strong and active. Together they visited the leper asylums, speaking the healing; Gospel to the poor sufferers, and tending to their bodily needs; side by side they were found ministering the Bread of Life, even in the gaols and madhouses;



MARTYRS IN PRISON

"The famous men, Mr. Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. Ridley, Bishop of London, that Holy Man, Mr. Bradford, and 1, Old Hugh Latimer. were. imprisoned in the Tower of London for Christ's Gospel preaching:—the same Tower being full of other prisoners, that we four were thrust into one chamber as men not to be accounted of, but God be thanked, to our great joy and comfort there did we together read over the New Testament at deliberation and painful study."—Strype's Eccl. Memls., Vol. i., page 93.

shoulder to shoulder they devoted their powers and gifts to the vast work of God, yet but in its early stages---the cleansing of the Church from mediaeval superstitions.

Hugh Latimer became one of the brightest "candles" of the glorious English Reformation. He was appointed by Henry the Eighth to the bishopric of Worcester, but resigned his office when the "Six Articles" were enacted. These Articles, by which it was intended to abolish important Reformation doctrines, were called "The Whip with Six Cords." They affirmed the doctrine of transubstantiation, auricular confession, etc.

Latinier's protest against the "Bloody Act," as the Articles were also styled, at last landed him a prisoner in the Tower. In the happy days of Edward the Sixth, however, he was liberated, and

once more preached the Gospel in many places. Frequently his voice was heard from the pulpit at St. Paul's Cross. His sermons were matter of great delight to the friends of the Reformation, but of much dislike among the Romanists, who regarded their popularity with jealousy and hatred. Latimer was the most outspoken among the preachers at St. Paul's Cross. Take, for example, his sermon on "The Plough": "I will ask you a strange question," he said to a ring of bishops, "Who is the most diligent prelate in all England, that passeth all the rest in doing of his office? I will tell you. It is the Devil!--- Therefore, you unpreaching prelates, learn of the Devil to be diligent in your office. If you will not learn of God, for shame learn of the Devil!"

With a shrewd insight, Latimer often also foretold the "dark days" looming on the horizon of the Church, and in which he believed he would be called upon to die for the Truth. His prophecy came true in the days of Queen Mary. In the beginning of her reign he was committed to the Tower; and in September, 1555, he and Nicholas Ridley were cited to appear before the Commissioners at Oxford. It was their second appearance there.

of the Plough. 14

now me thinks I see you listening and harkning, that I should name him. There is one that passeth all the other, and is the most diligent prelate and preacher in all England. And will ye know who it is? I will tell you. It is the devill. He is the most diligent preacher of all other, he is neuer out of his Dioces, he is neuer from his cure, ye shall neuer find him vnoccupied, he is ever in his parish, he kepeth residence at all times, ye shall neuer find him out of the way, call for him when ye will, hee is ever at home, the diligentest preacher in all the Realme, hee is ever at his plough: no lording nor loytering may hinder him, he is ever applying his busines, ye shall neuer find him idle I warrant you. And his office is to hinder Religion, to maintaine superstition, to sette up Idolatry, to teach all kind of popery. He is as ready as hee can be wished, to set forth his plough, to denie as many waies as can bee the fruites of to deface and obscure Gods glory. Where the devill is resident, and hath his plough going, there away with booke, and up with candles, away with Bibles, and up with beades, away with the light of the Gospell, and downe with the light of candles, yea at moone dayes. Where the devill is Resident, that he may prevail, up with all superstition and Idolatry, sensing, painting of Images, candles, palmes, ashes, holie water, and newe service of mens inventing, as though man could invent a better way to honour God with, then God himselfe hath appointed. Downe with Christs Crosse, uppe with purgatorie pickepurse, uppe with popish purgatorie I meane. Away with clothing the naked, the poore and impotent, up with decking of Images, a gay garnishing of stones and stones: Up with mans traditions and his lawes, downe with Gods will & his most holy Word. Downe with the olde honour due unto God, and up with the newe Gods honoz. Let all thinges be done in Latine. There must be nothing but Latine, not so much as *Memento homo quod cinis es, & in cinerem reverteris*: Remember man that thou art ashes, and into ashes thou shalt returne. What be the wordes that the Minister speaketh to the ignorant people, when hee giveth them ashes vpon Ashwednesday, but they must bee spoken in Latine: And in no wise they must be translated into English. Wh that our prelates would be as diligent to sow the corne of gods doctrine,

The office of the devill, and the fruites of his doctrine.

The devill is the author of all superstition.

Reproduction of a page of Latimer's sermon of the plough, from the edition of 1570

Ridley was first called in. He had been Bishop of London in the time of Edward VI., and an ardent Reformer. He was now briefly examined, and ordered to reappear the next day.

Next was brought in Latimer. Foxe has preserved a quaint picture of the venerable champion:—"Having a kerchief on his head, and upon it a nightcap or two, and a great cap, such as townsmen use, with two broad flaps to button under the chin, wearing an old threadbare Bristol frieze gown, girded to his body with a penny leather girdle, his Testament suspended from his girdle by a leather sling, and his spectacles without a case hung from his neck upon his breast."

With patient modesty the aged reformer listened to the tedious speech of the Bishop of Lincoln, who entreated him to return to the rule of the Church of Rome. Latimer, in reply, used nimbly the "sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God," proving thereby that the Holy Scripture, and not the Church of Rome, is the Christian's only true rule of faith.

Eventually, Latimer and Ridley were condemned to be burned on the 16th of October, 1555.

The night before the martyrdom Ridley was as merry as anyone could be, who had a conscience at perfect rest, and who knew that death was only the black gate to the joys of paradise.

"I am sure," said he, "though my breakfast shall be somewhat sharp and painful, yet my supper shall be more pleasant and sweet."

On the morrow Ridley walked to the place of execution, "dressed," says Foxe, "in a fair black gown furred, such as he was wont to wear being bishop, and a tippet of velvet furred about his neck, and velvet nightcap upon his head, and a corner cap upon the same, going in a pair of slippers to the stake."

Latimer followed, his aged limbs bearing him as fast as he could go. He was dressed in the same old threadbare gown, and a "new long shroud" hanging down to his feet. Ridley hastened and embraced him, and said cheerily, "Be of good comfort, brother; for God will either assuage the fury of the flame, or else strengthen us to abide it."

When they had arrived at the stake, new strength seemed to gird the martyrs, and even the aged Latimer seemed suddenly buoyed up with renewed youth. Before, he had looked a bent, withered old man; now, he stood boldly upright; his face lost its worn appearance, the wrinkles disappeared beneath the heavenly light, that was streaming upon his soul direct from the throne of God.

With an iron chain they were bound to the stake. A lighted faggot was brought and laid at Ridley's feet. As the flames ascended, the immortal words were uttered by Latimer, "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out."

Latimer's sufferings were brief. His spirit soon winged its triumphant flight to paradise, bearing the good news that Ridley was following.

But Ridley's agonies were long protracted. So carelessly had the faggots been placed that the lower part of his body remained untouched after his legs had been consumed.

"Let the fire come to me, I cannot burn!" cried the martyr.

One of the bystanders then removed one of the faggots, and the flames, leaping up, at last ended his agonies.



Be of good comfort, master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England, as I trust shall never be put out."

Such then, is the brief account of a few of the 280 people who were burned alive in Mary's cruel reign.



Their reward is beyond all human conception in that fair land where the Lamb leads them to fountains of living waters, where there is no more pain, nor crying, nor death, for the former things—so far as they are concerned—have passed away.

Is popery unchanged? Would Rome still burn the Protestants in merry England, in this twentieth century, if she had the power to do so? Aye! The following oath, taken at the present day by her bishops at their consecration, is proof enough that the murderous spirit of the Papal Antichrist is always the same--

"Heretics, schismatics, and rebels against the pope and his successors I will persecute and fight against to the utmost of my power."[2]

Footnotes to Chapter 32

1. These facts were stated by Latimer in the first sermon preached by him before Edward VI.
2. From the "Pontifical."





Chapter XXXIII ENGLAND'S GREATEST ARCHBISHOP

I.—AS REFORMER



UPON a high seat, draped with cloth of State, sat the Pope of Rome, richly appareled in gorgeous vestments, his feet shod with silken slippers. Before him stood several English gentlemen and learned doctors, including the Earl of Wiltshire and Thomas Cranmer. They had been sent thither on an embassy by the king, Henry VIII.

Just as the heathen god Baal was worshipped by receiving the kisses of his devotees, so does the Bishop of Rome require the homage of kissing his toe to be paid to him. On this occasion he, as usual, pushed forward his foot for the customary worship, but the Earl of Wiltshire and the other members of the embassy took no notice of this broad hint, but, holding themselves erect, disdained, with the true spirit of English sturdiness, to do homage to the great false system whose authority in England was passing away.

Unfortunately for the pope, the matter did not end there; for the Earl of Wiltshire had brought with him a big spaniel, whose canine intelligence was equal to the occasion. The dog naturally wondered what that slippered thing could be, and running in between the earl and the pope, made directly for the episcopal toe! In the hope that it might be good to eat, the spaniel first licked it, and then grabbed at it with his teeth! The pope "in haste pulled in his glorious feet," says Foxe. Evidently the experience was as unexpected as it was undesired, and must have shocked the dignity of the papal god, though it caused no little feeling of amusement among the English embassy.

The mission upon which they had been sent referred to the vexed question of the divorce of Henry VIII. from Catherine of Arragon. It is not necessary to enter into this matter here. Suffice it to say that the king was so pleased with the part that Cranmer played in the affair, especially with his suggestion that the matter should be laid before the Universities, and with the book which he had written upon the subject, that he rewarded him with the See of Canterbury, which was rendered vacant by the death of Archbishop Warham. In this chapter we deal with Cranmer as Archbishop of Canterbury.

Cranmer—born in 1489 and martyred in 1556—lived in four reigns, viz., Henry VII., Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Mary. His birthplace was Aslacton, in Nottinghamshire.

His family were able to trace their pedigree back to the days of William I., his ancestors having come to this country with that monarch.

His boyhood does not appear to have been entirely happy. His instructor was a rough and blunt parish priest, who taught him but little, but sent home that little with many a harsh word and cruel blow. Pleasanter to the boy must have been his outdoor recreations of riding and hawking; and there was not a horse that he could not ride—even the wildest would submit to his influence.

At the age of fourteen Cranmer was sent to Cambridge, where seven or eight years were practically wasted in the study of "the dark riddles of duns." But when about twenty-two years old he gave himself up to more profitable reading, such as the works of Erasmus. When Luther began to write, our young student was interested in the religious controversies which resulted. He realised they were no idle questions, but matters which concerned the vital truth of eternal salvation; and as a wise man he applied himself diligently to find out the truth. Believing that the Holy Scriptures were the best guide to the enquiring soul, he diligently searched their infallible pages for three years. He then read other books, carefully weighing their arguments. Strype tells us he was a slow reader, not lightly running through a volume, but earnestly noting the contents, and marking important passages with pen and ink. Thus he continued his studies until 1523, when he was made Doctor of Divinity. Such a solid foundation of Scripture truth and useful knowledge helped to fit him for the important part he was called upon to undertake in the glorious work of the English Reformation. We shall better understand what he did for England if we think of him in the first place as a Reformer, and in the second as a sufferer and martyr.

It is said that when a small Irish boy was asked by a priest, "Where was your Protestant Church before the Reformation?" he replied by the significant question, "Where was your face, your reverence, before it was washed?"

In the sixteenth century the Church underwent a very much needed process of spiritual washing. The superstitions and corruptions of ages were cleansed away, and that period of general cleansing is called the Reformation.

What did Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, help to cleanse away?

One of the chief errors of Rome is putting "the Church" in the place of the Bible. Like the Jews of old, she makes the Word of God of none effect through her man-invented traditions. This error of darkness Cranmer earnestly desired to cleanse away; and though he was not instrumental in translating the Scriptures into English, yet his influence with the king, Henry VIII., did much towards giving a free circulation among the people of England of:---

AN OPEN MULE

We see him in Convocation (1534) earnestly pressing the translation of the Scriptures. Tyndale's translation was then coming with greater freedom into England; and in spite of the virulence of the enemies of the Bible, it was being eagerly sought after and read in many places. The triumphal progress of the Word of God was shown when Convocation actually agreed to Cranmer's motion that His Majesty's permission should be sought for its translation and circulation. The resolutions, passed by both Houses, give us a curious example of the struggles between Light and Darkness.

Under the influence of such men as Stokesly, Bishop of London, and Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, it was agreed—in the interests of darkness—"that the archbishop should make instance to the king that His Majesty would vouchsafe, for the increase of the faith of his subjects, to command that all his subjects in whose possession any books of suspected doctrine were, especially in the vulgar language, imprinted beyond or on this side the sea, should be warned within three months to bring them in under a certain pain to be limited by the king."

Books of "suspected doctrine" might include all the Scriptures that were ever printed! Thus did Darkness push forth its plea.

Under the influence of Cranmer it was further resolved—in the interest of Light---"that moreover His Majesty would vouchsafe to decree, that the Scriptures should be translated into the vulgar tongue by some honest and learned men, to be nominated by the king, and to be delivered to the people according to their learning."[1]

The sequel shows that after much wrangling and disputing, Light won the day. Cranmer proceeded as follows:—He took an existing translation of the New Testament, i.e., one of Tyndale's, and having divided it into about ten parts, he had them transcribed, and each portion was sent to a bishop, with the request that he would make what corrections he deemed necessary, and return it to Cranmer by a certain date. All the parts were returned with but one exception—that of Stokesly, Bishop of London, who, taking up arms in defence of the Dark ness, replied:—



"I marvel what my lord of Canterbury meaneth, that he thus abuseth the people, in giving them liberty to read the Scriptures, which doth nothing else but infect them with heresy. I have bestowed never an hour upon my portion, and never will. And, therefore, my lord shall have his book back again; for I never will be guilty of bringing the simple people into error."

When this answer was carried to Cranmer, Lawney, one of the chaplains of the Duke of Norfolk, and a witty man, was standing near. He had been one of the earliest readers of Tyndale's Testament, and had suffered imprisonment some ten years previously with John Fryth, in a noisome cell. Hearing Stokesly's answer, and noting Cranmer's disappointment at his refusal to aid in his good work, Lawney said that no doubt the bishop would have nothing to do with it, because he was bequeathed nothing in the New Testament, and he would never waste his time over an object that

brought him no worldly profit; besides, his portion had happened to be the Acts of the Apostles, who were "poor, simple fellows," and therefore my lord of London disdained to have to do with any of them![2]

So an attempt to procure a bishop's translation of the Scriptures failed, as, indeed, it was certain to do. "Chief priests," whether in our Lord's time, or in the Christian era, have generally been foremost in promoting Darkness rather than the Light.

In the meanwhile, Tyndale's printing press in Antwerp ceased not to pour out its sacred editions, which were eagerly welcomed by many on our shores. Its immediate translator was bound in prison; but the Word of God could not be bound: in the words of Latimer, it had made "many children of Light."

In 1535 Miles Coverdale published his edition of the Bible. In the following year Tyndale was burnt in Flanders; and in 1537 Cranmer saw the desire of his heart fulfilled in the appearance of "Matthew's" Bible, which was a compilation of Tyndale's New Testament, several books of the Old Testament of Coverdale's translation, and some by John Rogers, the first martyr in the reign of Queen Mary. This Bible was published with the king's authority, or, as the title page expressed it, "*Set forth with the Kynge's most gracious license.*" The zeal with which Cranmer sought to obtain the king's "license" for the circulation of this Bible is best expressed in his letter to Cromwell:-

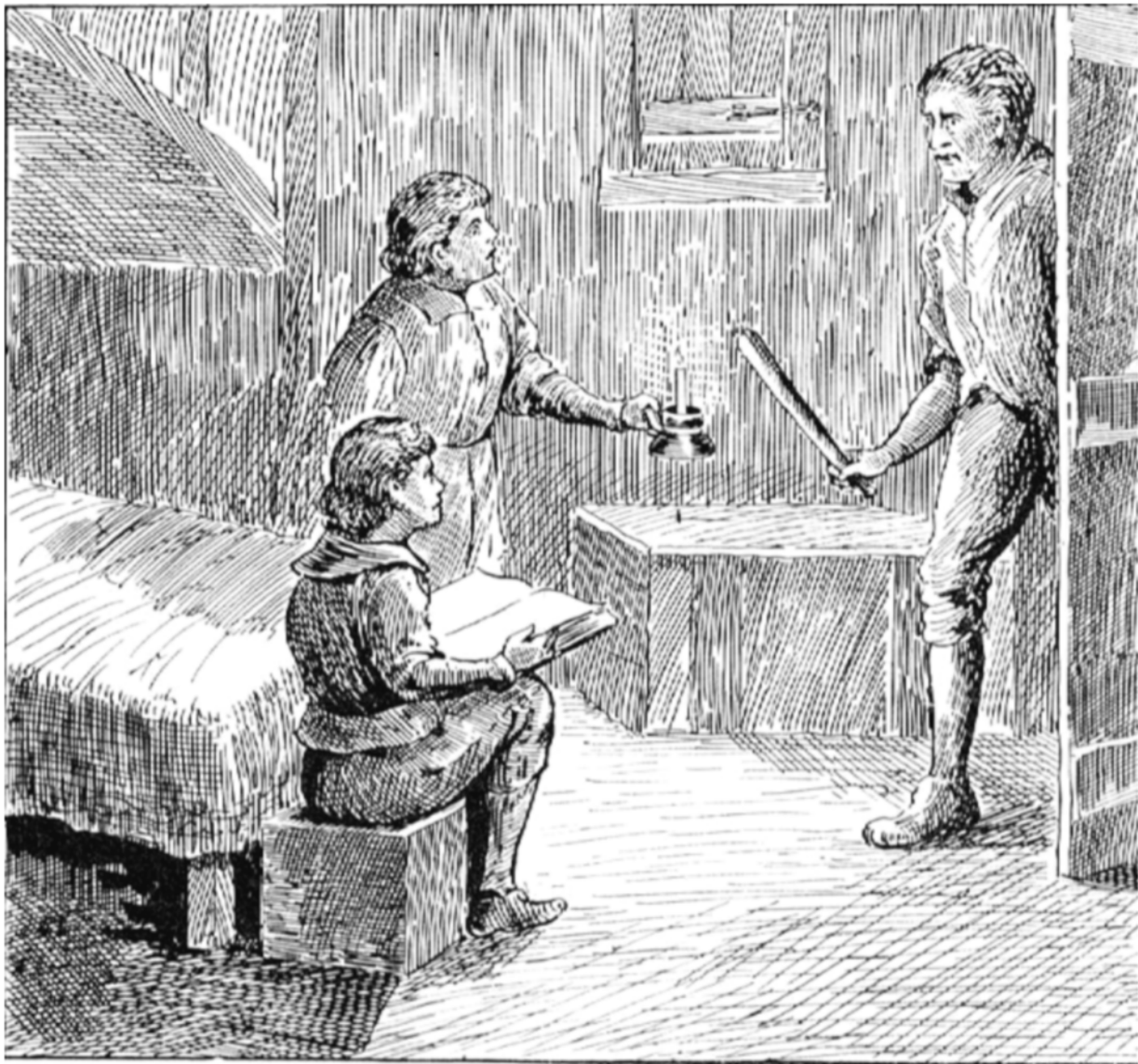
"My special good lord, after most hearty commendations unto your lordship, these shall be to signify unto the same, that you shall receive by the bringer thereof a Bible, both of a new translation, and of a new print dedicated unto the King's Majesty, as farther appeareth by a epistle unto His Grace, in the beginning of the book, which in mine opinion is very well done; and therefore I pray your lordship to read the same. And as for the translation, so far as I have read thereof I like it better than any other translation heretofore made; yet not doubting that there may, and will, be found some fault therein, as you know no man ever did, or can, do as well, but it may from time to time be amended."

*"And forasmuch as the book is dedicated unto the King's Grace, and also great pains and labour taken in setting forth of the same, I pray you my lord, that you will exhibit the Book unto the King's Highness, and obtain of His Grace, if you can, a license that the same may be sold and read of every person, without danger of any act, proclamation, or ordinance heretofore granted to the contrary, until such time that we, the bishops, shall set forth a better translation, which I think will not be till a day after doomsday. And if you continue to take such pains for the setting forth of God's Word, as you do, although in the season you suffer some snubs and more slander, lies and reproaches for the same, yet one day He will requite altogether. And the same word as St. John saith, which shall judge every man at the last day, must needs show favour to them that now do favour it. Thus my lord right heartily fare you well. At Forde, the 4th day of August (1537), Your assured ever, **T. Cantuarian.**"*

In this letter Cranmer had asked that the Bible might be not only set forth, but also *sold and read by every person, without danger of any Act, etc.* To his delight, and the delight of millions, this request was granted.

Strype gives a charming picture of the intense gladness with which the liberty to read the Sacred Book was hailed. "It was wonderful," he says, "to see with what joy this book of God was received, not only among the learned sort, and those that were noted for lovers of reformation, but generally all England over, among all the common people; and with what greediness God's Word was read, and what resort to places where the reading of it was. Everybody that could bought the book, or busily read it, or got others to read it to them, if they could not themselves; and divers more elderly people learned to read on purpose. And even little boys flocked among the rest to hear portions of the Holy Scriptures read."

Among these boys was a lad aged fifteen, who not only eagerly welcomed the Light, but gladly suffered for its sake. The story should encourage our young readers to persevere in the study of the Bible in spite of all difficulties. The lad's name was William Maldon, and he lived at Chelmsford, in Essex. When the king had authorised the setting up of the Bible in all churches, many flocked to hear it read, and among them were some poor men who willingly gave their hard earnings for the purchase of a New Testament; and they would repair to a corner in the church and read it aloud, many of the neighbours coming in to hear it, and among them was William Maldon, who went every Sunday to listen to the sweet words of this now open Book.



The boys were surprised reading the forbidden Book

himself to the art of reading, in the hope that he might possess the priceless Book and peruse it for himself.

We can imagine with what diligence he pored over his self-imposed task until it was mastered, and with what delight he and his father's apprentice bought the coveted prize between them. How careful they were to conceal it under their straw bed, and with what joy they together read its glorious truths!

But one night the crisis came.

The stern father was asleep; but the mother, who appears to have been as much in the darkness of superstition as her husband, talked to her son about the crucifix, describing how she had worshipped it when she had seen it borne in procession. William, however, whose hours spent in study of the Bible had enlightened his heart and mind, replied that she had committed idolatry, against the direct commandment of God, which forbade the making of images and the bowing down to them.

Mrs. Maldon was astonished and enraged at her son's Protestant remarks, and told her husband what he had said; and he, in great fury, rose from his bed, and taking the lad by the hair of his head, beat him unmercifully. But William, who had imbibed the spirit of the Word as well as

the letter, felt his soul filled with joy that he was counted worthy to suffer for Christ's sake. Seeing he did not even shed a tear, the father became, if possible, more angry than before, and hastening to fetch a halter, declared he would hang him; but with much difficulty the boy was saved from that fate, although he was left nearly dead from the rough and cruel handling he had received.[3]

Two years after the publication of the first Bible authorised by the king, the "Great Bible" appeared, and was so called from its size. It was a revision of the former, and was again revised and circulated in 1540. It had an introduction by Cranmer, and is therefore sometimes called "Cranmer's Bible," although Coverdale was the editor of it.

These brief facts concerning our English Bible, and how it won its triumphal way through England during the reign of "bluff King Hal," should make us prize the glorious heritage of Gospel liberty, and revere the memory of those who suffered, and fought and died to give it us. The free circulation of God's Word made Cranmer's work as a Reformer less difficult than it would otherwise have been; and while seeking to establish the supremacy of God's Word, he endeavoured to overthrow the supreme power of the pope in England.

The one is Light, the other is Darkness.

With great reluctance Cranmer had taken the office of archbishop. The great obstacle which deterred him was the error—

THE SUPREMACY OF THE POPE

But the king had determined to advance Cranmer to the See, and urged him to accept the position. Cranmer replied:-

"That if he should take it he must receive it at the pope's hands, which he neither would nor could do; for the king was the only supreme governor of the Church of England, as well in causes ecclesiastical as temporal; and that the full right of donation of all manner of benefices and bishoprics, as well as any other temporal dignities and promotions, appertained to him, and not to any foreign authority. And therefore, if he might serve God, him and his country, in that vocation, he would accept it of His Majesty, but of no stranger, who had no authority within this realm." [4]

These words should be noted. More than three-and-a-half centuries previously Thomas Becket had recognised the papal supremacy by resigning his office of archbishop, in order that he might take it again from the hand of the pope.[5] To Thomas Cranmer, therefore, belongs the honour of being the first archbishop who repudiated the supremacy of the pope, and refused to accept the See of Canterbury from him.

Accordingly, when Pope Clement dispatched several Bulls authorising the promotion of Cranmer to the archbishopric, he surrendered them to the king, as he would not acknowledge the pope as the giver of his ecclesiastical dignity; and at his consecration he protested that "He did not admit the pope's authority any further than it agreed with the Word of God, and that it might be lawful for him at all times to speak against him and to impugn his errors when there should be occasion."

Certainly, the sequel shows that Cranmer used the liberty he claimed. The following is the oath which he made to the king. Our readers may like to peruse it in the quaint English of the sixteenth century:-

"I, Thomas Cranmer, renonce and utterly forsake all suche clauses, words, sentences, and graunts which I have of the Popes Holynes in his Bulls of the archbishopricke of Canterbury that

in manor wise, is, or may be hurtefull, or prejudiciall to your highnes, your heires, successors, astate, or dignite roiall. Knowlaging my selfe to take and holde the said archbishopricke immediately, and only, of your highnes, and of none other. Moost lawly beseeching the same for restitucon of the temporalities of the said archbishoprick ; promysing to be feithful, true and obedient subject to your said highnes, your heires and successors, during my liff. So helpe me God, and the holy Evangelists."[6]

One of the first good services rendered to England by the new archbishop was in the Parliament of 1533, when the supremacy of the pope was debated. All the arguments brought forward by papists in support of his supremacy were ably refuted by Cranmer, who proved, both by the Word of God and the consent of the primitive Christian Church, that the power and authority exercised by the pope were a tyrannical usurpation directly opposed to the law of God. About two years later (1535) Parliament passed the famous Act of Supremacy, which enacted that "The king, his heirs and successors, kings of England, should be accepted and reputed the supreme head on earth of the Church of England, called Ecclesia Anglicana" The "Imperial Crown of this realm was to enjoy all honours---jurisdictions--and profits---to the said supreme head belonging or appertaining---all full power and authority to visit---reform---and amend---whatsoever---may by any manner of spiritual jurisdiction or authority be reformed---ordered---or amended----any usage, custom, foreign authority, prescription, or anything or things to the contrary hereof, notwithstanding."[6]

Convocation also declared that the pope had no jurisdiction in England. But a general denial of the pope's supremacy was not sufficient for the king; he required that a personal oath be taken by those of his subjects, whether laymen or clergy, who possessed position or influence in the land.

So the pope's supremacy in England was overthrown; but in many respects England was popish still. Henry desired—not the emancipation of his people from a false system, but rather his own way and will. Could he have moulded the pope to his own will, no such event as the separation of England from the papacy would have taken place during his administration. If the pope were dethroned in England, Henry did but step into his place. "King Henry," says Paton, "was now the pope;" and his "popery" did not lack a persecuting spirit. Some who refused to take the oath of Henry's Headship in the Church of England were hanged, drawn, and quartered, for treason. Two influential men—Fisher, bishop of Rochester, and Sir Thomas More, both patrons of the New Learning—were beheaded.

Cranmer not only denied the supremacy of the pope, but he believed that Christ alone was the Head of the Universal Church. The following dialogue at his examination in Oxford prior to his martyrdom will show us this –

Dr. Martin. Now, sir, you denied that the pope's holiness was supreme head of the Church of Christ?

Crammer. I did so.

Martin. "Who say you then is supreme head?"

Cranmer. Christ.

Martin. But whom hath Christ left here in earth His Vicar and Head of His Church?

Cranmer. Nobody.[8]

Cranmer believed that the king of England was "head of the Church of Christ" in England—in temporal matters only; but in spiritual matters he recognised Christ as the one and only Head of His Church.

THE MONASTERIES

---contained immense wealth—plates and images of gold and silver, many of them inlaid with precious jewels; richly embroidered vestments and costly altar-cloths, etc. Cranmer encouraged the king in his desire to 'dissolve the monasteries', realising how their outward magnificence attracted the ignorant and superstitious to those things which please the eyes, and proportionately draw them away from the spiritual beauty of Christianity. That increase of grandeur and outward adornment had resulted in the decrease of purity and spiritual worship is proved by the information of the wicked lives of the inmates of these monastic buildings, which was laid before Parliament by those who had been appointed to visit the religious houses.

Cranmer put down unnecessary processions and ceremonies—for religion of the sight had completely taken the place of a walk by faith; and Christianity was hidden away from the people under pomp, and show and gorgeous rites.

The greatest superstition which Cranmer sought to abolish was:--

TRANSUBSTANTIATION

Around this, the chief doctrine of the Romish Church, the battle of the Reformation raged in England. Cranmer's personal emancipation from this error did not take place in a day. He was reared in Darkness, and the Light but gradually shone upon him, and in the reign of Henry the Eighth the spell of the dark error was still upon him. 'We find him among those who argued with Lambert at his trial before the king. Lambert, a learned man, had drawn up ten reasons against the doctrine of Transubstantiation. The king answered his first argument, but could not refute it; and Cranmer dealt with the second.

Lambert was cruelly put to death, but he did not suffer in vain, and, no doubt, his sorrowful testimony helped in some measure to emancipate Cranmer from his delusion. About a year after he had published the first Prayer-book of Edward VI., he entirely abandoned all belief in Transubstantiation[9] and his second Prayer-book, a much purer work, shows the growth in Light of its famous compiler.[10]That Cranmer was martyred because he denied Transubstantiation as well as the supremacy of the pope, is evident from the accusations brought against him at his trial in the reign of Queen Mary.

The Twenty-eighth Article of the Prayer-book best expresses his views on the great and crucial point of the Reformation controversy:—"Transubstantiation (or the change of the substance of Bread and Wine) in the Supper of the Lord cannot be proved by Holy Writ ; but is repugnant to the plain words of Scripture, overthroweth the nature of a Sacrament, and hath given occasion to many superstitions."

Cranmer's enemies among the papists were many; they hated the work of Reformation he was carrying forward, and were banded together to ruin him. On more than one occasion he was delivered by the good will of the king towards him, notwithstanding the archbishop's strong opposition to His Majesty's:--

SIX ARTICLES

These Articles set forth various errors of Rome, and were combated by Cranmer both in private and in public. In the House of Lords he opposed the Bill "with great reasons and authorities,"

says Foxe. This opposition to his sovereign shows us that Cranmer was not lacking in the courage of his convictions, but it was made use of by his enemies in seeking his overthrow.

We read of a member of Parliament, named Gostwicke, who publicly accused him of preaching heresy. When the king heard of it, he said to one of his lords "Go and tell him (Gostwicke) that if he does not reconcile himself to my lord of Canterbury, I will so pull the gosling's feathers, that he will have little further desire to slander the archbishop." The "gosling" quickly did as he was told!

OPPOSITION

---more serious still was a conspiracy carried forward by the prebendaries of his cathedral church in Canterbury, and several justices of the peace in Kent, who drew up certain articles accusing the archbishop of heresy. When the document came into the king's possession, he concealed it in his sleeve. Going up the Thames in his barge, he passed near Lambeth, where Cranmer, who was standing on the bridge, saluted His Majesty. Cranmer was commanded to enter the barge, as the king had important news for him.

"Good news, I hope, if it please your Highness," said the archbishop.

"Marry," exclaimed the monarch, "so good, that I have found the greatest heretic in Kent."

The king, drawing forth the book of accusation, showed it to Cranmer, who was both surprised and grieved to find the prebendaries of his own cathedral church banded against him.



Cranmer was commanded to enter the barge

But the king liked Cranmer for his honesty, simplicity and bravery, and again delivered him from his foes, several of whom were committed to prison, where they expressed some degree of sorrow for their malice towards the archbishop; but upon their liberation immediately set about defaming him again. One of his most bitter enemies was Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, who rendered himself famous during Mary's reign for his persecution of the Protestants. The Duke of Norfolk (Gardiner's great friend) next plotted against Cranmer, and sought to bring about his ruin. "He hath infected the whole realm with heresy," complained Norfolk to the king, "and therefore it would be better to commit him to the Tower until he might be examined."

Henry sent for the archbishop, and told him what his accusers had said. Cranmer declared he was ready to go to the Tower for the trial of his doctrine.

"Oh, what simplicity you have!" exclaimed the king. "Not so, my lord; I have a better regard for you than to allow your enemies to overthrow you." Then drawing off a ring, he gave it to Cranmer, bidding him appeal to his royal person if they took any steps to commit him to the Tower.

Early the next day Cranmer was cited before the Council. In the fond hope that the hour of his humiliation had at last come, they allowed the archbishop to remain standing among the servants at the door of the council chamber. One whom they hoped to quickly commit to the Tower was, in their opinion, fit only for the company of serving-men. Great, however, was their disappointment when Cranmer, having been brought in to hear the accusations against him, and to be informed he must be imprisoned, quietly replied, as he drew forth the king's ring:

"I am sorry, my lords, that you drive me to this exigency, to appeal from you to the king's majesty, who by this token hath taken this matter into his own hands."

We can imagine the woe-begone countenances of the Council, who so unexpectedly found their scheme frustrated!

"How have you handled here my lord Canterbury?" said the king to them when they came into his presence. "What make you of him? A slave? Shutting him out of the council chamber among serving-men! I would you should well understand that I count my lord of Canterbury as faithful a man towards me as ever was prelate in this realm, and one to whom I am many ways beholden by the faith I owe unto God. And, therefore, who loveth me will upon that account respect him."

This was the last time that the slanderers dared to seek Cranmer's hurt in Henry's time. The regard which the king bore to him, was overruled by Providence for the furtherance of the Reformation.

We must not omit to briefly draw attention to the Articles of 1536—

THE FIRST FORMULARY OF FAITH

---agreed to by the Church of England, after her separation from the supremacy of the pope.

An important debate, in which Cranmer took a leading part, was held in Convocation. The king requested the members should "friendly and lovingly to dispute among themselves of the controversies moved in the church, and to conclude all things by the Word of God."

We learn from the archbishop's speech upon this occasion, that the controversy was "not of ceremonies and light things, but of the true understanding, and of the right difference of the Law and the Gospel; of the manner sins may be forgiven---which be the good works, and the true service and honour which pleaseth God ; and whether the choice of meats, the difference of garments, the vows of monks and priests, and other traditions which have no Word of God to

confirm them, whether these, I say, be right good works, and such as make a perfect Christian man or no."[11]

The English Church was far advanced towards complete emancipation from Rome when she thus questioned the leading doctrines of the pope, and appealed, not to him, but to the Word of God.

The Articles of 1536 appear to have been the result of this debate, and were published with the following title:--

"ARTICLES devised by the Kinges Highness Majestie, to stablyshe Christen quietnes and unitie among us and to avoycle contentious opinions; which Articles be also approved by the consent and determination of the hole Clergie of this realme."

In the following year a larger formulary of doctrine was published, entitled "***The Institution of a Christian Man***." This book--one of the most valuable productions of Henry's reign--was in a large measure the work of Cranmer. A later edition was issued under the king's name, which His Majesty revised. Vain as he was of his learning, he condescended to allow Cranmer to correct his revisions. Cranmer's corrections—or "annotations," as they were called—show us what confidence the king placed in the judgment of the archbishop, and also reveal the boldness of the Reformer, who did not hesitate to criticise both the grammar and the theology of his royal master.

One of the most interesting movements in which Cranmer bore a leading part was an effort to draw up a joint Confession of Faith between the English and German Protestants. A German mission was despatched to England in 1538, and Cranmer was directed to open negotiations with them.

In order to understand this matter, we must take a brief glance at the progress of the Reformation in Germany. In 1529 was held the second famous Diet of Spires, at which the adherents of the Reformation were first called "Protestants."

At the first Diet, liberty was given to the reformed princes to manage their own ecclesiastical matters in their own dominions, as they thought best, provided they gave an account of their administration to the emperor when required. But at the second Diet this freedom was cancelled.

The repeal of the decision of the first Diet for ever separated Rome from the followers of the Gospel throughout western Christendom. But the evangelical part could not see their just liberty curtailed without a protest. Consequently they drew up a Declaration, protesting against the action of the Imperial Council. Henceforth the Reformed party were called "Protestants." Though, as we all know, there were thousands of Protestants before the word itself was coined; just as there were Christians before the name itself was given to them at Antioch.[12]

Later on, the Protestants were required by the Emperor Charles to draw up a Declaration of the Faith, especially on the points in which they differed from Rome. In this work the Reformers used the ready pen of Melancthon, who stated in writing the doctrines held by the Protestants, in opposition to the errors of the Romish Church. The Articles were called:---

THE CONFESSION OF AUGSBURG

---and were read in German before the emperor and the assembled princes, at the Diet of Augsburg in 1530.

This famous Confession appears to have been the groundwork of the discussions held in England in 1538, between the German and English Protestants, the object of which was to draw up a joint Confession of Faith.[13]

Cranmer, with other English bishops, opened the conference; but Henry VIII. interfered in all the proceedings, and his many popish superstitions and erroneous religious ideas were so contrary to the doctrines of the Reformers that the negotiations proved a failure. Nevertheless, the English and German Reformers compiled a "**Book of Articles**," which no doubt Cranmer took a prominent part in framing. These articles became the basis of those drawn up in 1552, in the reign of Edward VI., and consequently of the Thirty-nine Articles now in our Prayer-book.[14]

CRANMER AS PEACEMAKER

The progress made by the Light in a greater degree in some portions of the Universal Church than in others naturally caused divisions among its truest friends. Light and Darkness can never agree; and when a branch of the Church had retained, in some measure, the darkness of error, another which had received fuller light could not agree to what she saw to be contrary to God's Word in the sister branch; hence the controversies between Christians on the question of the Lord's Supper. The Swiss Church, being therefore more enlightened than the Lutheran, strong discussions resulted.

Cranmer, in the days of Edward VI., sought to unite these opposing forces; but the effort failed, as it was bound to do. There were some who desired a uniform government for all the Reformed Churches of Europe—a thought absolutely impracticable. As the vine has many branches, some crooked, some straight, some bearing fruit to the right and some to the left, so in the Vine of Christ's Church there must be diversity of operations, and degrees in spiritual growth and knowledge. Our Lord prayed—not for uniformity, but for union of all His members in Himself. And this prayer is answered; for every true Christian is one with the other through the one Atonement made for all—a union we do not sufficiently realise, because of our many differences in unessentials, or of the varied proportions of our possession of Divine Light and Faith.

AS A WRITER

A considerable portion of Cranmer's writings consists of Letters, which were written by him between the years 1531 and 1556, a short time before his martyrdom. This correspondence gives us many side-glances into the character of the times in which he lived, and reveal the principles which had guided him as Primate. This collection contains several letters to Henry VIII.—many to Cromwell, His Majesty's secretary—one, in Latin, to Prince Edward (afterwards Edward VI.), encouraging him to persevere in his studies—a few to the same Prince when King of England—some to Latimer—others to various notable persons—three to Queen Mary, the last of which, written in prison, gives us a glimpse of the solitude in which his persecutors kept the prisoner: "I am kept here from company of learned men, from books, from counsel, from pen and ink, saving at this time to write unto your Majesty, which all were necessary for a man being in my case. Wherefore I beseech your Majesty, that I may have such of these as may stand with your Majesty's pleasure," etc. Needless to say the pathetic appeal made no impression on the tyrannical Queen!

Among the most important of Cranmer's other writings, was his "**Answer to Gardiner**" on the subject of Transubstantiation, and the Sacrifice of the Mass. This lengthy production consists of refutations of Gardiner's five books, and closes with the statement: "Here endeth the answer of the most reverend father in God, Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury, etc., unto the crafty and sophistical cavillation of Dr. Steven Gardyner," etc.[15]

THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER

---compiled and published in the reign of Edward VI., is the best monument to the memory of England's greatest archbishop. This beautiful compilation, whose calm Liturgy chimes like music in the ears of thousands, bears the impress of Cranmer's enlightened spiritual vision; and though the work is not faultless, yet it has a transcendent claim on the affection of Protestants when it is remembered that the compiler sealed his testimony in fiery martyrdom, leaving us this legacy of his unwearied labours—this trophy of the Reformation, that still eloquently appeals to us each time we scan its pages of those days of the sixteenth century, when the darkness of superstition was dethroned in our land, and the banner of Light firmly planted on the citadel of the English Church.

In our next chapter we will visit our worthy archbishop in prison, and follow his footsteps to fiery martyrdom.

Footnotes to Chapter 33

- 1, Anderson's "*Annals of the English Bible*," vol. I.
2. Strype's "*Memorials of Cranmer*."
3. Foxe, who narrates this, heard it from William Maldon himself, and requested him to write out the account. It is still preserved in William Maldon's own handwriting in Harleian MSS., 590, p. 77.
4. Strype's "*Memorials of Cranmer*."
5. See page 44.
6. Strype, App. vii.
7. Paton's "*British History and Papal Claims*," vol. I.
8. Foxe.
- 9 "*Doctrine of the Eucharist*," by Archdeacon Wilberforce, p. 378.
10. On the Prayer-book. See chapter XXX.
11. Jenkyn's "*Cranmer's Remains*."
12. See chap. xi., p. 69, for two-fold significance of the word Protestant.
13. The German delegates were Burcard (Vice-Chancellor to Elector of Saxony), Boyneburg (a nobleman of Hesse), and Myconitts (Supt. of the Reformed Church at Gotha).
14. "*The Remains of Thomas Cranmer*," by Rev. H. Jenkyns, preface, p. Xxii.
15. Cranmer's writings have been collected and published in "*The Remains of Cranmer*," by Rev, Henry Jenkyns, M.A.





Chapter XXXIV

ENGLAND'S GREATEST ARCHBISHOP MARTYR



We have followed our hero somewhat in detail in his work as Reformer, because of its important bearing on the position of the English Church of to-day. We must now see him in trial, for he was called to suffer for the Light he had kindled and upheld.

With much reluctance Cranmer had set his name to the document which bequeathed the crown to Lady Jane Grey. His name stood first upon the list of signatures, although he was the last to sign.

**“Yet I stood out, till Edward sent for me,
The wan boy-king, with his fast-fading-eyes
First hard on mine, his frail transparent hand
Damp with the sweat of death: and gripping mine,
Whispered me, if I loved him, not to yield
His Church of England to the Papal wolf
And Mary: then I could no more I signed.”[1]**

But Mary never forgot the deed. Still less could she pardon the part which Cranmer had taken in the divorce of her mother; but she hated him yet more for the work of reform which he had carried forward, and looked upon him as the chief cause thereof. With so many grudges against him, it is not surprising- that she determined to commit him to the Tower, and the opportunity was not long in coming.

A false report having been circulated that Cranmer had already set up the Mass again at Canterbury, he boldly refuted the slander and condemned the Mass. His "Purgation," as the paper was called, was published and widely circulated. Every "scrivener's shop" (stationers) exhibited copies of it. So the matter was soon made known to the bishops, and the author was immediately sent to the Tower.

The queen having already bestowed pardon upon so many for the crime of treason, could not withhold it from the archbishop, especially as he was the last to sign the document which bequeathed the crown to the Lady Jane; so he was forgiven for the treason, but retained in the Tower upon the charge of heresy.

Let us now pay him a visit in that gloomy abode, which to so many had proved the ante-room to the chamber of death. He is not alone. Three other holy men later numbered among the army of martyrs with him. Latimer---dear old Hugh Latimer, one of the most interesting personages in the history of the Reformation has given us a glimpse into the cell where he and others are imprisoned together. Seven times did this venerable Bishop of Worcester diligently read through the New Testament while alone in prison, and could not, he said, find the flesh, blood, or bones of Christ in the doctrine of the Supper as taught in God's Word. Great was his joy when



CRANNER AT TRAITOR'S GATE 1553

From the picture by F. Goodall, R. A.

Cramner and others were cast into the same cell, where with mutual benefit they could study the subject together. Let us listen to Latimer:-

“And because, peradventure, my masters might say that I doted for age, and my wits were gone, so that my words were not to be credited, yet, behold! the providence of God, which will have His Truth known (yea, if all men held their tongues, the stones should speak), did bring this to pass, that where these famous men, Master Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury; Master Ridley, Bishop of London; that holy man, Master Bradford; and I, old Hugh Latimer, were imprisoned in the Tower of London for Christ's Gospel preaching, and because we would not go a massing, everyone in close prison from the other; the same Tower being so full of other prisoners, that we four were thrust into one chamber, as men not to be accounted of; but, God be thanked! To our great joy and comfort, there did we together read over the New Testament with great deliberation and painful study. And I assure you, as I will answer before the tribunal throne of God's Majesty----in that heavenly book it appeared that the sacrifice which Christ Jesus Our Redeemer did upon the cross was perfect, holy, and good: that God the Heavenly Father did require none other, nor that never again to be done.”[2] These four men had not lightly arrived at their conviction on this matter.

During the frosty winter Latimer had been kept without a fire, and had nearly perished from the bitter cold. "If you do not look better to me, said he to the lieutenant of the Tower, "I shall perchance deceive you." The lieutenant being much alarmed at this remark, fearing that Latimer meditated escape, the venerable bishop merry even in his trials explained: "Yea, master lieutenant, for you expect, I think, that I shall burn; but unless you let me have some fire, I am likely to deceive your expectation, for I am likely here to starve for cold."

In April, 1555, Cranmer, Latimer and Ridley were conveyed as prisoners to Windsor, and from thence to Oxford, there to dispute with doctors and other learned men about Transubstantiation and the Sacrifice of the Mass. In Oxford the three friends were separated. Cranmer was kept in the Bocardo, was conveyed to the house of one alderman and Latimer to that of another.

We must now follow the footsteps of Cranmer.

The Commissioners having regaled themselves with dinner, they repaired to St. Mary's Church, and seating themselves before the altar, the mayor was requested to bring Cranmer before them.

He entered. He was indeed a venerable witness for the Truth, his fine, fatherly face bearing traces of suffering, but deeper still were the marks of peace in his Lord. He stood, staff in hand, facing the procurator in his scarlet gown, and the doctors of divinity in their gay attire, to whom he bowed courteously, and conducted himself with such humble dignity throughout the proceedings, that many wept as they beheld him.

Certain Articles had been drawn up, to which Cranmer was requested to subscribe. I having read them, he declared they were all false, and against God's Holy Word. So he was taken back to prison to await further examination.

After long disputations, and the condemnation of the aged archbishop by the University of Oxford, he was again cited before the Commissioners, to be finally judged and condemned to the stake.

On the day appointed, 12th September, 1555, Bishop Brookes sat in St. Mary's Church, upon a scaffold ten feet high. This bishop was the representative of the pope, and no doubt felt very proud of his position. Beneath him sat some doctors of the civil law, as commissioners for Queen Mary and King Philip. On lower seats were more doctors, scribes, and a motley crowd of Romanists.

Presently Cranmer was sent for, and was conducted into the church with many precautions, for fear he should run away! It was a needless fear on the part of his persecutors; for if he had thoughts of escape, he would have fled with other Protestants, who crossed the sea and took refuge in Geneva, Basle, and other places. But Cranmer preferred to remain at his post, and let his Light shine amid the dark shadows that were gathering thick and fast around. Though a prisoner, and at the mercy of Rome which knows no mercy he boldly faced his foes, fully determined not to acknowledge the authority of the pope in England.

As Cranmer entered the church that September day, he was dressed, says Foxe, "in a fair black gown, with his hood on both shoulders, such as doctors in the University used to wear." We shall presently see him dressed in a very different garb.

When he had been brought near the lofty platform, where sat the pope's representative in pride and dignity, Cranmer deliberately kept his cap on his head before the bishop, though he removed it as he bowed low to the commissioners of the queen. This act of courtesy done, he put on his cap again, and faced the bishop, making no sign whatever of obedience to him. The bishop, much offended, sternly rebuked him for his lack of submission to the papal power, of which he was the representative; but Cranmer replied that he had taken a solemn oath never to consent to the authority of the pope in England, and that he would not make any sign or token which might be taken as an act of submission to him.

Thus brightly and steadily did the archbishop's Light burn in the deepening shadows. The people who heard and saw marked his intrepid bearing and doubtless many took courage. Mary had been upon the throne over two years, and her bitter, persecuting spirit had been sufficiently revealed to let it be known that Cranmer's unflinching witness exposed him to the greatest dangers.

The examination of Cranmer, 'mid reproaches, rebukes and threats, under a hypocritical cloak of charity, lasted a long time and as the tedious orations of his persecutors and their arguments failed to move him, he was conducted back to prison.

Previous to his trial he had been cited to appear before the pope in Rome within eighty days, and in his letter to Queen Mary he expressed his willingness to go; but being kept a close prisoner until the day of his martyrdom, it was not possible to obey the mandate. And yet and let us carefully note this example of Romish injustice Cranmer was declared contumacious, and wilfully absent from Rome, and in consequence was condemned and put to death.[3] The pope having thus definitely passed the sentence of death, Cranmer was summoned to appear before certain Commissioners sent down by the popish queen. The pope's delegates were the Bishop of Ely, who had received much kindness from Cranmer, and Bishop Bonner, who was noted for his blood-thirsty cruelty to the Protestants. These delegates read their paper, stating that the Court of Rome gave them authority to degrade and excommunicate 'Thomas Cranmer, and hand him over to the secular arm.

The degradation of the archbishop then took place---a mockery, and very similar to the one practised upon Christ, when He was arrayed in purple, and a reed placed His hand. Cranmer was first apparelled in priestly vestments, a mitre and pallium---not clean and nice ones. but old and ragged cloths and then a bishop's crosier was put in his hand; then, one by one, the garments were taken off, his hair was clipped to remove the tonsure, and his nails were scraped to efface every drop of the oil with which he had been anointed. As both the tonsure and the oil were of pagan origin,[4] the worthy archbishop could not but be relieved by their removal.

"All this," said Cranmer, "needed not; I had myself done with this gear long ago" Finally, he was stripped of his Doctor of Divinity's gown, the poor and ragged gown of a yeoman was put upon him, and he was then handed over to "the secular arm"--- in other words, given over to the civil authorities to be burned.

No longer considered an archbishop, nor even a priest, he was mockingly and cruelly taunted by Bonner, who took the keenest delight in torturing his wounded victim. But the Bishop of Ely appears to have been of a nicer disposition, and he wept as he proceeded with the degradation of the archbishop. It is needless to say Cranmer, whose nature was most kindly, gently comforted him, and assured him he was quite content with his lot.

Following the example of Luther, Cranmer had written a paper, which he handed to the Bishop of Ely, declaring that he appealed from the pope to a General Council. But the bishop declined it, saying his command was to proceed against him, without appeal.

"Then," said Cranmer, "you do me wrong, for my case is not as every private man's case. The matter is immediately between the pope and me only, and none otherwise."

These words should be noted, as they remind us of what all the trials of Cranmer have already told us that he was put to death, not by England on the charge of treason, but by Rome, which found him guilty of so-called heresy, in his denial of Transubstantiation, or the corporal presence of Christ in the Eucharist, and in his refusal to admit that the pope had any jurisdiction whatever in this country. These were the principal charges which brought our greatest archbishop to the burning stake.

The conviction and final degradation of Cranmer took place on the 14th of February, 1556. Is it not remarkable that on that very day, 345 years afterwards, our present gracious sovereign opened his first Parliament, at which he made his royal proclamation against Transubstantiation and other false doctrines of the Romish Church, the very protests for making which Cranmer was condemned? What a triumph for the brilliant Light of Protestantism, which can never go out! But let us never forget that the sufferings of our holy martyrs have, under God, bought us this victory at the cost of their lives, laid down for His sake ; therefore let us value our liberty, and be prepared to defend it under every circumstance, because in doing so we are contending for the honour and glory of Christ, "the Light of the world."

THE TEMPORARY DIMNESS OF CRANMER'S LIGHT

Cranmer, after his degradation, was taken back to prison, in the ragged and meagre garb in which his persecutors had arrayed him; but, as he said, with his "heart well quieted." He was doomed to be burned; but in order to complete the fiendish glee of Rome, it was determined, if possible, to make him recant before committing him to the flames. Demoniacal malice could go no farther. Threats, reproaches, nor mockings could move the lion-hearted old warrior; but flattery and apparent kindness, hiding the cruel poison beneath its deceitful wiles, proved able to trip up the sincere and simple-hearted when open enmity had failed to do so. This was the subtle bait with which the popish fowlers sought to ensnare the man who, in spite of all the insults and injustices they had heaped upon him, was in heart and soul as free as the birds of the air. For neither the prison cell nor the bolted door can bind the inner being of one who possesses the Spirit of God; for where the Spirit of God is there is liberty, no matter what the circumstances may be.

With many allurements the wily papists sought to turn Cranmer from his faith. They reminded him that he was not so very old and might live for many years, be restored to his episcopal dignity, and use his influence for the good of others. They let him out in the fresh air, feasted him at the table of the Dean of Christ Church, and allowed him to amuse himself at playing bowls. With soft words which hid the venom in their hearts, with fair promises of life while they meditated his death, they at last persuaded him to set his signature to some papers of recantation, in which Transubstantiation and the pope's authority were acknowledged and accepted.

Alas! The Light of England's greatest archbishop was burning low. He had set his hand to statements which in his heart he knew were false just for the sake of prolonging his few years.

But God had destined him for the martyr's crown, and Rome could not rob him of it; and his momentary lapse did but serve to intensify his Light.

Queen Mary rejoiced to read his recantations, but instead of liberating him, she instructed Cole to prepare his sermon to be preached at his burning. What a miserable conscience did poor Cranmer now have. His fall, his repentance, his deep grief, remind us of Peter, who, in a moment of weakness, denied our Lord, and then wept bitterly. Like Peter, our good archbishop was restored to peace, and found all opportunity to confess the faith he had momentarily denied. Cranmer's Light blazed forth more brightly than ever.

It was the first day of Spring, the 21st of March, in the year 1556. A strange procession is marching towards St. Marys Church, in Oxford. The mayor is leading, and is followed by the aldermen; then come a couple of friars, between whom is an old man dressed in a threadbare and ragged gown, and with an old square cap upon his head. We can recognise the old man---it is Archbishop Cranmer on his way to fiery martyrdom. The friars are alternately mumbling certain verses from the Psalms. The mournful procession proceeds through the rain and mud, and passes into the church; near the pulpit a stage has been erected; thither the friars conduct their prisoner, and there they leave him standing. A large congregation is present; and many papists have come hither in hopes of hearing him confess his belief in popery; many Protestants have also come, and are praying and believing- that the worthy archbishop, who for so many years had laboured for the truth would not deny it in his last moments. No doubt the eyes of many are moistened with sorrowful tears, as they look upon the old warrior who has been through a terrible conflict and has fallen in the fight, and now stands before them all, like a second Peter, with the ravages of repentance marking his tear-stained face.

Presently Doctor Cole mounts the pulpit and begins his sermon. It is a long discourse, partly censuring Cranmer for having forsaken the religion of the pope, and then commending him for having returned to it, ending up by the promise that dirges and masses should be said in every Oxford church immediately after his death. During the preaching of the sermon the people notice Cranmer immersed in sorrow; sometimes lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, as if imploring Divine forgiveness, and then letting them hang heavily by his side, as if unworthy to plead for mercy, and all the while he is weeping bitterly. "Twenty times," says Foxe, "the tears gushed out abundantly, dropping down marvellously from his fatherly face."

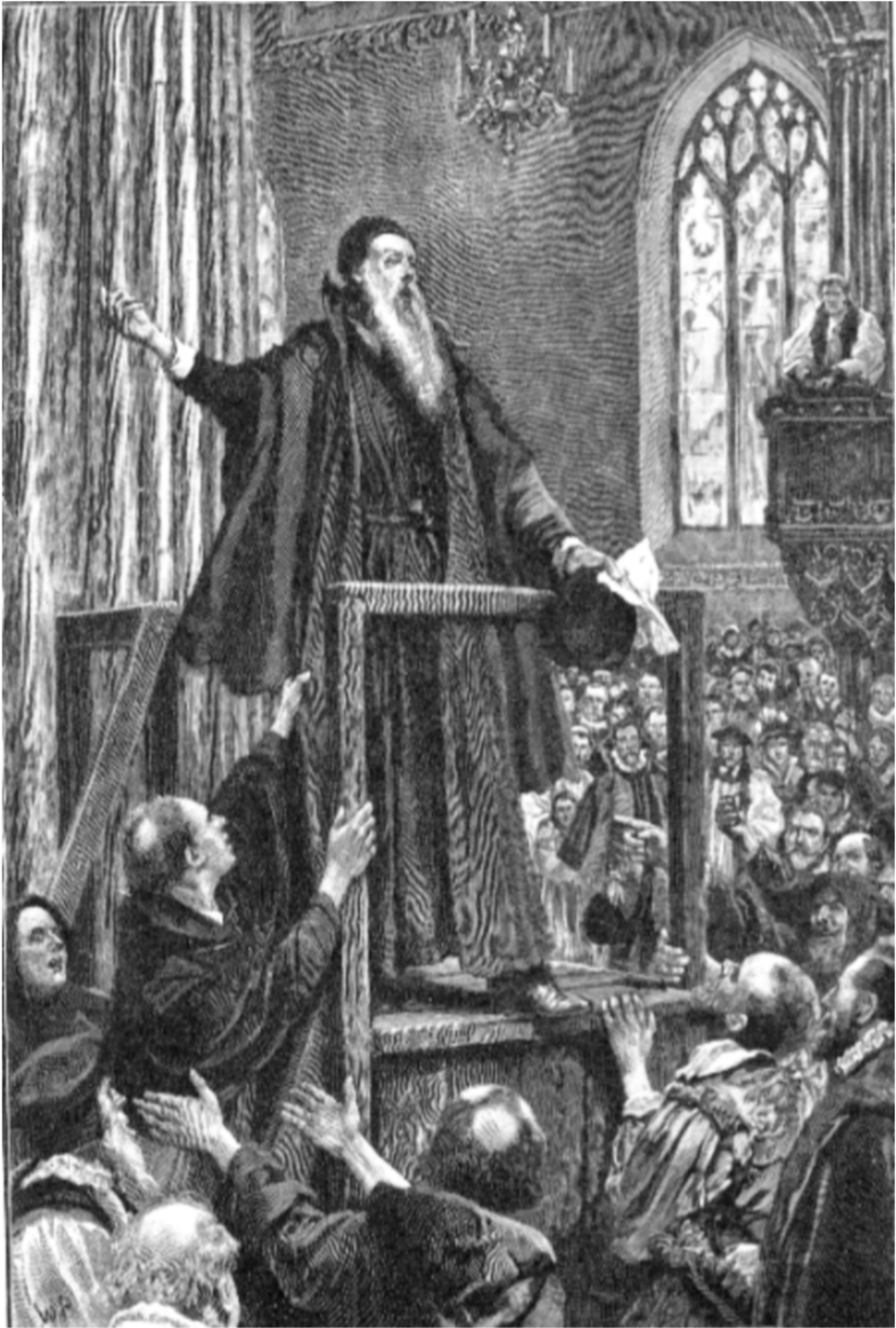
As a general rule, Rome did not wish her Protestant martyrs to speak publicly at their death; she liked to burn them without allowing them an opportunity of confessing the faith for which they died. But on this occasion Cranmer was expected to address the people, and to assure them of his "earnest conversion and repentance." Cranmer willingly complied; rising, and pulling off his old square cap, he said: "I will do it, and that with a good will."

Kneeling, he prayed earnestly for the Divine forgiveness for all his sins, through the merits of God's dear Son; then rising again, he began to address the people.

Now we can imagine how eagerly everyone listened. Here was a venerable man about to endure an agonising death; he was on the very verge of eternity---what would he say? Would he confess a belief in Rome and the pope, or would he boldly witness for Christ and His Word? We may be quite sure that Cole and the priests and friars firmly believed he was about to declare himself a papist, or they would not have allowed him to utter a word.

Having enjoined his hearers to love God, to honour and obey their sovereign, to care for the poor, etc., he said, amid a breathless silence, in which all ears were strained to catch every syllable:-

"And now, forasmuch as I come to the last end of my life whereupon hangeth all my life past, and all my life to come, either to live with my master Christ for ever in joy, or else to be in pain



“And as for the pope I refuse him as Christ’s enemy and Antichrist.”

for ever, with wicked devils in hell ; and I see before mine eyes presently either heaven ready to receive me, or else hell ready to swallow me up; I shall therefore declare unto you my very faith, how I believe without any colour of dissimulation; for now is no time to dissemble, whatever I have said or written in times past."

He then proceeded to declare his faith in the Blessed Trinity, and in every word of the Old and New Testaments. Thus far his address had been in accordance with the expectations of his persecutors; now they hoped he would proceed to state his recantation of all his teachings and writings on the subject of Transubstantiation and the Mass. Let us hear what he really said:-

"And now I come to the great thing that so much troubleth my conscience, more than anything that ever I did or said in my whole life; and that is the setting abroad of writings contrary to the truth; which now here I renounce and refuse, as things written with my hand, contrary to the truth which I thought in my heart, and written for fear of death, and to save my life, if it might be; and that is, all such bills and papers which I have written or signed with my hand since my degradation; wherein I have written many things untrue. And forasmuch as my hand offended, writing contrary to my heart, my hand shall first be punished therefore; for, may I come to the fire, it shall first be burnt. And as for the:pope I refuse him as Christ's enemy and Antichrist, with all his false doctrine. And as for the Sacrament, I believe as I have taught in my book against the Bishop of Winchester; the which my book teaching so true a doctrine of the Sacrament, that it shall stand at the last day before the judgment of God, where the papistical doctrine, contrary thereto, shall be ashamed to show her face."

These words were so utterly different from what his popish enemies had desired and expected that for a few moments they were too taken by surprise to utter a sound; and with amazed faces they gazed at one another. But as the truth dawned upon them, that the victim of their hatred had not submitted himself to their views, but had entirely denied the pope and his system, and was as much a heretic as ever—then, as they realised this, their anger, broke forth like the sudden rising of a hurricane in uncontrollable fury and madness. "As soon as they heard these things," said Foxe, "they began to let down their ears, to rage, fret, and fume." Their anger was increased ten-fold because they had no power to do him any farther harm. He was already destined to be burned, whether he recanted or not; and it was not possible to cause him to die twice over. If they could have put him to death a hundred times over they would be glad to vent their virulent hate against him.

Some accused him of falsehood and dissimulation. But he replied: "Ah my master's, do not you take it so. Always since I lived. hitherto, I have been a hater of falsehood, and a lover of simplicity, and never before this time have I dissembled."

And once again the tears flooded his face at the remembrance of that recantation which he had signed with his hand, contrary to what he believed in his heart.

As he continued—so far as the uproar permitted him—to speak against Transubstantiation and the Church of Rome, Cole cried out: "Stop the heretic's mouth and take him away."

So they pulled him down from the stage, and led him to the place where he was to die. As he went along the friars ceased not to vex and threaten him most cruelly. "What madness," they exclaimed, "hath brought thee again into this error, by the which thou wilt draw innumerable souls with thee into hell?"

But Cranmer took little notice of these persecutors, and made the most of his time in speaking to the people.

How many indeed among God's children must have been strengthened by his joyful confession; strengthened in their own souls to endure, till the "dark days "of Mary's reign were over, or if needs be to seal their testimony with death.

When they had arrived at the spot made sacred by the martyrdoms of Latimer and Ridley not long previously, Cranmer knelt and breathed a short prayer to God; and then rising he pulled off some of his garments to prepare himself for the fire. There he stood, in a long shirt hanging down to his bare feet, and looking like one of the old prophets, with his long white beard and fatherly countenance. With an iron chain they secured him to the stake, the faggots were arranged around him, and the fire was kindled. As it flamed up Cranmer stretched forth his hand—that right hand which had signed that paper, and over which he had mourned so grievously. There he held it, immovable, in the fire, exclaiming constantly, "That unworthy hand! That unworthy hand!"

Those who watched him said he remained as still as the stake to which he was fastened; only his eyes were uplifted heavenwards, and his lips moved so long as he was able to speak. At last, from the furnace of affliction, his spirit passed away to be with Christ.

So they burned "England's greatest Archbishop;" he who compiled for us the Prayer-book which so many love to use; who gave all his influence for the free circulation of God's Holy Word; and whose name, in spite of human failings, is written in God's golden Roll of Honour. In burning Cranmer, Rome added yet one more sin to the black catalogue of her innumerable iniquities; but at the same time a torch was lighted in England, the flame of which has burned brightly ever since, though nearly three-and-a-half centuries have come and passed away:--

Here are the charges for burning Cranmer

	s	d
For 100 wood faggots	6	0
For 100 and a half fir faggots	3	4
For the carriage of them	0	8
To two labourers	1	4
	11	4[5]

The above melancholy bill helps us to realise how diabolical is the system that could thus burn God's people because they loved His Word, and would not believe in the pope. It reminds us also how great was the faith of those who would undergo so agonising a death rather than deny Christ by submitting to Rome.

It is interesting to note that Cranmer's coat-of-arms given him by Henry VIII. in place of his own (which represented three cranes) was a device of three pelicans feeding their young with their own blood. "For," said the king, "you must be ready, as the pelican is, to shed your blood for the young ones, brought up in the faith of Christ—for you are like to be tasted if you stand to your tackling at length."

In the days of Queen Elizabeth many bishops adopted the same coat-of-arms in order to show that they, too, were ready to lay down their lives, if need be, for the good of the Children of Light.

A prophetic intimation of his martyrdom was given to Cranmer also by his friend Andreas Ociander which he foretold as early as 1537. "Contemn all dangers," he wrote, "in asserting and preserving the sincere doctrine of Christ, since as St. Paul testified, that all who would live godly

in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution. How much ought we to reckon that you are to receive the various assaults of Satan, seeing that you are thus good for the good of many."[6]

Footnotes to chapter 34

1. Tennyson's " Queen Mary," Act i., Sc. 2.
2. Strype's "*Ecclesiastical Memorials*" (extract from Latimer's Protestation at Oxford).
3. Foxe; also "Ecclesiastical Biographies," Vol. iii., p. 244, Note (Wordsworth).
4. See chap. N. On the tonsure of the monks: and Leviticus, where it is forbidden under pain of death to imitate the oil used by the Levitical priesthood.
5. Strype.
6. Strype's "*Memorials of Cranmer.*"





Chapter XXXV

"OF WHOM THE WORLD WAS NOT WORTHY"

THAT Satan's malignity, as manifested in the days of Mary Tudor, the sanguinary Queen of England and Ireland, was especially directed against the Word of God is shown by the fact already mentioned that the first to be brought to the stake was that illustrious and learned divine, John Rogers, who had translated the Bible in the version known as "Matthew's," and had also previously assisted Tyndale and Miles Coverdale in their task of rendering the Scriptures into the English of those days.

Of him we have already given an account, and need not repeat.

PERSECUTING A SICK MAN!

As a specimen of this bitter hatred manifested against the Holy Scriptures, the case of a sick man at Lothbury must be mentioned. Not that it was an isolated instance: many as bad, some even worse, might be recorded. The malice against those who loved the Bible seemed perfectly fiendish in its intensity, and showed more than anything else that whatever the Church of Rome may be, it certainly is not the Church of God.

But to our tale. The poor sick man, who was so ill that he was confined to his bed, was named James Trevisam, and, as we have already said, lived in Lothbury.

In those days there were many wretched men who got their living by spying on and denouncing their neighbours. One of these, a notorious informer named Beard, hearing the sound of a voice, which might be that of someone reading aloud, entered the house and discovered James Trevisam in bed, listening to the gracious and comforting words of the Bible, which a servant was reading to him.

Here was what Beard thought an opportunity too good to be lost. Straightway he had Mrs. Trevisam arrested, and, in spite of her protestations and tearful entreaties to be allowed to remain to nurse her sick husband, carried off to prison.

Two persons, also, who happened to be in the house at the same time, were taken up, as if they had been criminals, and lodged in Newgate.

Then Beard procured a cart, in which he meant to convey the bed-ridden man to the same foul, pestilential dungeon which every gaol was in those days.

But the neighbours, shocked at this inhumanity, interfered, and by giving security for the poor man's appearance at the Court on the day fixed for his trial, Mr. Trevisam was left for the time.

The clergyman of that parish hearing of the affair, instead of expressing his pleasure that such a Godly man was among his flock, exhibited his hatred to the Word of God by declaring that Mr. Trevisam should be burnt to death in the event of his surviving the worry to which he had been so cruelly subjected. But in case of death, he should be buried in a ditch like a dog.

The popular indignation at Mrs. Trevisam being taken away from nursing her sick husband at a time when he was so ill, and so much in need of her attention, was so great that she was allowed to return home after a fortnight in Newgate prison.

But she was not liberated in time to save his life, his soul having soon fled from the worn-out, worried body, to where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

The enemies of the Word of God, however, were not satisfied with the death of this saintly man, whose only crime had been the alleged one of listening to the Gospel. After his burial, his corpse was by them dug up, and exposed to such indignities as cannot be here described.

Nor was this an isolated instance. It was then a common occurrence to see the naked corpse of some Bible reader, who after having succumbed to his torturing trials, and lying perhaps in Finsbury Fields, or other open space near the city of London, being eaten by dogs, unless discovered and buried by some pitying citizen.

Those who were burned at the stake were only a fraction of the number who lost their lives through the persecuting intolerance of such bishops as Bonner and Gardiner, during that reign of terror known for ever as the Days of "Bloody Mary."

GEORGE TANKERFIELD

This same informer, Beard, betrayed a man named George Tankerfield by going to his house dressed as a gentleman, and making his wife believe that her husband, who was a master cook in London, was wanted to dress a banquet at Lord Paget's.

George Tankerfield had been all his life a zealous Romanist. It was not until the cruelties he saw practised by the Bishop of London had made him doubt strongly whether such a religion could possibly be Christian, that he was led to seek the Truth. The result was he became a true Christian, and, most consistently, sealed his faith with his death at St. Albans, where he was burned at the stake on the 26th of August.

Being anxious to partake of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper before he was burnt, he persuaded the gaoler to let him have a pint of Malmsey wine and a loaf of bread, of which he partook in remembrance of his Saviour's death. Having read the New Testament account of the Last Supper, he prayed to God thus: "O Lord, Thou knowest it, I do not this to derogate authority from any man, or in contempt of those who are Thy ministers, but only because I cannot have it (the Lord's Supper) administered according to Thy Word."

He knew that a paste wafer was not the bread our Saviour commanded to be broken, and that looking on while a priest mumbled a Mass, wherein the people received not the fruit of the vine of which Christ said, "Drink ye all of it," was not the partaking of the Holy Communion as instituted by Christ.

There are other interesting particulars of this brave Christian to be found in Foxe's "*Book of Martyrs*"--a work no Englishman should fail to read diligently and be well acquainted with its contents.

Another man, Rawlins White, a fisherman of Cardiff, although he also had been a zealous Romanist in Henry VIII.'s days, was burnt at the stake because he read the Bible.

The cowardly and inhuman persecution of sick and helpless people shows how heartless was the hatred of Queen Mary's bishops for the Word of God. The instances we have given above were not the only ones by any means. There was a poor old crippled man, by name Hugh Laverock, who when nearly seventy years of age was carried in a cart from Newgate prison to Stratford-le-Bow, and there cruelly burned to death. His only crime was simple faith in the Scriptures. Being asked his opinion about the Mass, he replied: "I cannot find in the Scriptures that the priest should lift over his head a cake of bread."

A blind man named John Aprice was burnt at the same time. It was at Stratford that the most horrible crime was committed of burning thirteen martyrs in one fire.

At Windsor, Filme, Testwood and Pearson were burnt. The first-named said to his fellow-martyrs, "Be merry, my brethren, and lift up your hands unto God, for after this sharp breakfast we shall have a good dinner in the kingdom of Christ our Redeemer."

At Chester was burnt the Rev. George Marsh, at one time curate to Lawrence Saunders.

At Bury St. Edmunds, James Abbas was burnt in 1555, and Thomas Spurdance, one of the Queen's servants, in 1557, for the Gospel had even reached "Caesar's household." John Humphry, John David and Henry David also witnessed unto death in the same town in the very month the cruel Queen died.

At Salisbury, Lawrence Ghest was burnt for denying the novel doctrine of the real objective presence. He was tortured by having his wife and children brought to witness his sufferings, so that he might be distracted by having to make a choice between his love for them and fidelity to Christ, a pardon being offered him if he would recant. Two others also suffered in this city.

At Bristol, two faithful servants of God—viz., Richard Sharpe, a weaver, and Thomas Hale—sealed their testimony with their lives. Both were secretly apprehended at night, and both were burnt together on the 7th of May, 1557. Sharpe's case is noteworthy, inasmuch as he was persuaded by fear of the flames to make a public recantation in church one Sunday ; but he felt such a tormenting hell in him afterwards, remembering that cowards shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone (Rev. xxi. 8), the next Sabbath he stood up in church and cried, "Neighbours, hear me record that yonder idol is the greatest and most abominable that ever was, and I am sorry that ever I denied my Lord God."

Thomas Benyon was another Bristol martyr, who was burnt for believing, as the Church Catechism says, that there are only two Sacraments. He was burnt on August 10th, 1557.

At Walsingham, near Lynn, in Norfolk, where an idol known as "Our Lady of Walsingham" was worshipped as devoutly as any heathen image is by those who ***"in their blindness, Bow down to wood and stone,"*** --one martyr was burned.

Richard Hook was burnt at Chichester the end of August, 1555, and another was burnt with him, who some say was John Newman, a godly man who was arrested by Edmund Tyrrell, when travelling into Essex to visit some friends. This same John Newman was a far different man to another John Newman, of Oxford, who in Queen Victoria's reign turned from light to darkness, bemoaning that he loved "the garish day." John Newman the martyr, according to another account, was taken to Saffron Walden, in Essex, and burnt there.

A CLERGYMAN SELLING LACES AND PINS FOR A LIVING!

Our readers have seen poor, wretched men and women going from door to door, or offering for sale in the street a few boot laces and papers of pins, and have perhaps pitied such. But would you not think it dreadful if you knew one was an educated man and formerly a clergyman? Such was the pitiful spectacle presented in the case of one at least of the clergy whom Queen Mary's bishops had expelled from their charges. How many more such unrecorded cases there were we are unable to say. This is the story.

This poor man travelling from village to village with his laces and pins was a godly and devout old gentleman of seventy, who had been curate to Dr. Rowland Taylor at Hadleigh, in Suffolk, and was well versed in the Scriptures, from which he gave godly exhortations to the people. His name was Richard Yeoman, and Dr. Taylor had such confidence in him that he left the parish in his charge; but the enemies of the Gospel would not suffer so Christian a man to be curate long, so he was expelled as soon as a Romanising ritualist was appointed, and was driven, as we have said, to sell laces and pins for the maintenance of himself, his wife and children. He was burnt at Norwich with great barbarity, after eluding his persecutors for some months. The principal charge against him was getting married; for, as was prophesied (1 Tim. iv.3) "forbidding to marry" was one of the characteristics of the great apostasy.

The case of Thomas Hudson, a glover of Aylsham, in Norfolk, shows how determined some of the bishops were to exterminate out of their dioceses all who would not conform to the new religion. For a full account of his touching story, and how he lost his life through love for his wife and children, we must refer our readers to the "*Book of Martyrs.*" We have only space to say he was burnt at Norwich, together with a young farmer named -William Seaman, on the 19th of May, 1558.

Another Norwich martyr was Richard Crashfield, a godly man condemned by Chancellor Dunning.

In all eight martyrs were burnt at Norwich; of some of whom mention has been previously made.

At Chelmsford, one named George Eagles, a preacher of the Gospel, was first hanged, then cut down before he was dead, and beheaded; afterwards cut up in pieces, his head fixed upon a pole at Chelmsford, while the other parts of his poor mutilated body were exposed at Harwich, St. Osyth and Chelmsford. His offence was praying that God would turn the Queen's heart.

CRUELITIES WORTHY OF SAVAGES

A clergyman named Samuel was burnt at Ipswich because he loved his wife, and would not put her away, as the Queen had cruelly ordered all married clergymen to do. Mr. Samuel had formerly held the living of Barfold, in Suffolk. He was treated with most heathenish cruelty by Dr. Hopton, Bishop of Norwich. Foxe says of him and his Chancellor, Dr. Dunning, that they "were most abhorred instruments of cruelty, exceeding all the rest of their class in tormenting the bodies of the martyrs."

The treatment Mr. Samuel received was one worthy of China in its worst days. He was chained upright to a great post in such a way that only his toes touched the ground, and was allowed only two or three mouthfuls of bread and three spoonfuls of water each day! Yet God so wonderfully ordered it that he did not suffer so much as an ordinary man would have done, for after he had felt the pangs of hunger for a few days, he fell into what Foxe calls "a delicious slumber," and in it he saw a vision of a heavenly being clad all in white, who assured him that after that day he should never be hungry or thirsty; and so it came to pass, for he never felt famished or athirst to the day of his death.

Another Ipswich martyr was a man named Peke. At his burning one Dr. Reading cried "To as many as shall cast (i.e., provide) a stick to the burning is granted forty days of pardon" (i.e., forty days' indulgence, or forty days less time to be burnt in the fires of purgatory, which every Roman Catholic believes he will have to endure before being sufficiently cleansed for heaven). One would think it more likely those who thus actively helped this cruel murder would get forty years extra of purgatorial torment than forty days less; but the superstitious gentry standing round did not so think, for they at once cut branches off the trees with their swords, and numbers of the common people also broke down boughs. Had they taken more heed to the Bible declaration that "no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him," they would have feared an eternal hell more than Purgatory.

Two women, whose names have already been mentioned, likewise suffered at Ipswich two days after the martyrdom of Archbishop Cranmer.

BURNING TESTAMENTS AND MEN AT ELY

At Ely, where Hereward and his English made their memorable stand against the Norman invaders, the grand cathedral looked down on a disgraceful scene enacted there one day in 1555. While preparations were being made for the burning of two Christian men---namely, William Wolsey and Robert Pygot, or Piggot---a number of Testaments were flung on the faggots heaped around them. The destruction of these holy Books shows the hatred the papists bore to the Gospel of Christ.

The two martyrs, each stretching out a hand, seized a Testament, and died repeating the 106th Psalm. And truly God had given this country over into the hand of the heathen, and deeds worthy of the most cruel savages were being enacted. But, as we shall see, the prayer of the 45th verse was destined to be heard.

JOHN HULLIER, AN ETONIAN

Among those who were burnt in 1556 was John Huilier, who was like Lawrence Saunders, an Eton boy. From Eton he went to King's College, Cambridge, where he became Conduct, as those were called who came next after the Fellows and Scholars.

He became a curate of Lynn church, and afterwards vicar of Babraham, a pretty village on the Gog Magog Hills, near Cambridge. The scene of his martyrdom was an open space close to Jesus College, where the butts for archers stood. It is known to this day as Butts Green.

While they were taking his clothes off ready to burn him, he entreated the people to pray for him, and called upon them to bear witness that he died in the right faith, inasmuch as he would seal that faith with his blood, assuring them that he died in a just cause for the testimony of the Truth. He further said, as many of us sing nowadays:

***"My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness:
On Christ the solid Rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand."***

Another clergyman, the Rev. George Marsh, was burnt because he did not like the Mass in Latin nor the manifold and intolerable abuses and error contained therein, contrary to Christ's priesthood and sacrifice. He was burnt at Chester.



They were all burnt in one fire at Canterbury

THE SAINTS OF CANTERBURY

Canterbury comes next to London in the number of saints who testified to Christ in the burning flames. The full list of martyrs is far too long to give, and we have only room for the following :—The Rev. John Bland, vicar of Rolvenden, John Frankesh, minister of Adisham, were burnt in one fire with Nicholas Thetenden and Humphrey Middleton on the 12th of July, and later followed the martyrdoms of Coker, Lawrence, Hooper, Wright and Collier.

The Bishop of Rochester of those days was another cruel and proud prelate, whose zeal for the ritualism and doctrine of Rome was so great that he treated with rigour any Protestant unfortunate enough to fall into his clutches. He seemed especially angered that any working man should dare to think for himself; and among those he condemned were a bricklayer named Nicholas Hall and a linen weaver of Dartford named Christopher Waid. The former was burnt at Rochester on or about the 19th of July, 1555.

Christopher Waid at his burning at Dartford warned the people against the doctrine of Babylon the Great, the Church of Rome, drunk with the blood of the saints.

Before he was burnt at Malden, in Essex, Stephen Knight prayed an excellent prayer, in which he said he preferred death and the loss of his earthly things rather than blaspheme God's holy Name, or obey men in breaking His holy commandments and worshipping a false god.

Both John Newman and John Denley, who were travelling with him when apprehended, were Maidstone men. The latter was burnt at Uxbridge with another godly man, Mr. Packingham. The date of the martyrdom of these two was the 8th of August, and this makes it probable that John Newman was really burnt at Saffron Walden, as the date of his martyrdom is assigned a month later.

At Brentford six martyrs were burnt in one day. Their names were Robert Mills, Stephen Cotton, Robert Dynes, Stephen Wright, John Slade and Robert Pikes or Pikes. This wholesale murder by law was done on the 14th July, 1558.

Christopher Brown, of Maidstone, at which place seven martyrs testified, was one of the last five to be burnt in Queen Mary's reign.

The case of the Glover family, consisting of four brothers living in the Manor House at Mancetter near Coventry, three of whom laid down their lives because of their love to the Bible, is a pathetic one, although but a sample of what occurred in hundreds of places.

These Glovers were all gentlefolk and rather large landowners. The house in which they lived was an interesting old country residence, built in the twelfth century.

A monument to the memory of Robert Glover is in Mancetter church, on which is inscribed some most interesting particulars of his martyrdom. His brothers are also mentioned, but details about them are omitted for want of room on the tablet. Now to continue our account of this Christian family.

John Glover, the eldest, would have been apprehended under the orders of the Bishop of Coventry, who knew him to be a lover of that Word of God which the bishop himself hated as only papists can hate, but the mayor of Coventry was kinder than the bishop and warned him of his danger, whereupon, in company with his brother William, he made his escape.

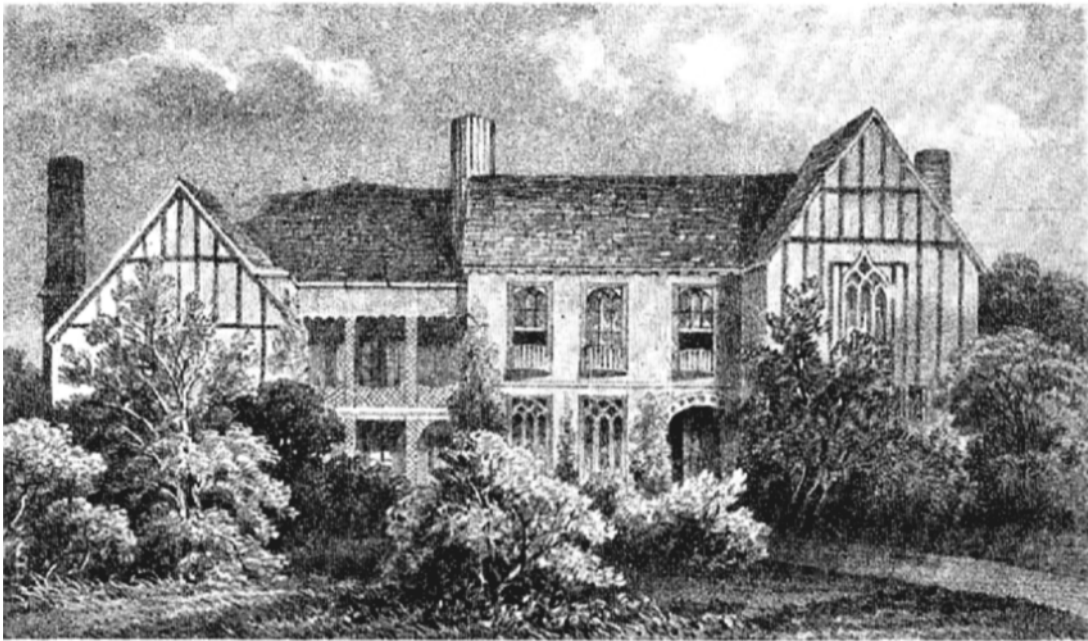
It would make quite an interesting narrative to detail their adventures while in hiding and the narrow escapes John especially had. But we can only say that the hardships of living as hunted

men were too much for them. John eventually died of the effects of a cold he caught through sleeping in the damp woods, and William also died.

Robert Glover, who had been ill for some time, was sick in bed at the time the sheriff and officers came to arrest his brother. Disappointed and enraged at finding John had flown, the men, whose hearts popery had made utterly callous and unfeeling, dragged Robert, ill as he was, out of bed and, in spite of the protestations of the sheriff, who was shocked at their inhumanity, persisted in carrying him to the bishop.

Glover told his lordship, when questioned by him, that he was content to learn so far as he was able to teach him by the Word of God.

"Who shall judge (interpret) the Word?" asked the bishop, in order to see whether Mr. Glover would answer, "the Catholic Church."



Mancetter Manor House.

But the latter, knowing what was in the bishop's mind, replied:—

"Christ was willing that the people should judge His doctrine by searching the Scriptures, and so was Paul. Methinks, "he added," you should claim no further privilege nor pre-eminence than they."

"If you will be believed," he went on to say, "because you are a bishop, why do you find fault with the people that believed Bishop Latimer, Bishop Ridley, Bishop Hooper and others?"

"Because they were heretics," replied the bishop.

"And may you not err as well as they?" asked the sick man.

The bishop evaded this question and told Mr. Glover he was a dissenter from his church.

"Where was your church before King Edward's days?" he angrily asked him.

Trying as this discussion was to a man in Mr. Glover's weak state of health, he was wonderfully helped by the Spirit of God, and his replies to the bishop's questions were very apposite.

To the last question he answered that he should like the bishop to tell him where the Church of Rome was in the time of Elias and what outward show it had in Christ's time.

"Elias's complaint," answered the bishop, who seemed to know more than many of his co-religionists about the Bible, "was only of the ten tribes that fell from David's house whom he called heretics."

"You are not able," rejoined Mr. Glover, "to show any prophets that the other two tribes had at that same time."

But the bishop would not argue further, and commanded Mr. Glover to be committed to some tower if they had any besides the gaol. So he was taken to Lichfield on the following Friday.

This being a market day at Coventry, he was shown to all the people before setting out on the journey, and at the same time a letter was publicly read in the market place concerning a proclamation made for calling in and destroying all such books as truly expounded the Holy Scriptures.

It was hoped that in this way the people would regard the Bible as a detestable Book and the gentleman who was exhibited before them as a reader of it be looked upon as worse than the worst of criminals.



The Martyrdom of Robert Glover

But in this they seem to have been disappointed, and Mr. Glover was taken on to Lichfield, where he was thrust into a small dark dungeon in which he was cramped for room and only allowed a bundle of straw for a bed. Though very ill, he was treated like a dog, for the cell had not so much as a stool in it and was besides very cold.

Let our readers bear in mind he was a gentleman, had taken a Master of Arts degree at his university, had been for some time very ill, and yet treated with this shocking inhumanity for no other crime than loving the Word of God and having a copy of it in his house.

And all this was the doing of a bishop who professed himself to be of the faith of the gentle loving Saviour who had said, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." While he lay in this dun-

geon the Chancellor and another church dignitary came to question him, and, after some talk, the former asked him how he knew the Word of God except through the Catholic Church—a common question with Romanists and Anglican ritualists. Mr. Glover replied that it was no good learned argument to say that if the Church showeth which is the Word of God therefore it is above the Word of God.

"For," he continued, "it is like unto saying this: John sheweth the people who Christ was, therefore John was above Christ!"

This was unanswerable, and he was forthwith locked up again and left in solitary confinement for eight days.

His burning at the stake, which took place soon after, was a happy deliverance for him and he so regarded it. His pains were lightened by a wonderful sense of the Lord's presence in that hour of death.

It is pleasant to be able to say that his gaolers were kinder than the bishop, and through their connivance a friend named Augustine Bernher was allowed to visit him at the last and accompany him to the stake, and he was enabled to write a farewell letter to his wife, from which the foregoing particulars of his answers to the Bishop and Chancellor have been gleaned.

Coventry is a place sanctified by the ashes of other martyrs. Not only was Cornelius Bungay burnt there with Mr. Glover in Queen Mary's days, but, previous to those, seven persons were burnt, as has been already narrated,[1] for simply doing their duty by their children.

But now we will turn to Colchester, where more than twenty suffered---a weaver named Chamberlain on June 14.th, 1555; John Lawrence on March 29th, 1555; on June 14th, Christopher Lyster, John Man (an apothecary), John Spencer (a weaver), Simon Joyne (a sawyer), Richard Richols (a weaver) ; and John Hammond (a tanner) on April 21st, 1556; and in the dreadful year 1557 no less than twelve holy men and women were burnt at the stake--namely, Bongeor (a glazier), W. Purchas, a tallow chandler named Thomas Benold, Agnes Silverside, Mrs. Helen Ewring (wife of a miller), Elizabeth Folkes, who suffered outside the town wall, William Munt or Mount, Alice Munt, John Johnson and Rose Allen, who went to heaven in fiery chariots from the Castle Bailey on August 2nd; and two women, already mentioned in the chapter on " Daughters of the King," entered Paradise the same way on the 17th of the following month. James Gore was to have been in the company, but he died in prison.

SMITHFIELD

--has the pre-eminence of being the place where the most martyrs suffered. The spot where the stake stood is opposite St. Bartholomew's Hospital, on the wall of which is a tablet recording the fact; and in Clerkenwell stands a fine church erected by subscription as a Martyrs' Memorial church, although the then Bishop of London would not consecrate it if it were so called. On its walls are the names of the principal Smithfield martyrs, and why they were burnt.

We will not repeat names already mentioned, so start with Thomas Tomkins, a weaver, who was burnt March 6th, 1555, for believing that after consecration what he saw to be bread and what tasted like bread was bread, and not actual human flesh.

John Warne had a fiery trial with the Rev. John Cardmaker, a prebendary, on May 30th, 1555; and Joan Warne was burnt in the shameful holocaust at Smithfield on the 27th of January, 1555, when seven victims of Bonner's bigotry suffered in one fire. These were a clergyman named Whittle, a gentleman named Bartlet Green, and five others, including one more woman.

On April 23rd, six others were burnt, including a minister named Robert Drake and a curate named William Tyms.

A cruel, treacherous murder by burning was that of Archdeacon Pliilpot. Although liberty for free discussion had been promised to Convocation, yet because he therein defended the cause of the Gospel, as others. also did, he was committed to Newgate and was the last martyr who was burnt at Smithfield in 1555.

In the sixteenth century St. John's Wood really was a wood, quite out in the country, and to go to it was like going to Epping Forest. Thousands of Londoners went out to that part, and other similar places outside the city, when the hawthorn was in flower.

Among those who so went on May Day, 1558, were a party of forty Christian people, who, instead of mad revellings, quietly walked about, enjoying the fresh country air, redolent of the scent of spring flowers. Then one who had a Bible with him read therefrom, while the others gathered round to listen. We are not told what was read, but we can imagine it might have been the Saviour's words: "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

It was in a private field where the cuckoo flowers were growing among the grass, and orange-tipped butterflies and many others—some not found near London, or even in England now—were flitting about, all showing what a beautiful world this might be if Satan had not so marred it, that this happy band met for innocent enjoyment. Perhaps they were tired with wandering about, and they gladly sat on the grass listening to the Bible reader.

Then they conversed with one another about holy things. One of them, named Roger Holland, had much to say about the Lord's dealings with him, how his soul had been melted by God's loving kindness to him while he was yet a sinner; for he had been a wild young fellow when a youth, fond of gambling, and had actually given way to the temptation to risk and lose some of his master's money! He would then have fled the country, but a female servant in the same family lent him the amount on condition he read the Testament and went to church; for this was a time when Gospel sermons were heard, and when communion tables in no way resembling altars told of reconciliation with God, and sins freely forgiven and "remembered no more."



They were arrested and committed to Newgate

This is what melts the most hardened sinner when he has once realised the boundless grace of God. "How can I go on sinning against so kind and gracious a Father as this?"

He asks himself, and he feels it is impossible to do so wilfully, and make so poor a return for the Saviour's love. Roger had been religious in some sense before: he would not eat meat on a Friday, and he put ashes on his head on Ash Wednesday after the Roman fashion; but he felt no true contrition for his real sins, his gambling, drinking and swearing. They sat lightly on him, because he could get absolved from them any time by a priest, at least so he thought. In fact, he felt more afraid of offending the body which has arrogantly put itself in God's place, calling itself the "Catholic Church," than he did God Almighty Himself.

Had these people indulged in ribald talk and wanton revellings, they would not have been interfered with in any way; but the constable of that place, noting their quiet demeanour, suspected them of being Christians, and while they were conversing about God's grace fetched some armed men, and came to seize those who had been listening intently to God's message of love to fallen man.

When the constable called upon them to surrender, they, knowing they had committed no crime, told him they were ready to go wherever he chose to take them. About eighteen of them escaped in the crowd of May gatherers, who followed the Christians as they were marched off to a magistrate. Twenty-two of them were committed to Newgate, and in the month following Roger Holland was burnt at Smithfield, with Henry Pond, Rainol Eastland, Robert Southam, Matthew Ricarby, John Flood, and John Holiday. Six others were burnt elsewhere, two died in Newgate prison, and seven, although severely punished other ways, escaped the stake.



In 1557 the country was feeling the effects of. Cardinal Pole's plans for establishing Inquisitors all over the country; but so much disgust was being shown at the wholesale burnings that the cardinal feared a general uprising if many more scenes like that at Stratford (when thirteen were burnt in one fire) took place. Nevertheless, in spite of Pole's advice to be careful, the Bishop of London determined that five persons who had refused to bear tapers on Candlemas Day, or palms on Palm Sunday, or worship the wood of the Cross on Good Friday, should be burnt in Smithfield, and burnt they accordingly were on the 12th of April, 1557.

**Photograph by Reeves,
Lewes.**

**Steps from the cellar in which
the Lewes Martyrs are sup-
posed to have been confined
previous to their execution**

On the 18th of the following November, John Hallingdale was burnt for having his child christened in English instead of in Latin! With him were burnt two others, one of whom was named William Sparrow, whose "detestable crime" was that he had sold leaflets and tracts containing extracts from God's Word.

In 1558 eleven Christian people in all were burnt in Smithfield. The last of these was a gentleman named Mr. Thomas Benbridge, who received a martyr's crown in July of that year.

We have not space for the mention of all the noble army of Smithfield martyrs. Some of the principal have been mentioned in other chapters. The last we have room for is the Rev. John Rough, a Scotchman with such an interesting history that we wish we could enlarge upon it. Before his conversion he had been a black friar for sixteen years, but then was released from his vows by the interest and petition of Lord Hamilton, Governor of Scotland, who wished to have a man so renowned for piety as Friar Rough was as his chaplain. But Rough only remained with the laird a year, when his eyes were opened to some knowledge of Gospel truth, which made him anxious to tell as much of the Old, Old Story as he had learnt to others. Lord Hamilton therefore let him go and preach in Ayrshire, which he did for four years. Subsequently he was stationed at St. Andrews; but as he learnt more of Protestant Christianity, he realised that Scotland was unsafe, so came to England in Edward VI.'s days, and had a benefice near Hull, but On Mary's accession he thought it advisable to quit the country, and went over to Friesland. A year or two after, coming over to England to make some necessary purchases, he temporarily joined a Protestant congregation which secretly met in London, and, seeing how greatly they stood in need of a minister, consented to fill the post for a time. A week or two later he was arrested for the high crime (as it was considered then) of administering to these Christian people the ordinance of the Lord's Supper! For this he was burnt at Smithfield, with a pious woman of the congregation named . Margaret Mearning.

At Brentwood is a noble obelisk to the memory of William Hunter, whose witness for Christ is detailed in another chapter. At Lewes a memorial has been put up to the noble band of heroes who testified there, ten of whom were burnt on one day. Dirick Carver, being asked whether he would stand to his confession, replied that he would. "For your doctrine," said he, "is poison and sorcery. If Christ were here you would put him to a worse death than He was put before. And further, I say that auricular confession is contrary to God's Word and very poison." Whereupon he was burnt.

The other Lewes martyrs were Thomas Harland, a carpenter, burnt with a farmer named John Oswald, a turner named Avington, and one other, on the 6th of June, 1556; a minister named Thomas Wood, and a Christian man named Mills, on the 20th of the same month.

On the 22nd of June, 1557, were burnt an iron-master named Richard Woodman and George Stevens, a minister of the Gospel; also William Maynard, James Morris, Denis Burgis, a pious servant named Alexander Hosman, and three "daughters of the King" of kings—namely, Thomasine Wood, Mrs. Ashclon and Mrs. Grove.

The martyrdom of James Abbes at Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, on the 2nd of August, 1555, was followed by more burnings in June of the following year, and in August and November, 1558. In the last-named fire the sufferers were Philip Humphry, John David and Henry David.

At Carmarthen was burnt on March 30th, 1555, the godly Bishop of St. Davids, Dr. R. Ferrar, and with this brief mention of him we conclude our account of the martyrs of Mary's reign. Many have had to be omitted from want of room, as it is impossible in a work like this to even mention every one. Although we have given prominence to Smithfield, that was not the only place in or near London where the martyrs suffered. Several were burnt at Stratford, some at Islington, and others in Southwark.

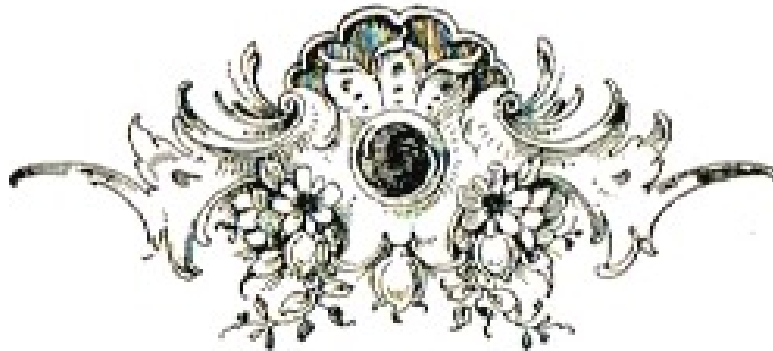


**The burning of Richard Woodman and nine other Protestant Martyrs before the Star Inn Lewes,
Sussex on June 22nd, 1557**

In the brief space at our disposal it is impossible to refer to a tithe of the noble army of witnesses who loved their Saviour more than their lives in the bad old days of Queen Mary's reign ; but a study of the martyr map of Britain on the next page will give some idea of the fires of persecution that our martyred forefathers passed through, sooner than let the Gospel Light go out in our land.

Footnotes to Chapter 35

1. Pages 179, 180.







Chapter XXXVI DAUGHTERS OF THE KING

The following anecdotes of women martyrs are taken from an old book, entitled: "The History of the English Martyrs, who suffered death for opposing the Romish religion, from the reign of King Henry IV., IV., 1400,, to the end of the reign of Queen Mary the 1st, who dy'd 1558—collected from authentick authors"—1720.



NOT of earthly princesses, not of costly arrayed and jewel-bedecked ladies of a worldly court would we tell you now; but of holy women, poor and despised, and whose apparel is the spotless robe of Christ's righteousness, whose adorning is the transcendent loveliness of His graces.

These "Daughters" never rode in gilded chariots; the marble hall, the sumptuous fare, and the lavish luxury of a royal court were not theirs; but the prison cell, the prison fare, the cruel stake and the burning pile fell to their lot. And yet they are "Daughters of the King"—not of some mighty earthly potentate, but of Him Who is called "King of kings, and Lord of lords." From the time of John Wycliffe—who preached the doctrines of the Bible—until the end of the reign of Henry VII., a period of over one hundred years, about twenty-one persons were burned for no other cause than that they believed the truths he had taught. Among these were two "Daughters of the King," and both of whom suffered martyrdom in the days of Henry VII.

JOAN BOUGHTON

--was an aged widow. Being accused of holding the doctrines of John Wycliffe, she was condemned to the stake; but so keenly did she realise that her home was in the heavenly mansions that she feared not the threatenings of her persecutors, saying she was beloved of God and His holy angels. As the flames gathered around her, she committed her soul into His keeping. She was martyred at Smithfield in 1494.

A few years later another woman, whose name we know not—though the King has enrolled it in the Lamb's Book of Life—was condemned for holding certain doctrines of the Bible, and which were contrary to those taught by the priests. Being a "Daughter of the King," she would not give up her belief in His Word, and was therefore condemned to be burnt. Her accuser was Dr. Whittington, the chancellor. As he was returning home, after witnessing the martyr's burning, a mad bull rushed at him, and he was killed in the sight of a number of spectators. It was a speedy retribution, which must have impressed the more thoughtful.

In the following reign (Henry VIII.) about forty-six persons were burnt to death, among whom were two " Daughters of the King." One was:--

ANNE ASKEW

---whose story we have told elsewhere.[1] "While tied to the stake at Smithfield, she listened to a sermon preached from a pulpit erected near the place of execution. When the speaker said what was right she commended him aloud; but when he proceeded against the doctrines of the Word of God she said to the spectators, "He hath missed the Book."

Although at the last moment she was offered pardon if she would recant, she refused it, saying: "I came not here to deny my Lord." So they burned her in June, 1546.

When Mary came to the throne the storm of persecution raged throughout many parts of England, and during her bitter reign nearly three hundred persons were burned alive, of whom about fifty were "Daughters of the King." Among them we must mention:--

ELIZABETH WARNE

---a widow, and whose husband had already suffered death by fire. Yet so great was the faith of Mistress Warne, and so keen her delight in God's Word, that this terrible trial did not hinder her from continuing to frequent the little prayer meetings which a few neighbours held for mutual comfort and fellowship. How little we can realise, in these Gospel days, the tremendous clangers incurred by that praying band! Spies were everywhere, watching the movements and clogging the footsteps of those who were suspected of holding communion with Jesus Christ, without the mediation of the false priests of Rome.

Sometimes when the meeting gathered--the members, with softened tread, assembling-secretly in the appointed place—it would be noticed that one or more of their number were missing. Enquiries would be made, and a neighbour would tell how he, or she, had been seized by rough hands and borne off to prison. Then heads and hearts would be bowed in earnest prayer that Divine grace might be accorded to the sufferers, and that they might be found faithful even unto death.

The little company of believers had met as usual—Elizabeth Warne among them--on the first day of the New Year, 1555, when they were suddenly interrupted by the entrance of men, who seized the members of that prayer union, and bore them off to gaol.

Elizabeth Warne was sent to Newgate and being accused by Bishop Bonner of denying the bodily presence of Christ in the wafer—made of flour and water—she was condemned to the flames; and, like her husband before her, she was burnt to ashes about seven months after her arrest. With what triumphant faith must she have endured those weary months, amid the terrible surroundings of Newgate gaol, and finally closing her life in a fiery death, rather than deny her Lord.

FOUR WOMEN

--named Ann Albright, Jane Cotner, Agnes Snoch, and Joan Sole, were, with one other martyr—a young man named John Lomas—tied to two stakes, and burned in one fire, in Canterbury, 1556. As the flames sprang up around them they raised their voices, so long as they had power to do so, singing psalms of praise to God. So sadly pathetic, and yet so gloriously victorious was their fiery testimony for Christ, that a good knight, Sir John Norton, wept bitterly as he beheld their triumphant progress to the "Better Land."

AGNES POTTEN AND JOAN TRUNCHFIELD

--suffered the agony of fire with a constancy that astonished those who looked on. They were accused of denying the doctrine of Transubstantiation, and were burned at Ipswich in May, 1556. As these "Daughters of the King" prepared themselves for the fire they ceased not to exhort the bystanders to believe and rely upon the Word of God, and not to be led astray by the errors of Rome and the inventions of men.

Surely no sermon was ever preached in more thrilling circumstances: no words were heard in England in more victorious surroundings. With marvellous patience they endured the torments of the fire, holding up their hands, and calling upon God so long as life lasted.

KATHERINE HUT, JOAN HORNES AND ELIZABETH THACKVILL

---were sent as prisoners to the Bishop of London, because they did not believe in the Real Presence in the Sacrament, and denied the supremacy of the pope.

In answer to questions put to them at their examination, they replied that Christ's natural body is in Heaven, and not in the Sacrament. Katherine Hut added that the Mass is an idol—a dumb god made with men's hands.

Joan Hornes, when accused of not believing in the presence of Christ's body and blood in the wafer of the Mass, said: "If you can make your god shed blood, or show any sign of a true, living body, then will I believe you. But it is bread as to the substance thereof; and that which you call heresy that I trust to serve my God withal."

There are some weak-kneed Protestants in these days who, out of fear of a few snubs, would not dare thus to speak against the soul-destroying errors of the fashionable craze called "Ritualism"; and yet these brave women, possessing the true nobility of "Daughters of the King," hesitated not to confess their faith, and oppose the powers of darkness, even at a time when Rome was erecting martyr-stakes in many places for those who thus denied her doctrines. These women knew that death—an agonising death—would be their portion if they would not recant, and yet they remained steadfast. What a reproach is their unswerving testimony to us in these self-loving days!

In May, 1556, they were taken to Smithfield, fastened to the stake, and the fire was kindled round them: their bodies were consumed to ashes, but their spirits departed to their Heavenly Father, for whose sake they died.

In Stratford, Bow, London, thirteen Protestants were burned together in June, 1556; two of them were "Daughters of the King," namely:—

ELISABETH PEPPER AND AGNES GEORGE.

The former was the wife of a weaver, and the latter of a husbandman.

These thirteen prisoners were publicly examined by Bishop Bonner, and all of them refused to recant. The charge against the two women was that they would not go to their parish church, because they did not believe in the Mass, and could not conscientiously take part in a ceremony which, to them, was wrong and idolatrous.

After their trial the prisoners were separated and thrust into different rooms. Then the sheriff hit upon, what he thought would be, a successful plan for making them recant. He went into one room and told the party there that their fellow-believers had given in to save their lives, and as they had submitted themselves to "the church" they would be pardoned and allowed their

liberty, and he earnestly invited them to do likewise. But they replied: "Our faith is not built on man, but on Christ crucified." So the disappointed sheriff went to another room and repeated the same words to its inmates; but their answer was that their faith was built, not on man, but "on Christ and His infallible Word."

The stratagem having failed to move the prisoners, they were all brought forth to the place of execution.

We can imagine how intense was their joy when they all met together and discovered that the sheriff had lied when he said they had recanted. So deep was their thankfulness that in their delight, they embraced the stakes to which they were to be fastened. The eleven men were chained to three stakes, and the two women were placed unbound in their midst.

These terrible "burnings" always drew a large crowd of spectators; from the midst of which a mysterious voice was often heard encouraging the sufferers. On the present occasion a very large number of onlookers had collected, and beheld with astonishment the dauntless bearing of this noble band of martyrs, who so patiently endured the torments of the fire rather than deny Christ, or believe in the Antichrist.

JOAN WAAST

--was a poor woman who had been blind from her birth. Her father was a barber and rope-maker, and when Joan was about twelve years old she was able to help him with his rope-making, and used also to earn money by knitting. In the days of Edward VI. she loved to go to church, where she could hear Divine Service in her own language. The Word of God became very dear to her. She bought a Testament, but not being able to see to read it she would often visit an old man named John Hur, and ask him to read it to her. When he was too busy she would entreat some other person to do so, cheerfully paying them in return what money she could spare out of her hard earnings. So great was her desire to know and understand God's Word, and so eagerly and intelligently did she listen to the reading of it, that she could repeat whole chapters off by heart, and with suitable texts and passages would refute the errors of Rome, and every evil of which she heard.

When Queen Mary ascended the throne Joan still continued steadfast in the faith, keeping herself separate from those who practised idolatry. However, Rome, with fiendish glee, was hunting all persons suspected of opposing her, and poor blind Joan Waast was found, arrested, imprisoned, and ultimately condemned to be burned. Her life-long affliction did not soften the hearts of her cruel persecutors, who threatened her with torments and death if she would not recant. Joan, though blind to the things of this world, had keen spiritual sight of the invisible things of God. Christ had been revealed to her soul's vision; she could not deny Him, but declared herself ready to yield up her life for His truth's sake. So they led her to the parish church of All-hallows, in her own native town of Derby, where she had spent over thirty years of an honest and contented life, and respected by all for her piety and sincerity.

Joan was placed before the pulpit while a sermon was preached by a doctor of divinity, who declared the poor woman worthy of death, because she did not believe that Christ's body was substantially present in the bread of the Sacrament, adding that as her body would be burned on earth, so her soul should burn in hell.

After this amiable discourse the poor blind woman was led from the church, and, leaning on her brother's arm, she proceeded to a place called the "Windmill-pit," near the town, and there she was tied to the stake and burned alive. While life lasted she called upon Christ her Saviour; and we may be quite sure that as the angels carried poor Lazarus to Paradise, so this "Daughter of the King" entered the royal mansions of her Heavenly Father, where with undimmed sight she beholds the glory of her Saviour, and where unhindered she can praise His Name for ever.

ALICE BENDEN[2]

---with three other women and three men, was burned in Canterbury, in June, 1557. Alice refused to go to church, because of the idolatry committed there, and was therefore arrested and sent to prison. At the desire of her husband she was liberated and allowed to return home; but as she still refused to go to church she was, through the efforts of her husband, again arrested and put into prison. Once more her husband sought her release; but the bishop replied that she was so "obstinate a heretic," and could not be made to recant, that it was impossible to permit her to leave the prison.

"My lord," replied Benden, "she hath a brother, one Roger Hall, that resorteth to her; if your lordship could keep him from her she would turn; for he comforts her, and gives her money, and persuades her not to recant."

So the bishop caused her to be removed to another prison, where for nine weeks she lay upon the bare ground, with only a little straw under her, and insufficient food. Her noisome cell was cold and damp, and poor Alice suffered in consequence from acute rheumatism, and became very weak and ill.

All this while her brother in vain sought her whereabouts. At last his persistent search was rewarded. As he was passing her prison window one day, he heard a voice singing a psalm. He stopped and listened. Yes, the tones of the voice were strangely familiar: it was Alice, his sister, found at last! He dared not speak with her at once, for the watchful eyes of the enemy might see him; but having discovered that the keeper was absent early every morning, he wisely seized that opportunity to visit her prison window, and let her know he was there.

With what gladness must the poor sufferer have recognised her brother's voice! What comfort she found in again hearing his words of cheer and encouragement!

Roger, by means of a long stick, reached her a cake in which he had concealed some money, and exhorted her to endure patiently, for Christ's sake, to the end.

.After a while she was summoned before the bishop for further examination. A sad spectacle she looked—lame and doubled up with rheumatism, her cheeks pale and emaciated through long and unwholesome imprisonment. Had her sorrows caused her to give up her faith? Or would she, even in the face of further threats, still remain steadfast on the Rock of Ages, though the billows of trial and temptation were rolling and raging around her?

The bishop asked if she would now go to church if allowed to return home, promising her many favours if she would recant.

Alice replied: "I am verily persuaded by that great severity which you have used towards me that ye are not of God, neither can your doings be Godly; and I see you seek my utter destruction." Then she skewed them how lame and ill she had become in that miserable hole in which they had confined her.

Seeing that severity did not move her, the bishop caused her to be taken to another prison, where she was treated a little better, and where she remained some weeks. After a while she, the above-mentioned three women and the three men, were brought before the bishop for trial, and were all condemned to be burned. In the month of June these seven witnesses for God, and against error, were led to the place of execution in Canterbury. Together they knelt and prayed by the side of the stakes and faggots, and prayed so earnestly that even their enemies were moved. Before the fire was lighted Alice gave her handkerchief, as a memento, to a friend, and taking off a lace scarf she sent it by the keeper to her brother, together with a shilling to her father, who had borrowed the money for her from a neighbour.

So these seven martyrs yielded up their lives for the Gospel's sake, and with sorrows and agonies they defended the Light which Rome sought in vain to put out.

ELISABETH COOPER

---was a pewterer's wife, who lived in the parish of St. Andrew, in Norwich. Having asserted her disbelief in some popish errors she was arraigned before the bishop; but being threatened with persecution, she was persuaded to recant. Soon, however, her conscience smote her for her unfaithfulness the joys of salvation and the peace she had once known in Christ forsook her, and darkness seemed to fill her heart. She could not long endure the hiding of her Saviour's face, and was filled with sorrow that she had grieved His Holy Spirit. She was a "Daughter of the King," and yet she had denied her Royal Father. Better was trial, welcome was death, sooner than to continue estranged from His favour. So, strengthened by His grace, she resolutely decided to boldly and publicly confess the faith she had denied with her mouth in a moment of weakness. Hastening to St. Andrew's Church she stood up before the assembled congregation, and said aloud:

"Good people, I am heartily sorry for the recantation I made through fear, and now I revoke it. Be not misled by my weakness, but stand firm to the Truth, even though you may have to suffer for it." Other such words followed, and then the heroine returned home, with the peace and glory of her God once again filling her soul.

"Master Sheriff," exclaimed a papist, stretching forth his hands in dismay, "will you suffer this?"

The sheriff, being urged to immediately seize the woman, went to her house, arrested her, and bore her off to prison.

In July, 1557, Elisabeth Cooper and a man named Simon Miller were fastened with a chain to the same stake, and burned to ashes. As the flames ascended, Elisabeth shrank from their cruel heat, but her fellow-martyr said to her: "Be strong and of good cheer, sister, for we shall have a joyful and sweet supper with the Lord." So Elisabeth was comforted, and cheerfully endured the fire, committing her soul to her Heavenly King.

CICELY ORMES

---the wife of a weaver, lived in the same city as Elisabeth Cooper, and was present at the latter's martyrdom. She was apprehended for a few words she was heard to say on that occasion, and was taken before the Chancellor of Norwich. Questioned as to her belief in the Sacrament, she replied: "It is bread, and if ye make it any better, it is worse."

Being but a simple woman, the chancellor told her she might be released if she would hold her tongue, and not speak against the doctrines of "the Church," though she might believe what she liked in her heart. But the woman replied that she would not consent to such a wicked suggestion. She knew that the Lord requires not only faith in the heart, but confession of it also by word and life. About two months after the fiery death of Elisabeth Cooper this woman was led to the same place of execution, to seal her testimony by a similar fate.

Many people were gathered at her burning, and Mistress Ormes, having knelt and prayed, rose and addressed them as follows:-

"Good people, I believe in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy. Ghost. This belief I do not and will not recant. But I renounce utterly, from the bottom of my heart, the doings of the Pope of Rome and all his popish priests and shavelings: I do utterly reject them, and never will have to do with them again, by God's grace. And, good people, I would not have you to think that I believe to be saved because I here offer myself to death in the Lord's cause; but I



She told him that his words were wicked and ungodly

believe to be saved by Christ's death and passion, and this my death is and shall be a witness of my faith unto all here present. Good people, as many of you that do believe as I believe, pray for me."

Thus, as early as 1559, God was pouring out His Spirit upon "His servants and handmaidens" to prophesy, or preach the truth. No sermon preached by the most learned divine, in the grandest cathedral ever built, could equal in sublimity and spiritual power this noble confession of faith, spoken beneath the measureless vault of heaven, on the threshold of eternity.

Coming to the stake, the simple preacher laid her hand on it, exclaiming, "Welcome, the cross of Christ!" This stake was the same to which Elisabeth Cooper and Simon Miller had been tied, and was still black from the ravages of the fire. The martyr looked at her hand, and seeing it was blackened by the stake she had touched, she reverently wiped it; then, kissing the stake, said again, "Welcome, the sweet cross of Christ!" They bound her to it and kindled the fire, and as the flames rose around her she exclaimed, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour." With face and eyes turned upwards, she quietly, as one in a gentle slumber, yielded up her life, and departed to be with Christ.

JOICE LEWIS

When Mary first came to the throne, Joice Lewis went to church and heard the Mass, as others did; but when Dr. Lawrence Saunders, rector of All-hallows, Bread Street, London, was burnt for not believing in Transubstantiation and the sacrifice of the Mass, Mistress Lewis began to think about this matter as she had never done before. She saw that Dr. Saunders must have had very serious reasons for choosing a fiery death rather than deny his faith.

In Coventry there lived a Master Glover, who had suffered some persecution for not believing in the Mass; so Mistress Lewis went to him, and asked him to explain to her what was wrong in the Mass and other popish doctrines. Master Glover willingly complied, and showed her how contrary were the errors and practices of Rome to the teaching of the Word of God, and exhorted her also to give up her worldly and vain life.

Mistress Lewis proved an apt pupil; she gave herself much to prayer, and with God's grace sought to avoid everything that seemed to be opposed to His Word. One day, being compelled by her husband to go to church, she showed so plainly how painful and unpleasant it was to her to see holy water cast about—as if it had some magic spell wherewith to exorcise the devil—that she was cited to appear before the bishop.

The officer who brought the citation to Mistress Lewis delivered it to her husband, who, when he saw what it was, became very angry, and bade the man carry it back, or he would -make him eat it! As the officer refused to take it away, Master Lewis compelled him to eat it, holding a dagger at his throat until he had swallowed the whole document, giving him something to drink with it, and then sent him away!

Very soon Lewis and his wife were summoned before the bishop. Lewis craved pardon for his rash act, and submitted himself to the episcopal authority. But his wife was made of sterner stuff, and she refused to revoke her late opposition to the superstitious ceremony of casting holy water about the church. This answer, of course, offended the bishop: but hoping she would recant, he gave her a month to think it over, and bound her husband for one hundred pounds to bring her back at the end of that time. When the period had expired several of the neighbours endeavoured to persuade Master Lewis to convey his wife away to some place of security, rather than be the means of bringing her to martyrdom; but the selfish man loved his gold more than he did his wife, and at the appointed day took her to the bishop, who, finding her more steadfast than ever in her resolve to adhere to the truths of the Bible and to deny the errors of Rome, dispatched her to a loathsome prison. Several times she was called up for examination before the bishop, who

carried on some controversy with her on the subject of the Mass; but Mistress Lewis said she could not believe in it because it was contrary to the Bible. The bishop replied: "If thou wilt believe no more than is in the Bible, thou art in a damnable case."

Mistress Lewis, astonished and grieved to hear such a thing from a bishop, told him his words were wicked and ungodly. Finding he could not make her recant, he condemned her as a heretic.

After her condemnation, she was kept in prison for a whole year, because the sheriff would not put her to death, though he suffered some persecution for his kindness to her. But at last the writ for her burning arrived from London and then the valiant martyr, sending for some friends, asked them to advise her how she might behave herself, so as to glorify God in her trials, and be a means of comforting and encouraging His people.

The night before her death two priests visited her to hear her confession, but she refused their services. She had but one Father Confessor---Jesus Christ, the Christian's only Priest, and no other is needed.

In the morning she was brought to the place of execution. On her arrival there she prayed, earnestly beseeching God to abolish the idolatrous Mass, and to deliver England from popery. This petition, which was uttered aloud, was heard by several of the bystanders, who cried, "Amen, amen."

When our Lord was crucified, we are told holy women stood by His cross. When Joice Lewis was burned, several women gathered near her stake to cheer and strengthen her. Some of them filled a cup, and gave it her to drink. She took it and drank, saying, "I drink to all them that unfeignedly love the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to the abolishing of popery."

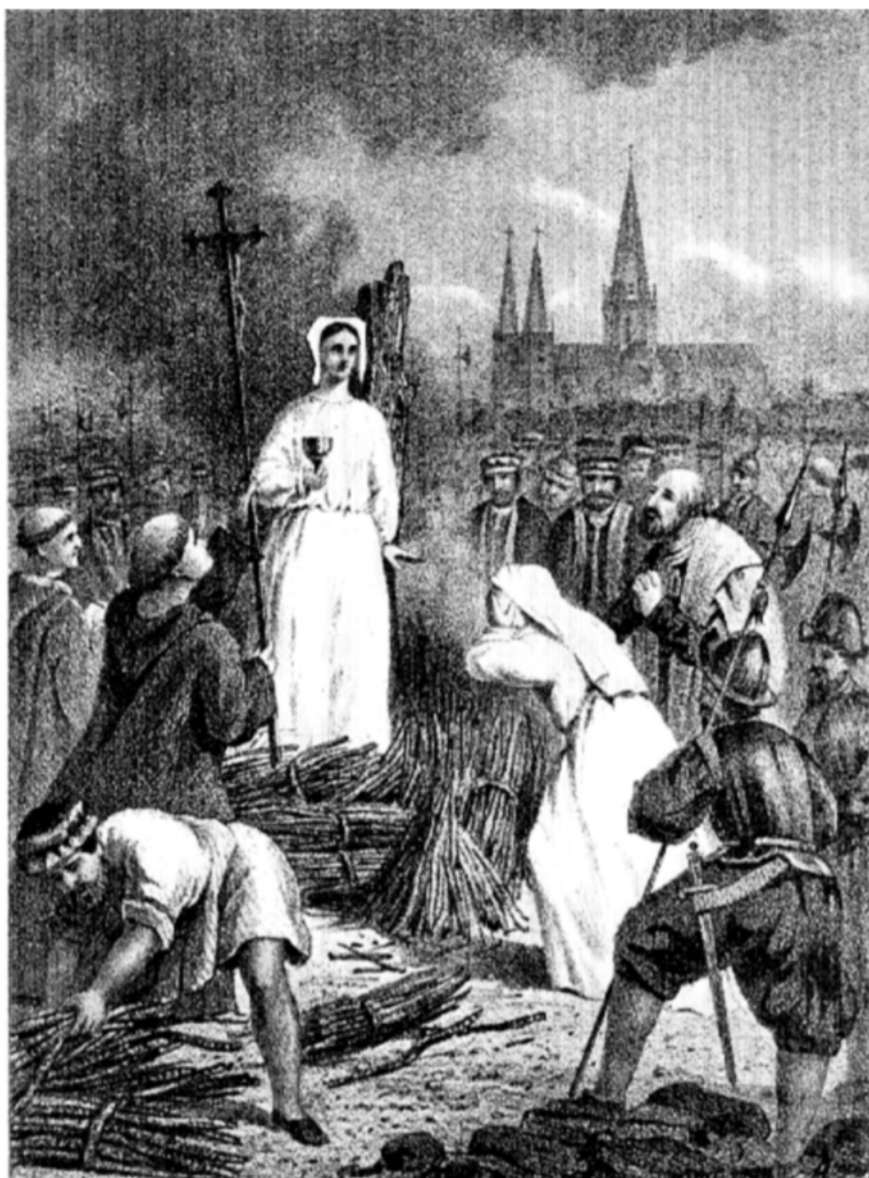
With a cheerful countenance she patiently allowed herself to be tied to the stake. Among the bystanders were many who could not refrain from weeping. But the martyr shed no tears for herself; for with heart and soul stayed on Christ, she looked beyond the temporary agony of her death to the eternal bliss awaiting her in the presence of the King whose faithful daughter she was. Her release was speedy, for the sheriff, at the request of her Friends, had provided plenty of dry fuel a provision, unfortunately, not always given to martyrs, some of whom suffered prolonged agonies through the damp of the wood, which could not ignite sufficiently to bring their tortures to a quick end, but could only **slowly** burn them to death. Those kindly women who had given her the cup to drink were compelled to do penance for their loving deed. But who he rewards even the cup of cold water given to one of His children, noted it, we may be sure, in the book of His remembrance.

In the foregoing records we have seen the Christian fortitude with which the "Daughters of the king" suffered and died for the faith, despising the shame, because of the glory set before them. So abundant was their joy in Christ that we read of two women who were grieved and disappointed because the hour of their martyrdom had to be postponed. Their names were:

AGNES BONGEOR AND MARGARET THURSTON

—both of whom had been condemned to die in company with ten other martyrs, five of whom were women, at Colchester, in August, 1557.

There was some mistake in the spelling of the name of Agnes Bongeor in the writ for her burning; consequently she was detained until the error could be rectified, and with much regret did the willing sufferer see her friends led off to martyrdom. Did the Lord count her unworthy to endure for His sake? She questioned with herself.



**She took it and drank, saving"
I drink to all them that unfeignedly love the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to the abolishing of popery**

Margaret Thurston was cheerfully about to follow the ten martyrs, when, remembering she had forgotten her psalter, she hastened back to take it. The gaoler, not perceiving she had turned back, or thinking she was not appointed to die that day, locked the door. Margaret, like Agnes, could not help a feeling of regret that the day of her crowning in the presence of the Heavenly King was postponed. However, a few

weeks later, these two "Daughters of the King" were together led forth to die. They joyfully went to the stake, and as the fire was kindled around them they burst forth into song and of praise to God.

A poor woman named:-

PREST

---who lived in Cornwall, was wont to rebuke her children and husband for their superstitious worship. As they forced her to conform to their ceremonies against her will, she left them for a while, and went from place to place getting her living by spinning and other work as best she could. Returning home, she was accused by her neighbours of so-called heresy, and was summoned before the Bishop of Exeter. The principal charge against her was that she had spoken against Transubstantiation and images, calling then idols. When questioned by the bishop why she would not believe that bread was changed into God by the priest at the altar, she replied: "There was never such an idol as your sacrament is made of by your priests, and commanded to be worshipped by all men; whereas Christ commanded it to be eaten and drunken in remembrance of His most blessed passion of our redemption."

The bishop replied: "Hast thou not heard that Christ did say over the bread This is My body, and over the wine, This is My Blood?"

"Yes," answered the woman, "He said so; but he meant that it is His body and blood, not carnally, but sacramentally. "After a few more remarks she continued : "I will demand of you whether you can deny your creed, which doth say that Christ doth sit at the right hand of His Father, both body and soul, until He come again to judgment? or whether he be not there in heaven, and makes intercession for us to God the Father? If that be so Christ is not here on earth in a piece of bread. If He be not here, and if He doth not dwell in temples made with hands, but in heaven, why then do we seek Him here? If He did offer His body once for all, why make you a new offering? If Christ with once offering Himself made all perfect, why do you with a false offering make all imperfect? If He is to be worshipped in spirit and in truth, why do ye worship a piece of bread? Alas, I am but a poor woman, but I would sooner die than do as you do."

Then the bishop asked her where she was brought up. She replied that on Sundays in King Edward's time she listened to many sermons, and learned such things that were so fixed in her heart, that death could not separate them.

There were some present who laughed at her answers, and told the bishop she was crazy, and had better be set at liberty but poor and ignorant as she was her answers show us she had more spiritual understanding than was possessed by all the popish bishops put together.

A month's liberty was allowed her, and the keeper of the prison took her to his own house, where she worked as a servant. Many loved to talk with her, for she was well versed in Scriptural knowledge. Some priests; who visited her sought to make recant, and believe, as they did, that the bread and wine at the sacrament were changed into the body and blood of Christ; hut she replied it was only bread and wine, and that they should be ashamed to say that a piece of consecrated bread is turned by a man into the body of Christ which consecrated bread the mice can eat, or which can turn mouldy and be burned. "God's body will not be so handled, nor kept in prisons and boxes. Let it be your god, it shall not be mine; for my Saviour doth sit at the right hand of God and doth pray for me."

The priests laughed at her; but one of them declared they had visited her in order to teach her and to save her soul.

"What profit can there be in your teaching of lies?" she answered. "Do you not ruin souls when you teach the people to worship idols, stocks, and stones, the works of men's hands, and to worship a false god of your own making of a piece of bread? And you say you make God, and sacrifice Him; when Christ's body was a sacrifice once for all. Do you not teach the people to number their sins in your ears, and say they will be lost if they confess not all, when God's Word saith "Who **can** number his sins? Do you not promise them masses and dirges, and sell your prayers for money, and make them buy pardons, and trust to such foolish inventions of your own imaginations? Do you not tell us to pray to saints, and say they can pray for us? Do you not make holy water and holy bread

Wherewith to scare the devils? Do you not many more abominations? And yet you say you come to save my soul! Farewell with your salvation!"

Going near a church one day she noticed a. man mending an image which had been broken during the reign of King Edward, and going up to him she spoke a few words against idols, etc. She was soon accused to the bishop and then was closely imprisoned. At last judgment was given against her as a heretic, that she should be burned in the flames till she was consumed to ashes. When she heard this sentence she lifted up her voice and thanked God. In the month of November, 1558 the same month in which Queen Mary died she was burned without the walls of Exeter.

THE LAST MARTYRS

--who suffered by fire were burned only one week before the death of the cruel queen. They were five in number, and two of them were women named Alice Snotth and Katherine Knight (alias Tynley). They died in Canterbury on the 10th of November, 1558. At the stake they prayed they might be the last to suffer thus for the sake of Christ's Gospel in England. This prayer was heard and answered. One week later Queen Mary died, and was succeeded by good Queen "Bess." The prisons were opened, and many who lay under sentence of death were given liberty to worship God according to their conscience.

There are several more "Daughters of the King" who thus died in the fire for the cause of the Light of God's Word. These, whose thrilling experiences we have briefly sketched, show us, on the one hand, the iniquity of that system which, under a cloak of religion, has tortured and slain so many; and on the other we see the triumphant faith of those who were made strong by God, to "love not their lives unto the death," and who are now among that innumerable white-robed multitude before the throne, waving palms of victory, singing hosannas, and following the Lamb through the garden of delights beside the river of Life, where no trouble can reach them, "nor any heat."

Footnotes to Chapter 36

1. Pages 179, 180.
2. See chapter xxvii.
3. The sufferings and martyrdom of Alice Benden are most interestingly told in a tale by Emily Holt; entitled: "*All's Well or. Alice's Victory*".





Chapter XXXVII

LAMBS IN THE FLOCK OF SLAUGHTER



UCH was the cruelty of Rome's agents in Queen Mary's reign that in the effectual carrying out of their designs neither age nor sex was spared. Even infants were burned with their mothers, and God only knows the number of young people who suffered cruelties worthy of a Nero. But He does know and their names are written in Heaven. Two quite young boys were burnt and nine girls, but children were not able, as a rule, to endure confinement in prison long enough to be brought to the stake. Many perished in prison.

At the same time it is quite possible that such cruel men as the bishops of London and Winchester and the infamous Tyrrells, descendants of those Tyrrells who murdered the young princes, Edward V. and his brother, in the Tower, had many more children put to death than we have any records of, and their omission from our histories of those times may account for the great discrepancy in the enumeration of those who were burnt, etc. Cecil, for instance, in his work "*The Execution of Justice*" affirms that the number was nearly 400 of those who died from imprisonment, torture and fire. Another account says 800 were killed in the first two years alone of Mary's reign.

That many innocents suffered terribly is certain. They were neglected when their parents were taken to prison, and no one dared give them food for fear of the penalties incurred by any who fed or sheltered those under excommunication. As an example we will briefly narrate what happened to one family.

A Mr. and Mrs. Dangerfield of Wootton-under-Edge, having been arrested as suspected heretics, Mrs. Dangerfield was, with her young baby, shut up in a foul loathsome dungeon, not allowed to go near a fire, even for her baby's sake, and this poor little innocent child being deprived of the necessary comforts of an infant died after some months of misery, the mother having become too wasted and worn to give it the nourishment required.

She left at home nine other children alone with her husband's mother, an old woman of eighty, her husband himself having been arrested and sent to gaol ten days previously to her imprisonment. The privations this poor old lady and the children had to endure were such that the former soon died with the worry, and it is related of the destitute children that "they were all undone." Whether any survived is not known.

After many weary months of confinement Mr. Dangerfield died, and Mrs. Dangerfield did not live long after her baby's death,

One of the most notable sufferers among the youthful 'Valiant-for-the-Truths of those days of darkness was:-

WILLIAM HUNTER, THE BOY MARTYR OF BRENTWOOD

It is impossible to refrain from repeated reference to the bread idol of Rome.

**"A god of paste, the wafer-god
"They wickedly adore:
Dead idols,' says our Living God,
We must not bow before."**

For it was for fearing God and not daring to commit this soul-destroying " idolatry to be hated of all faithful Christians," or for not avowing a belief in the new doctrine of Transubstantiation, which the Romanists had been for some time trying their utmost to force on the Church, that most of the martyrs were put to death.

When Hunter was brought before Bishop Bonner, that cruel and bigoted prelate asked him:

"How sayest thou to the blessed sacrament of the altar? Wilt thou not recant thy saying before Mr. Brown that Christ's body is not in the sacrament of the altar, the same that was born of the Virgin Mary?"

In reply to this, while refusing to avow a belief in the doctrine of the "real presence," the young man said

"My lord, if you let me alone and leave me to my conscience, I will go to my father and dwell with him or else with my master again, and if nobody disquiet nor trouble my conscience I will keep my conscience to myself."

But nothing else would satisfy the bishop than that the noble young man should either tell a lie or believe what it was impossible to believe without denying the Saviour who said, "If any say unto you, Lo, here is Christ or there, believe it not." So he was put in the stocks in his lordship's gate house, and given but a crust of bread and a cup of water for his sustenance during the two days he remained there.

These two days over, the, bishop came to him and had a further talk, in the course of which he told the boy he was no Christian, but a denier of the faith in which he was baptized. To this William re-joined, "I was baptized in the faith of the Holy Trinity, which I will not go from, God assisting me with His grace."

Whereupon the Bishop of London sent him to the convict prison, and cruelly commanded the keeper to put upon him as many irons as he could bear without killing him outright.

In the end he was burnt at the stake at Brentwood, where an obelisk records the shameful event, but one which should ever he remembered as showing what popery is.

He continued in prison nine months, and was before the bishop five times, besides the time when he was condemned. At length, finding that neither threats nor promises moved the young man, he was condemned to be burned alive.

The night before he was executed his father, mother, and brother bade him farewell. It must have been a sad meeting, but the Lord Jesus was ever by the side of his youthful witness, and you know He has said, "My peace I give unto you."



The night before he was executed, his father, his mother and brother bade him farewell

"Now, when it was day, the sheriff set forward to the burning of William Hunter. Then came the sheriff's son to him, and took him by his right hand, saying, William, be not afraid of these men who are here present, with bows, bills and weapons, prepared to bring you to the place where you shall be burned. William answered, "I thank God I am not afraid; for I have laid my account what it will cost me already." At this the sheriff's son could speak no more to him for weeping.

"Then William Hunter plucked up his gown and went forward cheerfully, the sheriff's servant taking him by one arm, and his brother by the other. While on his way he met his father, who spoke to his son, weeping and saying, "God be with thee, son William"; and William said, "God be with you, good father, and be of good comfort; for I hope we shall meet again, when we shall be happy." His father said, "I hope so, William." So William went to the place where the stake stood, but the things were not ready. Then William kneeled down, and read the fifty-first Psalm, till he came to these words, The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise.'

"Then said Master Tyrrell, Thou liest; thou readest false; for the words are "an humble spirit." "But" William said, 'The translation saith, a contrite heart.' Master Tyrrell replied, "The translation is false. You translate books as you like yourselves, like heretics." "Well", said William, "there is no great difference in these words." Then said the sheriff, "Here is a letter from the Queen. If thou wilt recant, thou shalt live; if not, thou shalt be burned." "No," answered William, "I will not recant, God willing." He then rose and went to the stake, and stood upright to it. Then came the bailiff and made fast the chain about him.

" Then said William, Good people, pray for me ; and make speed and despatch me quickly; and pray for me while you see me alive, good people, and I will pray for you likewise.'

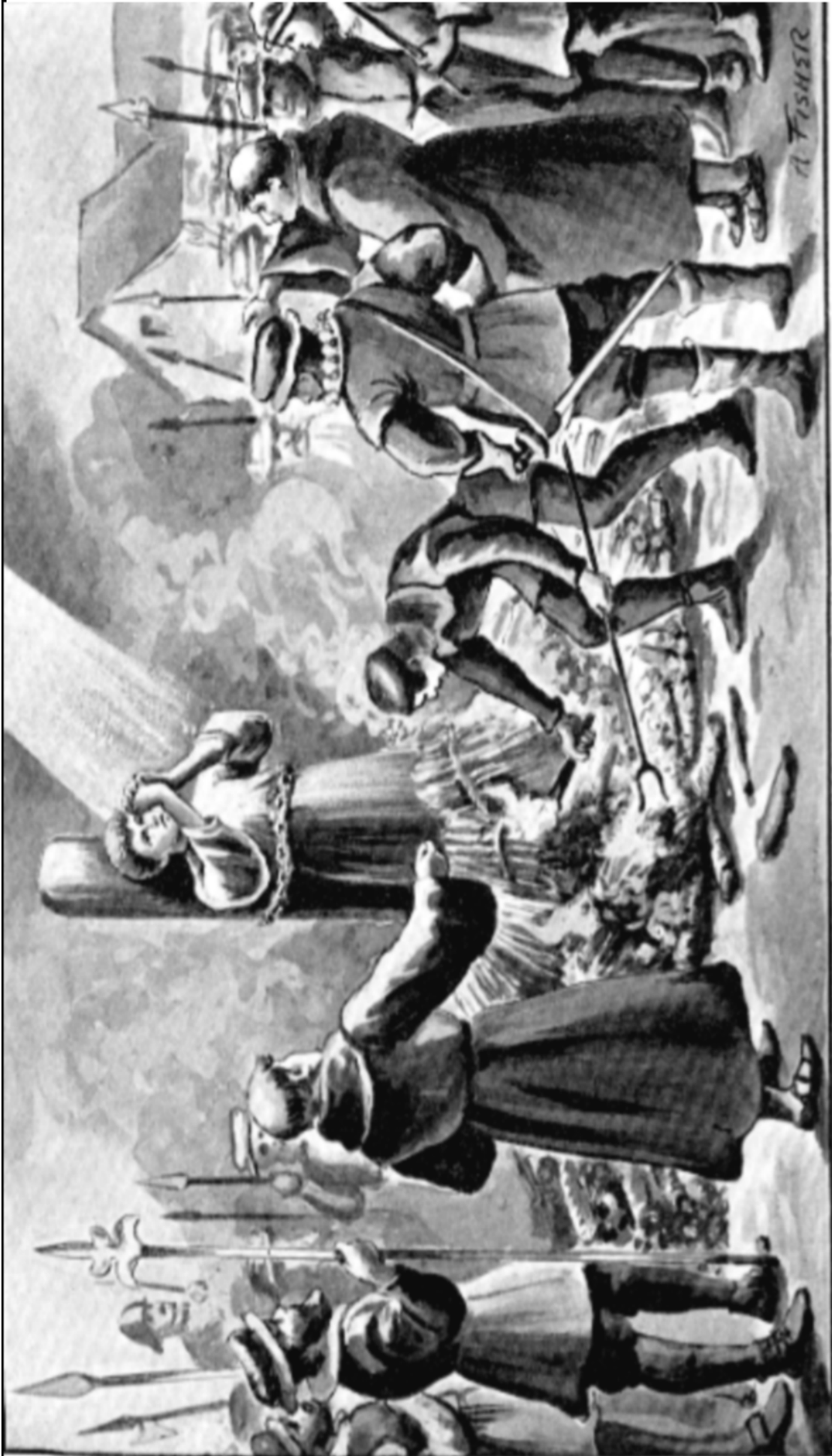
"What," said Master Brown, "pray for thee? I will pray no more for thee than I would pray for a dog." William answered, "Now you have that which you sought for; and I pray God it be not laid to your charge in the last day. I forgive you." Then said Master Brown, "ask no forgiveness of thee." "Well," said William, "if God forgive you, I shall not require my blood at your hands."

Then William, seeing the priest, and perceiving how he would have showed him the book, said, "Away, thou false prophet! Beware of them, good people, and come away from their abominations, lest you be partakers of their plagues." Then said the priest, "As thou burnest here, so shalt thou burn in hell." William answered, "Thou liest, thou false prophet! away, thou false prophet, away!'

Then said a gentleman present, "I pray God have mercy upon his soul." The people said, "Amen, amen." Upon this, fire was put to the faggots.

Then William flung his Psalter into his brother's hand, who said, "William, think on the holy passion of Christ, and be not afraid of death." And William answered, "I am not afraid." Then he lifted up his hands to Heaven, and said, "Lord, Lord, Lord, receive my spirit"; and casting down his head again into the smoke, he yielded up his life for the truth, sealing it with his blood to the praise of God.

It was a dull, dark, overcast sort of morning when Hunter suffered, and as he was standing at the stake a priest taunted him by telling him that he would soon open his eyes in hell; but he, looking up to heaven, cried out, "O Son of God, shine upon me," and just then the clouds parted, and the sunshine shone down to where the young martyr was standing. an evident token to the bystanders that God was with his young servant in the midst of his fiery trial, the same faithful, covenant-keeping God who appeared in the fiery furnace of old, the one like unto the Son of God—cheered and helped William Hunter in the flames of martyrdom in the bad old days of Queen Mary's reign.



MARTYRDOM OF WILLIAM HUNTER

JOHN ALCOCK, OF HADLEIGH

A youth living in the parish of Hadleigh, in Suffolk, named John Alcock, used to read the service in English when he went to Dr. Rowland Taylor's late church, and did not like the new Latin service which he could not understand. Boy like, too, he could not conceal the indignation he felt at the treatment of Dr. Taylor and his curate, Mr. Richard Yeoman, and the consequent dislike felt by him for Father Newall, so he failed to do the priest the reverence he expected from all the congregation as he marched in procession out of church. He was not ostentatiously rude, and strove to avoid observation by getting behind the font, but the priest noticed that he had put on his cap before the procession had passed, so he ran back from the church door, seized the poor boy and called for the constable. He would have been given in charge there and then, had not his master come forward and offered to be bail for his appearance.

The priest himself was prosecutor and magistrate, both in one, and when the boy came to him that afternoon with his master, he did not trouble himself to make any formal charge in a legal way, but asked young Alcock, "Fellow, what sayest thou to the sacrament of the altar?" John answered boldly, "I say as ye use the matter ye make a shameful idol of it; and ye are false idolatrous priests all the sort of you."

"I told you," said Father Newall to Mr. Rolfe, John Alcock's master, "he was a stout heretic."

"Heretic!" because he believed as the Scriptures teach, as the Creeds testify, as the authentic writings of the Fathers likewise testified to the ancient Catholic faith. Nay, it was Father Newall and those who believed as he believed who were the heretics. John Alcock was a Christian youth and no more a heretic because he was called so than was the apostle Paul.

After a long talk, all intended to draw from the boy whether he was a Christian or a papist, he was put in a cell, and the next day Father Newall took him to London.

He was kept many weary months in Newgate, and, finally, as he could not be persuaded to tell a lie and profess he believed what he could not believe, was thrust into the lowest dungeon, where he was treated worse than anyone nowadays dare treat a fierce, dangerous dog. There he died, and so disappointed those who would have liked to have seen him burnt at the stake. The malice of the poor boy's enemies followed him after death, and he was denied Christian burial, his poor wasted body being thrown out on a dunghill. His emancipated spirit, however, is at peace where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

Another notable martyr was John Leaf, a young man of nineteen. He was burnt with John Bradford, and his principal crime seems to have been refusing to tell a lie.

This was really what most of the martyrs suffered for in these shameful days. They might have saved their lives and been set at liberty, had they spoken agreeably to the bishops and the Queen's insane fancies, and declared that what they saw was bread, which looked like bread, felt like bread and tasted like bread, was not bread at all, but real living flesh with all in it that appertains to a real body such as the nerves and sinews.

Must not these persecutions, these murders, have been instigated by the very father of lies? How awful is that religion which can put to death men of truthfulness and honesty for no other crime than their strict adhesion to truth and refusal to tell a lie.

ROSE ALLEN

The cruel treatment of a young girl, the daughter of an Essex farmer, is an instance of the bitter hatred the Romanists manifested towards Christians for no other reason than that they were

Christians. Rose Allen was a quiet, inoffensive girl, doing no harm to anyone; but she loved to be in the company of those who read the Scriptures and prayed often to God through Christ.

Like her mother, she found no comfort in the mummary of the Mass; and the Holy Spirit having opened the eyes of both to see the wickedness of trampling our Lord under foot by despising His finished offering, and counting the blood of the New Covenant wherewith we are sanctified an inefficacious thing, they dared not be partakers of the priest's sin. Wherefore they absented themselves from the idolatrous service, to the anger of the Rev. Sir Thomas Tye, the priest in question, who showed what a servant of Antichrist he was, by the determination with which he set to work to bring about the death of the whole family.

The Tyrrell family have been already mentioned as haters of the Christians. One named Edmund Tyrrell was a very bigoted papist, and after priest Tye had made application and obtained a warrant from Lord D'Arcy, this same Edmund Tyrrell took with him the bailiff, also two constables, and proceeded to arrest these Godly Christians. Some more men went with them, among whom was one named William Candler, who afterwards resided at Much Bentley, and he, moved to indignation at the cruel deed we are about to relate, confessed the particulars of it, and testified to the truth of the incredible barbarity. But to our story. While we have been thus digressing, the cruel men have been raging round the farmhouse like a pack of ravenous wolves, for it was night time and all within had retired to rest.

The loud hammering and shouts to open the door, awoke the poor doomed sheep of Christ's flock, which being opened by someone, probably Rose, the men rushed into the bedroom where William Mount and his wife Alice lay.

At that time Rose's mother was very ill; but, nevertheless, Tyrrell told her she must get up and go to Colchester Castle. And this on a cold March night! Must not the poor woman have shuddered at the thought of her journey?

It made her feel so faint that she besought the man to let Rose first give her a drink of water. Tyrrell assented, and the girl, taking a stoneware pitcher in one hand and a lighted candle in the other, went to draw water for her mother. What passed in those few moments of solitude at the well is not recorded, but we can fancy the Christian maid fervently praying within herself for Divine strength and guidance. As we shall see, the prayer was answered. When she returned Tyrrell said, affecting a compassion likely to deceive any who knew not how relentless the Roman wolves are when hunting the Saviour's lambs:

"You are a good lass, Rose, and your father and mother worthy people, whom I am grieved to see in this strait. Why do you not give them good counsel, and persuade them to be better Catholic people?"

Rose meekly replied: " Sir, they have a better Instructor than I, for the Holy Ghost doth teach them, I hope, which I trust will not suffer them to err."

Tyrrell turned to her with anger, saying, "What! Art thou still in that same mind, thou naughty hussy? Marry, it is time to look upon (i.e., look after) such heretics indeed."

Rose did not like the word "heretic," and she said gently, "Sir, with what you call heresy do I worship my Lord God. I tell you truth."

"Then I perceive you will burn, gossip, with the rest for company's sake," exclaimed Tyrrell.

But Rose showed no fear, and said, "No, sir, not for Company's sake, but for Christ's sake, if so I be compelled; and I hope in His mercies, if He call me to it, He will enable me to bear it."



He held the flame to the back of her hand.

Then followed a cruel and barbarous action, which showed how popery had warped the minds of the men who had followed Tyrrell and his constables into the house. Tyrrell had asked them, half sneeringly, "Sirs, this gossip will burn, do you not think it?" When one said brutally, "Marry, prove her! Then ye shall see what she will do by and by."

Whereupon Tyrrell, heedless of the woman fainting for the water Rose was fetching, seized the girl's wrist, and taking the candle from her, held the flame to the back of poor Rose's hand, burning it till, so William Candler said, the very sinews cracked asunder, and it was rendered for ever useless. God enabled her to bear the pain without a cry, and even in her agony she did not forget her mother; for as soon as she was released, she took the pitcher in her hand and carried it to the bedroom.

She was afterwards burnt at the stake at Colchester, with her father and mother, August 2nd, 1557.

BURNING THE BLIND!

The young woman Joan Waast has been already mentioned, and she was not the only blind girl who was burnt. Another one was by these inhuman brutes put to death in the same cruel, savage fashion at Maidstone, on the 18th of June, 1557; and a blind boy was burnt at Gloucester on May 5th, 1556.



Chapter XXXVIII

WHY THE MARTYRS SUFFERED.

1.-- THE FIRST FIVE ARTICLES OF THE POPE PIUS' CREED



WHY did the martyrs suffer? and why did so many willingly yield themselves to trial, to prison, and to death?

The best answer is found in the words of the Psalmist: "For Thy sake are we killed all the day long: we are counted as sheep for the slaughter " (Ps. xlv. 22).

"For Thy sake" —not because they wished to maintain certain opinions, not to win glory for themselves, not even to gain salvation, but "for Thy sake."---for the sake of Christ Whose death had already saved them, Whose life quickened them, Whose Holy Spirit showed them that certain doctrines taught by the great false Church were contrary to His Word, and that certain rites and practices enjoined by her were robbing **Him** of His glory. For His sake, therefore, they suffered and died rather than consent to take part in idolatries which He had strictly forbidden. "If ye love Me, keep My commandments." Obedience is the test of true love. The martyrs were tested and found true, even unto death.

Let us now examine the chief errors of Rome against which they contended.

Rome was not built in a day. The apostasy has grown step by step, stage by stage, as the centuries rolled by. The Church of Rome, as it is now, is thoroughly different from the Church in Rome, founded by the Apostle Paul in the first century. She has added from time to time many new doctrines, unknown to Christianity. Thus, in one sense, her system is a novelty; but in another sense her system is very ancient, for her errors are of Babylonian origin, each of which can be traced back to that old citadel of falsehood, and to the paganism concocted there, two thousand years before Christ[1]. Up to the fourth century the Church was comparatively pure, though signs of the working of "the mystery of iniquity" were not lacking.

In 325 A.D. the Council at Nice drew up "The Nicene Creed," now in our English Church Prayer Book. In 431 A.D. the General Council of Ephesus forbade the making of any additions to the faith as defined in that Creed. This famous decree ran as follows:

"That it should be lawful for no one to write or to compose any other form of Faith than that defined by' the holy fathers who, with the Holy Ghost, had been assembled at Nice. But those who shall have dared to compose, or to profess, or to offer any other form of faith to those wishing to be converted to the acknowledgment of the truth, whether from Paganism or Judaism, or from any sort of heresy; that these, if they were bishops or clergymen, that the bishops should be deposed from their episcopacy, and the clergy from their clerical office; but that if they were laymen, they should be subjected to anathema."

From the foregoing we see that it was strictly forbidden to add more doctrines to the faith as defined by the Council of Nice; and yet, notwithstanding this decree, Rome has introduced, gradually, new doctrines and dogmas; has added, with subtlety, many novel rites and ceremonies; and these innovations, according to the General Council of Ephesus, subject her "bishops to deposition, her clergy to deprivation, and her lay members to anathemas."

If this decree were in force to-day, every one of her bishops and clergy would be deposed and deprived, and the whole of the Church of Rome would be under a curse. But Rome finds it pleasant to forget this particular General Council.

Left: Heathen Madonna and Child from ancient Egypt



In 1564 her various novelties and man-invented doctrines (which had been added, one by one, during the preceding centuries) were drawn up into a new creed, called the Creed of Pope Pius IX., which Rome obliges her members and perverts to accept. This creed consists of twelve Articles, each of which is contrary to Scripture. We cannot do better than examine them, one by one, by the Light of God's Word; and as we do so, let us bear in mind that, rather than consent to these errors, thousands—yea, millions, in many lands—have suffered trial, torture, agonies and death. This creed is the black Banner of Darkness: let us unfurl against it the glorious Banner of Light, the Holy Bible, and we shall see how contrary the one is to the other.

ROME'S NEW CREED

First and second Articles:—"I most steadfastly admit and embrace Apostolic and Ecclesiastical Traditions, and all other observances and constitutions of the same Church. I also admit the Holy Scriptures, according to that sense which our Holy, Mother the Church has held and does hold to which it belongs, to judge of the true sense, and interpretation of the Scriptures; neither will I ever take and interpret them otherwise than according to the unanimous consent of the Fathers."

Right: Heathen Madonna and Child from India.

From these two articles we see that Rome's Rule of Faith is (1) Tradition, and (2) Scripture, as interpreted by "The Church." Now let us examine this two-fold guide of the Romanist.

What does Rome mean by "Tradition"?

She says that the Apostles said many things which are not written, and that their sayings, being of equal authority with their writings, have been handed to the "Fathers" "by report," and they committed them to writing. Thus we see that Rome trusts to report, and can give no proof that what she calls "traditions" were ever indeed spoken by any of the apostles. The only record of apostolic teaching is in the New Testament; the only reliable "tradition" is the written Word of



God. This word "tradition" signifies "a thing delivered." The Bible has been delivered from God to man, and in that sense may be called a tradition; and it is the only tradition worthy of absolute trust. But the traditions which Rome places on an equality with the Bible are the words of man, viz., the writings of the Fathers of the first three centuries, which are constantly contradicting one another—a sure proof they cannot be reliable authority.

In the second Article we see Rome requires all her members to believe only that interpretation, or meaning, of Scripture which she teaches. They are not to think, reason, judge, nor search the Bible for themselves ; they must stifle reason, quench thinking, and never exercise private judgment, but believe only what they are told, "according to the unanimous consent of the Fathers."

The word "Father" was applied (in direct disobedience to our Lord's command, Matt. xxiii. 9) to the Christian writers of the early centuries.[2] Was there a "unanimous consent" among them? No; the Fathers of one age contradicted those of another. To tell Romanists to believe in the "unanimous consent of the Fathers" is to bid them believe in what does not exist. On controversial questions they wrote very little, and when they did their testimony was generally contrary to Rome. The writers of the fourth century were not so pure in doctrine as those of earlier times, and superstition had then much increased in the Church. Living so far from apostolic days, they cannot be relied upon as infallible teachers; and to place their writings on a level with the Word of God is like the sin of the Pharisees of whom our Lord demanded, "Why do ye transgress the commandment of God by your tradition?" (Matt. xv. 3). For holding to man's word rather than to God's Word is one of the reasons that Rome's first and second Articles are unscriptural and impracticable.

Let us now pass on to a consideration of the third Article.

"I also profess that there are truly and properly seven Sacraments of the new law instituted by Jesus Christ our Lord, and necessary for the salvation of mankind, though not all for everyone, to wit, Baptism, Confirmation, Eucharist, Penance, Extreme Unction, Orders, and Matrimony, and that they confer grace; and that of these Baptism, Confirmation, and Orders, cannot be reiterated without sacrilege; and I also receive and admit the received and approved ceremonies of the Catholic Church, used in the solemn administration of all the aforesaid Sacraments. '

Here we have a great bundle of errors. There were not seven Sacraments instituted by Christ, but two only, viz., Baptism and the Lord's Supper. A sacrament is an outward sign appointed by Christ Himself; water is the element of the former, and bread and wine of the latter. The other five, says Article xxv. of the English Prayer Book, "are not to be counted Sacraments of the Gospel, being such as have grown partly of the corrupt following of the Apostles, partly are states allowed in the Scriptures; but yet have not like nature of Sacraments with Baptism, and the Lord's Supper, for that they have not any visible sign or ceremony ordained of God."

Confirmation is, in the Church, only an ecclesiastical ordinance. The Prayer Book shows itself contradictory when its article speaks of it as the outcome of the "corrupt following of the Apostles," and yet has a service for the very ceremony it condemns! It would have been wiser had the ordinance been repudiated, with other relics of popery.

Penance was banished from the Church of England at the Reformation. It is a very great error built on the false idea that man by punishing himself can obtain the favour and forgiveness of God, and can make himself holy.

The tribunal of penance consists of confession, absolution and satisfaction; that is to say, the penitent first confesses his sins into the ear of the priest, is given absolution, and certain penances, such as fastings, prayers, scourgings, etc., as satisfaction for sin.

Confession to a priest is absolutely contrary to Scripture, which teaches us to go direct to Christ, the only Priest of this dispensation; for there is "one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus" (I Tim. ii. 5). "No man cometh unto the Father but by Me" (John xiv. 6). Absolution given by the priest is also entirely opposed to God's Word. By claiming to be able to forgive sins the priest usurps authority which belongs to God alone. Romanism is thoroughly opposed to the Bible; nevertheless, whenever a text seems to be in favour of her doctrines, she quotes it, as the devil did when tempting Christ. In this instance Rome points to John xx. 23, "Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained." But these words do not refer to absolution of sin by a priest, but the remission of sins through the preaching of the Gospel by any Christian man or woman; if the proclamation of the Gospel convert the sinner, his sins are remitted; if it fail to do so, his sins are retained. As James said: "He which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins" (James v. 20). Rome also quotes Matt. xviii. 18: "Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." But these words referred merely to the authority which was given to the apostles, as founders of the Christian Church, to release it from the obligations and ceremonials of the Levitical law, and to bind upon it whatever was necessary in doctrine and practice. It was a power that did not descend beyond the apostles. In Acts xv. 24-29 we have an example of their exercising this authority.

Satisfaction, or the prescribing by the priest of certain penances which the penitent must perform in order to remit the temporal punishment of sin, is directly contrary to God's Word, which tells us that we are healed, not by our own stripes, but by His, borne in our stead. "With His stripes we are healed"---"The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all" (Isaiah liii. 5-6). This being so, it is an insult to His redeeming work to add to it by self-inflicted penances. The Confessional, then, is a gigantic scheme for bringing humanity into the bondage of an ecclesiastical system. It is a mighty power in the hands of Rome, because, through it, the priest can find out the secrets of persons, families, societies, and even of kings and states. The confessor of a king of France used to say:

**"With my God in my hand, and my king at my knee,
Who can greater be?"**

Auricular Confession was not enjoined in the Church of Rome until 1215, when the Roman apostasy was fully developed.

Extreme unction is another of Rome's seven sacraments; but, tested by the Word of God, it is no sacrament at all, not having Divine Institution nor authority in the Scriptures. The ceremony of anointing with oil, by the priest, of the ears, mouth, nose, eyes, feet, and hands is performed only on the dying, and is one of Satan's devices for leading the soul to trust in lies and be lost, rather than to look to Christ and be saved. Rome quotes James v. 14 in support of this error, but that unction was administered for the restoration to health of the sick person, and Rome gives it only to the dying. After the ceremony the last words put into the mouth of the departing soul are prayers to Mary, the angels, and the saints, but not one to Christ. How terrible is the Romish delusion which sends forth the soul into the darkness trusting in a lie! Rather than place their eternal salvation in the hands of such a fearful system as this, the holy martyrs endured persecution and were burnt to death.

The last clause of this third Article enjoins the acceptance of all ceremonies connected with Rome's seven Sacraments. The reader may like to know a little about them.

How is Baptism, for example, performed?

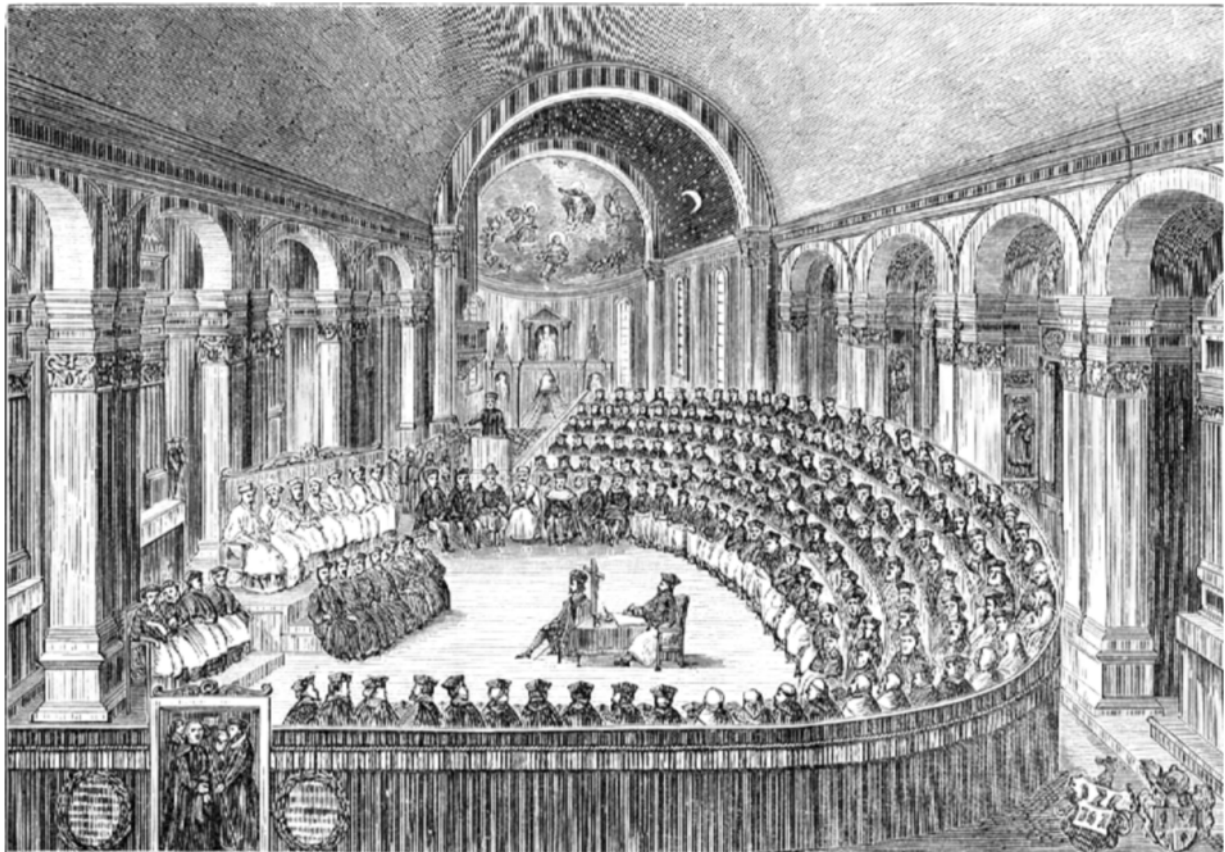
Immersion in water was the only outward sign used by the apostles. But Rome has added various things of her own inventions, and has an elaborate process of driving the devil out of an

infant. Three times must the priest blow in its face, in order to blow out the devil. Next the power of salt is tried—salt that has previously been "exorcised," or had the devil driven out of it. This "blessed" salt is then placed on the mouth of the infant, to serve as a "propitiation unto life everlasting." But the devil is evidently difficult to drive out, for he is next exorcised in very strong language, with scoldings and cursings. Next is tried the power of the priest's spittle, which is placed on the ear of the infant, and the devil is commanded to fly! Then follows anointing with oil, and, last of all, the pouring of a little water on the infant's head—"holy water," of course, i.e., water which has had the devil driven out of it. This water must directly touch the skin of the infant, or the potency of the spell will have no effect; should it fall only on the hair, the charm is lost.[3]

Such, then, are the inventions of men--the grovelling superstitions, which a false Church has put in the place of the simple Gospel of Christ.

The fourth Article is as follows:—"I embrace and receive all and every one of the things which have been defined and declared in the Holy Council of Trent, concerning original sin and justification."

First, we must enquire, what is the Council of Trent? And secondly, what does it teach on these points?



The Council of Trent

The Council of Trent has been called "Rome's answer to the Reformation." The Reformation gave us an open Bible, with liberty to read and understand it for ourselves, thereby exposing the errors of Rome, which are contrary to its teachings. Rome, alarmed at the decline of her power, called an assembly to discuss the points of controversy, and to draw up a confession of Roman belief. One of the results of this Council was the new Creed of Pope Pius IV., which is the subject of this chapter and our next.

But the most conspicuous of the Council's proceedings was its antagonistic attitude to the Word of God. The open Bible had brought about a widespread revolt from the authority of Rome. People were reading it—not the learned only, but the poor and illiterate also. The refulgent beams of this glorious Light were laying bare the errors, frauds, lies, and impostures of the great false Church. If Rome, then, was to hold her own against the mighty force of an open Bible, she had to use every effort to close it. Therefore, to shut up the Scriptures from the people was the most important step of the Council.

In these days Rome finds it necessary to try and make people believe she is not antagonistic to the Bible, and in order to deceive them with this idea she has recently circulated some portions of the Scriptures in Rome and elsewhere. But the Protestant must not be taken in by this subterfuge.[4] Rome dreads the Bible, and has strictly forbidden the reading of it by the people. Here is her prohibition in full, as enacted by the Council of Trent:—

“Inasmuch as it is manifest, from experience, that if the Holy Bible, translated into the vulgar tongue, be indiscriminately allowed to everyone, the temerity of men will cause more evil than good to arise from it, it is, on this point, referred to the judgment of the bishops, or inquisitors, who may, by the advice of the priest or confessor, permit the reading of it translated into the vulgar tongue by Catholic authors, to those persons whose faith and piety, they apprehend, will be augmented and not injured by it; and this permission they must have in writing. But if anyone shall have the presumption to read or possess it without such written permission, he shall not have absolution until he has first delivered up such Bible to the ordinary. Booksellers, however, who shall sell or otherwise dispose of Bibles in the vulgar tongue to any persons not having such permission, shall forfeit the value of the books, to be applied by the bishop to some pious use, and be subjected to such other penalties as the bishop shall judge proper, according to the quality of the offence. But regulars shall neither read nor purchase such Bibles without a special license from their superiors” (Fourth Rule of the Index of the Council of Trent).

The reader of the above will note that Rome considers the reading of the Bible does "more evil than good," prohibits it to the people, and only permits it under exceptional circumstances to certain individuals. How contrary is this to God's Word, which commends those who search the Scriptures: "These were more noble than those in Thessalonica in that they received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily, whether these things were so" (Acts xvii. II). How great is the blasphemy of Rome, which presumes to take upon herself the prerogative of permitting what God has **commanded**!

Having thus shut away the Bible from her people, Rome finds it easy to draw up what creed she likes, and palm it off on the public as of Divine authority.

Let us see what she says on original sin and justification.

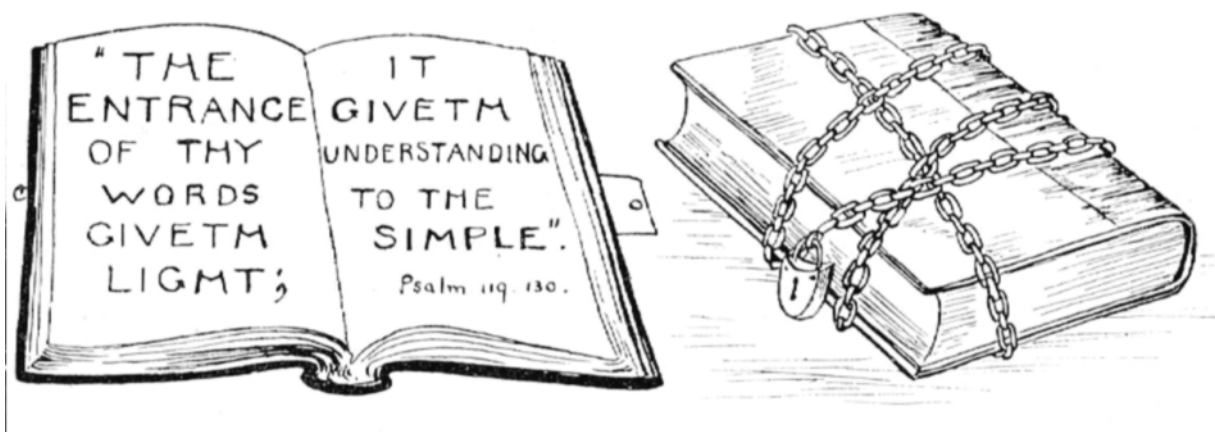
The Romanist declares, in the fourth Article of the creed of Pope Pius IV., that he will believe just what the Council of Trent has said on this matter; but it taught a very complicated scheme of salvation.

Baptism is supposed (we have seen how hard they find it to drive out the devil) to remit original sin; then comes confession to a priest, to cleanse every sin committed after baptism; penances, and various things called "good works," are supposed to help the sinner to save himself; then follows extreme unction for the dying; and last of all, the sinner, after death, is roasted, baked, or frizzled in a hot furnace called "Purgatory," where venial sins are believed to be purged away. How different is the teaching of the Bible, which shows the way of salvation by faith in Jesus Christ, so simply that a child can walk in it. Not any rites or ceremonies, not even baptism, can cleanse the soul of original sin; this is the work of faith alone. "For by grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves---not of works, lest any man should boast (Eph. ii. 8, 9). The fifth Article of Pope Pius' creed runs as follows:--

"I profess, likewise, that in the Mass there is offered to God a true, proper and propitiatory sacrifice for the living and the dead; and that in the most Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist there are truly, really and substantially the body and blood, together with the soul and divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ; and that there is made a conversion of the whole substance of the bread into the body, and of the whole substance of the wine into the blood, which conversion the Catholic Church calls Transubstantiation. I also confess, that under either kind alone, Christ is received whole and entire, and a true sacrament."

To this Article we must give attention, because it is especially the one for denying which the martyrs suffered. It was around this point, Transubstantiation, that the battle of the Reformation raged in England.

It is very strange that anyone can be found to believe in so monstrous a dogma, which asserts that by the words of a priest, "This is My body," bread ceases to be bread, and becomes God Almighty. However, as the delusion is held by millions, we must briefly examine and refute it, by the Light of Scripture and common sense.



The Open Bible and Rome's Chained Bible

The passage in Scripture which Rome quotes to back up this terrible falsehood is John vi. 51-56, in which Christ speaks of coming to Him and trusting in Him, in the figurative language, of eating His flesh and drinking His blood. Rome (and the Ritualists also) applies this passage to the Lord's Supper. But it has no reference whatever to the Lord's Supper, having been spoken thirteen months before its institution. Christ Himself explains His meaning in the 35th verse: "He that cometh to Me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst." Even if it were possible to eat the actual flesh and drink the literal blood of Christ, it would not do us any good. "It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing: the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life " (verse 63). Rome (and the Ritualists) also refers to the words of institution (see Luke xxii. 14-22). If we examine this passage, we find that Christ did not consecrate the elements. He blessed God, not the bread. He gave thanks to His Father, just as we " say grace " before our meals ; and even when He had given thanks, He still called the wine—not blood, but "the fruit of the vine." He also said: "This cup is the new testament." If we take these words literally, the cup also must have been changed or transubstantiated; but we know Christ was speaking figuratively, as when He had said: "I am the vine," or "I am the door," meaning that a vine or a door represented Him who hears the branches of His churches, and who is the only Way into Heaven. So also, when He said : " This is My body," or "This is My blood," He meant, "This bread represents My body, which is broken for you; and this wine represents, or is a sign or figure of My blood, which is shed for you." How easy and simple it is! It is incomprehensible how anyone can understand it otherwise. But Rome loves to be thought great,

and her priests court power and flattery ; therefore they claim to be able to create the Creator out of bread, in order that people may think them wonderful beings, quite different from everyone else. But though Rome thereby exalts herself, she at the same time humiliates Christ.

Milner, a noted Roman controversialist, says that Transubstantiation exhibits Christ "a step lower" than when He hung upon the cross. All those who know their Bibles will realise that such an idea is absolutely opposed to Scripture. Christ can no longer be humiliated, for "God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name" (Phil. ii. 9). He was once humiliated, but now "He is crowned with glory."

One or two more Scriptural points will be sufficient to prove how opposed to God's Word is the doctrine of Transubstantiation.

The priest, when drinking the consecrated wine, is supposed to be swallowing actual blood. Now in Acts xv. 29 it is strictly forbidden to drink blood. This is proof enough. that the wine is not changed into blood, for Christ would not command His disciples to do what is forbidden in God's Word. It is very doubtful if Christ now has any blood in His glorious resurrection body. When He appeared to His disciples after His resurrection, He spoke of His "flesh and bones," but made no mention of His blood (Luke xxiv. 39). We are told "flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God." If Christ in Heaven has no blood, it is not possible to create it at the Romish altar. The wafer, though supposed to have been changed into God, becomes mouldy, or corrupt, may disappear as dust, or can be eaten by a mouse or a rat; but if it were really God, this would be impossible. For of Christ's body it is written: "Thou shalt not suffer Thine Holy One to see corruption" (Acts xiii. 35). But Rome's god is liable to so many accidents, that special instructions are given to priests how to act in emergencies. They are told:—

"If the host after consecration disappear, either by any accident, as by the wind, or a miracle, or, being taken or carried off by any animal, it cannot be recovered, then he shall consecrate another. If after consecration a fly has fallen in, or anything of the sort, and a nausea be occasioned to the priest, he shall drain it out and wash it with wine, and when the mass is finished, burn it, and the ashes and lotion shall be thrown into the sacrarium. If anything poisonous has touched the consecrated host, it shall be kept in a tabernacle in a place by itself, until the species be corrupted, etc. If the blood of Christ has fallen on the ground, let it be licked up with the tongue, if it have fallen on the altar stone, let the priest suck up the drops."[5]

Romanists (and many ritualists) take the Sacrament fasting, in direct opposition to the example of Christ, who instituted the Lord's Supper after the Pascal feast, when the disciples had eaten and drunken. Not only is Transubstantiation contrary to God's Word, it is also at complete variance with common sense. God has given us senses that we may use them; and Christianity, to a large extent, rests on the evidence of the senses. The apostle John speaks of the senses as infallible. He says that Christ "showed himself alive after His passion by many infallible proofs, being seen of them forty days, and speaking of the things pertaining to the Kingdom of God " (Acts i. 3).

Here the senses of sight and hearing were appealed to in order to test the reality of His resurrection (see also I John i. 1-3). But Transubstantiation cannot be proved by the senses; it is absolutely contrary to common sense. We see bread, and we cannot believe it to be a man. Our senses of sight, smell, and taste tell us infallibly that a wafer is flour and water, and it is impossible to make us think it is a body of flesh, bones, blood, nerves, and tissue. Our senses show us that the wafer has no life in it—it cannot move, speak, nor see, and therefore we know it is not God Almighty, but only a piece of bread.

Insane people imagine many strange things which are contrary to sense, but no lunatic has ever conceived a bigger delusion than that of Transubstantiation. We can only look upon it as a religious mania, or a hallucination of the mind. "God shall send them strong delusion, that they

should believe a lie, that they all might be condemned which believe not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness" (2 Thess. ii. I I, 12).

The ex-priest Chiniquy says:

"When a priest of Rome I was bound, with all Roman Catholics, to believe that Christ had taken His own body, with His own hands, to His mouth, and that He had eaten Himself, not in spiritual but in substantial material way; after eating Himself, He had given it to each one of His apostles who then ate Him also." [6] Is not this "a strange delusion"?

The same writer says, that when studying for the priesthood, his superior taught him that a French priest, "having been condemned to death in Paris, when dragged to the scaffold had, through revenge, consecrated and changed into Jesus Christ all the loaves of the bakeries of that great city which were along the streets through which he had to pass; and though our learned Superior condemned that action in the strongest terms, yet he told us that the consecration was valid, and that the loaves were really changed into the body, blood, soul, and divinity of the Saviour of the world. And I was bound to believe it under pain of eternal damnation." Rather than hold such grovelling superstitions our martyrs suffered and died; rather than submit to such midnight darkness, many have laid down their lives.

Pastor Chiniquy also tells us how the wafer is made, as follow:--

"I must carry the good. God, to-morrow to a sick man," says the priest to his servant girl, "but there are no more particles in the tabernacle. Make some small cakes that I may consecrate them to-morrow." And the obedient domestic takes some wheat flour, for no other flour is fit to make the god of the pope. A mixture of any other kind would make the miracle of Transubstantiation a great failure. The servant girl accordingly takes the dough, and bakes it between two heated irons, on which are graven certain figures. [7] When the whole is well baked, she takes her scissors and cuts those wafers, which are about four or five inches large, into smaller ones of the size of an inch, and respectfully hands them over to the priest. The next morning the priest takes the newly baked wafers to the altar, and changes them into the body, blood, soul, and divinity of Jesus Christ. The wafer having been made into a god, it is then worshipped with Latria [8] (i.e., with the very highest adoration given to Almighty God alone).

"I believed," continues the ex-priest Chiniquy, "as sincerely as every Roman Catholic priest is bound to believe it, that I was creating my own Saviour-God every morning by the assumed consecration of the wafer; and I was saying to the people as I presented it to them, This is the Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world, let us adore Him and prostrating myself on my knees I was adoring the god made by myself, with the help of my servant, and all the people prostrated themselves to adore the newly-made god."

Adoration to the newly-made god is not the only blasphemy; the terrible idolatry is consummated by offering it, **as a sacrifice for sins for the living and the dead**. This is called the "sacrifice of the mass." This "sacrifice" takes place when the priest swallows his god.

The Bible student will not need to be reminded how contrary to Scripture is the popish belief that sacrifices can now be offered for sin. God's Word tells us: "There is now no more offering for sin" (Heb. X. 18). "Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over Him. For in that He died, He died unto sin once" (Rom. VI. 9, 10). "Who needeth not daily, as those high priests, to offer up sacrifice, first for His own sins, and then for the people's: for this He did once, when He offered up Himself" (Heb. VII. 27). "We are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all."---" This Man, after He had offered one sacrifice for sins for ever, sat down on the right hand of God " (Heb. X. 10-12). The fact of sitting down shows His work of atonement is finished and complete. Rome's sacrifices are a supposed continuation of Christ's sacrifice on the cross. By the idea of adding to Christ's perfect

work Rome insults the finished sacrifice of Christ, and makes the truth of God to appear a lie. It is only of the wicked that it is written: "They crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put Him to an open shame" (Heb. VI. 6).

Let the reader also specially note that in the present dispensation there are not any priests in the Christian Church (except in so far that every believing man, woman, or child, is a king and a priest unto God). But in the official significance of the word there is not even one priest in the Church of Christ on earth. Our only Priest—Christ Jesus—is in Heaven, but if He were on earth He could not be a priest. As the Apostle Paul says, "If He were on earth He should not be a priest" (Heb. VIII. 4). How false, then, are the so-called priests of Rome, and the ritualists! They are only the successors of the priests of Baal.

The ceremony of the mass is an elaborate one, and yet, notwithstanding all the priest's conjurations, bobbings, and genuflections, the people cannot be sure if the wafer has really been changed into a god or whether they are only adoring a bit of bread. The Roman Missal states that defects may occur in celebrating mass. The wafer may not have been rightly made, or the wine may be sour or have too much water mixed with it, or the priest may forget a word or two of the Consecration, or may omit some special position of his body—for there are over a hundred different ceremonies and positions of the body to be observed; or if the priest does not intend to consecrate then no Transubstantiation has taken place. Consequently no Romanist can be sure if he is worshipping a god, or only a wafer.

When the pope is celebrating mass, a special ceremony is added for his protection. It is the "Proba." Three wafers are placed on the paten, two of which are given to someone else who eats them both. The wine is also presented to the same person who drinks some of it. Then the pope may safely proceed to eat the remaining wafer and drink the wine. This ceremony is done to prevent the pope being poisoned.

Transubstantiation and the sacrifice of the mass, the greatest impostures the world has ever seen, were foreknown to Christ, and He has warned us against them when He told us that "False Christs" would arise—which would be found in "secret chambers," or tabernacles, or "without in the desert." On Roman Catholic "altars" (and on some ritualistic ones) is the so-called "tabernacle," or "secret chamber." It is a kind of box in which the consecrated wafers are kept until required. If a Roman Catholic were asked: "Who is in that tabernacle or secret chamber?" he would reply, "Jesus Christ is there." In Roman Catholic countries the wafer or host, as it is called, is borne in procession through the roads, the people kneeling and adoring it as it passes by. Against these impostures Christ has warned us—and let us take double heed to His warning in these perilous days, when popish errors are deceiving many in our own land. Christ said: "If they shall say unto you, Behold He is in the desert, go not forth; behold He is in the secret chambers, believe it not" (Matt. XXIV. 26). When Christ comes again it will not be in humiliation, nor in the form of a wafer, but it will be with glory and power. "For as the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west, so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be" (V. 27).

Footnotes to Chapter 28

1. See Hislop's "Two Babylons."

2. Very few of their writings remain. The "Apostolic Fathers" were Clemens, Ignatius, Barnabas, Hermas and Polycarp ; in the middle of the second century Justin Martyr and Ireneus; and later came Clemens Alexandrinus, and Tertullian; Cyprian and Origen flourished in the third century; and in the fourth lived Augustine, Jerome, Chrysostom, and Ambrose.

3. See the "Roman Anglican Ritual," edited by order of Paul V.—extracted from the Roman Ritual—the priest's office-book.
4. The following from Dens (a noted Roman writer) will explain the reason of this. Speaking of the prohibition to read the Scriptures, he says: "The law has been received, and hitherto observed, in by far the greatest part of the Catholic world ; only where they lived amongst heretics, a greater indulgence was allowed"—viz., to lead Protestants to think that Rome is not opposed to the Scriptures. (See "*Popery in its Social Aspect*," by Rev. R. P. Blakeney, D.D.)
5. "*The Roman Missal*."
6. "*Fifty years in the Church of Rome*," by Pastor Chiniquy.
7. See p. 108 for a picture of the wafer.
8. Rome has three kinds of worship—Latria, given to God only, *hyper-dulia*, given to the Virgin Mary, .and a lower worship, given to images, called *dulia*.





Chapter XXXIX WHY THE MARTYRS SUFFERED

II—THE SEVEN. LAST ARTICLES OF POPE PIUS' CREED



EVEN as the traveller needs to be forewarned against the dangerous pitfalls on his road, lest he may unawares fall into one of them, so also the Christian pilgrim needs to be forewarned against the snares and perils on his way heavenwards, and thus be forearmed for the conflict against sin, Satan and false doctrines.

In our preceding chapter we dealt with the first five Articles of Rome's creed, as drawn up by the Council of Trent, and have shown them to be, not the way of salvation, but the broad road leading to the soul's ruin, the inventions of Satan—that believing a lie, many may be lost.

Let us now briefly examine the remaining Articles of this popish creed, remembering, as we do so, that millions in many parts of the world, and some thousands in our own land, have chosen imprisonment, torture and death, rather than believe in the doctrines contained in them.

Sixth. Article.—"I constantly hold there is a Purgatory, and that souls contained therein are helped by the suffrages of the faithful."

What is Purgatory? It is an imaginary place of punishment, where, after death, the sinner is supposed to undergo a process of purgation from venial sins, before he can be admitted into Heaven. The belief in Purgatory rests on two false pillars—viz., the idea that there are two kinds of sin, **venial** (not deserving of death) and **mortal** (deserving of death). This, of course, is contrary to Scripture, which makes no such distinction, but clearly tells us that all **sin**, whether great or small in degree, is **mortal**. "For whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all" (James V. 10).

The second false pillar on which Purgatory rests is the idea that the temporal punishment of sin can be extended beyond the grave. But this also is contrary to Scripture, which tells us that those who 'are trusting in Christ alone for salvation "rest from their labours" (Rev. XIV. 13). "For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain---- For I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better " (Phil. I. 21, 23).

The inspired writer of the above words did not believe in a Purgatory. To be roasted, frizzled, or boiled in the fires of Purgatory would not be "far better," but a great deal worse than remaining- On earth. Paul, like all Protestants, knew that "if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens" (2 Cor. V. 1). "Verily I say unto thee," said Christ to the penitent thief, "to-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise (Luke xxiii. 43).

There is, however, one special passage in Scripture to which Rome points in support of the doctrine of Purgatory (I Peter III. 19), which tells us that Christ, by the Spirit, went and preached to the spirits in prison; but this "prison" could not refer to Purgatory at all, because there the spirits were, according to Rome's teaching, in mortal sin viz., "disobedient," or "incredulous". Consequently, there is in this passage no mention of Purgatory, into which souls in mortal sin never go.

Romanists are naturally in great dread of Purgatory. The only comfort it can give them is the hope that, terrible as it is, there is a possibility of escape from it after ages of torment. How much better is the Protestant's Scriptural belief that the Christian, after death, goes—not into torment—but immediately into Paradise, through the merits of Christ's death on his behalf.

Here is a Roman Catholic's description of Purgatory: "No misery can be found like that of a person who suffers evils that the eye has never seen nor the ear ever heard, without the power of relieving or mitigating them in the slightest degree. Such is the state of the souls in Purgatory" Another Roman writer (the Jesuit Father Morris) says:- "You must conceive Purgatory to be a vast, darksome and hideous chaos, full of fire and flames, in which the souls are kept close prisoners until they have fully satisfied for all their misdemeanours, according to the estimate of Divine justice. For God has made choice of this element of fire wherewith to punish souls, because it is the most active, piercing, sensible, and insupportable of others---nay, though you join rocks, gridirons, boiling Oils, wild beasts, and at hundred horses drawing several ways and tearing one limb from another, with all the other hellish devices of the most barbarous and cruel tyrants, all this does not reach to the least part of the mildest pains in Purgatory."

The poor tormented souls languishing in Purgatory are said to be "helped by the suffrages of the faithful" only "helped," not "delivered" from suffering. It would not suit the policy of Rome to deliver them; she prefers to teach that they are kept in the prison of Purgatory for indefinite periods, in order that she may exact money from their friends or relations, who, by paying for "Masses" to be said for their souls, imagine these Masses can "help" their departed ones in purgatorial agonies. For centuries that great trading company- the Church of Rome-- has reaped enormous wealth, obtained alike from the poor and the rich, out of this satanic fiction of Purgatory. Out of compassion for their suffering friends, the deluded Romanists will liberally pay the priest to pray for them. Here is a notice which was posted up in a Roman Catholic Church in Mexico:---

"Raffle :for souls.--At the last raffle for souls the following numbers obtained the prize, and the lucky holders may be assured that their loved ones are for ever released from the flames of Purgatory:Ticket 841: The soul of the lawyer, James Vasquez, is released from Purgatory and ushered into heavenly joys. Ticket 41: The soul of Madame Calderon is made happy for ever---Another raffle for souls will be held at this same blessed Church of the Redeemer on January 1st, at which four bleeding and tortured souls will be released from Purgatory, according to the four highest in this most holy lottery Tickets one dollar. To be had of the father-in-charge. Will you for the poor sum of one dollar leave your loved ones to burn in Purgatory for ages?"[1]

Here we see not only the blasphemy, but also the cruelty of the Roman priesthood. They teach that they can release from Purgatory, or assuage the sufferings of those therein, on condition that

they receive payment for the same. In the words of Calvin: "We should exclaim with all our might that Purgatory is a pernicious fiction Of Satan"[2] It has no foundation in the Bible.

On the other hand, how sweet and consoling is the truth of God; how. different is the atoning love of His dear Son to the painful, cruel falsehoods of the Roman Church.

"Whosoever will" says the Word of God. "let him take the water of life freely" (Rev. XXII. 17). "F'or the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of water; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes" (Rev. VII. 17). Such is the immediate portion of the blessed departed, according-- not to Rome but to the Word of God.

The seventh article says: "likewise that the. saints reigning together with Christ are to be honoured and invocated, and that they offer prayers to God tor us."

Who is a "saint?" In Rome's theology it is a soul that has been "beatified" or "canonised," i.e., declared by the pope to have escaped Purgatory and entered Heaven. No one can be declared a saint until at least fifty years after his decease. It costs an immense sum to be made a "saint" But in the Church of Rome £ s. d. can accomplish everything: it is a religion for the rich: the poor, however good they may be, must remain in purgatorial agonies, as they lack money enough to be made saints.

The "saints" are invoked as mediators between God and man. A beatified saint may be sought in prayers in his own locality, or order, over which he is supposed to be patron; but the **canonised** must be invoked by Romanists all over the world.

The various "miracles," so called---self inflicted miseries, and incidents in the lives of these "saints," which if true would prove them to be mad---are recorded in the "Church Lessons" or "Legends of the breviary." These fables are got up with the main design of teaching Roman doctrines. The enormous spiritual pride of these "saints" is extraordinary. Their supposed goodness, the atoning merit of their good works, etc., are, one and all, a satanic device for leading souls to look to the creature and be lost, rather than look to Christ and he saved. How different is the real "saint" as shown in the Word of God: "Here is the patience of the saints : here are they that keep the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus " (Rev. XIV. 12).

The word "saint" means sanctified, and in the Bible it is the name by which **all** God's children are known in Heaven and on earth. All they have of goodness here, of reward hereafter, is due, not to their merits, but absolutely and entirely to Christ alone. "Ye are complete in Him" But there is no authority in God's Word to invoke the departed saints in prayer, and to do so is to go exactly contrary to His revealed will: "For there is one Mediator between God and men, the Man Christ Jesus" "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me" (John XIV. 6).

The eighth Article runs as follows:-- "I most freely assert that the images of Christ, of the mother of God ever virgin, and also of other saints, may be had and retained; and that due honour and veneration be given to them."

The making of images for religious purposes is one of the sins most condemned in Scripture. In the second commandment we are forbidden even to make images--"Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image." Yet there are some Protestants who see no harm in retaining images provided they are not worshipped, hence the numerous pictures supposed to represent Christ to be seen in churches, private houses, magazines, etc. They are all silently but effectively teaching popery. It is enough that God has forbidden us to have them; he who loves his Lord's will .better than his own conceptions of right or wrong will be careful to obey Him even in this. It is no excuse to say they teach children or the ignorant. It is a forbidden method whereby to teach them

even the truth: "Woe unto him that saith to the wood, Awake; to the dumb stone, Arise, it shall teach!" (Habakkuk II. 19). "Take ye therefore good heed unto yourselves, for ye saw no manner of similitude---Lest ye corrupt yourselves, and make you a graven image, the similitude of any figure" (Deut. IV. 15, 18). As the shadow proves the proximity of the substance, so the making of images leads sooner or later to the veneration for them, followed by the retribution which inevitably will fall on idolaters.[3]

Dulia, or an inferior worship, is paid by the Romanists to images, but there are times when **Latria**, or the highest worship, is also given to them. For example, "the order of receiving an Emperor processionally " in the "Pontifical" directs that the cross of the Legate should be borne before the monarch, on the right hand, "because **Latria** is owed to it." The difficulty of the second command of the Decalogue is got over by the Romanists by omitting it altogether. In some of their catechisms, it is entirely left out, and the last divided into two to make up the ten. Idolatry is a grave matter when we consider that it can shut one out of heaven. "Without are idolaters" (Rev. XXII. 15).

"**Idolaters**" are not always worshippers of false gods ; they are often worshippers of the true God in a false way. God requires not only to be worshipped, but also to be worshipped in the way He has commanded. Jeroboam caused Israel to sin when he set up images, and led the people to worship the true God through their aid.

The ninth Article say :—"I also affirm that the power of Indulgences was left by Christ in the Church; and that the use of them is most wholesome to Christian people."

The doctrine of Indulgences is founded on the idea that Rome possesses a "Heavenly Treasury" containing the merits of Christ and the Apostles, which the pope can dispose of to those who earn them by works or penances, or who buy them with money. These indulgences are supposed to remit the punishment of sins in Purgatory. Indulgences are a satanic device founded on the false notion that the saved are tormented after death, and that the "saints" have super-abundant merits. The Bible teaches us that God's people have no merits at all of their own. They; at their best, are described as "unprofitable servants" (Luke xvii. 10). The merits of Christ alone can remit the penalty of sin ; and they are not at the disposal of the pope nor of any creature. No man "can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him" (Ps. XLIX. 7). I am "He that openeth, and no man shutteth; and shutteth, and no man openeth" (Rev. III. 7; Isa. XXII. 22).

The tenth Article says:—"I acknowledge the Holy, Catholic, Apostolic, Roman Church for the Mother and Mistress of all the churches, and I promise and swear true obedience to the Bishop of Rome, successor to St. Peter, Prince of the Apostles, and Vicar of Jesus Christ."

This article contains four false statements:—1st. That Rome is "the Mother and Mistress of all the churches." But Scripture shows us that the church founded in Jerusalem was the Mother and the first church (Acts II.). No church has been appointed "Mistress" of the others. In Paul's Epistle to the Romans, he distinctly warns her that she is liable to fall, and if she falls will be "cut off." He gives the supremacy to Israel rather than to the Roman Church, speaking of the former as natural branches, but of the church in Rome as a "wild olive tree" grafted in, and forewarns her of her possible fall through pride: "For if God spared not the natural branches, take heed lest He also spare not thee. Behold therefore the goodness and severity of God; on them which fall, severity; but toward thee, goodness, if thou continue in His goodness: otherwise thou also shalt be cut off " (Rom. XI. 22).

History proves that the Romish Church has not "continued in His goodness," but has entirely forsaken His will as revealed in His word: we must therefore conclude that the apostolic warning has descended upon her ; that she is a branch "cut off," having now no part at all in the Christian

Church, but is the great apostasy foretold under the names of "Antichrist," "Babylon the Great," etc.

The second error in the tenth Article of Pope Pius' Creed is that Peter was "Prince of the Apostles."

No such primacy was ever given to Peter—he was never called "Prince of the Apostles." He styled himself simply an "elder" (I Pet. V. 1); he was sent by the other apostles to Samaria (Acts viii. 14), and was "blamed" by Paul at Antioch (Gal. II. 2). When the apostles strove among themselves which should be the greatest, Christ did not name Peter as the chief, but rather told them that he who would be first must be servant of all (Mark IX. 35). Greatness does not consist in the pride, assumptions, and earthly glory, as claimed by the popes, but in humbly keeping the Word of God.



A Romish Indulgence (from the original in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge)

The third error of this tenth Article is that the bishops of Rome are successors of Peter the Apostle.

It is certain that Peter was never bishop of Rome, and it is very doubtful if he was ever there. Paul, writing from Rome, says that Luke only was with him. Peter, in his Epistles, makes no mention of ever having visited Rome. He was appointed missionary to the "circumcised," viz., to the Jews (The Hebrews. Ed.). Irenæus gives a list of the early bishops of Rome, but does not include Peter in the list. The name of the first bishop of Rome was Linus. Irenæus says:—"The blessed Apostles having founded and built up the church, committed into the hands of Linus the office of the Episcopate."

Eusebius says:—"Linus was the first who received the Episcopate at Rome." [4]

The fourth error in this Article is the statement that the pope is the "Vicar of Christ, or Representative of Christ." No such visible representative has been appointed by Christ. His only

"Vicar" now on earth is the Holy Spirit. A body cannot have two heads. The one and only Head of the Christian church is in Heaven. We are now to walk by faith and not by sight. The pope is not the successor of Peter, for he does not follow his doctrines; he is not the follower of Christ, for he teaches and acts exactly contrary to His Word and example.

On the meaning of the term, "Vicar of Christ," Dr. Wylie says:-

"The Apostle John, speaking of the apostasy, the coming of which he predicts, styles it the "Antichrist." And the Papacy, speaking through its representative and head, calls itself the "Vicar of Christ." The first "Antichrist" is a Greek word, and the second "Vicar" is an English word, but the two are in reality one, for both words have the same meaning. Antichrist translated into English is Vice-Christ or Vicar of Christ; and Vicar of Christ rendered into Greek is Antichrist—Antichristos. And if so, then every time the pope claims to be the Vicar of Christ, he pleads at the bar of the world that he is the Antichrist.[5]

As the pope has no authority from God's Word for the supremacy he claims—which claim only brands him as Antichrist—we must enquire on what do his assumptions rest?

To answer this question we must turn briefly to history.

Christendom was divided into five great "Patriarchates," viz., Rome, Constantinople, Antioch, Alexandria, and Jerusalem. Which of these should be the greatest? This was the vexed question for some time, until it was decided in favour of the bishop of Rome by the Emperor Phocas, who installed him as the first of the five Patriarchs with the title of "Universal Bishop" (A.D. 606).

This, however, was not enough for the bishop of Rome, who desired the complete and far-reaching sovereignty of the old Cæsars. The old Roman Empire had fallen; but upon its ruins was destined to rise another world-wide power. In order to see this ambitious desire fulfilled, Rome had resort to **forgery**.

About the middle of the eighth century a curious document was produced. It was called, "*The Donation of Constantine*," and stated that Constantine the Great (the first Christian Emperor of Rome, fourth century) had bequeathed the whole of his Western Empire to the bishop of Rome. So the pope got the first windfall of his temporal power. He was no longer a mere bishop; he had attained to the height of Cæsar. Those who would not believe in the "Donation" were persecuted or burnt.

The fuller light of the sixteenth century proved this famous document to be a forgery. But in the intervening centuries, the popes were only too glad to make the most of this forgery, which constituted them earthly sovereigns.

But even this was not enough. It was not sufficient to be as Cæsar; they desired also to be as God. So about the middle of the ninth century, another strange document was given to the world. It was called, "*The Decretals of Isidore*," and stated that the supremacy of the popes had always existed since the days of Peter, and that his successors had always lived in the magnificence worthy of the "Vicars of Christ." This forgery was welcomed as eagerly as the other; the popes gladly adopted it as a foundation upon which to build their proud pretensions. The first forgery had helped forward their temporal power, the second aided their spiritual authority.

In these days Rome admits it to be a forgery, and yet their Canon Law is based upon it. The two forged documents have been well styled: "the two magic pillars of the temporal and spiritual monarchy of the popes.[6]

Such then is the unstable foundation of the papacy's pretensions to supremacy. Such the flimsy columns which bear up the great false Church, destined in the future to fall and be destroyed.

The eleventh Article is as follows:—"I likewise undoubtedly receive and profess all other things delivered, defined, and declared by the sacred Canons and General Councils, and particularly by the Holy Council of Trent: and I condemn, reject, and anathematize all things contrary thereto, and all heresies, which the church condemned, rejected, and anathematized."

We have just seen upon what a quicksand basis is reared Rome's Canon Law. The papist who by this article promises to receive and profess what his Canon Law teaches, is indeed building on a very unstable foundation. 'Yet in this Canon Law the pope is called "God."

With regard to "General Councils," what has been their history?

In the second and third centuries they were held, in Greece and Asia, Provincial Councils. The bishops of the various churches met at stated periods in the capital of the province. Presbyters assisted them in their deliberations, and a crowded audience was generally present. The Decrees enacted at these Synods were called Canons, and regulated every important controversy of faith and discipline.

After the establishment of Christianity by the Emperor Constantine, these assemblies were held on a much larger scale, and were called "General Councils." Letters of invitation were sent by the bishop of Rome, not only to other clergy, but also to kings and rulers, stating time and place of the general gathering, and requesting their attendance either in person or by deputy. These missives were carried and presented by delegates, or nuncios. Prelates and abbots were also communicated with, who in their turn desired lesser officials among the clergy to be present at the Council. Large assemblies were thus gathered together.

What decrees did the General Councils enact?

As the Church increased in corruption, false doctrines and unscriptural laws were added one by one. The second Council of Nice enjoined images and saint-worship; the fourth Lateran Council, Transubstantiation and auricular confession; the fifth Lateran Council, the pope's supremacy and necessity of submission to him for salvation, the worship of the wafer, and the prohibition of reading the Bible, the denial of the right of private judgment, etc. These and many other errors, defined and declared by the Council of Trent, are required to be received and believed by every papist. "All things contrary thereto" (which includes the Bible) are anathematized, or cursed, by the great false Church, which calls herself "holy" This famous "Council of Trent" defined 125 Canons on the various leading doctrines. Each of these Canons closes, with a curse. There are, then, 125 curses, delivered by the Romish Council of Trent, against all who do not profess belief in the respective doctrines!

Such was Rome's answer in the sixteenth century to the glorious Reformation; such her venomous hatred against those who threw off papal darkness, and embraced Gospel Light ; such the uncharitable, unholy system in which her children are reared at the present day. Not only does Rome curse those who do not submit to her, but by her General Council she has, over and over again, declared that all "heretics" should be extirpated; the massacres, tortures, and martyrdoms of thousands, yea of millions, in many parts of the world, prove that Rome has carried out her murderous policy, and would do so again if she possessed the power.

The twelfth Article, which is the last of Pope Pius' Creed, says :—"I, N. M., do at this present freely profess, and sincerely hold this true Catholic faith, without which no one can be saved; and I promise most constantly, to retain and confess the same entire and unviolate, with God's assistance, to the end of my life."

We must here notice the misuse which Rome constantly makes of the word "Catholic," which means "Universal," and cannot therefore be applied exclusively to one church only. As well might a member of the body say it is the whole body, or the branch of a tree claim to be the

whole tree. The Roman Church has never been more than one branch of the professing Christian Church—a branch that rapidly became corrupt as it grew in power; and now, as the Apostle Paul foretold, she is a branch "cut off" (Rom. XI. 22), and cannot therefore be considered any longer a Christian community.

The word "catholic" was employed by early writers to denote soundness of doctrine, or orthodoxy of faith. Rome, having introduced false and unsound doctrines, is not catholic or orthodox, but is uncatholic and heterodox.

All Protestant churches are catholic, because they belong to the universal Church of Christ, and because they hold the orthodox primitive faith of the New Testament. If Rome were sound in doctrine she would also be catholic ; but having become corrupt, she has no claim to the designation.

This twelfth Article shows that the Romanist looks for eternal salvation, not in Christ, but in his connection with his "Church."

How contrary is this to the Word of God, which teaches us that salvation should be sought, and can only be found, by faith in Christ alone—the one and only Saviour of the lost! Though the Romanist is taught there is no salvation outside his Church, yet he can never be certain there is any salvation even within it, for a great deal depends on the intention of his priest.

For example, if the priest did not definitely intend to baptize there has been no baptism, and the papist grows up in a state, in which he must be lost, according to the teaching of Rome. Or, perchance, the bishop, who ordained the priest, lacked the proper intention when consecrating him—hence that priest is no priest at all, and all his baptisms, absolutions, extreme unctions, etc., etc., are absolutely null and void, for he is no priest at all but only a layman! Thus by her own showing there is no certainty of salvation in the Church of Rome.'

Rome connects salvation with the creature; the Word of God with the Creator only.

Rome points to her numerous man-invented novelties, and desires belief in them; the Bible leads us to Christ, and shows us justification is nowhere except in Him who by His death and resurrection has provided in Himself alone a full and perfect salvation. Such, then, are the various errors of Rome against which the martyrs protested.

Why did Rome burn them?

Because they, being enlightened with the Word of God, refused to believe in the works of darkness?

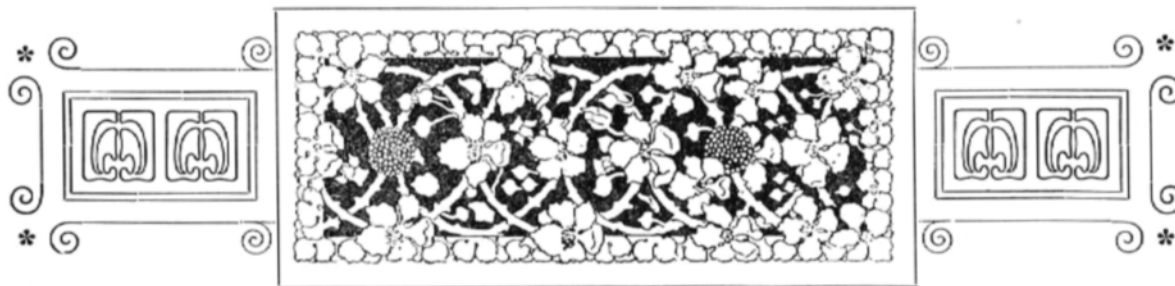
Why did the martyrs suffer?

Because they chose trial and death rather than deny Christ ; because to have professed the errors of the great false Church of Rome would have brought dishonour on His name. The best monument we can erect to their saintly and heroic memory is to hold fast the Truth for which they died; to protest against the errors over which they triumphed with death; to love the Bible which guided them; to cling for all our spiritual needs to their Saviour and ours—Jesus Christ, that hereafter we may meet them around the throne in glory, where they cease not to praise and serve the Lamb, for whose sake they suffered such terrible agonies, and by whose grace they are more than conquerors.

Footnotes to Chapter 39

1. "*England's Dangers*," by F. Horton, M.A., D.D., p. 141
2. "*Institutes*," Book iii., ch. 5.
3. On the early history of images and the consequent rise of Mahommedanism, see p. 28.
4. "*Romanism Tridentine and Vatican refuted; a reply to Milner*," by Rev. R. P. Blakeney, D.D. p. 165. .
5. See "*The Papacy is the Antichrist*," by Rev. T. A. Wylie, LL.D.
6. Gibbon's "*Decline and Fall of Rome*."





Chapter XL

MARTYRS' MEMORIALS



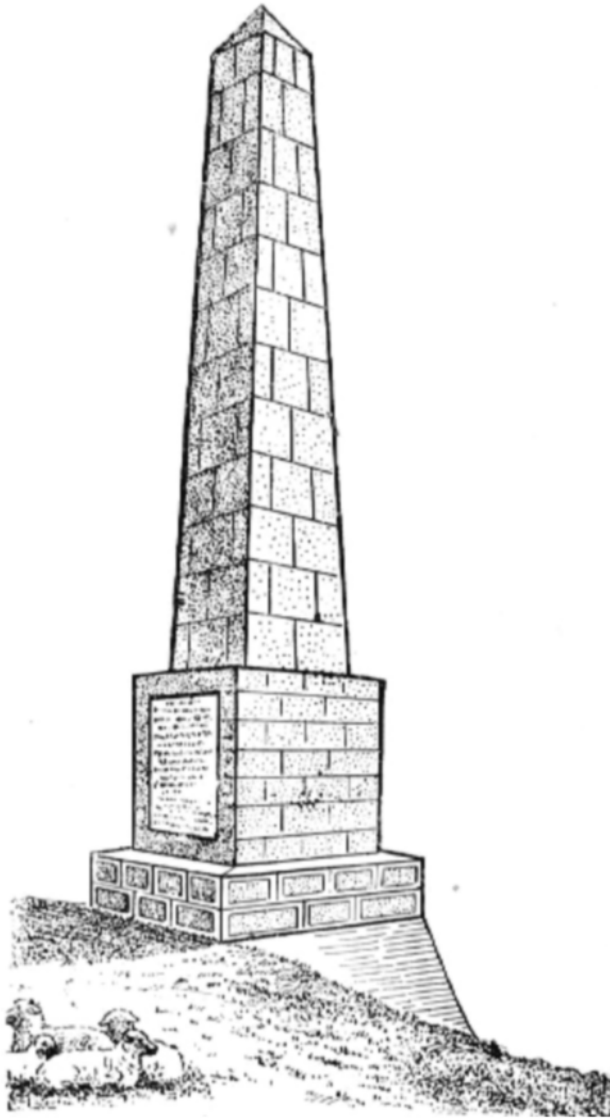
IT is a good thing, is it not, to have something tangible to remind us of the debt we owe to the heroes of the Reformation? We do not canonise them, but we honour them nevertheless, and have shown it by the erection of such permanent memorials as will serve to keep their memories green. It will be a bad day when England ceases to remember the men who suffered for faith and freedom. Up and down the country there are a number of monuments, recording the steadfastness of those who were faithful unto death, and who have received the crown of life. How pleasant it is to come across these public, though silent witnesses. What a powerful testimony they are to the fact, that though the men and women, whose deeds they commemorate, perished in the flames, the truths for which they died still live.

We cannot commence this brief description of some of the principal of such memorials without reference to one which speaks of the man who, though not an actual martyr, barely escaped that distinction, and on whose bones his enemies had revenge in default of securing his living body—John Wycliffe, the "Morning Star of the Reformation." In the village of Lutterworth, of which he was rector from 1374 to 1384, a noble obelisk was erected in the Diamond Jubilee year of our late beloved Queen Victoria, telling of his great work as the first translator of the Bible into the English language. The church itself—where relics of the great Reformer are preserved—contains a monumental slab setting forth his abundant labours.

How many who pass through busy Smithfield at the present day stop to read the inscription on the monument let into the wall of St. Bartholomew's Hospital? It was erected in 1870, and bears the names of John Rogers and others, who suffered "in the fires of Smithfield." For a long time the exact spot was shown where, according to tradition, the stake was set up, the insertion of a square of dark stones in the pavement marking the place. More than half a century ago this piece of pavement was removed in the course of certain excavations. Beneath it were discovered half-destroyed ashes and other tokens, confirming the association of the spot with the burnings. The neighbouring church of St. Philip's, Clerkenwell, is otherwise known as the "Martyrs' Memorial Church," and there a Gospel ministry, in harmony with the principles for which the martyrs went to death, is maintained.

After Smithfield, Stratford, in Essex, figures most constantly in the annals of martyrdom. On one occasion no fewer than thirteen persons were burned in one fire. Here also the finding of sundry remains in the form of charred stakes and wood attests the probable accuracy of tradition in fixing the spot at which the martyrdoms occurred. On that spot, in the churchyard of the parish church of St. John's, but which was formerly the Broadway, on the village green, a monument executed in terra-cotta was unveiled by the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, in 1879. The names and details concerning the martyrs are recorded on tablets, and the bas-relief in the first panel is a representation of the original engraving in Foxe's "Book of Martyrs," "The Execution."

The Lewes Martyrs' Memorial



Probably the most beautiful specimen of these Protestant memorials is that at Oxford, which perpetuates the memories of Thomas Cranmer, Nicholas Ridley and Hugh Latimer, the three prelates who suffered hard by. The statues of the martyrs appear in niches, and the monument exhibits some delicate tracery work. Archbishop Cranmer is represented as holding a Bible, and on the cover of the sacred volume is the date, "May, 1541." The significance of this is that it was the year in which Cranmer succeeded in obtaining the Royal authority for the circulation of the Word of God. Latimer is depicted in the feebleness of extreme old age; Ridley's is a stronger figure. The early days of the Oxford Movement saw the carrying out of this project, the foundation stone being laid on May 19th, 1841. The inscription runs as follows:—"To the glory of God, and in grateful commemoration of His servants, Thomas Cranmer, Nicholas Ridley, Hugh Latimer, Prelates of the Church of England, who, near this spot, yielded their bodies to be burned; bearing witness to the sacred truths which they had affirmed and maintained against the errors of the Church of Rome ; and rejoicing

that to them it was given not only to believe in Christ, but also to suffer for His sake; this monument was erected by public subscription in the year of our Lord God, MDCCCXLI." Some years ago a very determined effort was made towards the erection of a statue of Cardinal Newman in close proximity to the Oxford Memorial, but the proposal was defeated by a strong Protestant opposition.

What is now the Town Hall, Lewes, was, in the reign of Queen Mary, the "Star Inn," and in front of this building the seventeen Lewes martyrs bore their last witness. The desire to place on the wall a simple tablet recording the historic fact was frustrated by the opposition of the authorities; but that opposition worked for good in that it resulted in the erection of a far larger and infinitely more prominent memorial on the Downs, overlooking the town. The granite obelisk is a conspicuous landmark for miles round. The year 1899 was the date of its completion.

The Kentish martyrs formed a noble band of forty-one men and women, of whom the "Men of Kent" to-day are justly proud. The ancient city of Canterbury was the scene of that testimony sealed in blood, and on the site once occupied by the stake an obelisk was erected in the same year as that at Lewes. The inscription, with its stirring closing watchword, is worth quoting. "In memory of forty-one Kentish Martyrs, who were burned at the stake on this spot, A.D. 1555-1558. For themselves they earned the Martyrs' Crown, and by their heroic fidelity they helped to secure for succeeding generations the priceless blessing of religious freedom. Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints. This site was secured, and this monument was erected by public subscription, A.D. 1899. *Lest we forget.*" The fact that the pedestal is surmounted by a very pronounced cross, however, gave rise to great dissatisfaction among the subscribers to the memorial.

There is a very pathetic natural memorial to the boy martyr of Brentwood, William Hunter. The stump and some portion of the trunk of the tree which overshadowed the place of his martyrdom on March 26th, 1555, still exist, and have been reverently preserved. Brick and iron work have been used to arrest the progress of decay. A more lasting memorial in stone has, however, also been maintained.

Dartford is fortunate in possessing not only a worthy monument of the more usual order in memory of that portion of "the noble army of martyrs" which fell there, but in addition a Protestant Memorial Hall, in which an active work is regularly conducted. It was opened on May 27, 1890, by Colonel T. Myles Sandys, M.P.

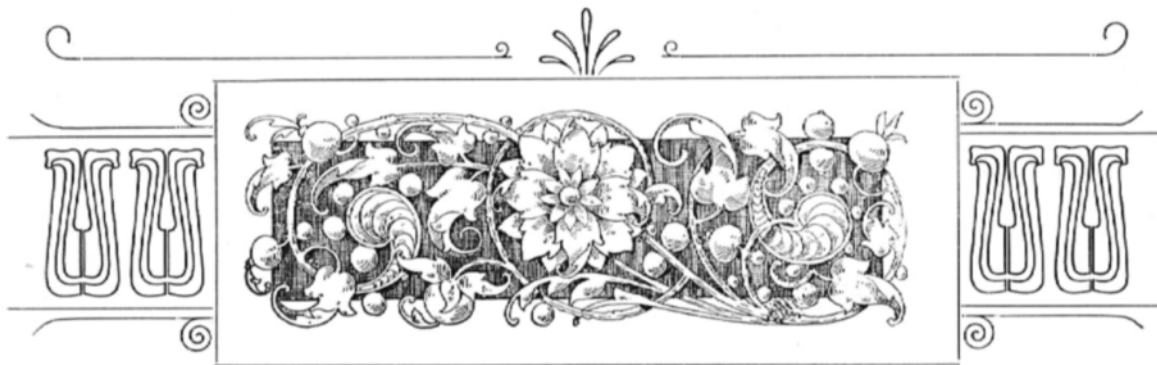
The handsome new Town Hall at Colchester contains a very chaste marble memorial to those who suffered within the town, erected by one who claims descent from the martyr stock. Another recent addition to the number of these commemorative projects is the erection of a tablet at Carmarthen, to mark the martyrdom of Dr. R. Ferrar, Bishop of St. David's, who went to the stake on March 30, 1555. The latest instance that has come to our notice is that of Bury St. Edmund's, where, after many difficulties, a site has been secured and an excellent monument in Portland stone placed upon it. One fact in connection with this particular movement deserves to be mentioned. The Committee had an offer made them of a donation of £50, about one-third of the total cost of the scheme, on condition that they accepted a certain design, and substituted the word "Christian" for that of "Protestant" in the inscription. We are very glad they declined to weaken—indeed, to destroy—the whole character of the monument by eliminating the distinctive word in its testimony to the seventeen faithful witnesses.

You will notice that the majority of examples of this form of commemoration are of very recent date, and it would be an excellent thing if every spot, which is clear to Protestants because of its association with some one or more of the martyrs, could be identified in the same manner.

Footnotes to Chapter 50

1. See p. 141 for the wording on this slab.





Chapter XLI JOHN FOXE



OR great source of information concerning "the noble army of martyrs" is the history known as "*Foxe's Book of Martyrs*." That is not its original title, which was the "Acts and Monuments" of John Foxe—a great work, in eight substantial volumes. Of course, that is far too much to expect young people to wade through ; besides which, you would very likely think its style terribly dry and old fashioned, so a few of its stories have been retold in simple, popular language for the purpose of this history, and made as concise as possible. At the same time, let us not forget that we owe our record of martyrdoms practically to one good man, who took such enormous pains to preserve an account of these things for us.

John Foxe was born under the shadow of "Boston Stump," in Lincolnshire, in 1517, the year in which Martin Luther published his famous Theses against the Church of Rome. At the age of sixteen he went to Oxford, and took his degree in the ordinary course. He was a thorough scholar, with so wide an acquaintance with Latin and Greek literature, that before he was thirty he had read all the writings of the Early Fathers in those tongues, besides other ecclesiastical works. He was also a master of Hebrew. In 1543 he had become a Fellow of Magdalene College.

A zealous papist when he entered the University, Foxe became, through the study of the original Scriptures, seriously disturbed in mind about the faith. He would sit up sometimes all night long, so his fellow students said, or at any rate until the early morning hours, poring over his books. So restless did he become, as gradually his heart opened to the Reformation doctrines, that he was often obliged to get into the open air and pace up and down, thinking over what he had read. His son tells us: "He would leave his study or his bed, and retire to a neighbouring grove, where the students delighted to walk and spend some hours in recreation, and there, amid darkness and solitude, ponder deeply over what he had been reading, so that he might confirm his mind in the truths he had embraced." This habit was discovered and reported to the heads of the college, spies being set to watch his actions. The result was a charge of heresy, and Foxe was expelled from Oxford. He was at his wits' end almost, for his family were afraid to countenance a heretic, and his step-father, being a very decided Romanist, was strongly opposed to the step he had taken.

Obtaining a situation as tutor in the family of Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlcombe, in Warwickshire, he remained there probably a little over a year, and during that period married a lady of Coventry, a visitor at the house.

On leaving Charlcombe, Foxe was again reduced to great straits. He appealed to his step-father, who refused him any assistance unless he changed his opinions; his small patrimony had already been withheld. He would not renounce his convictions, and so found himself at length in London, without friends and without money. Indeed, he was really on the verge of starvation,



**JOHN FOXE, AUTHOR OF “FOXES’
BOOK OF MARTYRS “**

when God sent him help in quite a miraculous manner. One day he sat in St. Paul's Cathedral looking almost a skeleton, so that people, passing in and out, shrank from him. While he was in this state of despair, weak and hungry, a man came up to him whom he never remembered having seen before, and, putting a large sum of money into his hands, told him to pluck up courage, prophesying that within a few days a new means of livelihood would open to him. Although he tried in every way to ascertain who his friend in need was, he never succeeded in doing so.



He used to pace up and down, thinking over what he had read.

Within three days of this strange meeting the words came true. He was sent for, by the Duchess of Richmond, and invited to become tutor to the children of her nephew, the Earl of Surrey, who was a prisoner in the tower. Foxe lived in the house of his new protectress at Reigate until early in the reign of Mary. While there he was ordained deacon by Nicholas Ridley, Bishop of London, the story of whose martyrdom he afterwards wrote. When Mary ascended the throne, Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, who had been imprisoned during the previous reign, was released. As we know, the hands of the clock were put back, and the Protestant laws of Edward repealed. Gardiner sent out spies in all directions, and Foxe felt, that for his safety, he ought to escape. He spoke to the eldest of his old pupils, now Duke of

Norfolk, who at first advised him to remain in England, offering him all the protection he could, and even promising to share his fate if the worst came to the worst.

A little incident happened, however, which showed decisively the way the wind blew. Gardiner called one day on the duke and asked to see his old tutor. Foxe, who if not living then with the family was a constant visitor and frequently stayed in the neighbourhood, entered the room suddenly, but as quickly retired, not being aware that Gardiner was there. The bishop enquired of the duke who he was. "He is my physician," was the reply, to which the bishop said, "I like his appearance, and when necessity requires I will employ him." The duke took that as a broad hint that Foxe was in danger and that the sooner he was clear of the country the better. Accordingly, he made speedy preparations for his flight to the Continent, sending a servant to Ipswich to hire a vessel, and see that everything was comfortable for the voyage. Meanwhile, Foxe and his wife were sheltered by a tenant-farmer on the duke's estate near Ipswich. They set sail, but were driven back by a violent storm, and landed again at the port from whence they started. It was fortunate, however, that they made the attempt, for they were hardly away from the farm when a warrant for Foxe's arrest arrived by a special messenger, who broke open the farmhouse, only to find that the bird had flown. He hurried down to Ipswich, and had the satisfaction of seeing the vessel disappear on the horizon. When Foxe landed, the news of his narrow escape was told him. Realising that he might yet be captured, he secured a horse and

made a pretence of leaving the town. The same night he returned, and begged the captain of the little vessel to put out again at the first opportunity, landing him on whatever shore the ship might reach, so long as it was not the shore of England. When the tide turned, though the weather was still boisterous, the vessel was loosed and sailed away, arriving after two days at Nieuport, in Flanders.

By way of Antwerp, Foxe reached Strasburg, where the first part of his great work was printed, the materials having been collected and the MS. prepared while he lived at Reigate. At Strasburg Foxe met Grindal, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, through whom he received the principal narratives of the martyrdoms which took place between November, 1555, and the death of Mary in 1558. These formed the basis of the enlarged editions of the Martyrology, published at Basle in 1559 and the following years.



Foxe entered the room suddenly

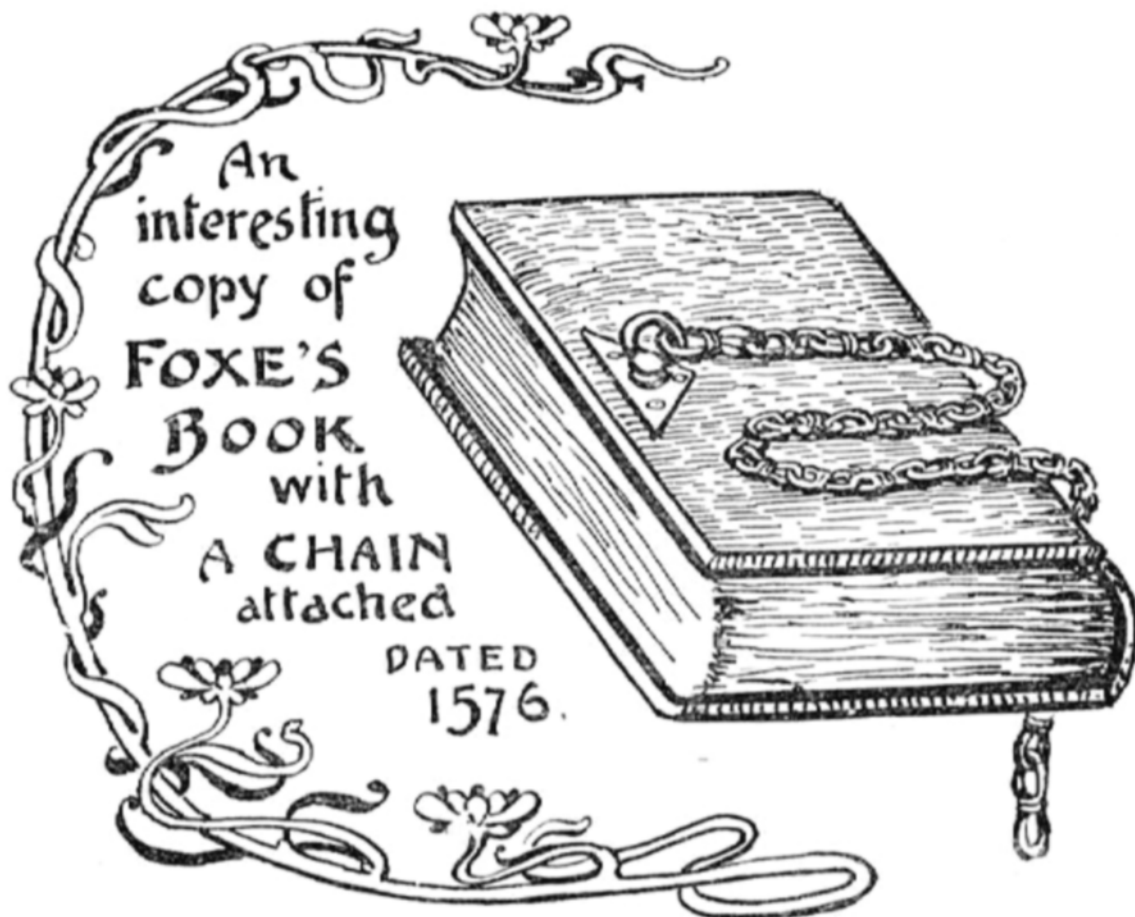
For a time Foxe resided in Frankfort, but a very unhappy dispute took place among the English exiles there as to their form of worship, some being for using the Prayer Book as it stood, and others for adopting a revised Order of Service. Feeling ran so high between the two parties that they separated. Foxe, who, in company with John Knox and others, was in favour of the revised form, left with the rest of that persuasion for Basle. This was in November, 1555. While in Basle Foxe earned his living in the office of a printer named Oporinus, correcting proofs, at the same time working hard at his History.

Queen Mary had been dead between one and two years when Foxe returned to England. According to his son, he was so poor that he had to wait for his passage money to be sent out from home. The Duke of Norfolk—to whom Foxe addressed a pathetic request for assistance—welcomed him cordially, and did all in his power to relieve him, taking a kind thought for his health, which was very much broken. He sent him to Norwich on some light commission, which

seems to have been just an excuse for compelling him to take a much-needed rest. Foxe 'was now preparing the first English edition of his "Acts and Monuments," which appeared in 1563.

Through the influence, so some think, of the great Robert Cecil, Foxe became, in the year just mentioned, a Prebendary of Salisbury Cathedral. He was then so very distressed that he was obliged to petition Queen Elizabeth to release him from paying the "first fruits" due to her on this preferment. For one year only Foxe also held a stall at Durham. He was besides Vicar of St. Giles', Cripplegate, in the City of London—the church in which Oliver Cromwell was married and John Milton lies buried—but resigned after a short ministry.

The preparation of the second English edition of the "Acts and Monuments" was commenced in 1566. "In 1571, shortly after its publication, the Archbishop—Parker—and Bishops of the Province of Canterbury met in Convocation, and among other decrees passed one to the effect that this work should be placed in the churches, the halls and houses of the bishops, archdeacons and others, to be read and studied by the public. This decision, though it never received the force of law, not being enacted by Parliament, or sanctioned by the throne, was universally obeyed, and the book retained its place in the majority of instances until the time of Archbishop Laud. He is supposed to have been responsible for its removal."



A third edition followed in 1576, and altogether Foxe spent eleven years in revising and enlarging the Martyrology. He did other literary work also, which, however, need not concern us here. So closely did he apply himself to study that he completely undermined his strength, taking no exercise or pleasure. He became reduced to a mere shadow, and it is said that he altered so considerably from his old self that some of his friends and relatives who only saw him occasionally could not recollect him at sight. On April 18th, 1587, he died. He was evidently of an affectionate and considerate nature, for feeling that the end was not far off, he sent his two sons away from home shortly before his death, to spare them the pain of witnessing it. He was

buried in the chancel of St. Giles', Cripplegate, and on the wall there is a tablet to his memory, with a Latin inscription.

We may often hear the work of John Foxe sneered at, and be told that he is not to be trusted as an historian. This attitude is not surprising when we remember what a blow Foxe struck at popery, and what an exposure of it he made. Such a man is sure to have enemies and detractors. It will be well for us, therefore, to consider for a few moments the genuineness of Foxe's narrative.

Of course, it is not to be supposed that there are no errors in Foxe. There has probably not been a history yet written entirely free from mistakes. J. R. Green's "*Short History of the English People*," for instance, which is rightly regarded as the best popular History of England we have, was full of slips in its first edition, but these were corrected as subsequent editions appeared. What errors there are in Foxe are not difficult to understand. His narratives are given largely on the evidence of eye-witnesses, whose memory of names and dates would not always be accurate. It is on such minor points as these that the discrepancies occur, and they in no way affect the general reliability of his work. Where possible, he corrected the errors pointed out.

Objections of a more formidable nature have, of course, been forthcoming, but they can be fairly met. Some of Foxe's contemporaries—Parsons, Harpsfield and others--attacked him bitterly on certain points. The story of Richard Hun, related in one of our earlier chapters,[1] has been the most discussed of any. You will remember that Hun was found hanged in the Lollards' Tower. According to the Coroner's inquest and the confession of one of the guilty parties, he was murdered. The contention of the Romanists, of course, was that he had committed suicide. Into the details of this controversy we cannot enter here—the facts were set out in their proper place—but Fuller, after briefly citing the case, and mentioning the view of Parsons, that the jury were simple men and suspected of infection with Wycliffian heresies, says: "But we remit the reader to Mr. Foxe for satisfaction in all these things, whose commendable care is such that he will not leave a hoof of the martyr behind him, being very large in the reckoning up of sufferers in this kind." [2] Foxe, it may be pointed out, did not seek to claim from the case of Hun more than the case itself justified; for he candidly admitted that Hun was not "a full Protestant, but took his beads with him to the prison."

Much of the so-called criticism of Foxe is merely violent abuse, as, for instance, the expressions of Dr. Littledale, who terms Foxe "a mendacious partisan," and describes the "*Acts and Monuments*" as "a magazine of lying bigotry; a book which no educated man now living, possessed of any self-respect or honesty, does otherwise than repudiate with contempt and aversion." [3]

Foxe took infinite pains with his subject, so much so that he would never employ an amanuensis, but wrote every line himself. He made all his own searches among the various records and papers, and transcribed such parts as he required with his own hand. This he did to prevent inaccuracy, though it added enormously to the length of his task. Also he made very frequent acknowledgment of the authorities from which his facts were obtained. We have the testimony of later historians as to the thoroughness with which his work was done.

Mention has been already made of Archbishops Grindal and Parker. Before passing to the subsequent confirmations of Foxe, we must quote the opinion of the other occupant of the See of Canterbury in Foxe's time, Archbishop Whitgift, who referred to Foxe as "that worthy man who hath deserved so well of this Church of England. "He read the "*Acts and Monuments*" from the first chapter to the last.

Burnet, one hundred years after Foxe, in the preface to his "*History of the Reformation*," writes: "Having compared Foxe's '*Acts and Monuments*' with the records, I have never been able to discover any errors or prevarications in them, but the utmost fidelity and exactness."

Strype[4] speaking of the care exercised by Foxe in his investigations, says: "Foxe was an indefatigable searcher into old registers, and left them as he found them, after he had made his collections and transcriptions out of them, many whereof I have seen and do possess. And it was his interest that they should remain to be seen by posterity; therefore we frequently find references to them in the margins of his book. Many have diligently compared his books with registers and council-books, and have always found him faithful." Later he says: "The credit of this book of Mr. Foxe is mightily undermined by the papists, and most professedly and earnestly by Parsons in his book. I leave it to others to vindicate him; but yet he must not go without the commendation of a most painful searcher into records, archives, and repositories of original acts, and letters of State, and a great collector of MSS. And the world is infinitely beholden to him for abundance of extracts thence, communicated to us in his volumes. And as he hath been found most diligent, so most strictly true and faithful in his transcriptions. And this I myself in part have found." This same witness says: "Several passages in his book have been compared with king Edward's council-book, lately discovered, and found to agree well together."

There is one very notable charge of wilful misrepresentation made against Foxe, the reply to which is contained in Strype's "Annals of the Reformation"[5] Foxe speaks in his last volume of several persecutors who met with strange deaths. He relates among them that of one Grimwood who, while stacking corn, and being apparently in perfect health, suddenly fell down and "immediately most miserably died." A clergyman, reading this story, quoted it in a sermon as an illustration of God's judgment. A man named Grimwood happening to be in the congregation, was exceedingly angry, and brought in action for defamation against the clergyman. The verdict was in favour of the defendant, because no malice could be shown on the part of the clergyman. Foxe went down to Ipswich and personally investigated the whole story. Strype, having detailed the steps Foxe took to ascertain the truth says: "*I have set down all this at this length, to show what diligence and care was used that no falsehood might be obtruded upon the readers, and Foxe and his friends' readiness to correct any mistakes that might happen.*" It appears that there were two persons of the name of Grimwood, bearing also the same Christian name. One died, as described by Foxe; the Other heard the sermon, and because the preacher was not sufficiently specific, thought his character attacked.

Fuller makes the following acknowledgment of the completeness of Foxe's work: "We come now to set down those particular martyrs that suffered in this queen's reign .(Mary). But this point hath been handled already so curiously and copiously by Mr. Foxe, that his industry herein hath starved the endeavours of such as shall succeed him, leaving nothing for their pens and pains to feed upon. "*For what can the man do that cometh after the king? Even that which hath been already done,*" saith Solomon. And Mr. Foxe, appearing sole emperor in this subject, all posterity may despair to add any remarkable discoveries which have escaped his observation. Wherefore to handle this subject after him, what is it, but to light a candle to the sun? or rather, to borrow a metaphor from his book, to kindle one single stick in the burning of so many faggots.[6]

In an earlier place he has said: "I desire my Church History shall behave itself to his (John Foxe's) Book of Martyrs as a lieutenant to its captain, only to supply the place in his absence, to be supplemental thereunto, in such matters of moment which have escaped his observation.[7]"

The late Bishop Wordsworth, of Lincoln, maintains the integrity of Foxe in these "I am well aware that, by the extent to which I have availed myself of Foxe's Acts and Monuments, I fall within the sphere of such censures as that of Dr. John in which he speaks of the frequent publications of John Foxe's lying Book of Martyrs, with prints of men, women and children expiring in flames; the nonsense, inconsistency and falsehoods of which he says he had in part exposed in his Letter to a Prebendary. I am not ignorant of what has been said, also, by Dr. J. Milner's predecessors, in the same argument, by Harpsfield, Parsons, and others. But neither his writings nor theirs have proved, and it never will be proved, that John Foxe is not one of the most faithful and authentic of all historians. We know too much of the strength of Foxe's book,

and of the weakness of those of his adversaries, to be further moved by Dr. John Milner's censures, than to charge them with falsehood. All the many researches and discoveries of later times, in regard to historical documents, have only contributed to place the general fidelity and truth of Foxe's narrative on a rock, which cannot be shaken. And surely we are indebted to the popish ecclesiastics of that day for having thus faithfully recorded the opinions for which they persecuted these 'Brethren in Christ'; and let it be remembered, that it is from their own registers that Strype, Foxe and other historians have drawn the greater part of the particulars they relate. How great, then, is the effrontery of those writers who attempt to persuade us that the accounts given by Foxe are forgeries of his own devising." [8]

Dr. Jenkyns, who edited "Archbishop Cranmer's Remains," says: "I had occasion to compare several of the papers printed by Foxe with the original documents, and I had good reason to be satisfied with the Martyrologist's fidelity and accuracy."

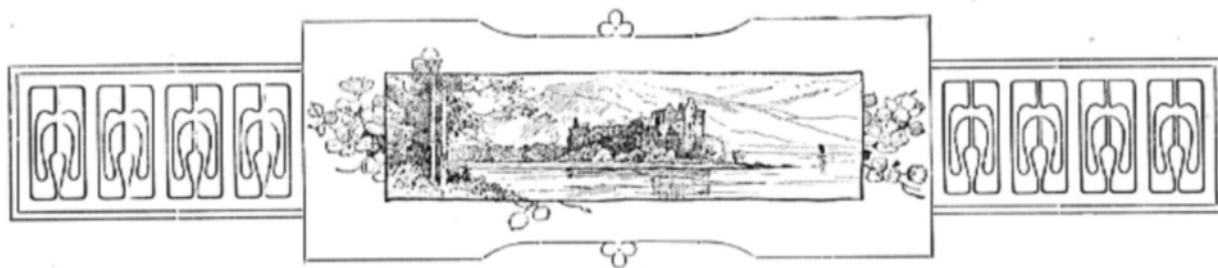
James Anthony Froude, whose History of England is well-known, thus expresses his reliance upon Foxe: "I trust Foxe when he produces documentary evidence, because I have invariably found his documents accurate."

More testimonies could be produced if necessary, but those we have quoted are amply sufficient to prove our case.

Footnotes to Chapter 41

1. See page 197.
2. Fuller, Book 5, page 166.
- 3 Lecture on "Innovations," delivered at Liverpool, April 23rd, 1868.
4. Annals, vol. 1., page 376.
5. Vol 1 PP, 377-380.
6. Church History, book 8, p. 16
7. Church History, book 5, p. 231.
8. 'Ecclesiastical Biography, Preface, pp. 21, 22.





Chapter XLII

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN



O speculate on the "might have beens" of life is not always a profitable occupation. What might have happened if something else had happened that did not happen, it is usually, perhaps, of no very practical value to enquire. Yet there are times when such a line of thought does more than satisfy a mere idle curiosity. It will sometimes help us to appreciate our privileges better if we, for a little while, imagine ourselves to be without them.

Let us ask ourselves the question, for instance; what would have been the future of our land if the Spanish Armada had not been defeated? Suppose the turn of events had gone the other way, that God had not interposed by means of that mighty wind, can we form any idea of what the result would have been? -We shall not be very far wrong if we assume that all the horrors of the Inquisition, as practised in Spain and Portugal, would have been introduced into this country. Terrible though the sufferings of the martyrs in our own land were, there has been nothing quite so barbarous enacted here as was common to the nations where this hideous power held sway.

It was Pope Innocent III. who invented this diabolical institution. Owing to the spread of the Reformation in Europe, the Roman Catholics were becoming alarmed for the security of their Church. Accordingly, the pope established a number of inquisitors, or spies, to make secret enquiries about heretics, and bring them to punishment. Finding they did not do their work with sufficient vengeance to please him, he appointed fixed courts of inquisition. It was at Toulouse that the first of such courts was held, and although the system spread in other countries, it was witnessed, in its most powerful and brutal form, in Spain. The two Orders of Dominicans and Franciscans were placed in exclusive control of this new machinery, and they had unrestrained license in the exercise of their authority, the power of life, and death, and of excommunication, being in their hands. They stopped at nothing for the accomplishment of their purposes, and Roman Catholics as well as Protestants might well be in mortal dread of them, especially if wealthy.

When a prisoner was placed in the cells, the gaoler would, with subtlety, gain his confidence, and under a pretence of compassion and friendship, advise him to ask for a hearing of the charges preferred against him. On coming before the inquisitors and making this request, he would simply be invited to confess and throw himself on the mercy of the Court. If some small confession could be extracted, an indictment would be framed accordingly. In the absence of any speech on the prisoner's part he was confined in a dark cell and fed on a very small allowance of bread and water, till hunger and weakness extorted a confession of some sort. A man who maintained his innocence was tortured to death, or to an admission of guilt. Subsequent torture was used in the case of survivors, to induce further "confessions." The man who at the first protested his innocence was on re-examination ordered to take an oath as to his

confession of faith. If by declining to swear on the crucifix he acknowledged himself to be a heretic, he was proceeded against as such. If he professed to be a Roman Catholic, that did not save him, a number of false accusations being ready to hand. These he was required to answer verbally, without premeditation and afterwards to commit to writing. If the verbal and written answers did not tally in every particular, the prisoner was charged with prevaricating. A condemned person had all his property confiscated. Sentence might be in any one of the following directions, whipping, violent torture, the galleys, or death. The ceremony of execution was termed an *Auto da Fe*, or act of faith. From a description of these revolting scenes, as they took Place in Spain, we learn that the King was compelled, by his coronation oath, to be present, the occasion being regarded as a religious ceremony. Torture was limited to three applications, but was rendered so severe, that those who did not die under it were crippled for life. Several weeks were allowed to elapse between the terrible experiences, in order that the victim might be sufficiently recovered from the effects of the previous inhumanities to undergo further ones. Surgeons were always present to check the proceedings if the prisoner's life seemed in danger.

The well-nigh inconceivable miseries suffered by the poor wretches who came within the clutches of the Inquisition sometimes caused even the servants of the tribunal to relent. One such was the keeper of the castle of Triano, a prison belonging to the inquisitors of Seville. He had still some sparks of human kindness left, and exhibited what acts of leniency he could in secret. This conduct on his part eventually came to the ears of his superiors, and they resolved to make an example of him, in order that other gaolers might not develop like feelings of humanity. Accordingly he was removed from his office and became a prisoner. The brutalities exercised towards him bereft him of his reason, but even in his madness he was brought forth to an *Auto da Fe* to receive sentence. He was attired in a sambenito, the garb of a criminal, and had a rope about his neck. The sentence promulgated was that he should be set upon an ass, led thus through the city, should receive two hundred stripes, and afterwards endure six years in the galleys. The sentence had begun to be carried out when the madman sprang from the ass, broke his cords, seized a sword which was in the hands of a soldier and seriously wounded an officer of the Inquisition. He was, of course, speedily disarmed, made secure upon the animal, and conducted through the punishment. An additional four years in the galleys was imposed for his irresponsible actions.

In another case it was a maid-servant of a gaoler who was discovered cheering the prisoners with encouraging words. She was submitted to the indignity of a public whipping, banished for ten years from her native place, and branded in the forehead with the words, "A favourer and aider of heretics."

A Portuguese young woman, Maria de Coccicao, living with her brother in Lisbon, was arrested and placed on the rack. Under the excruciating torture she confessed to the charges against her, untrue though they were. The ropes were then released, and she was taken back to her cell. Her limbs had lost their use, but as soon as she had recovered she was taken before her inhuman "judges" again, and ordered to confirm the confession she had made in the hour of agony. Her tormentors were aware that it had probably only been forced from her in the weakness of the moment. She herself declared that the excessive pain was responsible for the statements she had made, and refused to repeat them. Angered at her persistence the inquisitors put her on the rack once more, and plied the torture till they had secured a repetition of the confession. A brief respite was followed by a third appearance, when she was required to append her name to her first and second confessions. Her reply was still a determined negative, to which she added, "I have twice given way to the frailty of the flesh, and perhaps may, while on the rack, be weak enough to do so again ; but depend upon it, if you torture me a hundred times, as soon as I am released from the rack I shall deny what was extorted from me by pain." An amazing courage sustained her while she was for the third time submitted to the brutal test, and she answered none of the questions asked of her. Finding themselves unable to prevail over her, the inquisitors whipped her severely through the streets of the city and banished her for ten years.



VICTIMS OF THE INQUISITION

Under pressure of pain many have been compelled to give evidence against relatives and friends. A lady of high birth in Seville confessed when tortured and afterwards burned for her Protestantism, that on many occasions she had had conversation with her sister, Jane Bohorquia, about the Protestant religion. This led to the arrest of Jane, and her torture on the rack. She died from the effects of the brutality but a few days afterwards. This is what the Inquisition published in its "Acts" at the next *Auto da Fe*: "Jane Bohorquia was found dead in prison; after which, upon reviving her prosecution the inquisitors discovered she was innocent. Be it therefore known, that no further prosecution shall be carried on against her; and that her effects, which were confiscated, shall be given to the heirs at law." There sounds to us a brutal irony about such a statement. The explanation is that even at death the Inquisition did not ordinarily release its prey. A farcical prosecution was carried on against the corpse. If the person were found guilty, the confined remains were publicly sentenced at the *Auto da Fe* and burned. When prisoners were so fortunate as to escape, the proceedings were carried through to the end, and their effigies were burned!

A Moor, who was bent on revenge against his master, Isaac Orobio, a physician of repute, who had chastised him for theft, accused him to the Inquisition of following the Jewish religion. Orobio was placed under arrest, and suffered to remain three years in prison without any knowledge of what his fate was to be. Then he was tortured and exiled, and in his exile he put together an account of his sufferings. One mode of torture was as follows. He was arrayed in a coarse linen coat, which was drawn tightly round him, so as almost to prevent breathing. The pressure being removed suddenly, the rush of air to the stomach, and the consequent flow of the blood, occasioned him terrible agony. His wrists were cut with ropes until the flesh was cut through to the bone. Three times was this particular barbarity perpetrated on him, and his wounds took over two months to heal.

Dr. Ægidio, Professor of Theology in the University of Alcala, was a man whose deep learning in the Scriptures gave him a fame for scholarship among students of many nations. He had made enemies, however, and at their instigation the Inquisition imprisoned him. His theological views being endorsed by the cathedral clergy at Seville and those of the diocese of Dortoio, they were able to secure his release by Royal intervention, and he lived to a good old age, doing useful work. Being angered at having lost their hold of him during life, the inquisitors issued legal process against his body, which was disinterred and burned.

Professor Ægidio had instructed in Protestant doctrine an able friend of his and popular preacher, Dr. Constantine. This man was seized by the inquisitors, but his answers were so discreet that they were at a loss to know how, and of what, to accuse him. Having, through the treachery of a servant, and the mistake of a friend, come into possession of his books and papers, however, they formulated charges against him. He endured two years' imprisonment, at the end of which time a dreadful disease caused his death. As in the case of his master, the Inquisition wreaked their vengeance on his corpse.

Several Englishmen suffered death at the hands of the Inquisition in Spain. One of them, Nicholas Burton, was a London merchant doing business in the country. While staying in Cadiz he was visited by an agent of the inquisitors, who, under the pretence of transacting business, obtained what information he desired, with the result that Mr. Burton was arrested next day. It was alleged against him that he had said things disrespectful to the established religion of the country, but this he emphatically denied. He declared that on the contrary he had paid all deference to the religious sentiments of the people. Torture did not avail in his case to extract any information, and he was therefore burned. He showed no signs of fear or pain when in the fire, so much so that a priest, angry to find the flames had no disquieting effect upon him, said, "The reason why he does not seem to feel is to me very evident; the devil has already got his soul, and his body is of course deprived of the usual sensations."

It may be a surprise to some of our readers to learn that the Inquisition was a power in Spain as late as the early part of the eighteenth century. When there were two rival claimants for the throne and a state of civil war ensued, Lieutenant-General de Legal, second in command of the French troops who were supporting one of the claimants, forced the Inquisition in Arragon to submission, and released their four hundred prisoners, including sixty beautiful young women. By the way, it was M. de Legal who at this time told the Dominicans in the city that he intended to turn their silver images into money, that like the Apostles they might go about doing good!

We have quoted examples sufficient to show the awful nature of this Romish agency. Shall we not thank God that so far as our island is concerned, it is only among the “things that might have been”





Chapter XLIII BRIGHTER DAYS



HAVE you ever noticed the thick storm-clouds rolling away, and the light appearing on the distant hills, that for awhile had been draped in midnight gloom? Such was the picture that our forefathers beheld in the sixteenth century, when Mary's dark days drew to a close, and the "brighter days" of Queen Elizabeth dawned to cheer the night-stricken land.

Sometimes we catch preliminary signs along the horizon, or in some rift in the clouds above, that the storm will soon be over, and the sunshine shortly break forth again. This was just the case in the days that immediately preceded the end of England's "Reign of Terror." Before the martyr-fires had ceased to burn, there were some who, endowed with a Divine foresight, were able to point to the streaks of light already appearing in the darkness, as sure precursors of calm after tempest, of peace succeeding battle.

Let us tell you about these prophetic gleams, which announced the day before it had actually arrived.

One of the most interesting bands of Protestants was the "Congregation of the Faithful." We hear of them in the reign of Henry VIII., meeting together for prayer and preaching in Bow Lane or Cheapside. Many had been their trials and perplexities, which increased much during the "Reign of Terror," in cruel Mary's days. Yet they continued faithful, gathering in secret wherever they could—often during the night, sometimes even on board a ship in the Thames. Many of their members, and even some of their pastors, were seized and imprisoned. At their pathetic meetings these fellow-sufferers were remembered, not only in prayer, but also by practical sympathy, the congregation contributing at times a sum equal to £100 of our money, which went to aid those in gaol for conscience's sake. Those were collections indeed!

But Bonner and his spies determined to hound out, and if possible exterminate, this faithful body of Christians. In the springtide of 1558 about forty of their number were assembled in an open field near Islington. Bibles and Testaments were in their hands, the Word of God on their lips and in their hearts, when they were disturbed by the appearance of the constable and his assistants, who seized their books, and arrested more than half of that God-fearing company of believers. These were conveyed to Newgate prison, where they remained till their trial several weeks later, when thirteen of them were condemned to be burnt. Seven of these were to be first executed at Smithfield.

Among these seven was a gentleman named Roger Holland. To him it was vouchsafed a glimpse of that light-laden rift in the storm-clouds which foretold the speedy dawn of brighter days.

"My lord, I beseech you suffer me to speak two words," said the martyr to Bishop Bonner, after the sentence which condemned him to the flames had been read. When the desired permission was, with much reluctance, granted, Roger Holland said:--

"Even now, I told you that your authority was from God, and by His sufferance; and now I tell you, God hath heard the prayer of His servants, which hath been poured forth with tears by His afflicted saints, which daily you persecute, as now you do us. I dare be bold in God to speak, which by His Spirit I am moved to say, that God will shorten your hand of cruelty, that for a time you shall not molest His Church. And (turning to his friends) this shall you in a short time well perceive, my dear brethren, to be most true; for after this day, in this place, shall there not any by him (viz., Bonner) be put to the trial of fire and faggot."



Shouts of joy were raised

The cruel Bonner could not see that bright light of promise, but the martyr by God's inspiration saw and rejoiced. The prophecy had its remarkable fulfilment in a way little expected by the agents of Rome.

Roger Holland and his six companions were appointed to be burnt on the 28th of June. On all former martyrdoms, the sufferers had been cheered and encouraged by the crowds, which often numbered thousands, whose aim at coming to the scene of execution was, says Strype, "to strengthen themselves in the profession of the Gospel, and to exhort and comfort those who were to die." Many a time a voice proceeded from some unknown spectator in the dense throng, praying God to be with the martyrs, and encouraging them to stand fast to the end! "Amen! Amen!" would the great crowd reply in a voice like thunder that startled the Popish persecutors.

In order to prevent further manifestations of such universal and heart-felt sympathy, a proclamation was drawn up in the name of Philip and Mary, strictly forbidding anyone "either to pray for, or speak to, the martyrs; or once say, God help them." The order was read to the assembled crowd, but it was only spoken to the winds. Among the bystanders were the members of "The Congregation," and their pastor, Thomas Bentham. When the seven martyrs appeared in sight, this holy band with one consent hastened to the martyrs, embracing them and encouraging them. Again the "Proclamation" enjoining complete silence was read in a loud voice; but as well try to stay' the sun from rising, as to prevent that faithful "Congregation" from expressing the deep sympathy of their hearts.

The seven martyrs were tied to the stake, the fire was kindled, and then spoke out boldly the pastor, Thomas Bentham: "We know they are the people of God, and therefore we cannot choose but wish well to them, and say, God strengthen them."

Then in a louder, bolder voice, that worthy minister of God cried out: "Almighty God, for Christ's sake, strengthen them!" Amen! Amen! came the mighty response from thousands of throats, with a power that cheered the martyrs and dismayed their foes.

The flames arose, and Roger Holland was heard to utter his last words on earth:—

"Lord, I most humbly thank Thy Majesty that Thou hast called me from the state of death unto the light of the Heavenly Word, and now unto the fellowship of Thy saints, that I may sing and say, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts! And, Lord, into Thy hands I commit my spirit. Lord, bless these Thy people, and save them from idolatry."

This burning had taken place at Smithfield, through the condemnation pronounced by Bishop Bonner. But Roger Holland had not made a mistake when he saw a rift of hope in the storm-clouds. He had prophesied, as we have seen, that there would be no more put to the trial of fire in that place, or again by Bonner.

There remained yet half-a-dozen of the imprisoned members of the congregation to be examined and condemned, but Bonner took no personal part in their trial; and when the day for their martyrdom arrived, in the middle of July, the place of execution was not Smithfield. They were conveyed to Brentwood; but so great was the fear of their enemies, that the dark deed of their burning was done at night.

Roger Holland was right. The martyr-fire never again blazed at Smithfield, nor does history record a single instance in which Bonner ever again condemned a heretic to the flames.

The month of November is memorable in the history of Protestantism. Not least among the great events which characterise its days as never-to-be-forgotten landmarks was that of another break in the tempest-laden clouds that foretold speedy dawn of light; and what was yet better, the actual rolling away of the dark storm of Mary's night-bound reign, and the ushering in of the brighter days of bonnie Queen Bess.

On November 10th, five persons were burned at Canterbury—three men and two women, one of whom was very old. At the stake they prayed, and as their petitions ascended to God above, He gave them prophetic faith to desire and to believe that they would be the last to suffer death by burning for religion's sake. To Roger Holland it had been revealed there should be no more martyrdoms in Smithfield; to these five humble sufferers it was given to know there should be no more throughout England. Seven days later Queen Mary died, and the hour of the Prince of Darkness was at an end.[1]

Who can describe the joy of Elizabeth's accession? She had been a fellow-sufferer with the sorrowing nation; she also had felt the keen brunt of the raging hurricane; her life had been in

danger, but God had preserved her to scatter night, and usher in the day. And what a night it had been! When by imprisonment, torments, starvation and fire, nearly four hundred persons—men, women and children—were destroyed for no other reason than that they loved the Gospel and hated idolatry.

In the morn, shortly before daylight, on November 17th, 1558, Mary, of cruel memory, died. By eight o'clock Parliament had assembled to hear the news that Elizabeth was Queen.

Merrily pealed forth the bells; every steeple in London rang out the glad message that brighter days had dawned. Shouts of joy were raised by every voice, people shook hands in the street for very gladness, that the miserable reign of Mary was at an end. All were triumphant, except, no doubt, those fanatical persecutors whose rule of tyranny was now past. In the evening bonfires blazed forth—bonfires, not of martyr lives, but as signals of joy, in which all the Protestants, and nearly all the Romanists also, rejoiced.

There was a genuine ring in the new Queen's first speech, at her reception of the peers and others, who assembled to take the oath of allegiance a few days after her accession: "The burden that hath fallen upon me maketh me amazed; and yet considering I am God's creature, ordained to obey His appointment, I will thereto yield, desiring from the bottom of my heart that I may have assistance of His grace to be the minister of His heavenly will in the office now committed to me." [2]

Why was Mary's reign so dark? Because Rome ruled England then; and beneath her sway our land sank in honour, wealth, and power. Why did "brighter days" dawn when Queen Bess came to the throne? Because Rome's rule was ended. No more again should pope or priests bend the free neck of England, nor crush her sons and daughters beneath their iron heel.

**"Then Queen indeed: no foreign prince or priest
Should fill my throne, myself upon the steps."
(Tennyson.)**

Footnotes to Chapter 43

1. Christopher Anderson ("*Annals of English Bible*," vol. ii., Book 3) draws special attention to these remarkable incidents.
2. Froude's "*History of England*," vol. vi.





Chapter XLIV THE JESUITS



It is said that where God builds a church, Satan rears up beside it a temple for himself. In the history of the Roman Church it is wonderful to note how Satan brings forth a champion for his cause, or makes a crafty move to meet the crisis of the hour.

The foregoing pages have shown us how that glorious religious movement, called the Reformation, began, spread, and prospered ; the Bible became an open Book, and the thousands and tens of thousands left the black rule of the pope's kingdom of darkness, to be enrolled under the banner of the conquering army of Jesus Christ, whose salvation is a free gift, whose service is liberty, whose kingdom is light. But Rome was terribly alarmed at the weakening of her power in this and other lands, and the desertion from her ranks of so many of her loyal sons.

The Reformers and Martyrs were God's chosen servants, by whom He did a mighty work; but Satan has also his agents whom he employs, in every age and era, to counteract the plans and work of God, so far as God permits; for God is almighty, and though Satan is mighty he can only scheme and carry out his dark designs so far as Divine Omnipotence allows.

IGNATIUS LOYOLA

---was the agent chosen by the prince of darkness at the period of the Reformation, and Rome welcomed him as a champion against the advancing hosts of light which threatened to overthrow her power.

We must now briefly sketch the rise and career of Loyola, and the formation and progress of the Society he founded.

During a war between the Emperor Charles and Francis I. of France, the army of the latter pushed their way to Pampeluna, and among the garrison holding this fortress was a man named Don Inigo Lopez de Recalde (better known to us as Ignatius Loyola).

It was a chivalrous age, when the crossing of swords, the taking of life, seeking adventures, and showing off valour, were considered among the highest goals that youth could attain. Among these chivalrous spirits, Don Inigo was found ardent and fearless. He had been brought up in the court of Ferdinand of Spain, Where his ambitions for chivalrous renown had received every encouragement, and where his naturally proud nature found ample scope for self-aggrandisement. He was very vain of his personal appearance, not without some reason, for his manly figure was handsome and commanding. Tournaments were his delight, where, mounted on a fiery steed, and clothed in armour of dazzling brightness, he could exhibit to the admiring assembly his prowess with sword and lance, and carry off the best prizes in dangerous and hazardous enterprises. On the occasion of the storming of the fortress of Pampeluna, the

valorous Don showed his usual courage and contempt of danger. When others talked of surrendering, he boldly persuaded them to endure anything rather than give in to the foe. As he stood on the ramparts, brandishing his sword against the enemy, a ball struck his leg with great violence, and the intrepid warrior fell senseless. He was borne in a litter to his father's castle of Loyola.



He stood on the ramparts brandishing his sword

In the Castle of Wartburg, Luther had translated the Bible, which light illumined his fatherland, and shook the world.

Don Inigo, in the lordly mansion of Loyola, conceived a plan of darkness, which has proved itself to be an agency of the enemy of Christ for counteracting the progress of the Gospel.

Ignatius Loyola was so severely wounded, that not only was his personal appearance spoiled, but he was unable to engage again in those chivalrous and dangerous adventures which he loved. Distressed and impatient over these calamities, the idea occurred to him of seeking fame by other means. A book containing the various legends of so-called "saints"—their mortifications,

apparitions, miracles, etc., was placed in his hands, and thus his heated brain, still feverish from his serious wound, formulated the first rough draft of his new adventurous life.

As soon as he had recovered sufficiently to travel, he bade his companions in arms good-bye, and set out alone for the Virgin's shrine at Montserrat. There, dressed in sackcloth and girded with a rope, he passed the time in fasting and penances, hung his sword before the image of the Virgin, and vowed a devotion to the "Madonna," as ardent as that which he had formerly given to the lady-love of his choice.

As fast as his lameness would allow him, he travelled on with assistance to the Monastery of the Dominicans at Manresa, where was a lonely cave, in which he took up his abode for some time. His self-imposed penances were increased in vigour, and by scourging himself regularly three times a day, fasting for several days, keeping long night vigils before the images of saints whom he sought to rival in self-mortification, his hair and nails grew like those of a second Nebuchadnezzar, and his gloomy cell resounded with the sighs and groans of this new-made "Knight-

errant of the Virgin Mary." The result he sought came to him; strange visions and fantasies passed before him; he thought himself favoured of Heaven, and considered he had no need of the written Scriptures—they were too mundane for one who could gaze into the invisible world.

A journey to Jerusalem to fight against the infidels was the next enterprise of this spiritual knight-errant. Hardships and adventures attended the wanderer, but the mission proving a failure, he returned to Europe, and at length retired to Paris, where he came in closer contact with the Reformation, and learned how seriously the pope's kingdom had been shaken and broken by the grand movement of Protestantism. The enthusiasm of the emaciated and ragged pilgrim was stirred; at last he had found the dreaded antagonist of his master the pope, and against this foe of the papacy should all his energies be directed.



He passed the time in fasting and penances

This curious history of Ignatius Loyola reminds us forcibly of the story of Don Quixote, who set out to seek adventures, and found renown by many strange exploits. Probably the main-spring of the doings of each of these knight errants was the same—an unbalanced mind. Tested by Scripture there was nothing of the true "saint" in Loyola; judged by common sense there was a good deal of the madman.

Loyola has been regarded by Romanists as their special champion against Luther and his work. He was born eight years after Martin Luther, but the latter had given many mortal blows to the pope's power before Loyola set himself to the task of forming an organisation to build up the tottering kingdom of Rome.

Like Luther, Loyola had experienced the burden of sin. The walls of his cell at Manresa resounded with his lamentations, caused not by mortification only, but to some extent by a realisation of his lost condition. God's face seemed hidden, and his denials and flagellations brought no peace. At this crisis, instead of looking upward to Christ, Loyola turned inward on himself, and instead of Divine revelations by faith in God—instead of a clear understanding of His written Word—Loyola relied on dreams; and the hallucinations of his own and others' disordered brains became his guide. The "raptures" which he and other "saints" had experienced were his code of rule. How different was Luther's case; he looked to Christ, found peace by faith in Him, and taking his stand upon the infallible Word of God alone, became the champion of Light.

We must now briefly glance at the work of the Champion of Darkness, and at the Society of the Jesuits of which he—Ignatius Loyola—was the founder.

Loyola arrived in Paris in 1528, where he spent six or seven years. It was an exciting period, for religious discussions were frequent in the streets of the French capital, in the halls of the

Sorbonne, and even in the royal court. Light and darkness were contending. Loyola must have watched the conflict with keen interest.



Berguin was led forth to die for the faith of the Gospel

Probably he stood by the stake of that noble martyr, Louis de Berguin, who at noon, April 22nd, 1529, was led forth to die for the faith of the Gospel which he would not deny. The cart which bore him moved but slowly, for an immense crowd thronged the streets. With eager scrutiny they watched the face of the martyr, radiant with the peace of God. He had arrayed himself in his finest clothes as if journeying to a banquet: "A cloak of velvet, a doublet of satin and damask and a pair of golden hose." [1] Berguin was burnt, but the candle lighted that day in France has never gone out. These events must have given Ignatius Loyola much food for reflection.

Five years later Paris was stirred by a bold attack of the Protestants there. During a night of October, 1534, placards against the mass were posted up on the walls of the city, and in other conspicuous parts, on the gates of the Sorbonne and the doors of the churches. Not in Paris only, but in many other towns; in rural parts and highways of France copies of the document were placarded up and read by thousands as the light of morning dawned. Intense was the excitement, furious the anger of the king and clergy. Rome's "wafer-god" had been abused and ridiculed on a thousand highways. The king did public penance for the insult given to his breadden deity, swore vengeance on the heretics, and executed the most cruel vengeance on these victims of his religious hatred. The martyrs were hoisted up by a pulley above the burning flames, then let down into the fire, then hoisted up again, and then lowered, the crowd watching their torments with fiendish glee.

While such scenes were being enacted, Loyola was preparing his master scheme: the war of Darkness against the Light. The sequel shows that he learned his lesson well, while his followers proved themselves apt pupils in the science of inflicting torture.

Nine disciples joined him in Paris, and these he moulded completely to his own moral, spiritual, and mental likeness. He drew up "Spiritual Exercises" for their use, consisting of meditations and rules which they were required to observe as methodically and regularly as machines. Thus schooled they were ready to attempt the most daring enterprises, or to endure the most terrible

sufferings. Loyola and his few disciples made their way to Rome, presented themselves to the pope, who received them graciously, and accepted their proffered aid as a boon sent from heaven. A papal Bull authorising the new Society was issued in 1540. Its members swore to obey the pope as an army obeys its general in command; they were soldiers rather than monks, and their obedience was military rather than canonical. The new Order took the name of "the Society of Jesus."



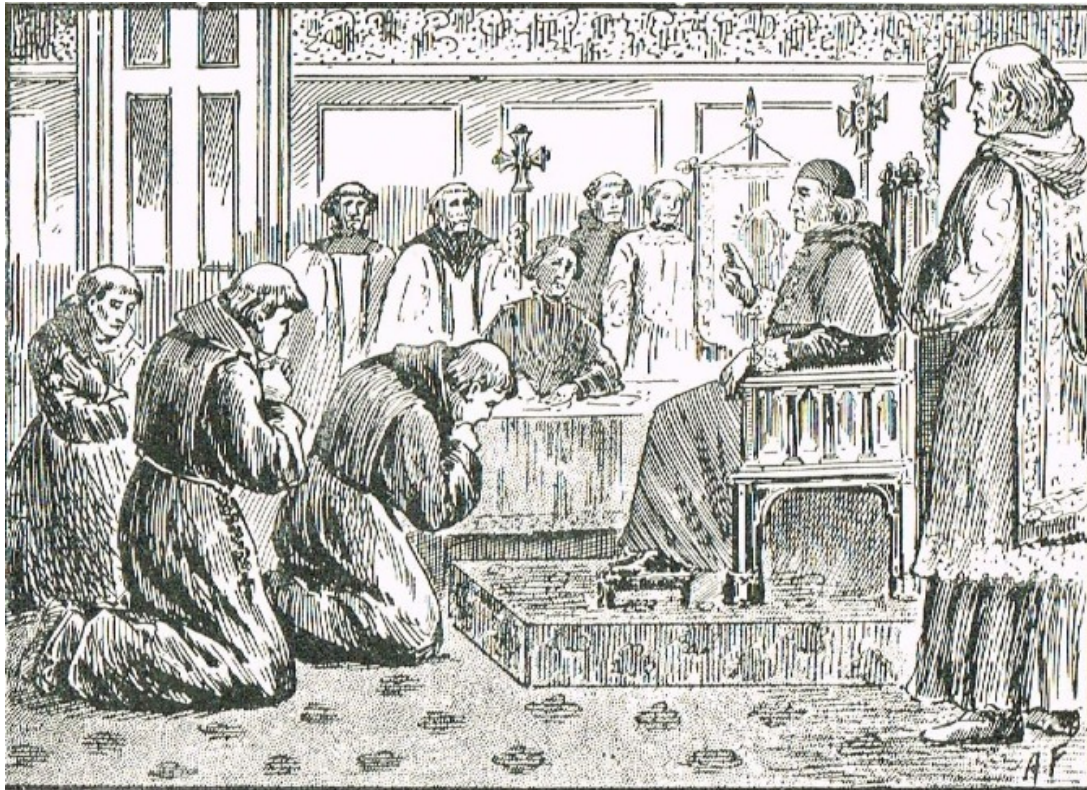
The placards were read by thousands

In the Revelation (chapter xiii.) we read of a Beast (explained in chapter xix. 20 to be a false prophet) who had the appearance of a lamb, but who "spake like a dragon." The order of the Jesuits took the sacred name of the Redeemer, as being apparently His followers; but, in reality, by their words and actions have proved themselves to be the agents of Satan, raised up by him for the purpose of hindering and destroying the work of the Reformation.

Let us first look at their training and organisation and then glance at their history and work.

TRAINING OF THE JESUITS

The Jesuit renders unlimited obedience to his general, whom he regards as occupying the place of God, and fulfils his every wish as if it emanated from Divinity. In order to obtain this absolute death-like stupor of his own will, he must undergo a course of the most rigorous discipline. The book of "*Constitutiones*," containing the statutes and decrees of the Society, was drawn up by Ignatius Loyola and one of his trusted disciples. The work was, however, kept strictly secret from all, except those fully initiated. At length, in 1761, the production was dragged into the light, and thus we are now able to learn everything of importance concerning the organisation, government, and general principles.



Loyala and his disciples presented themselves to the pope

Let us follow the would-be Jesuit from the moment when he offers his life services to the Order, until he is a full-fledged Jesuit. He must pass through four classes as follows:--

The age of fourteen is about the earliest for admission. He who presents himself undergoes, in the first place, a searching examination—his talents, his family, his life, circumstances, etc., are put under the microscope of keenest scrutiny. If the examination proves him unfit he is at once dismissed; if he is likely to be of service to the Society he is received into "the house of primary probation." He is now a "Novitiate." A book containing a brief summary of rules is given to him, the full laws and regulations being withheld until he is more advanced.

If he acquits himself to the satisfaction of his superiors, he enters the "Second house of probation," where the discipline is more severe, and even repulsive services may be required of him. He must undergo six experiments. 1st. A month must be devoted to meditation, confession, etc. 2nd. His next month must be passed in visiting the sick and tending to them. 3rd. He must spend the third month in wandering without money from door to door, and begging his bread. 4th. He must submit to be employed in the most menial and humiliating services required of him, in the house he has entered. 5th. If he is not worn out by this time, he must show his tale

for teaching by giving instruction to boys and ignorant elders. 6th. He must exhibit what gift he may have in preaching and hearing confessions. If these "experiments" are passed to the satisfaction of his examiners he is, after two years' probation, enrolled—not yet among the Jesuits, but among the "Indifferents," when the most severe discipline is undergone in order to entirely subdue his will to that of his superior. His manhood departs, and he becomes a machine in the hands of the Order, to be, to do, to go, and to suffer whatever may be commanded him.

Any communication by word or letter is strictly forbidden, unless with the special permission of his superior. All letters addressed to him must first be read by the person appointed to examine him all his actions, errors, words, etc., are carefully noted and reported to the superior, and he is obliged to make a detailed confession of all his past life every six months. If his progress is satisfactory, i.e., if the annihilation of his manhood continues—he next takes three vows, viz., poverty, charity, and obedience. With regard to the first it binds him to perpetual poverty. If he has riches, he must bestow them all—not on his poor relations, if he possesses such, but upon the Order of Jesuits, who are "mendicants" for the purpose of receiving wealth. If a legacy is left to him he is temporarily released from his vow, in order that he may swiftly depart to secure his property, and as speedily return and hand it over to the Jesuits.

The novitiate who has acquitted himself with credit is passed on to the second class, the scholars. The Jesuits have many colleges, amply endowed, and in these the scholars are instructed in the higher mysteries and secrets of the Order. Talent and soundness of body are absolutely necessary; they must be men picked from the flower of the troop. Having finished his course as a scholar he is next received into the third class, Coadjutors. This class is divided into two sections—the temporal and spiritual. The former are never admitted into holy orders, but are retained as cooks, servants, or other higher offices. The spiritual coadjutor must be a priest of some learning. Though not yet a Jesuit he is allowed only to deliberate with the professed members in some matters of importance. The rectors of Jesuit Colleges are usually "spiritual coadjutors."

The fourth class is that of the professed members. The coadjutor having acquitted himself with credit takes a solemn oath to the general--whom he considers "as holding the place of God" is admitted into their class and becomes a full-blown Jesuit, or "professed member" of the Society. Will, judgment, conscience, liberty, all he has, body and soul, are laid at the feet of the general, to be used by him as he sees fit in the interests of the kingdom of the pope.

He has already taken three vows, he now takes a fourth, which binds him to go where ever, whenever, and without delay or hesitation, on whatever errand he may be sent. He may not question any command of his general, nor dare to criticise any behest, nor may he judge or think for himself; every order he believes to be the precept of God; he obeys his superior as if he, the superior, were Jesus Christ Himself! Such then is the course of training which occupies some twenty or more years. The candidate who offers his services freely is, step by step, and stage by stage, absolutely and entirely moulded into the likeness of an abject slave—is no longer a free man, but like a corpse—is dead to the world and to himself.

we must now note the:--

ORGANISATION

---of this despotic kingdom of the Jesuits. To command and rule its various subjects is an easy matter, for their training has made them passive tools to every behest, "just as if," says their "*Constitutiones*," or code book, "they were a corpse, which allows itself to be moved and handled in any way, as the staff of an old man, which serves wherever or in whatever thing he who holds it in his hand pleases to use it." The minute exactitude with which the Jesuit obeys his superior is exemplified by the following anecdote:--

Friar Alphonse was the porter at a college. Thinking to more quickly perfect himself, he denied himself, by way of penance, a portion of the food placed before him. This voluntary abstinence having been reported to the superior, he was ordered to eat all that was set before him. In the zeal of his obedience, the friar not only ate all the food, but proceeded also to chop up the plate, and was just about to swallow the pieces, when he was told that "his obedience must not proceed beyond the glazing of the earthenware." [2]

Men so entirely moulded to the will of the one appointed to rule, can be used for whatever purpose their services may be required. The Jesuit kingdom is spread over the world and is divided into about six grand departments, named "Assistanzen," or princedoms. Each division is ruled by a superior, who is subservient to the General or chief of the Order.



These six divisions are subdivided into many provinces; each province is ruled by a "Provincial," and these provinces are again partitioned into various houses and establishments, viz., the houses of "professed members," of "novices," "scholars," etc., each headed by a superior. There are mission houses also, where the Jesuits live quietly as secular clergy, concealing an immense amount of active work in the interests of the Society, beneath that apparently innocent and unobtrusive exterior.

These many divisions and subdivisions of the monarchy of the Jesuits are accurately known in its every detail to the General who, from his residence in Rome, watches and commands the

movements of his disciplined troops, and controls each soldier of his vast army just as a chess player moves the various pieces on the board before him.

Not only his army as a whole, but every soldier in its ranks is known to him. A report reaches him, at stated periods, of the exact qualities, failings, talents, dispositions, behaviour, etc., of each individual in his immense force. The good or evil tendencies of each are laid before him by the superiors of the various divisions, or subdivisions; he is made familiar even with their secret thoughts, and knows every particular of the past and present life of each individual member, as minutely as if he had seen and conversed with each. All grades of Society, all varieties of talent, are at his service; all are ready to obey his will at the shortest notice; to undergo any danger, fatigue; to rush to any part of the globe; to fulfil any mission upon which he chooses to send them.

The Jesuit uses any disguise required by circumstances, and practises any deception whereby he can achieve the end in view, and, like the old serpent, he seems able to creep into every spot where his subtlety is required to hinder Evangelical work, or to further the designs of the Church of Rome.

We may meet Jesuits everywhere—in the cabinet of kings where, professing zeal for the welfare of the sovereign's dominions, they secretly do all they can to injure—in Parliament, where they work unceasingly, under the guise of loyalty, to bring in measures detrimental to Protestantism and in favour of Romanism—in clubs, in the press, among the circles of the learned, or in lower grades of society, the unwearied Jesuit carries out the plan of his General, perverts the man or woman to whom he is sent, influences parents in the education of their children. By the domestic hearth, or wherever he can find an entrance, he passes as a friend of the family, as a tutor to the children, or a charming acquaintance, with but one aim in view—to be attained at any and every cost—the overthrow of Protestantism and the furtherance of Romanism. Carefully he conceals his real designs, and while carrying out his popish plans, appears, to outsiders, a trustworthy Protestant.

He enters the pulpit of a church, whose creed he professes that he may betray it. Judas betrayed Jesus with a kiss; Jesuit follows his example and betrays Christianity by every act or device that suits his purpose.

The Order of the Jesuits was formed in the sixteenth century for one special object—the overthrow of Protestantism. Its aim is exactly the same to-day; its hundreds of thousands of adherents are banded for the purpose of destroying Protestantism, and as the British is now the greatest Empire of the world, the Jesuits' aims are specially directed towards this centre of Gospel Light.

We must bear in mind, also, that there was a large body of priests who, though they never entered the Society of the Jesuits, were, nevertheless, completely under its control. If these existed a hundred years ago, there is no reason to doubt that their successors are now in the service of the Order. The same remarks apply to laymen, and even to women. With regard to the latter, an institution of female Jesuits was founded in the seventeenth century by Mary Ward, though it did not receive papal confirmation, and was suppressed by Pope Urban VIII. On its ruins, however, Mary Ward built up the "Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary," which was accorded full papal sanction. This new Institute still continues, and is in close connection with the Society of the Jesuits, and is an important auxiliary to the Order. Its influence extends to convents. In seventy-one of these prisons for women, Jesuit codes and constitutions are adopted at the present day.[3]

What are the rules and maxims which guide the Jesuit in his work? In order to answer this question we must look at the:--

MORAL CODE

---of the Order. Three great rules guide the actions of its members. 1st. That the end justifies the means. 2nd. That it is lawful to do any action if it is probably right, even though it be more probably wrong. 3rd. That any deed, however wicked, may be committed if the intention be directed aright.

The above rules afford an unlimited license to commit any crime under the guise of equity. Let us see how they are worked.

The law above all others by which the Christian regulates his life is love to God. This is the mainspring of all his obedience to the will of his Saviour. "If ye love Me, keep My commandments." "The love of Christ constraineth us." The Jesuit has no such law to guide his conscience or his life.

Escobar, a noted Jesuit, collected the various sentiments on this question. One says it is enough to love once in three or four years; another that it is sufficient to do so at baptism; another says that the time of death; another affirms it is commanded not to hate God rather than to love Him.[4] How contrary to the Scriptures, which bids us definitely to love God with all our heart and soul and mind and strength. It is not surprising that the Jesuit, with no love to God, hesitates not to break every one of His laws with impunity. He has also no love to man; his Order permits him to inflict any injustice or injury on a fellow-creature by means of certain prescribed methods. These methods are threefold: namely, Probabilism, and Intention, and Equivocation.



The Jesuit and the widow

To explain the first, we will suppose a man wishes to commit a great sin which he knows to be wrong—for example, murder. Yet if it is probable that some good may result from the crime he may do it. For example, if the one to be murdered is in any way a hindrance to the society of the

Jesuits, he may be killed, as it is probable that the schemes of the Society will get on better if he is out of the way. Or the victim may have made a will bequeathing property to a certain friend. The Jesuit will set his mind on the probability that the one to whom the legacy is left will benefit by his death—so the murder is done without a twinge of conscience.

Intention may be explained as follows:—A man may commit any wickedness if his intention is directed to a good end. For example, he may revenge himself on an enemy, if his intention is to save his own honour. Or he may steal, murder, lie, etc., if his intention for doing the sin is aimed aright! How different from God's Word which forbids us to do evil that good may come, and who requires perfect equity in thought, word, and deed.

Equivocation is the science of speaking truth to oneself, while lying to everybody else! For example, a man may take an oath, or make a promise aloud, and insert a few words which are heard, or known, by none but himself; thus the pledge or oath is exactly contrary to what the listener supposes it to be. Filiutius, a Jesuit, explains Equivocation as follows:

"When we begin, for instance, to say, I swear, we must insert, in a subdued tone, the mental restriction, that to-day and then continue aloud, I have not eaten such a thing, or, I swear —then insert I say —then conclude in the same loud voice, That I have not done this or that thing, for thus the whole speech is most true. "Thus any lie may be told, any deceit practised. How contrary to Scripture, which tells us that God requires truth in the "inward parts," and that all liars shall be cast into the lake of fire.

The Jesuit and the widow

In order to fully understand the teachings of the Jesuits we must briefly glance at their book called "Monita secreta" or:--

SECRET INSTRUCTIONS

This production was compiled for the exclusive use of the highest class of the Order, viz.: the "professed members." For a long time the work was carefully concealed from the eyes of the world, but in the beginning of the seventeenth century a copy was dragged into the light during a time of war, when the Duke of Brunswick plundered a Jesuit college in Paderborn, Westphalia. Among the library books was this secret compilation. It was reprinted, translated, and circulated in England and other countries. It contains instructions to Jesuits how to exercise authority over princes and great men, capture the money of wealthy people, etc. The book shows the Jesuits to be like so many leeches or blood-suckers, systematically getting all they can, and using every device to increase their own riches, power, or authority. As individuals they have taken a vow of poverty, but as a society, there is no limit to their enormous wealth.

They appear to have a special eye on "rich widows." Let us note how a Jesuit is instructed to deal with this section of the fair sex. The Jesuit selected for this delicate work must be agreeable in manners, not over middle age, and have a fresh complexion.

He seeks and obtains an introduction to the victim of his avarice, wins her favour by his graciousness, consoles her drooping spirit by soft and kind words, and, with a fatherly concern for her happiness, feelingly assures her that the Society of which he is a member has the most tender regard and compassion for ladies in her position. He invites her to be present at the services in one of the Jesuit chapels. If she consents, the next step is to appoint her a father-confessor from their own ranks. Allured into the Jesuit confessional, the rich penitent is reminded of the peace and comfort to be found in the Convent. The wily priest strongly dissuades her from a second marriage if she should be so inclined, and diverts her mind from such a thought by every conceivable means. He strongly urges her to erect an oratory in her house, and leads her to spend much time in decorating it, or engaging in "pious" duties. Thus

gradually the fowler draws his net around his unconscious prey, moulds her to his will, with the ultimate aim in view of persuading her to surrender all her estates and wealth to the Society of the Jesuits!

Not widows only, but any and all rich people are suitable prey for these vultures. The sons and daughters of widows, and others, the heirs to a rich property, etc., are of special interest to these "poor companions of Jesus," as the Jesuits falsely style themselves, and special instructions are provided for robbing them for the benefit of the Society.

Kings and princes and all great men are sought after, flattered, etc., for the sole purpose of wielding them to the will of the Jesuit wire-pullers ; and many a war, many a turbulent disloyalty in the realms of monarchs, have been raised by Jesuits, that in the midst of confusion, discussion and bloodshed, their intrigues might be accomplished.

The young of all classes have been their special care. They have opened schools in every place in which they have gained a footing; but history shows that the intellects of those under their care have been dwarfed and stunted. Their own unrighteous maxims have been stamped on the minds of the pupils, and kingdoms such as Poland—where Jesuits were the sole instructors of youth--have fallen back in mental capacity, and have lost their place in the scale of nations.

The young of the rich are, of course, special objects of interest. The following extracts from the Secret Instructions should be noted by parents:--

"If a wealthy family have daughters only, they are to be drawn by caresses to become nuns, in which case a small portion of their estate may be assigned for their use, and the rest will be ours. The last heir of a family is by all means to be induced to enter the Society. And the better to relieve his mind of all fear of his parents, he is to be taught that it is more pleasing to God that he takes this step without their knowledge or consent."

Having briefly glanced at the doctrines and maxims of the Jesuits, let us now turn to history and see their:---

PRACTICES

The success of Jesuit missionaries in heathen lands was enormous. Soon after they had set foot on a foreign shore their "converts" could be counted by tens of thousands. How did they attain these prodigious results? They worked as follows:-

In India they preached to the natives that they were Brahmins of the purest descent, sanctioned many of the most abominable heathen rites, and practised some of the dreadful austerities of the Hindus. With such devices Xavier baptized the heathen.

In the East Indies they went to work as follows:—Ascertaining where the heathen were about to celebrate their rites, they surrounded the gathered multitude, and with levelled muskets threatened to shoot them unless they submitted to baptism. Thus was the island of Goa "converted"!

In China, finding the crucifixion of Christ a stumbling block, they denied that Christ was ever crucified at all.

To the Red Indians they said that Christ was a mighty warrior, who had scalped more men and women than any other chief!

Let us look at Europe. The chief aim of the Jesuits was to hinder, and, if possible, undo the work of the Reformation. In order to attain this object they had recourse to every crime likely to promote their designs. In Holland, finding the Prince of Orange an obstacle to their work, they

trained and encouraged the man appointed to murder him (1584). In France the Jesuits planned and directed the wholesale massacre of the Protestants on St. Bartholomew's Day, when 100,000 of God's people were cruelly put to death, their mangled bodies lying in heaps in the streets of Paris. In Germany they worked unceasingly to undo the glorious work which Luther and his followers had been instrumental in carrying forward. They crept, disguised as friends to the Reformation, among the Protestants, and sowed dissensions among them; but behind them were the stake and scaffolds of the persecutor. The Thirty Years War which ravaged Europe was due, in a large measure, to the intrigues of the Jesuits.

But space fails to refer to all their machinations of evil.

Let us glance at our own land. In England their efforts have never ceased to un-protestantise the church and nation. During the thirty years of Elizabeth's reign, they excited civil wars and seditious, and obtained from Rome "a pardon to be granted to anyone that would assault the Queen; or to any cook, brewer, baker, vintner, physician, grocer, surgeon, or of any calling whatsoever, that would make away with her." The Jesuits engaged Parry to murder her, having first absolved him from the intended crime. They then consecrated and administered the sacrament to him, "in order to comfort him in the commission of murder." To the Jesuits is due the attempts to place Mary Queen of Scots on the English throne, and they further cursed all who would not assist them in this conspiracy. The famous Spanish Armada, intended to destroy England, was chiefly planned by the Jesuits. The well-known Gunpowder Plot, whereby it was hoped to blow up the Houses of Parliament, and destroy the King, royal family, and leading Protestant peers of the realm, was the grand scheme of the Jesuits against Protestant England. Garnet, the Jesuit, confessed the crime, and gloried in it. Rome, to show her approval of the attempt, beatified the rogue, and numbers him among her martyrs and saints worthy to be invoked in prayer!

SUPPRESSION AND RESTORATION

"A papacy within the papacy" has been a phrase well applied to the Jesuits—a kingdom within a kingdom. They began by swearing complete obedience to the pope, but the time fall in with their plans!

In the seventeenth century the dishonest, unjust, and immoral practices of the Jesuits attracted the attention of a highly intellectual opponent—Blaise Pascal. He charged them with having debased the standard of evangelical morality for the purpose of pushing their own interests. Pascal's attacks were full of wit, energy, and simplicity. All Europe read his stirring productions. The Order he assailed could hut feebly reply to his accusations—unable to refute his charges, the only course left to them was to oppress the sect of time Jansenists, as the opponents of the Jesuits were called. In Louis XIV., the Jesuits found a strong supporter. But the pope, Innocent XI., espoused, rather, the cause of the Jansenists. These were not Protestants, but were a party in the Roman Church, who maintained, the natural corruption of man, and the efficacy of the Divine Grace, which alone can efface this corruption.

Not the popedom only, but the whole world generally became so wearied with the wicked intrigues of the Jesuits and their unscrupulous ambitions, seditious and disloyalties, that a universal desire for the abolition of the Order made itself felt in every quarter where it had obtained dominance. In 1762, France banished them from her realms. Six years later Spain and Sicily dealt them blow after blow.

Yet to seek to overthrow so dangerous a Society was to engage in mortal combat, and all knew that they who dared to overthrow their authority and power would probably fall in the dire warfare.

At last, however, a pope was found courageous enough to defy the monster, and slay the dragon. Long and tedious were the enquiries which Clement XIV. made concerning the Society, agonising the mental conflict through which he passed. He realised that in opposing it he was sealing his own death warrant. At length, however, he decided to strike the deed, and in 1773 issued a Bull declaring that the Society of Jesuits be "for ever annulled and extinguished," and even its name "for ever suppressed"—and this "for ever and to all eternity."

Soon after this brave act, a mysterious placard appeared on the door of St. Peter's: "The Holy See will be vacant in September."

Several attempts to destroy him were made, but the fatal dose of poison was not administered till some months later. On his death-bed the murdered man exclaimed: "I am going to eternity, and I know for what."

Forty-one years later, another pope, Pius VII., repealed the Bull of the "infallible" Clement, and issued a decree, restoring the Order of Jesuits, with all its necessary powers!

Twenty-five years later (1839), Ignatius Loyola was "canonised," viz.: declared to be a saint in heaven, and a mediator between God and man. To such a pope-made god does the devout papist address prayer—a man, as we have seen, in some respects of unsound mind, and whose moral instructions teach the art of committing any sin under the guise of holiness!

In the following chapters we will trace the work of the Jesuits in the important events of English history, and show how their schemes aim at the destruction of Protestantism in our land; how the modern "Ritualistic" conspiracy in Church and State, the Boer War, etc., are laid at their door; and how their organised plans are leading us year by year nearer to the last mighty conflict between Light and Darkness.

Footnotes to Chapter 44

1 "*Journal d'un Bourgeois de Paris*," p. 384.

2. See a little book by Alex. Duff, D.D., "The Jesuits, their origin and order, morality and practice," p. 26

3 See "*The Jesuits in Great Britain*," by Walter Walsh.

4. In giving opinions of individual Jesuits it should be remembered that nothing may be published except with the permission of the Society—hence the whole Order is responsible for the doctrines of each of its members. See Wylie's "*History of Protestantism*," Book xv.





Chapter XLV "BONNIE QUEEN BESS"

1.-THE RESTORATION OF THE REFORMATION



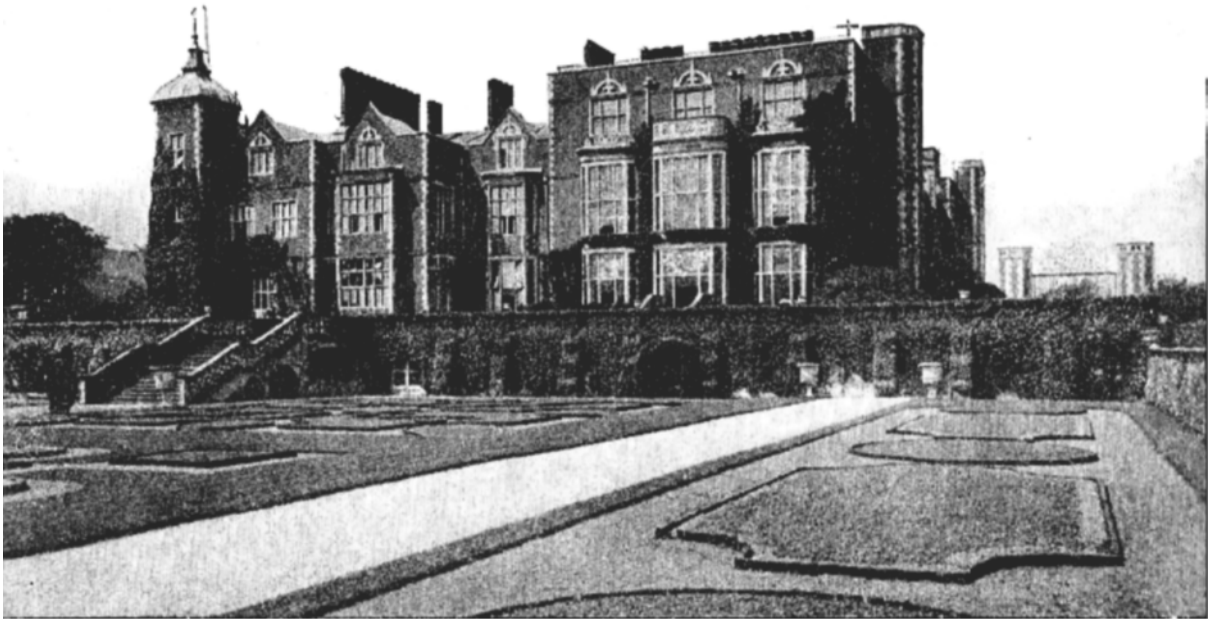
THE stately days of Queen Elizabeth" are some of the most interesting in English history, and the Queen herself one of the strongest personalities in the annals of our nation. She was a strange contrast in some points—combining severe Puritanical simplicity with a vain-glorious love of display; sometimes exhibiting the tyranny of her father, Henry VIII., and at others the fascinations of her ill-fated mother, Anne Boleyn. As a child she plodded with a quiet cheerfulness through the somewhat dreary tasks appointed by her tutor, Roger Ascham, and was proud of her penmanship and skill in music, and familiarity with her Greek Testament and several of the classical writers. She was only thirteen when Henry VIII died, and she and her little brother.—the boy-king—wept together when they heard the sad news. Edward called her his "sweet sister Temperance" because of her sober garb and ways, Elizabeth being then noted for her simplicity in dress'[1] until the accession of Mary necessitated her donning the rich jewels and cloth of gold and crimson left by her father. In later years her former contempt of these fineries appears to have given way to a vain love of dress, and when she died her wardrobes contained no less than 3,000 dresses and 80 wigs.

At Edward's Court she was a charming personality in her youthful bloom; her tall, queenly figure, her brilliant eyes, fair face, and small, faultless hands making a striking contrast to the form and features of the wrinkled, ungraceful Mary. Elizabeth, during the short and terrible reign of that tyrannical queen, lived on, herself a sufferer, but always the idol of the people and the hope of the Protestants.

She was at Hatfield, and practically a prisoner, when the news reached her that Mary was dead, and she was now the queen. With a deep sigh she fell on her knees beneath the old oak tree where she had so often sat, exclaiming: "It is the Lord's doing and is marvellous in our eyes." No wonder it seemed "marvellous" to her—the rolling away of it is said that even Lady Jane Grey was influenced by her simplicity of dress, refusing to wear some rich apparel, because Elizabeth was so quietly arrayed those tempest-tossed clouds, and the shining of the Light through the dark maze of her tangled path; and equally marvellous and gladsome was the feeling throughout England, that now at last the "Brighter Days" had dawned. Imprisoned witnesses for the faith came out of their living tombs, with the joyful assurance that the reign of the stake was over.

It was the ancient custom that sovereigns of England should repair to the Tower before being crowned. Elizabeth looked every whit a queen as she rode thither clad in a long purple velvet riding dress, and seated on a prancing palfrey. As she reached that gloomy fortress, and remembered the ghastly scenes associated with it, and her own sufferings within its walls, she gave utterance to the significant words:—

"Some have fallen from being princes in this land to be prisoners in this place: I am raised from being prisoner in this place to be prince of this land. That dejection was a work of God's justice; this advancement is a work of His mercy."[2]



Hatfield House. [Photo, Chester Vaughan, Acton]

When she left the Tower next day, on her way to her coronation, she lifted her eyes to Heaven and thanked God that He had delivered her "out of the den, from the cruelty of the raging lions."

The streets that memorable day were gaily decorated, and the queen drove in stately pomp to Westminster amidst the noisy cheers of thousands. One of the triumphal arches bore the beautiful motto: "Deborah, the judge and restorer of the house of Israel." As she passed beneath another arch a boy, personifying Truth, was let down, and presented her with a Bible. She took it and pressed it to her lips, promising to read it diligently. This pleasing incident rekindled the enthusiastic reception of her Protestant subjects, who took it as a token that the glorious Reformation—in defence of which so many had laid down their lives—was about to be restored.

The long reign of "Bonnie Queen Bess" is noted, 1st, for the overthrow of every concession to Popery which had been made in former years, and the exaltation of England; 2nd, the first official entrance of the Jesuits to our shores, and the constant intrigues of that Order for the suppression of Protestantism and the destruction of queen and country-- plots which kept the whole land in an almost ceaseless alarm for many years.

In this chapter we deal only with the first point.

Elizabeth was sincerely resolved to restore Protestantism; but the work was attended with serious dangers. Enemies were on all sides—most of the clergy were papists, for the notable and learned divines and Gospel preachers had passed away in fiery martyrdom. Her statesmen also were, with few exceptions, unworthy of her confidence, for more than half of her Privy Council were papists; still there were a few Protestants—names such as those of William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, and the famous Sir Nicholas Bacon. The first she made Secretary of State, and the second Lord Keeper; Elizabeth had an unerring judgment in choosing her statesmen.

Abroad the dangers were not less. Spain was then the mightiest power; and Philip—the husband of the departed Mary—gave Elizabeth to understand, through his ambassador, that he would prevent, if he could, the re-establishment of "heresy" in England. The pope, Paul IV., who was an even more formidable opponent, declared that she could not succeed to the throne, being

illegitimate; and that as the crown of England was a fief of the popedom, she had been guilty of great presumption in assuming it without his consent. To-day such words would be laughed at; but in those times they were omens of coming trouble.

Yet, in spite of all these difficulties, Elizabeth kept on her course without flinching, showing that mental calibre and prudent tact—as well as a firm reliance on the Almighty—which had characterised her in previous dangers.

One of her first acts was to forbid the elevation of the Host at the Mass—to enjoin that the Litany, Epistle and the Gospel be read in English—and that all preaching be forbidden, except by those who had obtained special license. This step was necessary under the circumstances, for, as the majority of the clergy were papists, sermons against the reformed doctrines would have been preached had they been permitted.

When Parliament assembled, two important Bills were passed. First, "The Act of Supremacy," and, second, "The Act of Uniformity." The former abolished the authority of the pope in England and restored the royal supremacy, acknowledging the queen to be "the supreme governor in all causes, as well ecclesiastical as temporal, within her dominions; that they renounced all foreign power and jurisdiction, and should bear the queen faith and true allegiance." This oath was required of all in civil or ecclesiastical authority. When the popish Archbishop of York, who refused to take the oath of supremacy, exhorted Queen Bess to follow the pope, she gave him this memorable reply:-

"I will answer you in the words of Joshua. As Joshua said of himself and his—I and my realm will serve the Lord. My sister (Mary) could not bind the realm, nor bind those who should come after her to submit to a usurped authority. I take those who maintain here the Bishop of Rome and his ambitious pretensions to be enemies to God and to me."[3]

The "Act of Uniformity" enjoined all ministers "to say and use the Matins, Evensong, Celebration Of the Lord's Supper, etc., as authorised by Parliament in the fifth and sixth year of Edward VI." This Act, aimed only against papists, became afterwards, alas! Bitter yoke to many Protestants.

The Romanists watched with dismay the progress of the Light, and with the hopes of dimming its lustre, they held a debate in Westminster Abbey, when several servants of the pope discussed the propriety of worship in a dead language, monasteries, etc., but were ably withstood by as many Protestant divines—the result of the debate was the strengthening of the cause of the Reformation.

In the meanwhile, many of Elizabeth's most noted enemies were passing away, difficulties were being overcome, and even the political horizon abroad was clearing; while the pope, hoping to reclaim England by moderate measures, delayed to pronounce excommunication"; so that for about eleven years the work of restoring Protestantism was, comparatively, less fraught with difficulty than in the years that followed.

Injunctions and visitation articles were now issued, sanctioning the demolition of images, the removal of altars, and the placing of simple "Lord's Tables" in their place. Realising that ignorance is the strength of popery, Elizabeth and her statesmen sought to definitely provide instruction for the people; so the "Book of Homilies" was published. The first Book of Homilies, issued during the reign of Edward VI., contained twelve Homilies. A second Book had been prepared by Cranmer, Latimer and others; but before it could be published, the young king died. Now, both Books were issued, and were appointed to be read in those churches where the ministers were not efficient to teach the people. This provision was absolutely essential in many cases, for, during Mary's reign, the knowledge of Scripture had lamentably declined, most of the priests being grossly ignorant of anything except Romish errors and popish fables. A large

Bible, a Book of the Homilies, and Erasmus' "*Paraphrase on the New Testament*," were ordered to be placed in every Church at the expense of the parish; while, Sunday after Sunday, the reading of the Scriptures in English, and of the Homilies, was gradually enlightening those who sat in darkness.

We can but dimly realise the intense delight with which the crowded congregations drank in the glorious Gospel news, or with what transcendent joy they basked in the effulgent rays of the "Sun of Righteousness," Who was arising over our land with healing in His wings. The old, historic pulpit at St. Paul's Cross rang again with the Gospel note. In Edward's time we have seen Latimer, Ridley, and others, telling forth the glad news, and lifting their voices against the false system of the pope. In Mary's dark reign the famous erection was filled with those who taught

but the grovelling superstitions of Rome; but now the Light, temporarily obscured, is reappearing in triumph in that well-known spot, many of the most eminent of the Protestant divines preaching there week after week; while the large crowds that gathered were enlightened and cheered as they listened to the Word of Life.



Bishop Jewel

The progress of the Reformation received every encouragement from those exiles who had taken refuge in Zurich, Geneva, and Strasbourg, but who returned to England when they heard that the pope's black night had passed away. Many of them were rich in the treasures of spiritual gifts, and

gladly gave their aid to the strengthening of the Protestant party.

Among them must be mentioned Jewel, the author of the famous work entitled, "*The Apology of the Church of England*." It was written in Latin because it was addressed to all Europe, and as the answer of the Reformed Church of England to those who said that the Reformation had set up a new church. Jewel contended that the Reformers were returning to the primitive church as founded by Christ and the Apostles, and was not in any way a novel church. The book was translated into English by Lady Anne Bacon, the mother of Francis Bacon, and the daughter of Sir Anthony Cook, who had been tutor to Edward VI. The English version was published in 1564. Jewel was made Bishop of Salisbury in Elizabeth's reign.

Other exiles who had returned were—according to their ability—engaged in the service of the Reformation; qualified men were sent to preach in various parts of the country, and to endeavour to instruct all classes in the principles of the Reformation; others were made bishops. Matthew Parker, who had been chaplain to Anne Boleyn, was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury. Thus Protestantism took deep root in England—the Light of the Reformation became like a city set on a hill which cannot be hid. And as Protestantism grew strong, England became great, and began to take a prominent place among the powers of the world. Her intellectual strength also increased. Popery dwarfs the mind and stultifies the mental capacities: Protestantism elevates the intellect, and develops the noblest qualities of the human soul. Elizabeth's reign is brilliant with literary light and industrial activity. Great thinkers and writers arose. Shake-

speare, Spenser, and Bacon are among the famous names which have come down to us from that bright era.

But we must not imagine the Reformation was perfected in Elizabeth's days. Unfortunately it stopped short at a certain point. Elizabeth hoped to conciliate the Romanists in England, and draw them to worship in the parish churches. Hence images and lighted tapers were retained in the queen's own private chapel; vestments of the Romish "priests of Baal" were not entirely discarded, and some changes were introduced into the Prayer-book, viz., both forms and words proscribed in the first and second Prayer-books of Edward VI. were reinserted, in order that the scruples of the believers in the Mass might not be too violently shocked.

At that time no code of laws, nor body of canons had been enacted; thus, to a great extent, the English church was without sufficient discipline, and was in a large measure left to the will of the sovereign--and Elizabeth, with the strong self-will of her father, could brook no curtailment of her supremacy.

Elizabeth was noted for her vigorous speeches in Parliament. There was many a, brilliant flash of her master-spirit in those eventful days, many a proud retort from those queenly lips, which must have made her lords and ministers of state feel very small indeed. For example, imagine her, when proroguing both Houses, in her broad, starched ruffs, her rich dress of silk or velvet, embroidered with huge pearls, turning with a majestic haughtiness to the bishops with the reproach—not improbably accompanying her words with one of her terrible oaths (for swearing was not uncommon at the Elizabethan Court):

"Thus much I must say, that some faults and negligence may grow and be in the church, whose over-ruler God hath made me---All which, if you, my lords of the clergy, do not amend, I mean to depose you. Look ye therefore well to your charges!"

Or on another occasion, when the House of Commons ventured to "intermeddle" with reforming the Prayer-book, and some "abuses" of the Ecclesiastical courts, Elizabeth peremptorily commanded that their Bills on these subjects should be delivered up to her, strictly forbidding them to meddle in such causes; and she even bound the Speaker "upon his allegiance," not to suffer any such Bills to be exhibited, daring him at his peril to read them to the House.[6]

"The faithful Commons" was then the creature of the Sovereign, and constantly overwhelmed her with fulsome flattery. After the defeat of the Spanish Armada, the Speaker, with insincere adulation, gave the glory of the defeat to "their sacred Queen." Elizabeth quickly reproved him with the retort: "No, Mr. Speaker, but by the hand of God."

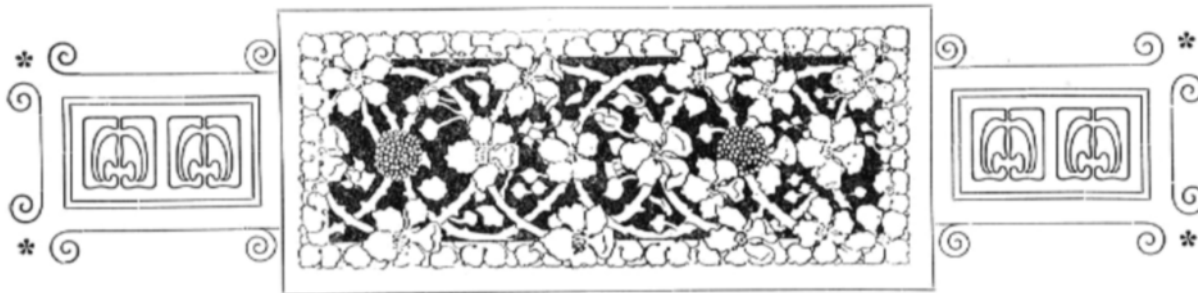
We can easily understand that the proud temper of such a queen could not brook the opposition of the Puritans when they objected to prelacy and vestments, etc. Many of these chose imprisonment in foul dungeons, enforced exile, or the payment of a ruinous fine, sooner than yield submission to the will of a human authority in matters of the soul and conscience. The sufferings of these Protestants form a dark blot on this and succeeding reigns, until the days of William III., a century and a half later, when the tide happily turned. At the same time we must not forget that the Jesuits took keen advantage of these divisions, and that the disruption of Protestants from the English Church and their animosity to the Prayer-book were fostered, encouraged, and increased by the intrigues of these agents of the pope—for the express purpose of ruining the reformed Church of England. The vain plots of these popish conspirators will form the subject of our next chapter.

Footnotes to Chapter 45

1. See "The Worthies of the World," edited by Dulcken, Ph.D

2. See "*The Worthies of the World*," edited by Dulcken, Ph.D.
3. Froude.
4. Paton's "British History and Papal Claims," vol. I.





Chapter XLVI

"BONNIE QUEEN BESS."

II.—INTRIGUES OF THE JESUITS AGAINST QUEEN AND COUNTRY



WHILE the Reformation was prospering in England the Protestants in the Netherlands were experiencing bitter persecutions : the dungeon, the rack, or the stake, became the portion of many. Those who could flee the country did so, and large numbers of Flemish families sought refuge in England. The queen received the refugees gladly, and when De Quadra, the Spanish ambassador—whose duty it was to watch over the interests of the papists in England—remonstrated with Her Majesty, she replied they were all welcome, as many as chose to come to her, adding: "If the Spanish troops in Flanders could be sent to toast themselves in their own Indies or Castile, religion would flourish there as well as in England; and the sooner they were gone the better."

After this answer De Quadra wrote to Feria, the former Spanish ambassador: "At this rate, she (Queen Bess) will revolutionise the world. She is already practising on France, and her Gospel is making too much progress there." [1]

The mention of France in the above message reminds us of the popish intrigues in that land for the subjugation of Protestant England. During the first two years of Elizabeth's reign a close alliance had existed between France and Scotland. Francis II., on ascending the French throne, openly assumed the title and arms of England, and did not hesitate to avow his purpose of invading our land and placing his Queen, Mary Stuart—the heiress to the Scottish crown—upon the throne of England. This French and Scotch alliance was a serious menace to the English sovereign. The scheme was to pour French troops into Scotland, descend upon England, and dethrone Elizabeth in favour of Mary Stuart. This device was frustrated—not by force of arms, not by the sagacity of diplomatists, but by a greater power than either of these—by the establishment of the Reformation in Scotland, which changed the land of the Scot from a menace to Elizabeth into her firmest support and security. This marvellous work was wrought, under God, by martyrs and reformers.

Early in the sixteenth century Scotland's first martyr ascended the burning pile, and it was around this stake of Patrick Hamilton that the dawn of Scotland's day of Reformation first burst forth. Other martyrs followed, laying down their lives for the Gospel's sake, and for the sake of the emancipation of their country from the bondage of Rome. Among these honoured names we may mention David Straiton, Norman Gourlay, George Wishart, and many more.

On the 28th August, 1558, Walter Mill, an aged man—once a priest of Rome, but now a Protestant preacher spoke these memorable words as he stood at the stake:--

"As for me, I am four score and two years old, and cannot live long by course of nature; but a hundred better shall rise out of the ashes of my bones. I trust in God that I shall be the last that shall suffer death in Scotland for this cause."

These words rang the death knell of popery in Scotland.

Within the year John Knox returned from exile, and under his intrepid leadership, and stimulated by his words and example, the fierce fight between Light and Darkness closed in favour of the former. Mary of Guise, the Queen Regent, had been daily bringing French soldiers to Scotland: at the same time Philip of Spain was preparing to assail England on the south, while the French troops should pour down from the north. But John Knox—whose shrewd insight never forsook him—saw through the scheme, and warned the English statesmen of the danger. Elizabeth's ministers were convinced that the liberty of England was menaced, and military aid was therefore dispatched to Scotland, with the result that the French army gradually evacuated the country. Soon afterwards Mary of Guise died, and the Government passed into the hands of the Protestants. In August, 1560, the Scottish Parliament abolished the pope's jurisdiction and thus entered on her new era of Light and Liberty.

Thus this Jesuitical intrigue was frustrated, and the drawing of England and Scotland together strengthened the Reformation in both lands.

Eleven years of Elizabeth's reign had passed away when the pope felt that the excommunication of the English Queen should no longer be delayed, otherwise, as De Quadra expressed it, "she will revolutionise all the world." For our sea-girt land was fast becoming the centre and focus of Reformation Light, and Protestants from all parts were flocking hither as if it were indeed the very sun of Evangelical illumination.

So, on the 5th May, 1570, the pope fulminated his sentence of excommunication, the thunders of which he hoped would shake the great queen on her heretical throne. Here are some extracts from this amiable effusion:

"Elizabeth, the pretended Queen of England, a slave of wickedness, lending thereunto a helping hand, with whom, as in a sanctuary, the most pernicious of all men have found a refuge. This very woman having seized on the Kingdom, and monstrously usurping the supreme place of Head of the Church in all England, and the chief authority and jurisdiction thereof, hath again brought back the said Kingdom into miserable destruction, which was then newly reduced to the Catholic faith and good works----We do out of the fullness of Apostolic power declare the aforesaid Elizabeth, being a heretic, and a favourer of heretics, and her adherents in the matter aforesaid, to have incurred the sentences of anathema, and to be cut off from the unity of the body of Christ. And, moreover, we do declare her to be deprived of her pretended title to the Kingdom aforesaid, and of all dominion, dignity, and privilege whatsoever---and we do command and interdict all and every the noblemen, subjects, people, and others aforesaid, that they presume not to obey her or her monitions, mandates, and laws; and those who shall do the contrary we do strike with the like sentence of Anathema."

This war-blast having been sounded, the emissaries of the pope immediately began more open and active operations. The Jesuits, of course, led the way; and the records of the next years of the Queen's long reign show a series of intrigues on their part which kept the nation in almost perpetual alarm. Yet, in spite of these machinations, complete deliverance and final victory came to the Protestant Queen and her subjects, who had received the anathema of the pope, and the protection and blessing of God.

Let us now briefly, glance at these schemes of the Jesuits, whose object was and still is, to ruin the faith of Protestant England.

The Jesuits had anticipated the pope's move, and were scheming for the restoration of popery in England long before the papal thunderbolt actually fell. About the year 1564, the first Jesuit was officially sent to Romanise England; he was soon followed by others, who carried on their work under the disguise of a variety of characters. The following examples will show us how their deceitful plans were put into execution.

One day, in Rochester Cathedral, a preacher—who appeared to be a most zealous Puritan—loudly declaimed against the Prayer-book, as being not sufficiently in its Liturgy. When he had left the pulpit, a letter, which he had accidentally dropped, was found there, which, when opened and read, revealed the fact that this zealous Puritan was none other than a Jesuit in disguise! His lodgings were searched, and in them was found a license from the pope authorising him to preach what doctrines he considered the best and the most likely to increase the animosities and divisions among the Protestants!

About the same time a Dominican friar was discovered—disguised as a clergyman of the Church of England—loudly inveighing against pope and priests. Just then the dispute about vestments was waxing hot, and this faithful servant of the pope was one of those whose mission it was to inflame the differences of opinion which existed among the Protestants.[2] That the cause of the dissenters was fostered by means such as these is not to the credit of Nonconformity. It is still a scheme of popery to endeavour to set Protestants against each other, in the hope that they may destroy one another.

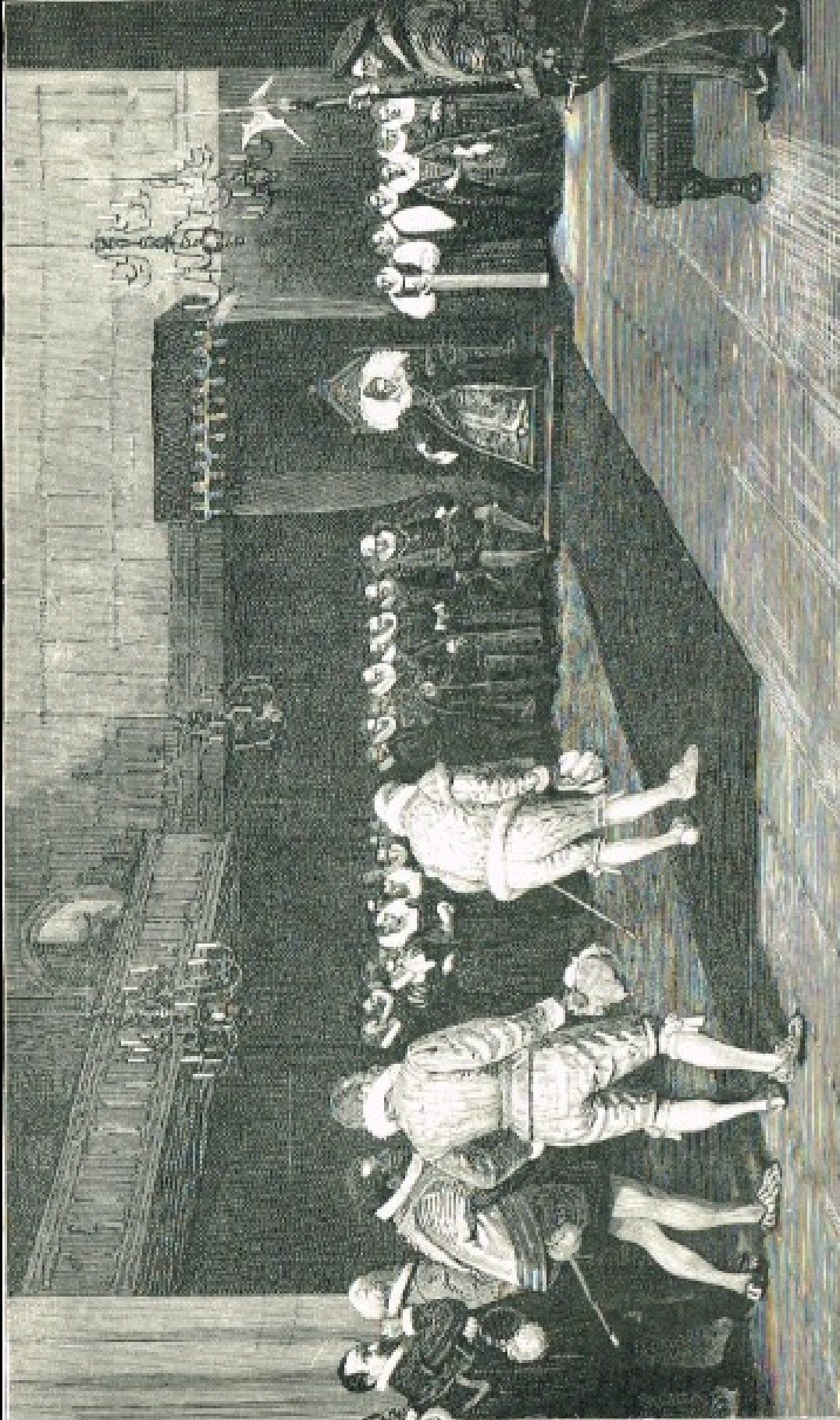
One of the steps authorised by the popish "Plan of Campaign" was the establishment of a seminary in Douay (France) for the training of English youths in the art of perverting their fellow-countrymen in England, either by means of the persuasive arguments of the priests, or the fatal dagger of the assassin. No student was admitted to this college unless he had first given a pledge that he would return to his own country, for the purpose of bringing it again to the feet of the pope—and by whatever means he may be commanded.

Two Englishmen whose names should be written in black as the would-be betrayers of their country—the Jesuits Campion and Parsons, went to Rome to make arrangements for the execution of the pope's bull against Elizabeth. In 1580 they returned, Parsons disguised as a soldier—"such a peacock, such a swaggerer, that a man must have a very sharp eye to catch a glimpse of any holiness and modesty shrouded beneath such a garb, such a look, such a strut!" This was the description of his coadjutor, the Jesuit Campion.[3] The two conspirators traversed the country—Parsons in the north, Campion in the south—seeking to inflame zeal and encourage mutiny amongst Romanists.

They carried on their deceitful plots in a variety of ways: "One day," says Fuller, "they wore one garb, on another a different one, while their nature remained the same. He who on Sunday was a priest or Jesuit was on Monday a merchant, on Tuesday a soldier, on Wednesday a courtier; and with the shears of equivocation he could cut himself into any shape he pleased. But under all their new shapes they retained their old nature."

At length Campion, waxing bolder, addressed a letter to the Privy Council, avowing his enterprise to restore popery in England, and declaring that all the Jesuits in the world were leagued together for this purpose; but the conspirator was eventually arrested in the guise of a soldier, conveyed to the Tower, and he and several of his accomplices were executed for High Treason.

Other numerous Jesuits, however, swarmed over England, all with but one aim in view—the assassination of the queen and the overthrow of Protestantism. Some came armed with murderous weapons—daggers and stilettos, or bearing curious poisons, and concocted plot after plot against Her Majesty's life. They set up secret printing presses, from which poured out pamphlets and books against Protestantism, and which were circulated all over the country. One young



Queen Elizabeth, with her court in mourning, refusing to accept the French Ambassador after the news of the receipt of the news of the Massacre of St, Bartholomew

man, named John Somerville, was so incited against the queen by reading these publications that he travelled to London with the express purpose of killing her. He was, however, arrested, imprisoned, and sentenced to death for treason, but in order to escape the disgrace of execution he hanged himself.

In 1584 Parry's treason was discovered. We learn from Strype that he, Parry, had received from a cardinal an Italian letter conveying the pope's approval of murdering the queen while she was out riding.

Another notable case of treason was that of Throgmorton and his allies. When arrested some papers were discovered in his house, revealing an organised plot—in which Mendoza, the Spanish Ambassador, was found to be implicated—against the queen and her country.

But the most formidable conspiracy, prior to the Spanish Armada, was the so-called Babington Conspiracy. It originated with a priest named Ballard, and several gentlemen —among whom was Babington—were drawn into the plot. Another well-known person was implicated in the conspiracy, viz., Mary, Queen of Scots, at that time the captive guest of Elizabeth. The following letter from the English conspirators to the King of Spain will show what they intended to do:--

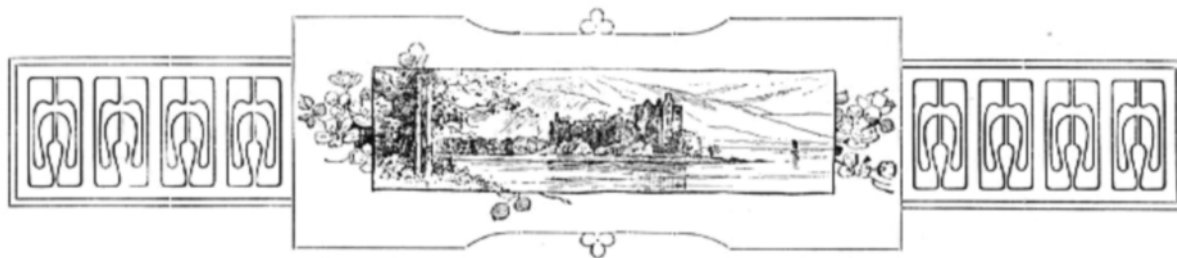
"I beg you to have the following very carefully deciphered and put into His Majesty's own hands. It is written and ciphered by me personally. I am advised from England, by four men of position who have the run of the queen's house, that they have discussed for the last three months the intention of killing her. They have at last agreed, and the four have mutually sworn to do it. They will on the first opportunity advise me when it is to be done, and whether by poison or by steel, in order that I may send the intelligence to your Majesty, supplicating you to be pleased to help them after the business is affected."

This plot embraced more than the murder of the queen. It was hoped, if the attempt against her life proved successful, to summon the Romanists to arms, while a foreign army was to land and aid them in destroying the Protestants, and in placing Mary Stuart on the throne. But the conspiracy was fortunately discovered by the English government before it could be carried into effect, and the conspirators in England suffered on the scaffold for their treasonable intention, while Mary, instead of mounting the English throne, met the same fate in the gloomy hall of Fotheringay Castle. Elizabeth has been censured by some, for signing the death-warrant of Mary Stuart, but when we are acquainted with the multitude of plots against queen and government, and with the fact that Mary was implicated in the attempt to kill Elizabeth, and restore the bondage of popery, we cannot wonder, nor even blame those who condemned the queen-conspirator to the doom of the criminal and the traitor; especially when we bear in mind the reign of terror, only just closed, and which would have certainly been renewed had the attempts to murder Elizabeth and enthrone Mary been successful.

Upon the death of this ill-fated queen the plots of the Jesuits assumed a new shape. Still persevering in their vain efforts to destroy England's queen and England's Protestant faith, a gigantic scheme was set in hand—the Spanish Armada. But as this is so important a subject, and so far-reaching in its consequences, a special chapter must be devoted to it.

Footnotes to Chapter 46

1. Froude's "**History of England.**"
- 2) Wylie's "*History of Protestantism.*"
- 3) "*The Jesuits in Great Britain*" by W. Walsh



Chapter XLVII

"BONNIE QUEEN BESS"

III - THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA



AFTER Queen Elizabeth was seated on the throne of England, all sorts of schemes were concocted to overthrow Protestantism in our land. But one of the most formidable was that Spain, with the help and blessing of the pope, should send an immense fleet, having on board a large army, for the purpose of conquering England for the church of Rome.

When Philip II of Spain married the unhappy Queen Mary, he thought, that by this alliance, he would gradually obtain the upper hand in the government of England. But above the scheming of the Jesuits (for they were the real wire-pullers) there was One, Who had planned otherwise. God had determined that Protestantism, an open Bible, and liberty should be England's inheritance, instead of popery with its mental and spiritual slavery.

When Queen Mary died after her short but dreadful reign, Philip did not quite know what to do. At last he thought that, perhaps, his late wife's half-sister Elizabeth, who was now Queen of England, might be his wife if he asked her. But good Queen Bess was altogether a different sort of woman to her sister. She knew her own mind and disliked popery, with its train of misery for monarch and subject, as much as she disliked Philip personally.

He was not prepossessing in appearance, being short in stature, having thin spindle-like legs, narrow chest, big mouth with hanging lip, and protruding lower jaw. His hair was yellow. In conversation he seldom looked anyone in the face, but had a habit of looking on the ground. Very few people liked him, and he made a point of distrusting everybody, even his nearest acquaintances. He ruled over a vast empire, but was popular with very few. In fact one who knew him very intimately said, "He was disagreeable to the Italians, detestable to the Flemings, and odious to the Germans."

Little wonder, then, when this very objectionable King suggested to Queen Elizabeth that he would make her a very desirable husband, she made him understand that she had her own views on the subject, which were very different from his own. So this little plan of King Philip II. of Spain fell through. He then began plotting and scheming as to what plan he should try next. Philip, when he did put on his thinking cap, did so very slowly, and even when he had made up his mind to do anything he was equally slow in carrying out what he had planned, so much so, that he used to be called "Philip of the leaden foot." So things moved rather slowly, yet very surely. At length he decided to invade England, and by force subdue her to Spain and Romanism.

There were several important matters to consider. One was the question of money.



Sir Francis Drake — Statue by J. E. Boehm R. A.

Philip was very, very cautious. He valued the pope's blessing highly, but he thought if it were accompanied with some hard cash, he would value it even more.

So he wrote to Pope Sixtus the Fifth saying that he (Philip) proposed sending an Armada against our shores, and trusted the pope would give a helping hand.

This was what the pope said in reply:-

"His holiness returns infinite thanks to God that he (the pope) has been the instrument of setting in motion his Majesty, to whom he gives many blessings for his zeal with which he is disposed to engage in an undertaking so worthy of the calling of the Catholic King."

From which we can learn, that it was the pope who put the idea of invading England into the head of King Philip II of Spain.

But not a word in regard to the all-important subject of money about which the King was so anxious! So another letter was sent in which the pope was reminded that the object of the expedition was "to bring back the kingdom to the obedience of the Roman Church." But even this gentle hint did not have the desired effect; so at last a letter was sent asking point-blank that the pope should contribute the little sum of two millions of gold!

**"Philip the Second became very bold,
And asked the pope for two millions of gold."**

This brought things to a head. The pope looked into his money box to see what he could spare, and, at length, wrote that: "he offers his Majesty as soon as the expedition has set sail two hundred thousand crowns, one hundred thousand more the moment the army had landed on the island, a further hundred thousand at the end of six months, and in like manner after another six months one hundred thousand more ; and if the war lasts longer, his holiness will continue to give each year two hundred thousand more."

This was more like business, so Philip began to push things forward.

But alas! alas! the pope's promises were like piecrust--made to be broken.

The exact amount of money actually contributed toward the expenses, when added up, came to this:—

**£.0 : 0 : 0
"The pope promised Philip wealth untold,
But afterwards left him out in the cold."**

So the shipbuilders of Spain were soon hard at work building ships; vast stores of ammunition and provisions were collected, and all Europe knew, in spite of the false rumours that were spread about, that the Invincible Armada was to be sent against Protestant England, to reduce her to subjection to the Church of Rome.

But there were men in England who knew the danger, and were always ready to frustrate the attempts of Spain whenever they got an opportunity. One of these men was named Sir Francis Drake.

One fine morning in the spring of 1587, Drake, with a few adventurers, set sail from Plymouth, and nobody seemed to know whither he was bound. But a few days after, when his ship appeared at the harbour of Cadiz, there was not much doubt as to his intentions.

There, before his eyes, were: ships being built-- ships full of stores of provisions and treasures.



The Historic Game of Bowls on Plymouth Hoe

It was too good an opportunity to lose, so before the Spaniards had hardly time to realise his presence, Drake had sailed right into the harbour, sinking the guard ship on his way.

The Spanish sailors escaped to shore as quickly as possible, the soldiers were all inland, so Drake and his followers amused themselves by overhauling the Spanish ships, and taking from them all that might prove useful. He then set their hulls on fire, cut their cables, letting them drift on the rising tide under the walls of the town a confused mass of blazing ruin. The whole adventure was called by Drake "singeing the King of Spain's beard."

This escapade delayed the armada a whole year. At length, after years of toil, the great fleet was ready to sail. Before we accompany it on its perilous adventure, we want you to notice God's hand in the way in which He confounded the wisdom of the Spanish ship-builders. They thought that very big ships would be most suitable, so they made huge floating castles, high at each end, beside which the little English craft would indeed appear insignificant. We shall see as we follow the fortunes of this Invincible Armada that their very size was to their disadvantage. They were unwieldy and cumbersome and proved no match for the nimble and easily managed English craft.

Surely God's hand was in this. That which was intended to be a source of safety, proved to be a very fruitful source of danger and disaster.

Another instance of an overruling Providence was the King of Spain's unfortunate choice of a commander. This great Armada was first placed under the command of an admiral named Santa Cruz, a regular old sea-dog, who had led his vessels into many a naval victory. He was trusted by the Spanish seamen, who knew that if any man would make the expedition a success it was Santa Cruz.

The ships were all ready, the provisions on board, the ammunition stored, and every-thing was prepared, when Santa Cruz died suddenly, so the Armada was delayed.

If the wisdom of the shipbuilders was at fault in the style of ships they built, the judgment of Philip II was equally wrong in the selection he made of a successor to Santa Cruz. There were many brave, capable admirals who could well have taken his place. But no, "Philip of the leaden foot" decided upon a man, to be the leader of this of this great enterprise, who knew almost as much about the sea, ships and sailors as you and we do of the moon. His name was almost as long as his purse, for he was immensely rich. It was Don Alonso de Guzman, Duke of Medina Sidonia. He was quiet, easy-going, good-natured sort of man, who was more at home in his country house, surrounded by beautiful orange gardens, than in command of the fleet.

Well one fine day this comfortable country squire was almost frightened out of his wits on receiving the King's orders to take the command of the Invincible Armada. His wife, who knew his disposition as well as anybody, told him he had better have nothing to do with it, and so between them they wrote a letter to Philip, stating that Medina Sidonia would be glad enough to serve his majesty, but that he knew nothing at all about navigation or sea fighting---- that he had never been in the English Channel --- and that whenever he went out in a boat he was always dreadfully sea-sick and so he would much rather be excused.

But Philip heeding these excuses, wrote a flattering letter to Medina Sidonia, telling him that he would make a splendid admiral, and would return from his adventures with the English, crowned with laurels, and that everybody would be saying what a brave and clever man he was."

After reading this letter Medina Sidonia began to think that perhaps his wife was wrong, and that after all he was a hero in disguise, so at last, but with some misgivings, he wrote to Philip promising to take the command.

Philip replied with many thanks and pretty compliments, saying: "Take heart; you have now an opportunity of showing the extraordinary qualities which God, the author of all good, has been pleased to bestow upon you."

And so it came about, that one of the most incapable men in all Spain, was chosen to be the leader of one of the greatest naval expeditions the world had ever known, and we think that in this error of judgment God's hand of protection was over Protestant England.

At length everything being ready, the pope sent his especial blessing and gave the fleet the title of "Invincible." It was an immense fleet; there were 130 vessels, the smallest of which was almost as big as the largest of the English vessels. There were on board 8,000 seamen, 19,000 soldiers, besides hundreds of gentlemen volunteers, innumerable galley slaves, and, to crown it all, 300 priests with a plentiful supply of instruments of torture, doubtless to be used as means of grace on sturdy English Protestants, who might love their Bibles more than their lives.

One cannot help thinking that the presence of 300 priests On board was enough to sink any Armada.

However, this Invincible Armada was ready to sail, but, alas! For the pope's blessing: no sooner was it fairly under weigh than its misfortunes began. The wind was contrary, but even worse than that, the water which had been taken in three months before, was found to be foul and stinking. The salt pork, salt beef, and fish were putrid, and the large stores of bread, in spite of the pope's blessing, were full of maggots and cockroaches. It was found that only the dried fruit and biscuits were fit for food. The men sickened by hundreds. Poor Medina Sidonia wished he had followed his wife's advice and remained amid his orange gardens. The wind blew harder and harder, the ships were scattered, so it was decided to make for Corunna, and thither they arrived one by one. Fresh provisions were taken on board, "prayers were sung and prayers were said," priests and monks and friars cheered the discouraged soldiers and sailors with the reminder, that the blessing of God was over the undertaking, because they were to be the means to restore heretic England to the fold of Mother Church.

Medina Sidonia once more began to think that perhaps his better half was wrong, and that he after all was the great man of Spain.

And so once inure this great fleet set sail; but we will leave them struggling across the Bay of Biscay, with poor Medina Sidonia dreadfully sea-sick in his state cabin, and wishing himself once more in sunny Spain. We will hasten ahead of them to see what preparations little England had made to receive her dreaded foe.

Although an expedition such as the Armada had long been expected, very little real preparation had been made. Queen Elizabeth could not realise the danger which menaced her country. She refused to have large ships built, stores of provisions and ammunition prepared, and soldiers stationed along the south coast. She lacked not courage, but she certainly would have served her people better, had she listened to the counsels of many of her advisers, who realised the danger.

No doubt all this unpreparedness was a part of God's arranging, just to teach us that He, who holds the winds in His fists and the water in the hollow of His hands, would undertake the cause of Protestantism and liberty. It was to be His battle and His victory, so that to-day we might thank Him for this great national deliverance.

The English fleet consisted of some 130 vessels, many of them no bigger than a moderately sized barge of to-day. Most of these ships were private vessels, manned by volunteers, whose pay was the privilege of fighting for hearth and home, and loved ones, and the liberties of dear old England. All the English fleet was short of rations and ammunition.

But it is time for us to go to Plymouth Hoe, and see a group of brave sons of Neptune waiting to take ship, directly they received definite news that the long-expected Armada was indeed entering the English Channel.

Look at these men well, for they are the men who, under the providence of God, laid the foundations of our present naval greatness. They seem light-hearted enough, for apparently they are playing a game at bowls. Aye, careless they may seem, but none realise more fully the stern business in store for them than does that "short, sturdy, plainly-dressed man who stands with legs a little apart and hands behind his back, looking up with keen grey eyes into the face of each speaker. His cap is in his hand, so you can see the bullet head of crisp brown hair and the wrinkled forehead, as well as the high cheek bones, the short square face, the broad temples, and the thick lips which are yet firm as granite. A coarse plebeian stamp of man; yet the whole figure and attitude are that of boundless determination, self-possession, energy ; and when at last he speaks a few blunt words all eyes are turned respectfully upon him, for his name is Francis Drake."[1]

There was also in that historic group Lord Howard of Effingham, Lord High-Admiral of the English fleet. There were Admiral John Hawkins and his son, Richard Hawkins, whose remains rest in Deptford Church, and whose record, as stated on his monument, was that he was: "a true worshipper of the true religion, an especial benefactor of poor sailors, a most just arbiter in most difficult causes, and of singular faith, piety, and prudence." There was Martin Frobisher, who in after years perished in the bitter Arctic seas, and whose last words to his comrades were: "never fear, my men, we are as near God by sea as we are by land." There was Walter Raleigh, who introduced the potato and tobacco to our isles; the former was a blessing, but the latter we could easily have dispensed with. There were others beside those we have named, but they were all of the same stamp, sturdy old sea-dogs, whose hands were hard, but whose hearts were tender, whose love of their country was only equalled by their hearty hatred of things popish and Spanish.



Horsemen galloped in every direction bearing the news

So there they were, all playing at bowls at Plymouth, apparently as merry as sand-boys, when a sudden stir takes place among the group.

A horseman galloped up with the startling news, that the long-expected and long delayed Armada had actually been sighted. The news bearer was Captain Fleming, who, in his own ship, had escaped from the great fleet.

In an instant all was hurry-scurry amid the sailor group.

"There's an end of our game then," said one of the bowlers.

"No such thing," said Admiral Drake; "there will be plenty of time to finish our game and to beat the Spaniards afterwards."

Accordingly the game was played out, and then the bowling party hastened to their boats. The ships were soon out in the Channel waiting for emergencies.

In the meanwhile horsemen were galloping away in every direction bearing the news, bonfires blazed on every hill top as beacons, telling all within sight that strong arms and hearts were needed to fight for hearth and homes. When night fell the heavens appeared lurid with hundreds of blazing bonfires, which burned in every- direction.

**"Such night in England never had been, nor e'er again shall be ;
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day;
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-flame spread.
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone; it shone on Beachy Head;
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire.
The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of blood-red light;
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the death: like silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the rival city woke.
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse, once spurring in
And eastward, straight from wild Blackheath, the warlike errand went,
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of Kent. "—Macaulay.**

So throughout the whole of England there was a tremendous stir, for all knew that the long-expected crisis was at hand.

At Tilbury, on the Thames, opposite Gravesend, an army of 20,000 foot soldiers and 2,000 horse soldiers were collected, and to this great camp came Queen Elizabeth and reviewed them. She rode on a splendid white horse and delivered a very brave speech, which made everybody feel proud of their Queen, and more than ever determined to fight as Englishmen had never fought before. This is what she said:

"We have been persuaded by some that are careful of our Safety to take heed how we commit ourselves to armed multitudes, for fear of treachery. But I assure you I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving people. Let tyrants fear! I have always so behaved myself that, under God, I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and good-will of my subjects; and, therefore, I am come amongst you at this time, not as for my recreations and sport, but being resolved in the midst and heat of the battle to live or die amongst you all--to lay down, for my God, for my kingdom, and my people, my honour and my blood, even in the dust.

"I know that I have but the body of a weak and foolish woman; hut I have the heart of a king, and a. king of England, too; and think foul scorn that Panama, or Spain, or any prince of Europe,

should dare to invade the borders of my realm. To which, rather than any dishonour should grow by me, I myself will take up arms--I myself will be your general--the judge and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field. I know already by your forwardness that you have deserved rewards and crowns, and we do assure you, on the word of a prince, they shall be duly paid you."

You may, perhaps, think these rather boastful words, but they had the desired effect, and filled the soldiers with enthusiasm.



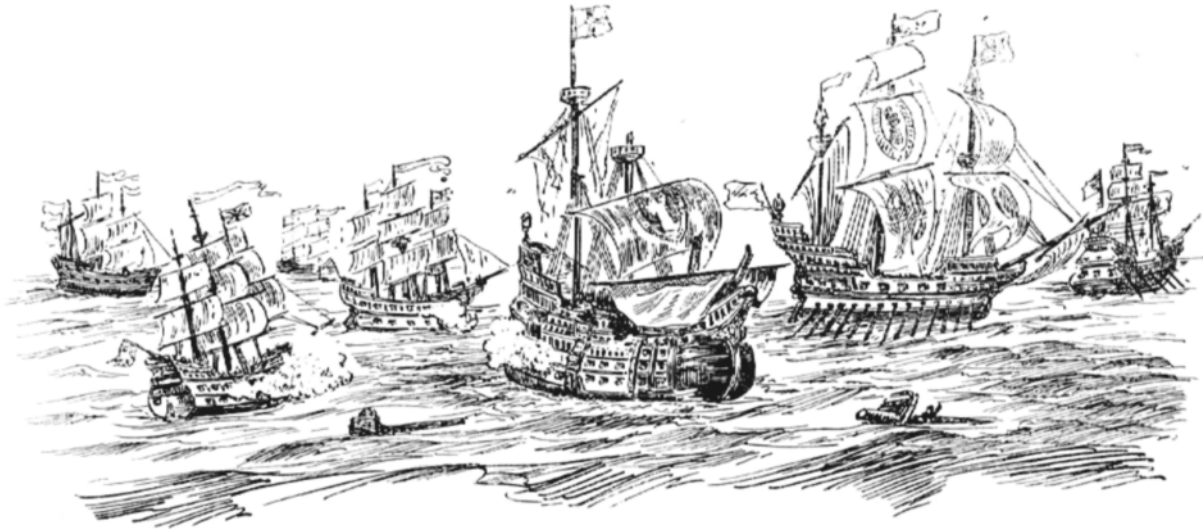
Queen Elizabeth reviewing her troops at Tilbury

But there was something else beside the bustle and stir. We can well understand that there was much earnest prayer to the God of battles that His strong protecting hand might be over our hearths and homes. Soldiers and sailors might fight, but old men and weak people could pray, and the latter brought the deliverance as much as the former.

And now began the twelve days' sea fight between Protestantism and popery, which was to determine so much for the whole of Europe.

Slowly the great galleons bear up Channel, followed by the nimble English craft. "The Armada tries to keep solemn way forward, like a stately herd of buffaloes, who march on across the prairie, disdaining to notice the wolves which snarl around their track. But in vain. These are no wolves, but cunning hunters, swiftly horsed and keenly armed, and who will shamefully shuffle (to use Drake's own expression) that vast herd from the Lizard to Portland, from Portland to Calais Roads; and -who, even in this short two hours' fight, have made many a Spaniard question the boasted invincibleness of this Armada.

One of the four great galleons is already riddled with shot, to the great disarrangement of her pulpits, chapels and friars therein assistant. The fleet has to close round her or Drake and Hawkins will sink her; in effecting which manoeuvre the principal galleon of Seville, in which are Pedro de Valdez and a host of blue-blooded Dons, runs foul of her neighbour, carries away her foremast, and is, in spite of Spanish chivalry, left to her fate. This does not look like victory, certainly. But courage! Though Valdez be left behind, our Lady and the Saints are with them still, and it were blasphemous to doubt.



Slowly the great galleons bear up Channel

"So ends the first day; not an English ship, hardly a man, is hurt. It has destroyed for ever in English minds the prestige of boastful Spain."[2]

The next day the Spanish fleet drags slowly up the Channel, harassed by the English vessels. One huge Spanish galleon blew up;-and most of her crew perished.

"On the third day begins a fight most fierce and fell. Never was heard such thundering of ordnance on both sides, which notwithstanding from the Spaniards flew for the most part over the English 'without harm. Only Cock, an Englishman (whom Prince claims, I hope rightfully, as a worthy of Devon) died with honour in the midst of the enemies in a small ship of his. For the English ships, being far the lesser, charged the enemy with marvellous agility; and having discharged their broadsides, flew forth presently into the deep, and levelled their shot directly, without missing, at those great and unwieldy Spanish ships."[3]

The next day was dedicated to St. James, the patron Saint of Spain, but he appeared to care little for those who were supposed to be especially under his guardian care. Perhaps, like Baal of old, "either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is on a journey: or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked. At least, the only fire by which he has answered his votaries has been that of English cannon."

Discouraged, battered, but not yet beaten, the "Invincible" Armada drifts up Channel, trying to make Calais Roads, where it was hoped the Duke of Parma, with another Armada, would join them, and that together they would effect a landing on the English coast, but little Protestant Holland came to the relief of Protestant England, and prevented the Duke of Parma from leaving the coast of Holland. By Saturday afternoon they dropped anchor in Calais Roads.

"And meanwhile the cliffs are lined with pike men and musketeers, and by every countryman and groom who can bear arms, led by their squires and sheriffs, marching eastward as fast as their weapons let them, towards the Dover shore. And not with them alone. From many a mile inland come down women and children, and aged folk in wagons, to join their feeble shouts, and prayers which are not feeble, to that great cry of mingled faith and fear which ascends to the throne of God."[4]

Sunday morning dawned, but no rest did it bring to the worn-out Spanish seamen. Although now in a position of comparative safety, they had to toil hard, caring for the sick and wounded, torn

rigging had to be looked to, splintered timbers mended, decks scoured, and guns and arms cleaned and put in order.

In the English fleet a memorable council of war was being held. How was the Armada to be dislodged from its position and sent about its business?

Drake, Frobisher, Seymour, Hawkins, and a few other worthies had put their heads together to some purpose, for the plan they decided upon answered splendidly.

That night, or rather at two o'clock the next morning, when all was pitch dark, and everything-seemed peaceful and quiet, "eight fire ships," besmeared with wildfire, brimstone, pitch, and resin, and all their ordnance charged with bullets and with stones, stole down the wind straight for the Spanish fleet, guided by two valiant men of Devon, Young and Prowse. The ships were fired, the men of Devon steal back, and in a moment more the heaven is red with glare from Dover Cliffs to Gravelines Tower.

"And then breaks forth one of those disgraceful panics which so often follow overweening presumption and shrieks, oaths, prayers, and reproaches make night hideous. And cutting all cables, hoisting any sails, the Invincible Armada goes lumbering wildly out to sea, every ship foul of her neighbour."

No longer was there any thought of sailing up the Thames and sacking London. The captain on every ship was wondering how he could get away from the dreaded English guns. If they had only known, they would not have been so anxious on that score, that the ammunition on most of the English ships was spent, and very short were the stores of provisions.

But just at this point God Himself took the battle into His own hands. His winds began to blow, His waves rolled mountains high, the darkening storm lowered, before which the "Invincible" Armada was driven helter-skelter away to the north, amid seas and shoals all but unknown to the Spanish sailors.



Destruction of the "Invincible" Armada

"Disaster after disaster marked their perilous track; gale after gale swept them hither and thither, tossing them on sand-banks, shattering them against granite cliffs. The coasts of Norway, Scotland, and Ireland were strewn with the wrecks of that pompous fleet which claimed the dominion of the seas—with the bones of those invincible legions which were to have sacked London, and made England a Spanish vice-royalty."

Another historian writes that in their dreadful straits, the storm-beaten Spaniards "threw over-board horses, mules, artillery, and baggage. Some of the ships were dashed to pieces among the Orkney and the Western Isles, some were stranded in Norway, some went down at sea with every soul on board, some were cast upon the iron coast of Argyle, and more than thirty were driven on the coast of Ireland, where the popular name of Portna-Spagna, bestowed on a place near the Giant's Causeway, recalls a part of the fearful catastrophe."

In the early autumn, the unhappy Spanish Admiral, the Duke of Sidonia, tottered back to the harbour of Santander, disgraced and desperate. During the whole of that sad autumn, now one ship, now another made its way back to sunny Spain; but many of the unhappy soldiers and sailors only returned to die. A Spanish writer describes the delight with which, after those desperate storms, and hunger and cold and thirst, they felt the warmth of the Spanish sun again; saw Spanish grapes in the gardens of Santander and the fruit hanging on the trees; had pure bread to eat and pure water to drink. But the change came too late. The poor fellows died by hundreds. The defeat of the Armada became one long drawn out tragedy, and poor Spain never recovered the dreadful defeat she suffered in that eventful summer of 1588.

War is a horrid thing at all times, awful for the defeated and terrible even for the conquerors, but if there ever was a war in which right and might fought one another, it was when mighty Spain sent her "Invincible" Armada against England, and when God defended the right by His own strong arm.

Need we picture the rejoicings throughout our country at the glorious victory?

There was indeed true heart gratitude when Queen Elizabeth went in procession to St. Paul's Cathedral to return thanks to the Almighty for His deliverance of dear Old England from her foes.

Medal struck to commemorate the defeat of the Armada



A medal was struck to commemorate this great deliverance, and here is a picture of it. It bears on one side of it the impression of a tempest beaten fleet, and on the other these Latin words:-

"Afflavit Deus, et dissipantur," which, being interpreted into English means: "God caused the winds to blow, and they were scattered."

The victory over Spain was God's victory. God interposed for His own cause, for His Own truth, for spiritual religion, for the liberty of men's minds and hearts.

Thus, by God's mercy, England was saved, and the Light of Protestantism upheld and preserved. Let us recognise God in it all. As far as strength was concerned and every warlike preparation, everything seemed on the side of the enemy; but what is man against the Omnipotent God?

Some perhaps would say, why not let bygones be bygones? To that we answer, by all means let all bitterness and un-charitableness be buried, but bygone mercies call for continued thankfulness from all truly grateful hearts.

Footnotes Chapter 47

1. The writers are no friends of the modern novel, believing that many, too many, are very poison, but there is one book which they heartily commend to lads in their teens, aye and to grown up lads and lasses too. It is called *Westward Ho!* By Charles Kingsley. It is healthy and bracing in tone, and moreover gives a splendid picture of English life, ashore and afloat, in the days of the virgin Queen. The reading of it will tend towards a robust Protestantism and a true manliness.

2. *Westward Ho!* By Charles Kingsley.

3. "*Westward Ho!*" by Charles Kingsley.

4. Ibid.

To be continued in part 18





Chapter XLVIII

"BONNIE QUEEN BESS"

IV.—MARTYRS OR MURDERERS—WHICH?



It was the glad boast of Queen Bess that no Romanist had been put to death during her reign, on account of his religion. Such tolerance in so intolerant an age is a bright point in the annals of the sixteenth century Reformation. What a contrast does this merciful policy afford to the cruel and sanguinary proceedings on the Continent! The Christian spirit displayed by England towards heretics seems all the more striking when we bear in mind the terrible sufferings and the fiery martyrdoms which Rome had but very shortly before inflicted upon the Protestants, because of their faith, during Mary's reign of terror ; and also when we consider what an example of pagan barbarity Rome was still giving to the world, wherever she had the power to carry on her murderous rule of the Inquisition and the stake. In Flanders, horrors too terrible for description were being put in force against Protestants, for no other crime than that of their religion.

In France, two years after the pope had excommunicated Queen Bess, that awful tragedy of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew was enacted, when about 60,000 Huguenots (some say 100,000), men, women and helpless children, were butchered until the streets of Paris ran with human blood. The news of the wholesale murder was received in Rome with acclamations: the pope went in procession to the church, where a Te Deum was sung to thank God for the slaughter. Fireworks were let off, bonfires lighted, and a medal struck representing the pope on one side, and on the other an angel, carrying a cross in one hand and in the other a sword for exterminating the Protestants.



Medal struck at Rome to commemorate the massacre of St. Bartholomew



Admiral Coligny, murdered at the Massacre of St. Bartholomew

This dark picture helps us to realise the brighter scene of magnanimity shown in England to this very enemy of Protestants. A thrill of intense horror was felt throughout our land when news arrived of the terrible doings in France. The French Ambassador was received in a way that made him thoroughly ashamed of his country's deeds. The court was in mourning, and the queen, when he presented himself, turned away her head in undisguised displeasure.

The Huguenots were the most loyal and the most industrious of all French subjects, and the districts they inhabited were better cultivated and more flourishing than any other part of France. Many of them fled from their native land, and found a refuge in England, bringing with them their skill in the weaving of silk, etc. The exiles from Flanders—where they had been bitterly persecuted by the Duke of Alva—were proficient as dyers and in the manufacture of woollen cloths. Setting up their industries in our land, their labour helped to make England's commerce greater, while France and Flanders became poorer for their loss.

"The Protestant refugees," says Dr. Wainwright, in "Ritualism, Romanism and the Reformation" (p. 253), "dispersed throughout the kingdom, laid the foundation of its future activities. They erected the first windmill, they planted the first market garden. They brought the manufacture of pottery from Delft, and the art of marqueterie from Burgundy. They were smiths, brewers, hatters, carpenters, shipwrights; they were miners and workers in metal; they introduced the making of steel, of swords and edge tools—there were none like theirs. The world-wide renown of a Sheffield Blade' is directly traceable to the instructions which Sheffield apprentices received from Flemish artisans. The foundries of Newcastle were built by men who had been driven from their furnaces at Liege; they reclaimed the drowned lands in the great level of the Fens; they worked the fulling mills of Lancashire and Yorkshire. Norwich they invested with a glory all their own. The prosperous towns of the west told the success of their woollen manufactures. In the north they made cottons. Lace makers came from Alençon and Valenciennes, while cunning craftsmen from Rouen introduced the art of printing paper-hangings."

The massacred Huguenots in France, and the tortured Protestants in Flanders, were martyrs because they fell on account of their Protestant faith. Rome, the author of their martyrdom, was the murderess.

Now, Rome also claims her martyrs in that era, and says she can find them in England among those who were executed for high treason. But were these martyrs or murderers? Did they die as martyrs for their popish religion? Or did they only receive the just penalty of their crimes as assassins? This is an important question, and we must be very clear about the right answer.

It is certain that the prisons of London, during Elizabeth's reign, contained many priests, charged with preaching against the Queen and the Government. Let us hear sonic Roman Catholic explanation of these imprisonments.

A priest named Rishton wrote concerning the sufferings of his co-religionists in gaol:-- "It is said that this cruelty is inflicted on all ranks of men for the safety of the Queen and the State, more and more endangered—so they say--by the Catholics every day becoming more and more numerous and attached to the Queen of Scotland, and not at all on account of their religion. Certainly we all think so, and all sensible men think so too."[1]

Another priest wrote :—"If the Jesuits had never come to England, if Parsons and the rest of the Jesuits, with other of our countrymen beyond the seas, had never been agents in those traitorous and bloody designments of Throckmorton, Parry, Williams, Squire, and such like---most assuredly the State would have loved us, or at least borne with us---there had been no speeches among us of racks and torture, nor any cause to have used them ; for none were ever vexed that way simply for that he was either a priest or a Catholic, but because they were suspected to have had their hands in some of the same most traitorous designments."[2]

The first Jesuit executed in England was a priest named Woodhouse. The late pope (Leo VIII.) raised him to the rank of "blessed," and Jesuit Foley inserted his name in a list of the "First Class" of "Martyrs of the English Province." [3] His traitorous speeches, and his treasonable letter to Lord Burleigh, declaring Elizabeth to be no queen at all, as the pope had deposed her, at last landed the traitor in prison and brought him to the block, the jury having found him guilty of high treason. Had he lived he would have no doubt followed the example of others, who plunged into plot after plot for the murder of the queen.

The fearful conspiracy of the Duke of Norfolk to murder the queen, and to place Mary Stuart on the throne, was discovered in time. The duke was executed for high treason. Campian, another noted Jesuit, also raised by the late pope to the rank of "blessed" martyr, was implicated in treasonable attempts against Queen Bess, and executed for high treason.

So attempt after attempt was made to raise a rebellion, depose the queen, and extinguish the Light of Protestantism. We have noticed in a previous chapter (XLVI.) some of the many conspiracies carried on against Queen and Government, and the execution for high treason of many of the conspirators, all of whom are regarded by Romanists as "blessed" martyrs. How foul must be the system whose martyrs are assassins and traitors.

The defeat of the Spanish Armada, though it intensely disappointed and discouraged the popish schemers, yet it did not cause their evil machinations to cease. Schemes for the murder of the queen continued more or less till the death of Her Majesty, receiving in many instances the implication or the co-operation of the King of Spain, and the blessing and authority of the pope.

In a "Commission" from Queen Elizabeth dated January 15th, 1584-5, several of her Ministers of State were empowered to banish certain Jesuits, seminary priests and others whose names are given, and who were "*indicted and attainted of high treason, for divers haynous and horrible treasons committed against the Queen---being drawn thereunto through the blind zeal and affection that they bear unto the pope, being for our profession of the true religion of Christ a capitall enemy of Us and our Realme.*"

Many English Romanists were in the pay of the King of Spain for the purpose of aiding him in destroying England. These "pensions" cost him 44,808 crowns for Englishmen, and 10,944 crowns for Scotch papists.[4]

Philip of Spain hoped that the "Invincible Armada" would, with the help of these sixteenth century "pro-Boers," conquer England, and secure him the English crown; but the pope (Sixtus V.) made him understand that the "nomination of the crown of England should rest with the pope, and that the Kingdom of England be recognised as a fief of the Church." And in his Bull deposing Elizabeth, Sixtus V. declared that she had "usurped the throne without right, and contrary to the ancient accord made between the See Apostolic and the Realm of England, upon reconciliation of the same after the death of St. Thomas of Canterbury in the reign of Henry II., that none might be lawful king or queen thereof without the approbation and consent of the Supreme Bishop: which afterwards was renewed by King John and confirmed by oath, as a thing most beneficial to the kingdom, at request and instance of the Lords and Commons of the same."

Another black mark put against Elizabeth in the same Bull was that she had abolished the Roman religion in her dominions, etc. "Wherefore," confirmed the charitable pope, "these things being of such nature and quality that some of them make her unable to reign, others declare her unworthy to live." [5]. This claim of the popedom over England has never been withdrawn, and would no doubt be renewed if the papacy obtained sufficient power to put it forth.

So sure was Rome of the success of the "Invincible Armada" that every preparation was made for establishing the Inquisition in England. "It would be very necessary," said, The Jesuits' Memorial, "that they should have some good and sound manner of Inquisition established for the conservation of that which they have planted; for that, during the time of their authority, perhaps it would be best to spare the names of Inquisition at the first beginning, in so new and green a state of religion as ours must needs be after so many years of heresy, atheism, and other dissolutions may chance offend and exasperate more than do good; but afterwards it will be necessary to bring it in either by that or some other name, as shall be thought most convenient for the time, for that without this care, all will slide down and fall again."

The defeat of the "Invincible Armada," and the ignominious return of its fragments to Spain, is well known; but it is not so generally known that a second Armada was prepared and dispatched across the seas to conquer England in 1597. The most active of the Jesuit wire-pullers of this scheme was the notorious Parsons, whose life and energy were spent in traitorous endeavours to subjugate his country to Rome, and in giving encouragement to every plot for the murder of the queen.

This second "Invincible Armada " met a similar fate to that of the first. God blew with His winds, and they were scattered before a single shot had been exchanged between the enemies. Again was our nation solemnised, realising that Divine Omnipotence—and not human power—had intervened and delivered this island, which, day by day, was becoming more and more the island of Protestant Light. Yet the persevering agents of Rome, who could not be convinced that God was on our side, continued their futile efforts against queen and country. To describe all these plots would take more space than we have now at our disposal; but the following will serve as an example, showing us what devices were conceived for killing Elizabeth:-

A man named Edward Squire was executed in 1598 for an attempt to murder the queen by poison. At his trial he gave the following evidence against a Jesuit named Richard Walpole, who had incited him to the crime:—"When Walpole persuaded me to be employed against Her Majesty's person, he asked me whether I could compound poisons. I said no, but that I had skill in perfumes, and had read in Tartalia of a ball, the smoke whereof would make a man in a trance, and some die. Walpole said that would be difficult, but to apply poison to a certain place was the most convenient way. I said I had no skill therein, to which Walpole replied: You shall have directions.----Certain poison drugs, whereof opium was one, were to be beaten together, steeped

in white mercury water, put into an earthen pot, and set a month in the sun ; then to be put in a double bladder, and the bladder pricked full of holes in the upper part, and carried in the palm of my hand, upon a glove for safeguard of my hand ; and then I was to turn the holes downward, and press it hard upon the pommel of Her Highness's saddle. It would lie and tarry long where it was laid, and not be checked by the air."[6]

Another Jesuit priest, of the name of Henry Walpole, was implicated in another attempt to murder Elizabeth, and was executed for this crime. He was raised to the rank of a "venerable saint" by Leo XIII., the late pope. We have all heard of this pope's affectionate expressions towards England. But when we remember that this same man has beatified the would-be murderers of one of our greatest Protestant queens, we can only feel that those apparently fond wishes of our welfare were but a deceitful feint, hiding the venom in his heart.

Dense indeed must be that system whose "Saints" and "martyrs" are murderers, and whose chief credential to "sainthood" was the breaking of the Divine command: "Thou shalt do no murder."

"Bonnie, Queen Bess" and Protestant England—much to the chagrin of the Jesuits, of Philip of Spain, and of the pope—were safely delivered from every foul plot of destruction. As we think of those marvellous deliverances, we cannot but realise that our land is specially favoured by Divine love and protection, and is pre-eminently chosen to be the candlestick for upholding the Light of God throughout the world.





Chapter XLIX

"GUNPOWDER, TREASON AND PLOT"



JAMES I was King of England. He was the first of a line of kings who are known to history as the Stuarts, and, as we shall discover in subsequent chapters, a very unworthy set they were. The more you read about them the less you will like them. They were all more or less under the power of their priests, who did their best to drive away their wits from their heads and their honesty from their hearts, and if it had not been for many sturdy men who came to the rescue at different times, poor old England would have gone to rack and ruin many times over. However, we must not forget the story--the

Gunpowder Plot.

During Elizabeth's reign there had been so many Romish plots against her life, that it had been found necessary to make some very severe laws against Roman Catholics. If the country had not been honeycombed- with plots, these laws would never have been made and much misery would have been prevented; but alas! So many of them had an idea that it was quite lawful and right to commit all sorts of dreadful crimes, if only in the end it would be for the good of the Romish Church. Jesuit priests were teaching this up and down the land, and so it became necessary that laws should be passed making it a crime even for people to entertain Romish priests in their houses. This appears very harsh to us, but we must remember the people of those days knew what Rome did when she had the power in her own hands. The fires of Smithfield in England, the terrible massacre of St. Bartholomew in France, and many other awful persecutions, were not as they are to us, dim and distant through the lapse of centuries, but recent and remembered by many who were then living. They remembered what so many people forget in these days, that Rome never changes. It was, therefore, under these circumstances that a few Roman Catholic traitors began to put their heads together, and their design was to blow up the king and the royal family, together with many of the leading statesmen of the time when assembled together for the opening of Parliament. In the confusion which would follow, the standard of rebellion was to be raised, a Roman Catholic placed on the throne, and with the help of a foreign army England was once more to be placed under the power of Rome.

This was the little programme these gentlemen decided upon as a result of their consultations; but we shall see that the hand of God was over our country, and He delivered us. Here is a picture of these gunpowder plotters, and a nice lot they look, do they not? Now you must remember that every one of these conspirators were devout Romanists.

All these plotters consulted and confessed their schemes to their priests, who, instead of pointing out the sinfulness of the plan, gave them absolution and encouraged them to go forward in the matter, which one of them declared was " commendable and good."

These men were not mere nobodies who acted entirely on their own responsibility. No; they were almost without exception men who were regarded as very devout Roman Catholics. Of Guy Fawkes, Father Jesimond, S. J., who knew him personally, says that "he was a man of great piety, of exemplary temperance, of mild and cheerful demeanour, an enemy of trials and disputes, a faithful friend, and remarkable for his punctual attendance upon religious observances." Of Robert Catesby, the originator of the Gunpowder Plot, Father John Gerard, S.J., tells us

that "he was a continual means of helping others to frequentation of the Sacraments, to which end he kept and maintained priests in several places. And, for himself, he duly received the Blessed Sacrament every Sunday and Festival Day---He had the fear of God, joined with an earnest desire to serve Him." Thomas Percy, another plotter, was, says the same authority, one "who by often frequentation of the Sacraments came to live a very staid and sober life, and for a year or two before his death kept a priest continually in the country to do good unto his family and neighbours." Thomas Winter was reputed "very devout and zealous in his faith." John Wright, the same Jesuit authority declares, "grew to be staid, and of good sober carriage after he was a Catholic." Christopher Wright was "a zealous Catholic, and trusty and secret in any business as could be wished." Robert Winter was also an earnest Catholic. Ambrose Rookewood was brought up in the Catholic religion from his infancy, and was ever very "devout." John Grant kept a priest in his house. Of Robert Keys it is recorded by the same Jesuit priest, that "he had great measure of virtue." Sir Everard Digby and his wife "were a favoured pair. Both gave themselves wholly to God's service; and the husband afterwards sacrificed all his property, his liberty, nay, even his life, for God's Church." It most certainly would have been more accurate to have said not that Digby "sacrificed his life for God's Church," but that he sacrificed it in a wicked attempt to commit wholesale murder.



The Gunpowder Plot Conspirators

The idea of a plot first occurred to Robert Catesby. He was the one already referred to as the man who "the fear of God, joined with an earnest desire to serve Him," but his plots to murder in cold blood a large number of his fellow men betokens him to be one of whom the Bible says, "They have no fear of God before their eyes."

After Catesby had thought of the plot he imparted his plan to a few choice friends, but they evidently did not fall in with it immediately, as they were not at all sure it was right to slay a number 'of innocent people with those whom they chose to call guilty. To get out of this difficulty they asked a very distinguished Roman Catholic priest named Garnett whether to effect a great good to the Church, the innocent might be exposed to the same doom as the guilty?

His answer was, "O yes, certainly, it would be right"; and so these guilty men with their guilty consciences were satisfied, and were soon turning their wicked plans into even more wicked practice.

A few others were let into the dreadful secret, and among them a man named Guido Fawkes, who is known in history as the notorious Guy Fawkes. When he heard of the plot to blow up the King and the Parliament he thought it a splendid idea and promised his help most readily. Up to the present, however, it had been all talk and nothing done; but one fine day all the conspirators met together at Catesby's and while still discussing their plots and plans, one of them named Percy said, "Well, gentlemen, shall we always talk and never do?" This brought matters to a head, but before anything was done, Catesby, devout Romanist that he was, said they must all take a solemn oath of secrecy; so a few days afterwards at a lonely house close to London they all bound themselves to secrecy, promising to stand by one another and not to take more rest than was needful until they had put their dreadful design into execution. After this these blood-guilty men, in the presence of the Roman Catholic priest Gerard, had a religious service and assisted at the so-called sacrifice of the Mass. Thus you see this plot was officially sanctioned by an authorised priest of the Romish Church in England.

To all the conspirators was administered a most solemn oath in the following terms:--

"You shall swear by the Blessed Trinity, and by the Sacrament you now propose to receive, never to disclose directly or indirectly, by word or circumstance, the matter that shall be proposed to you to keep secret, nor desist from the execution thereof until the rest shall give you leave." This oath was given by them to each other in the most solemn manner, "kneeling down upon their knees with their hands laid upon a primer."

Our Roman Catholic friends often tell us that the Gunpowder Plot never had the sanction of their Church ; but it is not true, for not only were most of the plotters influential men, but the scheme was known to several priests who gave it their sanction and approval.



The Conspirators at work

The plan was to blow up the Houses of Parliament, and to accomplish this it was of course necessary to stow the gunpowder underneath. It so happened (providentially, they said) there was an empty house, which had an outhouse right against the very wall of the Parliament House, so it was not long before Percy, one of the conspirators, hired it, and in a few days they began cutting and digging a hole through the foundation' wall of the Parliament House. Thus they thought they would be able to make a kind of cellar in

which to store their explosives right underneath the Houses of Parliament: but alas! They soon found this was no easy matter; the walls were exceptionally well built and almost as hard as granite. They were not used to such hard work, and in spite of their Church's blessing their hands were terribly blistered, and they hardly made any progress at all. You see they dare not employ anyone else to do the work, and it had to be done mostly at night time, and very quietly. Their deeds were dark, and of course they hated the light because their deeds were evil.

Weeks and months passed by. The meeting of Parliament was postponed over several months, which gave these subterranean plotters more time to dig away at the hard wall and little by little to chip its hard stones and chip their own knuckles at the same time. Well, one day while so engaged, to their horror deep down in the earth they heard, or thought they heard, the solemn booming of a bell. It gave them a terrible fright, and we fancy many of them wished themselves well out of the whole business, for what with their guilty consciences, the hard wall, and their broken knuckles, we doubt not some of them began to doubt whether their cause was such a holy one as they had imagined. However, the dreadful bell held its tongue for the remainder of the time; but before resuming the work which they had left they obtained a supply of holy water, which they sprinkled on the wall and about the place where they were working. No doubt they attributed the ceasing of the bell-ringing to the effect of the holy water.

A little while after this they had another scare, which frightened them even more than the bell ringing. The fact of the matter is, that when people are doing wrong, it is wonderful how easy it is to frighten them, whether it is wicked conspirators trying to blow up their fellow-men, or a boy or girl stealing a piece of sugar from the sugar basin.

This time, while working in their hole, they heard a loud rumbling noise nearly over their heads. There was no question about it this time, and they began to wonder whether they were discovered when Guido Fawkes, who had been acting as sentry, rushed into the mine with the good news that the noise was caused by a man named Bright, a coal merchant, whose stores were in a cellar underneath the House of Lords. He was selling all his stock, and the cellar would be to let. It was not long before the cellar was hired, and the spirits of the conspirators went up by leaps and bounds, as, thought they, Providence, which up till then had been trying their patience, was now helping them. Their hard labour was over. All they had to do was to fill the cellar full of barrels of gunpowder, wait until Parliament assembled, apply the slow match, and carry out their wicked counsels. They had, in the meanwhile, hired another house at Lambeth, on the other side of the river Thames, where they had already stored their combustibles.

Percy hired the cellar of the dealer in coals; the mine was abandoned; and they began to remove thirty-six barrels of gunpowder from the house at Lambeth. They placed large stones and bars of iron among the powder, to make the breach the greater; and they carefully covered over the whole with faggots and billets of wood. All this was completed by the end of May.

All through that summer the guilty secret remained undiscovered, and the thirty-six barrels under the House of Commons known to none but the conspirators.

In September, Sir Edmund Baynham, a gentleman of an ancient family in Gloucestershire, was admitted into the whole or part of the plot, and sent to Rome, not to reveal the project, but to gain the favour of the pope and his court when the blow was struck. The rest of the plotters remained in England—most of them in London, where they had another alarm. This was occasioned by the meeting of Parliament being once more postponed from the third of October to the fifth of November; and the conspirators thought this delay to be occasioned by some suspicion of their designs. Thomas Winter, however, undertook to go into the House on the day on which prorogation was to be made, and observe the countenances of the Lords-commissioners. He did so, and found all tranquil. The commissioners were walking about, and conversing, in the House of Lords, just over the thirty-six barrels of gunpowder; so Master Winter returned to his fellow-conspirators with the assurance that their secret was safe.



A strange letter for Lord Monteagle

As the great day—the fifth of November—approached, the conspirators had several secret consultations at White Webbs, a house near Enfield Chase, then a wild, solitary place. Here it was resolved that Fawkes should fire the mine by means of a slow-burning match, which would allow him time to escape before the explosion of the gunpowder. But now they felt the difficulty there would be in warning and saving their friends; and most of the conspirators had dear friends and relations in Parliament. In the upper house (or House of Lords), for example, the Lords Stourton and Monteagle, both Catholics, had married sisters of Francis Tresham; and Tresham was exceedingly earnest that they should have some warning given them, in order to keep them away from Parliament. Percy also was eager to save his relation, the Earl of Northumberland.

"But," said Catesby, "with all that, rather than the project should not take effect, if they were as dear to me as mine own son, they also must be blown up."

The masterful Catesby thus overruled the scruples of his more tender-hearted accomplices, and all the plotters had to await the coming of the eventful fifth of November.

But now we must leave the conspirators and the gunpowder, and see what is happening among those who were intended to be the victims of this Popish treason and plot.

It was supper time at a large house at Hoxton, then a rural suburb of London. Lord Monteagle sat at the head of the table, surrounded by various guests, when a servant entered the room and handed him a letter.

"Where does this come from?" asked his lordship, seeing that the letter was directed to himself, but in a very indifferent handwriting, which he did not recognise.

The servant could not say. All he knew was that the letter had just been delivered to him at the door of the mansion—by a stranger, he thought ; though, as the night was so dark that he could not distinctly see the man's face, he might be mistaken.

"What sort of man was he?" the master wished to know, as he held the letter in his hand unopened.

"A tall man, my lord—a serving man belike."

"Does he wait?"

"No, please your lordship, he went away directly he had given me the letter."

As nothing more could be gathered from his page, Lord Monteagle broke the seal and opened the letter.

"What folly is this?" he muttered or thought to himself, when, after glancing at a line or two of the strange epistle, he turned overleaf, and saw that it was neither signed nor dated." Here, sir; please to read it to me aloud, and save me the trouble of spelling it out," he added, handing the letter to one of the gentlemen of his household, who was sitting with him at table.

The gentleman read it, and a very queer letter it proved to be, as you will see if you read it through. All the stops and capital letters appear to have gone for a holiday together, and the spelling is such as would place any boy or girl at the bottom of the class in these days. Just fancy spelling your—*youer*, and Parliament—*parleameant*; and what an insult to important Mr. "I" in putting him down as "I" and then, to crown it all, when it was read, nobody could make head nor tail of it. Here is a copy of this mysterious letter:—

*To the ryght honorable
The Lord monteagle*

Superscription of the Letter.

*my lord out of the . come i beare ~~you~~ To some of youer friends
i have a care of youer preservation therfor i would
advyse youe as youe tender youer lyf to delaye some
excuse to shift of youer attendance at this parliament
for god and man ha the concurred to punish the wickednes
of this tyme and thinke not lightly of this advertisement
but rether youe self into youre contri where youe
may expect the event In faith for howe theye be no
apparance of any stir yet i saye theye shall receyve a terrible
blow this parleament and yet theye shall not scie who
hurteth them This counsell is not to be a continued beaus
it maye do youe good and can do youe no harme for the
dangere is passed as soon as youe have maked the letter
and i hope god will give youe the grace to make good
use of it to whose holy protection i commend youe*

Facsimile of the Letter to Lord Monteagle



Unwelcome Visitors to Mr. Guy Fawkes

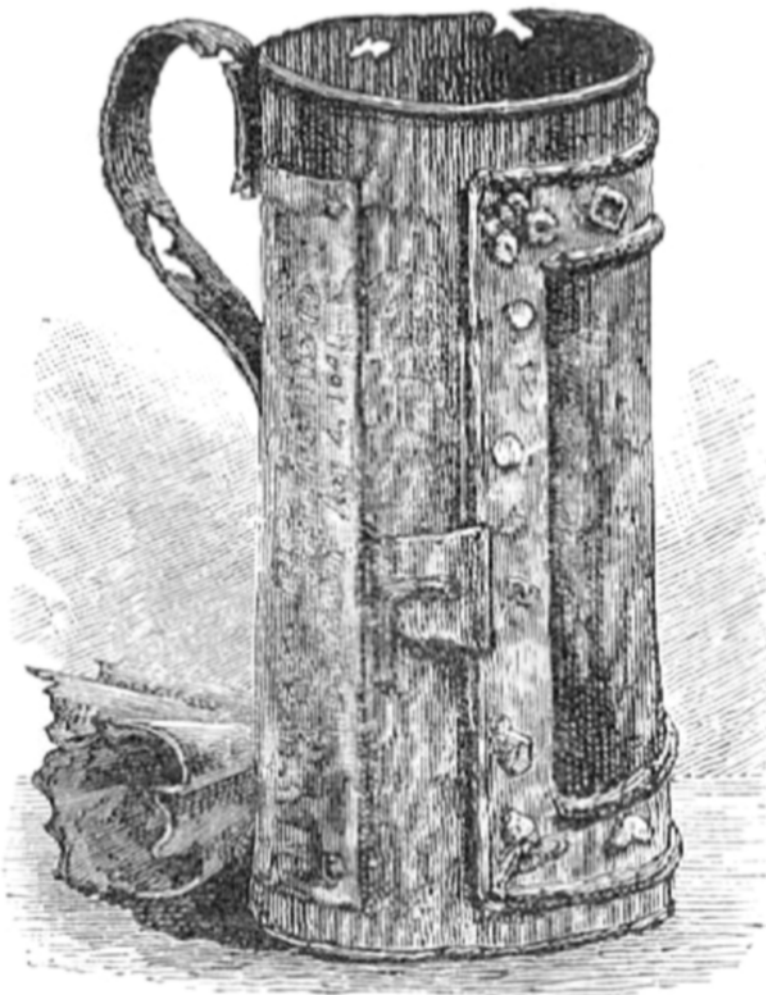
"mi lord out of the love i beare to some of youer frends i have a caer of youer preservacion therefor i would advyse yowe as yowe tender youer lyf to devyse some excuse to shift of youer attendance at this parleameant for god & man hathe concurred to punish the wickedness of this Lyme & thinke not slightlye of this advertisment but retyere youre self into youer contrie where yowe may expect the event in safti for thoughe theare be no apparence of anni stir yet i saye they shall receyve a terrible blowe this parleament & yet they shall not seie who hurts them this councel is not to be contemned because it maye do yowe good and can do yowe no harme for the dangere is passed as soon as yowe have burnt the letter and i hope god will give yowe the grace to make good use of it to whose holy protection i commend yowe."

At first Lord Monteagle thought somebody was trying to have a bit of fun with him, and that the letter was merely sent to frighten him; but upon thinking it over, it did not look quite like a joke, for it referred to the meeting of Parliament that was fixed for the 5th of November; and it spoke of a terrible blow from an unseen source that was to overtake the Parliament, and that if he did not attend, but went away into the country, he would be safe.

At last Lord Monteagle treated it as many other riddles have been treated since---he "gave it up," and took the letter to be puzzled over by wiser heads than his own. It was handed to some members of the king's council, who did not treat it as a joke. In fact, it so fitted into other rumours they had heard about a terrible plot that was being hatched, that it was not very long before they pretty well guessed the way in which it was to be carried out.

According to the story generally received, it was King James's wonderful sagacity and penetration that first discovered the meaning of the mysterious epistle, concluding that some sudden danger was preparing by gunpowder; and that it would be advisable, before the meeting of

Parliament, to inspect all the vaults under the House. But it is proved, beyond a doubt, that both Cecil, the prime minister, and Suffolk, the lord chamberlain, had read the riddle several days previously, and had communicated it to several lords of the council before the subject was mentioned to the king. But as this was an opportunity of flattering James on the qualities in which he most prided himself, the courtly ministers proclaimed to the public that all the merit of the discovery was his.



Guy Fawkes' Lantern

In the meanwhile, the news of the letter had reached the ears of the conspirators, and a pretty stir it made in their little dovecote. There could be no question that there was a traitor in their midst. Winter heard of the letter first

and told Catesby. This gentleman thought it was Tresham, the brother-in-law of Lord Montea-
gle, so the suspect was invited to meet them at the lonely country house at Enfield Chase. When
he arrived they directly charged Tresham with having written the letter to Montea-
gle: and while they accused him, and he defended himself, they fixed their searching eyes on his countenance.
It was clear and firm; his voice faltered not; he swore the most solemn oaths that he was ignorant
of the letter, and they let him go.

Things went on without much occurring until the 3rd of November, when, upon the news
leaking out that the king had seen the letter, and "made a great account of it, "some of the
conspirators were for instant flight: but as for Guy Fawkes, he declared that he intended seeing
the business through, and to prove his sincerity, said he would go at once to the vault, and keep
watch there all night.

Some of the conspirators were in London, but others were staying at a house called Dunchurch,
in Rutlandshire. It belonged to Sir Everard Digby, who, under the pretence of having a grand
hunting party, had collected a large number of his friends, whom he could rely upon to help in
placing a Roman Catholic upon the throne of England. We will leave them there, and accompa-
ny Guy Fawkes to the gunpowder cellar beneath the Houses of Parliament.

The hours must have passed very slowly in his lonely cell, and no doubt he longed for the time
to arrive for him to apply the slow match, and slip away as quickly as his horse (which was to
be ready for him) would carry him.

However, before. this, he was to receive a visitor in the person of the Earl of Suffolk, lord
chamberlain. It was his duty to see that everything was ready for the opening of Parliament.
After having a look round, the Earl pretended to miss some furniture, and said perhaps it had
been stowed away in some vaults below; and so in due course he opened the door of the
gunpowder cellar, and found himself in the presence of Mr. Guy Fawkes, surrounded by a
quantity of wood and coal.

"A poor serving-man," said Guy Fawkes. "My master's name is Thomas Percy, may it please
you—one of his gracious Majesty's gentleman pensioners: and I am looking over my master's
stock of firing."

"Ay, ay, then we shall not find what we are in search of here; but your master seems to have laid
in a good store of fuel for the winter," said Suffolk, with an air of indifference, as he left the
cellar. But he had seen enough to convince him that underneath the fuel was the gunpowder
which was intended to blow up the King and the Parliament.

You may be sure Fawkes did not feel very happy after his visit, and so he went and told Percy
of his suspicions; but he allayed his fears, and so Fawkes was soon once more among his
gunpowder, waiting for the assembling of Parliament.

We do not know what his thoughts were as he sat there hour after hour among the gunpowder,
waiting for the moment to arrive when he was to apply the match, and, as he thought, conclude
the dreadful business.

However, at two o'clock on the morning of November the fifth, he quietly slipped out into the
street to get a little fresh air; but no sooner had he set foot outside his cellar than he found
himself surrounded by a party of soldiers, accompanied by a magistrate. Their prisoner was
booted and spurred, and upon him was found a watch, some touchwood, tinder, and some slow
matches. In the cellar was a dark lantern, with a light in it.



He was taken straightway to the king, who, with his councillors, immediately examined him. The king appeared to be quite afraid of the prisoner, in spite of his bonds and guards. He begged them to keep so dangerous a person at a safe distance.

"What were you concealed in the cellar for?" he was asked. "What is the meaning of this tinder and touchwood, and these matches? For what purpose were the gunpowder barrels concealed under the wood and coal and iron bars?" were other questions put to the prisoner.

"To blow up the Parliament, and you with it, your Majesty," said Fawkes, adding that he was only sorry that his purpose had been defeated.

"How could you have the heart to plot the destruction of so many persons who had done you no harm, and of my poor children, who would have been the victims of your cruel treason?" said the king with a natural shudder.

"Desperate diseases require desperate remedies," replied the prisoner, sullenly.

"You must have accomplices—who are they?" one of the council demanded

"I have not yet made up my mind whom to accuse," answered Guy Fawkes.

"And why so many barrels of gunpowder? Would not a less quantity of gunpowder have served your turn?" asked another of the council, who was a Scotchman.

"One of my objects was to blow Scotchmen back into Scotland," said Fawkes, impudently.

Disaster upon disaster now dogged the footsteps of all those misguided conspirators. Wherever they were in hiding, they were tracked out. Some of them fought to the last, and were shot; others were captured, conveyed to the Tower of London, and eventually hanged.

To extract confessions from Guy Fawkes and others, they were cruelly tortured, after the rough-and-ready custom of the times. Strange to relate, Catesby, the contriver of the Gunpowder Plot, by an accident, just before he was shot, was nearly killed by an explosion of gunpowder—the very fate he had prepared for others nearly overtaking him.

**"He digged a pit, he digged it deep,
He digged it for his brother;
But for his sin, he fell therein,
The pit he digged for t'other."**

While standing at bay before the king's officers, a shot mortally wounded him. He crawled into a house on his hands and knees, and seizing an image of the Virgin Mary which stood in the vestibule, he clasped it to his bosom and expired.

You can read the account of the trial of those of the miserable conspirators who were not shot, which included some priests, who knew all about the plot, having been told it in confession, but never once, so far as we can tell, told them of the sin of what they were contemplating, nor warned the authorities of the danger they were in. God in His mercy delivered us from these wicked men; His hand was again over our country.

If the Gunpowder Plot had succeeded, the history of the last three hundred years. would have been a different and a sadder one. England would probably have been once more placed under the iron heel of the Papacy, and England's liberties would have been taken from us for ever. So let us still remember the fifth of November, and be thankful to God for His protecting hand over our country in those dark and dangerous days, and that the "Light" still shines in our land.

Footnotes to Chapter 49

1. Quoted by W. Walsh in "*Jesuits in Great Britain*," p. 9.
2. Ibid.
3. Ibid.
4. See "*King Edward VII. and the Pope of Rome*," by Paul Christian (Appendix).
5. From the pope's "Declaration of the Sentence and Deposition of Elizabeth the Usurper and Pretended Queen of England."
6. "Jesuits in Great Britain."





Chapter L

AN OLD-TIME RITUALIST



WHAT is known as Ritualism is essentially a going back to Judaism. Upon this superstructure is more often than not built a paganised worship undistinguishable from popery, but before we can understand the nature and object of the ritualising movement in the Church of England, which was fostered by William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, we must carefully keep in view the root and origin of this ceremonialism which has wrought and is working such mischief in the church.

The Gospel of Christ is that our Lord has made a perfect redemption, propitiation and satisfaction for all the sins of the whole world, both original and actual, and no other satisfaction for sin is needed but that one finished offering on Calvary.

We must understand this clearly and hold it firmly in our minds, before we can comprehend how heinous is the sin of ritualism even in a mild form, how grievous a departure from the Gospel of Christ, how the pretended repetition of that Sacrifice offered once for all, or even the pretence of continuing that for ever finished oblation is blasphemous and a most dangerous deceit[1]

Christ has made peace by the blood of the Cross between God and this rebellious world. A full amnesty is proclaimed by the New Covenant wherein it is declared that our Heavenly Father will remember our sins and iniquities no more. He turns to us with a love and a fullness of grace beyond man's power to measure its infinite depth and height. God commendeth that wonderful, indescribable love towards our sinful race in that while we were yet sinners, ere the world made any effort to return to Him, Christ died for us.

Imagine a province of the empire of an earthly king in full revolt against its rightful sovereign; imagine him sending, not a powerful army to destroy it, but his only son with a message of peace and goodwill, a full and free pardon for every rebel who will believe that message of good tidings and be from henceforth the king's friend and no longer his enemy. Picture this to yourselves, and you have the glorious Gospel of the blessed Son of God, Jesus Christ.

You can understand, then, that the religion of Christ knows no altar, no sacrifice but the living sacrifice of ourselves, our wills, our desires, our lives even; and this is not required of us as a meritorious work whereby to gain heaven, but must spring from the love we feel for Him by Whom heaven is already won for us. Even if we give our bodies to be burned as a meritorious work and have not this love, this grace of charity, it will profit us nothing.

In order to show their faith in the Gospel of Christ their Passover, Christians meet at a table as members of one holy family, no longer servants but sons, and by partaking together of bread

and wine, emblems of Christ's body and blood, show, till He come, their faith in the one offering on Calvary.

Now imagine certain determined rebels taking pains to the utmost to persuade their fellow sinners that the King did not mean what he said, that before he would pardon he would require the utmost satisfaction, that he was so wrathful that he must be propitiated by offerings and gifts before pardon could be hoped for, and then you will understand what anti-Christian ritualism is, and the grievous dishonour it does to Christ; how it treads the Son of God underfoot by counting the blood of the New Covenant, whereby He obtained redemption for us, not a holy thing, but one of no atoning efficacy, unless it be supplemented by the Mass sacrifice.

Such a one was Archbishop Laud, who, in the pride of his heart, spurned the fearful warning of judgment and a fiery indignation which shall devour such adversaries of Christ's Gospel.[2]

Before his time the Lord's table stood in every church, placed lengthwise at the nave end of the chancel, or in the body of the church, according to where the communicants sat.

At this, with nothing in his attitude or attire suggestive of a priest, the presbyter broke bread and poured out the wine with prayer that all who partook of them might in faith be spiritually partakers of the mystical body of Christ the Lamb of God.[3]

Laud had the holy table taken away and in every church an altar-like structure put up at the east end of the chancel or where the high altar would stand now in a popish church.

He made other alterations in a Roman direction, about which we will say more after we have given an account of this man by whom such powerful changes were effected in the Church of England and the Reformation arrested.

Like Cardinal Wolsey, he was of low origin, and was probably pushed on to the prominent place he occupied because he was so willing to become the tool of the enemies of the Gospel. By some means or other, funds were found to send him to Oxford, where he became the pupil of a supporter of the party of Anglican Jesuits. From this man Buckeridge, who was afterwards made Bishop of Rochester, he imbibed the anti-Christian doctrines which distinguished him. He was the sort of man to enthusiastically adopt them; unloving and of an unforgiving nature himself, his was a spirit which could not understand the love and grace of God, and his pride made him resist the Holy Spirit who would have taught him had he sought His help. Also his ambition was such that he would do and teach anything which would gain him preferment.

The Jesuits believed that if the Church of England could be got to abandon its stand on the doctrine and ritual of the Church of Apostolic times and the period covered by the first four General Councils, it could be shifted from the sixth century to the eleventh, and by degrees made to abandon the Reformation altogether, and accept even the decrees of the Council of Trent.

Although it is just possible Laud would never have consented to go as far as this and bring the Church of England under the full authority of the Pope of Rome, yet he was the very man for the designs of these Jesuitical plotters against the Gospel and faith of Christ, and his very repudiation (in words, at least) of full-blown popery would tend to render him unsuspected by men of high church leanings.

These Jesuits were very anxious that the divine right of prelacy should be sedulously taught, so that, from this, men might be led to believe that bishops, as "successors of the Apostles," had the power of altering the doctrine and order of the Church at their pleasure. In Laud they found just the man they wanted for this. In his first public exercise before the University for his B.D. degree, he shamelessly read as his thesis the two chapters of Cardinal Bellarinni, dealing with episcopacy and baptism, in that Jesuit's great work in defence of popery.



Archbishop Laud

The indignation at this very nearly ruined his career, but he had all the arts of a Jesuit and knew how to make himself agreeable to the Court and all such in power who were likely to advance his interests, so that it came to pass that in the four years when he was a marked man, looked upon as a papist in disguise, he obtained the prebendal stall of Buchclen, in the diocese of Lincoln, and the archdeaconry of Huntingdon. In 1616, he was made Dean of Gloucester by the interest of the secret Jesuits at the court of King James.

The Bishop of Gloucester at that time was the learned Dr. Miles Smith, a great Hebrew scholar and one of the translators of the Authorised Version of the Bible, a devout man and a thorough Protestant. His cathedral was

quite a Protestant church, with a communion table standing lengthwise in the centre of the chancel, so that the communicants could be grouped round it and have ready access to it. The walls were decorated with Evangelical texts, and there was a complete absence of anything tending to anti-Christian superstition. Laud determined to alter all this, and lost no time in carrying out his intentions. Without condescending to inform the bishop of his design, he had the Communion table removed to the east end of the choir, made as much like an altar as possible, the texts erased from the walls, and, in a wonderfully short time, the cathedral so popishly transformed that the bishop solemnly declared he would never enter the walls again. In this he was supported by nearly the whole of the clergy and laity of the diocese, and it was left to the sole possession of Laud and his sycophants.

This was done in the time of King James I., and will serve to show the overbearing nature of Laud and his determination to undo the work of the Reformation. He was assisted in this by the Duke of Buckingham, who had strong ritualistic sympathies, and was able to declare that all he did was by command of the Government. He paid much attention to the then Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles the First, encouraged him in his love of pleasure, and made himself so agreeable that his success in the church seemed certain when Charles became king.

But the real ruler of the country, both at that time and later, was the Duke of Buckingham. By flattery, and the obsequiousness he knew how to put on when it suited his purpose, Laud became the Duke's trusted friend and admirer. His Jesuitical artfulness soon had its reward; in addition to the numerous pieces of preferment he already held, and by means of which he was exerting a most baneful influence on the Church of England, he was given in 1620 a prebendal stall at Westminster Abbey and the following year he obtained the Bishopric of St. David's.

About this time Laud became confessor to the Duke of Buckingham, and through his influence no Crown living or any other preferment was given to a Protestant clergyman.

Whether Laud was an actual Jesuit, or merely their tool, we are unable to say. Certainly no professed Jesuit could have so well worked the great plot for the betrayal of both Church and State. The conspirators included politics in their scheme of action. Weak-minded King James was made dissatisfied that the choice of a wife for his son was restricted to a Protestant, and was persuaded that it would be a grand thing if Prince Charles married a Spanish princess! The King of Spain never intended to consent to this, but it was thought advisable that he should pretend willingness, provided the (necessary) restrictions, imposed at that time on papists and Jesuits in England, were removed. In order to bring this about James was amused for seven years with the expectation of this grand match, as he regarded it, for his son. So well was this scheme worked by Laud's fellow-plotters that Prince Charles became on most friendly terms with the pope, and corresponded with him when at Madrid.

A passage from this correspondence is worth reproducing. In response to the pope's invitation to return (secretly, at least) to the Papal Church, Prince Charles wrote:-

"I entreat your Holiness to believe that I have always been very far from encouraging novelties, and from being a partisan of any faction against the Catholic Apostolic Roman religion; but, on the contrary, I have sought all occasions to take away the suspicion that might rest on me, that I will employ myself for the time to come to have but one religion and one faith, seeing we all believe in one Jesus Christ. I having resolved myself to spare nothing that I have in this world, and to suffer all manner of discommodities, even to the hazarding of my estate and life, for a thing so pleasing to God."

This shows the extent to which Laud had perverted the mind of the young prince. It is said that Charles went to Madrid for the purpose of (secretly, at least) turning papist. It is not recorded whether he actually did so or not, but the whole affair shows the traitorous duplicity of the Duke of Buckingham, Laud, and Charles himself.

Immediately on Charles I. ascending the throne, Laud was made Bishop of Bath and Wells. Shameless pluralist as he was, he did not on this occasion retain also the See of St. David's, but he accepted the post of Dean of the Chapel Royal a short time after.

Two years later he was made Bishop of London, and after this the University of Oxford, as a proof of the success of the Jesuitical work there, made him Chancellor.

In 1633 he reached the goal for which he had been so long striving and became Archbishop of Canterbury. It was now in his power to crush out the Protestantism of the Church of England, and he inflicted on the Christianity of this country severer wounds than even the persecution of Mary's reign had given it.

That Laud would have burned Protestants at the stake if he had dared is quite likely, but any attempt to re-light the fires of Smithfield would have roused up the kingdom from one end to the other. Lesser forms of persecution he adopted whenever he had the opportunity; but, fortunately, the times had so changed, this was not often possible. Nevertheless, he put Protestants in the pillory, had their ears cut off, their noses slit, and cruelly branded with hot irons.

DR. LEIGHTON

One of those so treated was a learned man, the father of the celebrated Archbishop Leighton, and a D.D. of Oxford himself. He was sentenced by Laud to the further indignity of whipping by the common hangman, but Parliament interposed and saved him part of the tortures, which might have been his death.

WILLIAM PRYNNE

The Parliament also saved from the perpetual imprisonment to which Laud, after the most barbarous mutilations, had condemned him, a Protestant barrister-at-law—the pious and scholarly William Prynne.

Laud and his clergy were very severe on those who called the pope Antichrist, or the Church of Rome an apostate Church. For the sake of beguiling Protestants, some allowed she was an erring sister, but nevertheless a beloved one and they taught that the pope was a sort of universal patriarch, to whom the whole Catholic Church was bound to concede more or less authority.

But there were numbers who were inclined to make the Church of England a rival Church to that of Rome, and Laud himself may have been not altogether averse to being Pope of Canterbury, and in this idea King Charles was apparently willing to support him.

The Jesuits would never permit this: it would be the dashing to pieces of all their hopes of capturing England for the Pope of Rome. So when it became evident to them that neither Laud nor Charles would go a step beyond this, they threw down these tools of theirs, and as disguised Puritans clamoured for the blood of both.

For it is evident that the Duke of Buckingham, Laud and King Charles 1., while betraying the Protestantism they ought to have upheld, had no intention of being the slaves of the popes—black[4] and white—and therefore they only did the Jesuits' work so far as— it suited their purpose, and in the end acted treacherously towards these sleek conspirators, who never forgive. The result was, all three became objects of vengeance—the Duke of Buckingham fell by the assassin's knife; Laud and the unfortunate king were brought to the scaffold.

Like the Romanists, and for the same reason—namely, to increase priestly power—Laud and his clergy taught that they had power to bring Jesus Christ from heaven in real bodily presence on the altar. Laud extolled the altar at every opportunity, exalting it above the pulpit, for the alleged reason that the last was, what he styled, merely the Word of Christ, while the altar was the place of the body of Christ, and "greater reverence," he said, "is due to the body than to the Word of God." He taught constantly that the sacrifice of Christ was being constantly repeated by the priests at the altar.

They also inculcated auricular confession, and required it at least once a month. They also preached the benefit and efficacy of penance. Like the Romanists, these old-time ritualists saw what profit might be made out of the doctrine of purgatory, prayers for the dead, and the veneration of relics.

Everywhere in the churches crucifixes and images of the saints were set up, also pictures of God the Father and God the Holy Ghost. Anyone who preached or wrote against these was subjected to the severest punishment possible in the then temper of a Parliament on the whole a Protestant one. The cruel case of the Rev.:-

JOHN WORKMAN

----a man of singular talent, is an instance of this. Having quoted in one of his lectures a passage from the "Homily on the Peril of Idolatry," he was ejected from his ministry, sent to prison for a lengthy period, heavily fined, and on his liberation was deprived of his only source of income (for he was not permitted to teach). This was an annuity of £20, voted him by the Corporation of Gloucester. The result was, he died of starvation, leaving a family in the deepest destitution.

Such is a brief account of the man who by every means in his power endeavoured to put out the Light. To fully detail all he did and the false doctrines he taught would take up more space than we can spare.

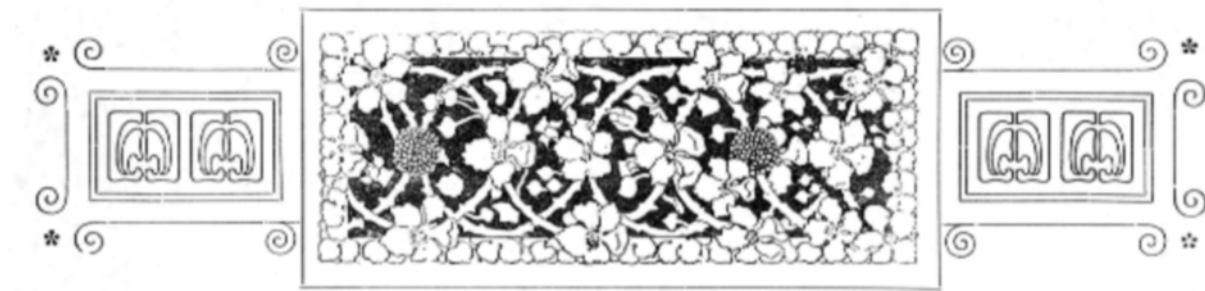
Those were days when exalted rank could not save anyone from the just penalty for crime. Laud deserved death for his de facto murder of John Workman, if for nothing else; and after being arrested by order of Parliament, and detained in the Tower for three years, he was tried and sentenced to be hanged, but petitioned that he might be beheaded instead.

Footnotes to Chapter 50

1. See Article xxxi. of the Church of England's Confession of Faith.
2. Compare Hebrews x. 27 with Rev. xiv. 9, 10.
3. For an explanation of the view of the Church of England on this, see ante page
4. The black pope is the Father General of the Jesuits

To Be continued in part 19





Chapter LI

THE KING AND THE PARLIAMENT



CHARLES came to the throne amid general applause, and the Parliament, called together after his accession, greeted him with cordiality and good will. But it soon became evident that the pleasure-loving young king was not fitted for the serious business of governing the kingdom as the Protestants desired. Hume and like writers are utterly unable to comprehend the ideals of these Godly Puritans; to picture them as narrow-minded is untrue and ungenerous.

They realised to an extent (it would be well if it were more understood nowadays) the grandeur of the destiny designed by Providence for the British Isles. In Britain they saw the Zion who was to wage an unceasing war against Babylon; in Albion the Stone which was to break to pieces the great Image which Antichrist had set up.

In these days, when the Bible is hardly ever opened by many people, it is not easy to understand how eagerly and constantly it was read in the days of the Reformation, and those immediately succeeding it. Britain was looked upon as the new Israel, and all the Old Testament history of what befell the Israel of old was applied to their own times. The men who assembled in Parliament at the King's call were well read in the Bible, fully persuaded of Britain's high destiny, and resolved to carry out what they believed to be the mandates of the Almighty.

Not only did they unanimously believe in No Peace with Rome, but they were determined Britain should be the champion and protector of all the oppressed Protestants of the Continent—the Inquisition-persecuted Spaniards—the French Huguenots—the Protestants of Austria, whom Ferdinand II was trying hard to exterminate. But neither Charles nor his advisers bore the same goodwill towards these Protestants that Parliament manifested, and the double-faced policy of the Duke of Buckingham soon caused friction between the Parliament and the king.

Thus it came to pass that the members of the House of Commons, although anxious enough for the success of the wars against Spain and King Ferdinand of Austria, hesitated to grant the supplies demanded by the king.

The following circumstance made them more suspicious than ever. King James, disappointed of a Spanish princess as wife for Charles, determined (or rather had it determined for him) that his son should at least marry a French princess, and in the course of the matrimonial negotiations, he promised her father a fully manned ship of war and seven armed vessels hired from merchants for the enterprise in which they were engaged—to attack Genoa, then an ally of Spain. James dying, the execution of his father's promise devolved on Charles, who sent the ships accordingly. But when they reached Dieppe, the secret somehow leaked out that they were

to be used against the Huguenots, by attacking the Protestant stronghold of Rochelle, which the French king found it impossible to capture either by land or sea, having no navy.

But as soon as the English understood the papistical scheme, one ship broke away and escaped to England, and although the French prevented the rest from following, all the English officers and sailors, with the exception of a single gunner (who accepted the offered bribe which the others firmly refused), declined to serve the French king against the Huguenots. The recreant gunner was soon after killed before Rochelle, and the verdict of the whole House of Commons was that it served him right.

The king was therefore told by Parliament plainly that if he desired their confidence, he must consent to put into force the laws for safeguarding the Court and nation from papistical plotters. Charles at once professed his willingness to do so, but had no intention of keeping his word; indeed, he was, as we have seen, far too well affected (through having a Roman Catholic wife) towards popery, and too friendly with Jesuits for his own well-being. The House of Commons, finding they got nothing more from him than empty professions of Protestantism, while at the same time he was allowing Laud to romanise the church, firmly determined to withhold supplies. Thereupon the king dissolved the resolute Parliament.

One can hardly realise, in these days of heavy rates and taxes, that the compulsory payment of these burdens is quite a modern innovation, dating chiefly, as regards the former, from the era which commenced with the so-called "Catholic Emancipation Act" of 1829, but which, in its results, might rather be called an act for the gradual enslavement of Englishmen and suppression of Protestantism. In the era of the Reformation and the years immediately succeeding it, all levies were more of the nature of Voluntary Loans and Subscriptions, rather than taxes imposed with the terrors of distraint or imprisonment. The only way, then, in which Charles could obtain the funds he needed, was by borrowing it from such of his subjects as could be induced to respond, and these, owing to their distrust of him, were few in number.

He then resolved to convene a new Parliament, hoping it might be more tractable than the former, but to his great disappointment, the members returned, though not individually the same, were quite as decided Protestants. He then took the unwise step of angrily declaring that he would rule the country without a Parliament; try, as he said, "new counsels." Such a threat as this only widened the breach, and the House of Commons took no more notice of it than to demand that he should free himself from the papists who, it was notorious, surrounded his Court.

But, in spite of the interposition of the House of Lords, Charles resolved to carry out his threat, and therefore dissolved this Parliament in the same way as he had done the former. Having thus made a wide breach with his subjects, he resolved to stop the wars for the rescue of the Continental Protestants.

The High Commission which replaced Parliamentary government agreed to dispense with the penal laws against Jesuits and other papists, provided these made money payments to the Crown. Forced loans were also imposed on everyone possessed of money, and in order to ascertain people's means, a system of inquisition was set up, which excited universal indignation.

Nevertheless, it soon became evident that the money required was not to be obtained by these means, and the Duke of Buckingham saw the folly of preferring the papal party to the king's Protestant subjects. There was such unrest everywhere that it was plain the choice must be made, between the Jesuits and a people almost goaded to rebellion. The king therefore saw there was no alternative but to call a Parliament together once more, by which step he hoped the people would understand that, their liberties were not in such a desperate state as they fancied them to be.

Then came the Duke's assassination, and Charles, being left entirely to the counsel of his Jesuitical advisers, dissolved this Parliament as speedily as he had done the others.

An era of most evil times followed. The court of the Star Chamber persecuted right and left. Heavy fines and worse penalties were imposed for the most trifling offences, if the accused happened to possess money. The prosecution of:---

DR. WILLIAMS, BISHOP OF LINCOLN

---is an instance of its cruelty and oppression. No particular crime was alleged against him, yet he was fined ten thousand pounds, committed to the Tower during the king's pleasure; and suspended from his office. This cruel treatment is thought to have been all Laud's doing, in revenge against the bishop, who had ranged himself on the side of the English and Protestant party, and had refused to persecute the Puritans in his diocese.

JOHN HAMPDEN

---refused to pay the tax which the king had imposed for building ships of war. For this offence legal proceedings were taken against him, and, although the Crown won the action, he was regarded everywhere as a hero who loved his country before his own comfort, in having bravely withstood a tyrannical impost. This trial roused up the whole nation, already discontented and rebellious from the cruelties of Laud and the Star Chamber.

As if the dangerous state of England was not enough, the king was so ill advised as to attempt to compel the Scotch to use the English Church service, which Laud had made scarcely distinguishable from the Romish Mass. The result was to set the whole country in flames. They positively refused to have the Anglican liturgy; renewed the solemn League and Covenant against popery in every shape and form; a rebellion ensued which Charles found it impossible to put down. In this strait, he saw that he must either, after eleven years' intermission, summon the Parliament for which his English subjects were clamouring, or run the risk of seeing the Scotch rebellion extend to England. But he had delayed too long, and, in spite of the concessions he offered them when it met, the people had lost all confidence in him. He dissolved it speedily, when it entered upon the consideration of the recent inroads on constitutional liberty, and the tyranny of Laud.

The advance of the Scots southward, and the capture of Newcastle, alarmed the Court so much, that in the end the demand for a Parliament was acceded to, and once more a House of Commons was elected by the people, one pledged to redress grievances and maintain the Protestant religion. The Earl of Strafford, who was held to be responsible for much which had been done in the king's name, as well as Laud, were impeached for their crimes against the State. The imprisoned were ordered to be released, and orders were issued for removing altars out of churches, and replacing the old communion tables, also for demolishing crosses, crucifixes and images.

The Jesuits, and other papists, saw the time had come to bestir themselves. Charles had been so much affected by the terrible massacre of Protestants in Ireland, that it would not have taken much to make him accede to the people's desire to expel every papist from England. But his irresolution was his ruin. He was soon persuaded that it would be best to over-rule the Protestant Parliament, so he undertook the step of arresting the popular leaders. Lord Kinbolton and five members of the House of Commons were impeached for "high treason", and the foolish King went himself to the Parliament with a force of soldiers to arrest them, but they had made their escape. Even the Speaker refused to say wither they had and the baffled king strode angrily out of the House, the members excitedly crying out aloud: "Privilege! Privilege!"



Charles I. demanding the surrender of the Five Members.
(From "Cassell's History of England", by permission of the publishers.)

The Parliament ascribed this arrogant breach of privilege to papistical influence. In an intercepted letter from one papist to another, the former congratulated his friend on the accusation of the member and represented this plot as a branch of the same Jesuitical scheme which had brought about the Irish massacre, and by which the "profane heretics" of Protestants would soon be exterminated in England. The Houses met, guarded by a military force, and a flotilla of armed boats carrying cannons.

The excitement throughout the country was intense. Protestants, fearing a general massacre, began everywhere to arm themselves, while on their side, the papistical party was not idle. Jesuits were about everywhere, persuading Church people to range themselves on the side of the Court, besides being immensely assisted by others, who, posing as Puritans, preached and wrote such outrageous sentiments as to inspire disgust in all those who did not suspect their real origin. Soon a formidable force was raised for the king, soldiers were brought over from the Continent, and it seemed as if nothing could save the Protestants.

War was declared against the Parliament and all who sided with it; Charles raised his standard at Nottingham, and in his proclamation commanded all capable of bearing arms to muster under it. Soon after, a battle was fought at Edgehill, in Warwickshire, but with not much advantage to the king. Then followed the battles of Chithlgrave Field and Lansdown; but although unable to gain any decisive advantage, victory, on the whole, seemed to be with the king's troops, who, encouraged by their success so far, hoped to carry all before them. One defeat after another then befell the friends of the Parliament. the Protestants of Cornwall were subdued; Bristol besieged and taken; Gloucester invested; and the battle of Newbury was to the advantage of the Royalists. In the north, the Marquis of Newcastle raised a formidable force which threatened to carry everything before it. But in response to the prayer:

**"Let God arise, and then His foes will turn themselves to flight!
His enemies then will run abroad and scatter out of sight.
And as the fire doth melt the wax and wind blow smoke away,
So in the presence of the Lord, the wicked shall decay,"**

---a deliverer was raised up in the person of Oliver Cromwell, who defeated Prince Rupert's formidable army at the battle of Marston Moor and followed this up by a second engagement in which he captured the whole of the Prince's artillery train.

The following year was fought the battle of Naseby, which Macaulay thus describes:—

**"It was about the noon of a glorious day in June,
That we saw their banners wave and their cuirasses shine,
And the Man of blood was there, with his long scented hair,
And Astley and Sir Marmaduke and Rupert of the Rhine.**

**They are here, they rush on, We are broken! We are gone!
Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast,
O Lord, put forth Thy might! O Lord, defend the right
Stand back to back in God's name, and fight it to the last!**

**Stout Skippen hath a wound, the centre hath given ground!
Hark! hark! what means the trampling of horsemen on our rear?
Who's banner do I see, boys? 'Tis he, thank God, 'tis he, boys!
Bear up another minute, brave Oliver is here!**

**Down, down, for ever down, with the mitre and the crown,
With the Belial by the Court and the Mammon by the Pope,**

**There is woe in Oxford halls, there is wail in Durham's stalls,
The Jesuit smites his bosom; the Bishop rends his cope.**

**And She of the Seven Hills shall mourn her children's ills
And tremble when she thinks on the edge of England's sword,
And the kings of earth shall fear, shall shudder when they hear
What the hand of God hath wrought for the Houses and the Word.**

The time of trial was over. But the king took a course of action which, in the end, brought him to the block. Had he acted wisely towards his Protestant subjects, he would have continued to reign, as a constitutional monarch; with Cromwell as his chief adviser and Protector of the kingdom.

Some people in these days are very fond of calling Charles I. a martyr, but it is difficult to understand with what reason. We all regret that the people of those days executed him, but oppression had well-nigh driven them mad, and, without doubt, had Charles retained the upper hand in England, the history of the last two and a half centuries would have been indeed a sad one, and the "Light" which was valued by our Puritan forefathers might have been almost extinguished in our land.





Chapter LII "OLD NOLL"

**"Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud
Not of war only, but distractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,
And on the neck of crowned fortune proud
Hast reared God's trophies, and His work pursued,
While Darwen stream with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field resound thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureate wreath, Yet much remains
To conquer still; peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war: new foes arise
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains!
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of ravening wolves, whose gospel is their maw."** Milton.



On a bright April day at the beginning of the seventeenth century, there was a grand cavalcade at a mansion by the side of the Ouse, half a mile west of Huntingdon, known as Hinchinbrook House. It was James VI of Scotland, accompanied by his retinue, on the way to London to receive the English crown as James I of England.

A little boy of four years old looked on in childlike wonder and admiration at the gay doings. His mother was herself descended from the Royal family of Scotland, and he himself was destined by Providence to be the uncrowned King of Great Britain, who was to save the Light from extinction at a time when, humanly speaking, there seemed no hope for its revival.

This little boy was the young Oliver Cromwell, who for ten years ruled this country as it had never been ruled before, and made the name of England respected throughout the whole civilised world. Our space will not permit us to detail his history ; how he became an undergraduate of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge—then student of law in London—a farmer at St. Ives, Huntingdonshire—member of Parliament for Huntingdon, and subsequently for Cambridge—soldier at forty-three, rising, in an incredibly short space of time, to be one of the most noteworthy of generals, successful in almost everything he undertook, but failing lamentably in one particular, viz., to save King Charles' life.

We know, now, the untruth of those histories, which, in narrating the foul libels industriously circulated after the Restoration, shamefully misrepresented his conduct in these trying circumstances. Even after receiving proofs of Charles' treachery towards himself,[1] while the king was pretending to listen favourably to his earnest advice to rule as a constitutional monarch,

Cromwell let him escape when he had him in guard, and gave him every facility to get to the coast, in order to embark in the ship which Queen Henrietta had despatched for him.

Cromwell was not present in Parliament when, attempt after attempt having failed to persuade Charles to give guarantees for the safety of his Protestant subjects, it was resolved to impeach the king; and he did not sign the death-warrant with the half-hundred others until after three days of fasting and agonising prayer for direction how to act.

It must be borne in mind that it was firmly believed Charles had been accessory to the murders in Ireland (of which we shall speak more particularly on another page), and that similar brutalities and relentless persecutions were being planned in England should the Royalists become victorious. His queen, it must be remembered, was a devoted papist, and maybe not unwilling, if opportunity offered, to become another Queen Mary. It is to her, and her Jesuitical counsellors, that all the troubles of those unhappy times were really due. There is no certain proof that Charles ever actually became a papist himself, although many believed he secretly was such. He died an Anglican, with all a ritualist's hatred of Protestantism, although from policy he sometimes played the dissembler.

Cromwell, who was really loyal at heart, was deeply affected at the king's death, and resolutely determined to steer his country safely through the dangers which menaced it.

The first thing to be done was to rescue the Protestant refugees in Ireland, who had retreated to Dublin and Londonderry, where they lay concealed.

The terrible persecution and massacre of Protestants bore great resemblance to that slaughter in France on St. Bartholomew's Day. They were attacked unawares, driven out of their homes and hunted into barns, where they were burnt alive wholesale. Husbands were cut to pieces in the presence of their wives, and children of seven or eight years old hanged before their parents' eyes.

Roman Catholic children were encouraged to strip and kill the Protestant children, and glory in their sufferings. Murder, pillage and conflagration wasted the most fertile parts of Ireland. There was every reason to believe the rumour that an army of these same savage papists would be brought over to England, in order to enact the same dreadful scenes in this country. The most effectual way therefore to prevent this catastrophe was to subdue these mad Irish papists, and to Cromwell was assigned the task.

He accomplished it in a wonderfully brief space of time, and with a humanity towards non-combatants far in advance of those days. The stories of his severities have no foundation, though he treated two towns which defied him with refusal of submission, just as any military commander would have acted when desired to end the war quickly, and with as little loss of life as possible.

He was too humane to permit barbarous cruelties by his soldiers, and would not even allow the least pillage, or interference with anyone unarmed. The celerity with which town after town opened its gates to him is proof that he had done nothing to drive the Irish to desperation.

The result of Cromwell's government of Ireland was that in two years the country was entirely transformed. Public order and serenity such as Ireland had not known for many years ensued. The devastated province of Connaught was changed from a desert-like waste to a fruitful country. The rest of Ireland was everywhere improved by cultivation; smiling fields and pastures took the place of barren bogs and moors, farms were enclosed, orchards planted, drains dug, and neat and useful buildings erected in all parts.



OLIVER CROMWELL

From the statue by W. Hamo Thorneycroft, R. A., at
Westminster

Before he quitted Ireland he had administered to the arrogant Irish Roman prelates a scathing rebuke which shows how thoroughly Protestant he was, and how well versed in the Scriptures. The prelates had spoken of the "clergy and laity," but Cromwell, like Luther, regarded all Christians as belonging to the same spiritual state, there being no other difference between them than that in the functions they discharge; all believers are, in the words of the Apostle Peter, "a royal priesthood."

"I wonder not," Oliver said, "at differences of opinion, at discontent and divisions, when so anti-Christian and dividing a term as "clergy and laity" is given and received. A term unknown to any save the anti-Christian church, and such as derive themselves from her *Ab initio non fait sic*. The most pure and primitive times, as they best knew what true union was, so in all addresses to the several churches they wrote unto not one word of this. The members of the churches are styled brethren and saints of the same household of faith, and, although they had orders and distinctions amongst them for the administration of ordinances—of a far different character from yours—yet it nowhere occasioned them to say contemiptin (contemptuously) and by of lessening in contra-distinguishing `laity (from) clergy. It was your pride that begat the expression. And it is for filthy lucre's sake that you keep it up, that by making the people believe that they are not so holy as yourselves, they might for their penury purchase some sanctity from you, and that you might bridle, saddle and ride them at your pleasure, and do (as is most true of you) as the Scribes and Pharisees did by their laity —keep the knowledge of the law from them, and then be able in their pride to say, This people that know not the law are cursed."

Further on, in this Luther-like protest, he says solemnly;-

"You are a part of Antichrist whose kingdom the Scripture so expressly speaks should be laid (founded) in blood, yea, in the blood of the saints. O You have shed great store of that already—and ere it be long, you must all of you" (he means as a part of Babylon the Great) "have blood to drink, even the dregs of the cup of the fury and wrath of God, which will be poured out upon you."

These words impressed the better disposed of the Roman Catholic Irish, but the Jesuits never forgave them, and no lies seemed too foul for these emissaries of Satan to invent in order to vilify the character of the man of God who, like one of the prophets of old, had dared to tell them the truth. The fruits of these lies are seen in the superstition and spiritual darkness which have enshrouded the nation to this day.

But this letter of his to the prelates is not all stern denunciation; he exhorts and appeals to Scripture to "judge between them and himself speaking on behalf of Protestancy." "Only consider," he begs of them, "what the Master of these same Apostles, whose successors they professed to be, said to them. So it shall not be so amongst you; whoever will be chief, shall be servant of all. For He Himself came not to be ministered unto, but to minister.' And by this he that runs may read of what tribe you are."

The same Jesuitry which had inflamed the Irish papists (at a time when Charles allowed them the free exercise of their religion, thereby giving them no excuse for rising up against their Protestant fellow countrymen) appeared in their assuming the secret guise of Covenanters, with the view of gaining over the Scotch into an unholy alliance with the troops privately brought over by Charles' friends, to fight against their fellow Protestants in England. But for Cromwell's decisive victory at Dunbar, the English Protestants might have been overwhelmed, and days dark as those of Queen Mary have come back again. Cromwell ascribed this victory to the direct interposition of Providence. Humanly speaking, the defeat of his army, hemmed in as it was by troops double in number—the finest force Scotland had ever brought together—seemed certain. To get through the pass of Copperpath seemed nothing short of a miracle, but the prayers of Cromwell and his officers (who held an all-day prayer meeting) were answered, the Scotch were

seized with a mysterious panic, and as they ran away' Cromwell's victorious army sang the 117th Psalm.

After this he returned to England in order to deal with a critical situation, serious enough to try the nerve of the strongest. Jesuitry had found in the Established Church a vantage ground it could never have obtained had it possessed only the small minority of the Roman Catholic party through which to work. It was hoped, through the fidelity of every English churchman to the royal cause, to excite a successful insurrection in favour of the young Prince Charles, but the battle of Worcester showed the futility of this scheme.

Royalist though churchmen might be in opinion, it was not till the rising generation (who had been taught by ritualists and made almost as great bigots as the papists themselves) had come to man's estate, that there was found sufficient zeal to accomplish the restoration of the monarchy.

Then he had to deal with a firm hand with the radical and revolutionary spirits who would have reduced the country to a state of anarchy; with men also who strove not only for the abolition of the Established Church, but for the doing away with the Bible; with men who hated him as much as they had hated King Charles, and were as ready to rise against him—kill him even.

This aspect of Cromwell as the saviour of his country, from what might have proved a time as terrible as that of the French Revolution, must not be overlooked, if we would understand the man and his times.

The great secret of his success, next to his constant reliance on God, was his realisation of the fact that in order to save his country he must resolutely fight the Jesuits, that subtle organisation which, assuming all sorts of disguises, was recovering popery from the heavy blows inflicted upon it by the Reformation. Disguised now as Royalists, now as Republicans, with a strong tendency towards anarchy; now as contempters of the Bible, although professedly Puritans; now as Covenanter adherents of Charles, and in every way creating and fomenting divisions among Protestants, while in more open form exciting unreasoning hatred of Protestants by Roman Catholics, who otherwise might not have cared to quarrel with their fellow countrymen, only such strong, resolute minds as Queen Elizabeth, Cromwell, and William III. were capable of dealing with them.

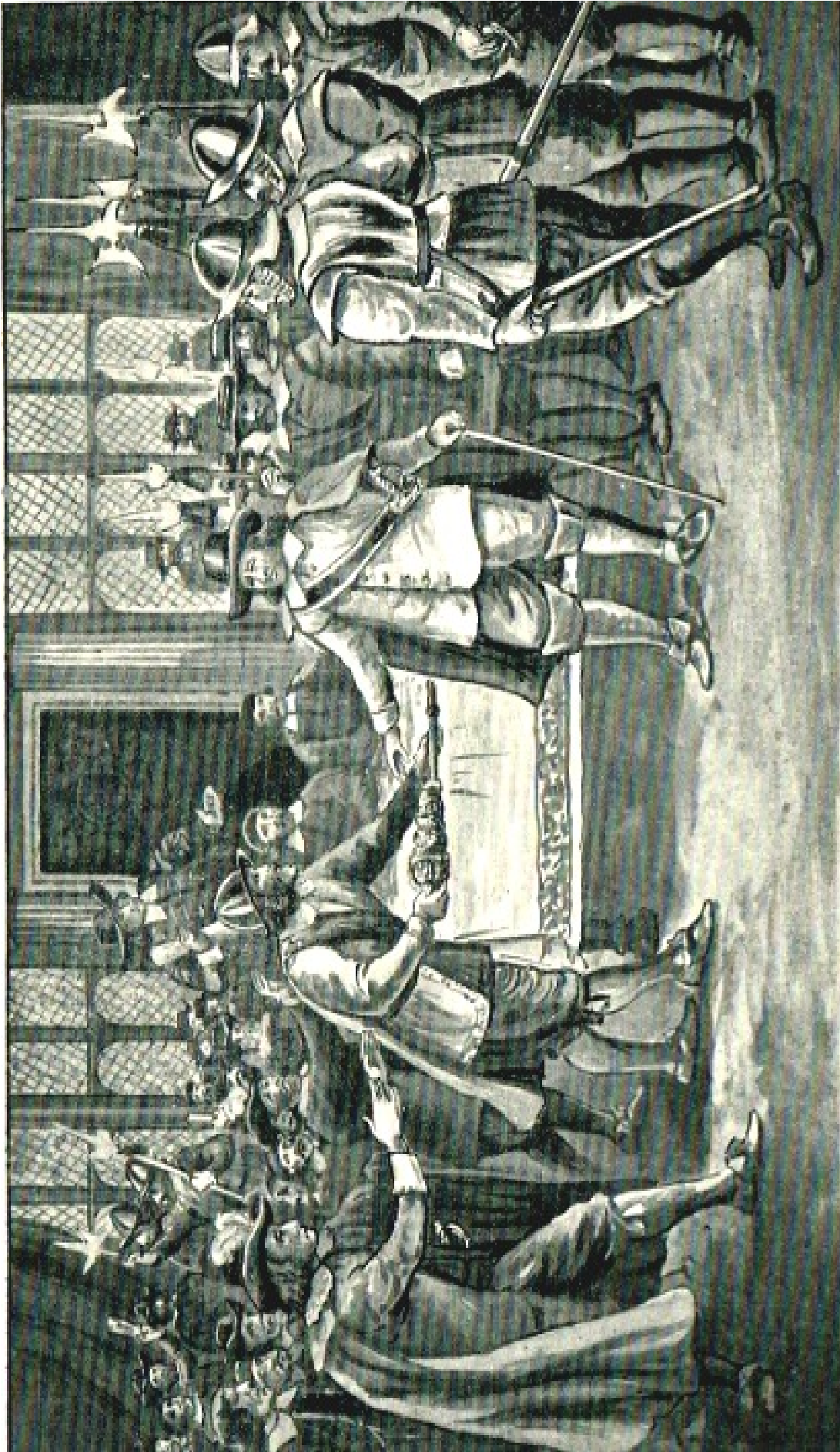
Cromwell has left us his mind about this in his own words:-

"It was not only commonly observed, but there remains with us somewhat of proof that Jesuits have been formed among discontented parties of the realm who are observed to quarrel and fall out with every form of administration in Church and State."

Their determination was to bring the whole fabric of society down in one crash, that they might re-erect popery on the ruins.

But within three years from the King's death the Jesuitical plans were totally frustrated (for that time at least). England, Ireland and Scotland had submitted to Cromwell's rule, the islands of Guernsey, Jersey, Scilly and Man, the last refuges of the Jesuit-led Royalists, the chief colonial dependencies, New England, Virginia and Barbados, had accepted the new government, and Cromwell was master of all the English territories in both hemispheres.[2]

But one task still remained for him. This was to free the nation from the tyranny of a Parliament which, demoralised by success, and maybe including men under Jesuitical influence, was strongly inclined to exercise powers even more despotic than those of the most absolutist of kings. Cromwell saw that government by an assembly of tyrants was as much to be feared as the iron rule of a single crowned despot, and after prayer to God for guidance, he forcibly dissolved the Long Parliament, a step which, although it seemed an arbitrary one, and could only safely



Cromwell Dissolving Parliament

be taken by a man of such deep piety, sterling honesty and patriotism as Cromwell, proved to be a wise act.

Cromwell was resolved on the reformation of the Church, and an order in Council was promulgated on the 28th of August, 1654, enjoining the dismissal of all ministers who should be found guilty of profane cursing and swearing, perjury, drunkenness, common haunting of taverns or ale houses, frequent quarrellings or fightings or other unholy living. The large number ejected for these iniquities shows what the Laudian clergy were like. Papists were also turned out by this Church Discipline ordinance.

In his speech to the new Parliament of 1656, Cromwell strongly suggested a reform of the criminal law on the lines of the humane legislation of modern times. He said the cruelty of the law was a thing that God would reckon for, and in conclusion he said:--

"I wish it may not lie upon this nation a day longer than you have an opportunity to give a remedy ; and I shall cheerfully (that is, joyfully) join with you in it."

He anticipated the work of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and inhuman sports in which the "fun" consisted of torturing cocks and bears and dogs, were put down with a strong hand.

But, by so doing, he made not a few enemies, for the English youth had been so demoralised under Stuart rule that they loved their "shying at cocks," and baiting of bears, as much as the Spanish love their bullfights.

The courage of this greatest of Englishmen is amazing. In defence of persecuted Protestants, he undertook tasks which, to any prudent ruler, would have seemed insane. An historian says: "Cromwell appeared like a blazing star, raised up by Providence to exalt this nation to a pitch of glory, and to strike terror into the rest of Europe."

He urged Spain on the suppression of the Inquisition and the permission of every man to read the Bible and worship God as he pleased, and did not shrink from a war with this colossal power (as it was then) which might have been disastrous.

The oppressed everywhere found in him a champion. His fame spread to remote Asia, where the Jews, who had heard of his good offices on behalf of the persecuted, asked themselves whether this was not in truth the promised Deliverer, the Lion of the Tribe of Judah. A learned man was actually sent to England to investigate his genealogy.

Truly, the British Lion roared then as he has never roared since. They heard him roar in the Piedmontese valleys, where indescribable barbarities were being inflicted on the Protestants, barbarities which made Milton write the memorable lines:

**"Avenge, oh Lord, Thy slaughtered saints whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold.
Even them who kept Thy truth so pure of old
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones.
Forget not; in Thy Book record their groans,
Who were Thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields where still doth sway**

**The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundredfold, who, having learned Thy sway
Early may fly the Babylonian woe."**

The Lion roared so loud that the Piedmontese persecutors began to feel the greatest alarm. They already fancied they saw an English army landing from Cromwell's ships, and marching to avenge the martyred blood they had shed. Even the pope was terrified by that roar, for Cromwell made the Roman tyrant understand that, as he was satisfied as to who had been the real promoters of this and other persecutions, he would keep it in mind, and lay hold of the first opportunity to send the British fleet into the Mediterranean to visit Civita Vecchia, and other parts of the papal territories, and that the sound of his cannon should be heard at the Vatican itself.

He further declared and publicly proclaimed that he would not suffer the true faith (i.e., Protestantism) to be insulted in any part of the world.[3]

For in Cromwell's eyes (and he was one of the most clear-sighted of statesmen) this was not merely an isolated attack against the Protestant religion, but the first step of a general conspiracy which had for its object the annihilation of the Reformed faith. He sent orders to all his foreign ministers to lay clearly before the Evangelical states the danger with which they were threatened.[4]

The work which this wonderful man did was colossal in its amount. His eagle eye was everywhere. One day on the persecuted Protestants in Portugal, and arranging a treaty by which the English merchants at any rate, in Lisbon, should be allowed to worship God in their own houses and aboard their ships in the harbour, and also enjoy the use of the English Bible; another day corresponding with Cardinal Magaim on behalf of the French Huguenots, and with the chief of the French pastors themselves, persuading them to abandon their affections and interests for princes and royalty, whereby disunion was created among them, and urging them to look solely to their own liberty and to the interests of the poor people.

Yet, engrossed as he was with the affairs of the State, he found time to write affectionate and lengthy letters to his children and son-in-law, or to anyone who needed a cheering word, for he was a friend to everyone. And what a subject for a picture, to see him every day reading the Bible to his aged mother, who fondly loved him and would have been filled with grief if he had failed in this one single day. When she died, in her ninety-fourth year, the affectionate Cromwell could not restrain his grief.

All the time he had educational plans for the good of the people, and put himself to trouble for the benefit of the studious part of the community, as when he designed a University at Durham, for young men of the north, to whom a journey in those days to Oxford or Cambridge was a serious undertaking, or when he enriched the University of Oxford with some rare MSS.

Against the intolerance of Parliament, he championed the cause of the Jews, saying that, as there is in Holy Scripture a promise of their conversion, he did not know but the preaching of the Christian religion, as it is now in England without idolatry or superstition, might, if they were allowed to reside there, bring it about.

In 1655 the Protector received a Latin letter from Germany, which gave him great concern. It ran:

"The whole papist cohort is plotting against us and ours. We must consider and enquire into everything with prudence. We must deliberate on the means to be employed for our common preservation; for we know the aim of all the Babylonian adversaries. The Lord of hosts be the Protector of the Protector of the Church---The

persecution continues in Austria, and in Bohemia, and it is very easy to foresee a general league of the papists against the protestants of Germany and Switzerland."

He at once took steps to prevent this. At the same time he proposed a great Protestant Federation which should unite all the various members of the Protestant body into one compact alliance, and place them in a condition to resist Rome, and defy the pope's plans for their conquest. He proposed that all Protestants should send representatives to their provincial Council, including Great Britain, which was to be the protector and adviser of the whole. The first province was to have under its care the Huguenots of France, and the Protestants of Switzerland and the Piedmontese valleys; the second the Palatinate and other Calvinistic countries; the third the remainder of Germany, the north of Europe and Turkey; the fourth India and America. The central council for advising all these was to meet at Chelsea College, and an annual sum of money, which might be increased in case of need, was placed at its disposal.

Such, says an eminent French writer,[5] was the Protector's activity. In every place he showed himself the true Samaritan, binding up the wounds of those who had fallen into the hands of the wicked, and "pouring in oil and wine." He is the greatest Protestant that has lived since the days of Calvin and Luther. More than any sovereign of England he deserved the glorious title of Defender of the Faith.

In his speech to the Parliament of 1656, Cromwell, alluding to his determination to free the Spanish Protestants from the Inquisition, in spite of the appalling difficulties of the work, and the possibility that war with powerful Spain might be disastrous to Great Britain, spoke as follows:-

"I beseech you, in the Name of God, set your hearts to this work. And if you set your hearts to it, you will sing Luther's Psalm.[6] That is a rare psalm for a Christian! And if he set his heart open, and can approve it to God, we shall hear him say, God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble. If Pope and Spaniard and Devil and all, set themselves against us—though they should compass us like bees, as it is in the 118th Psalm—yet in the Name of the Lord we should destroy them! And as it is in this Psalm of Luther's,[7] we will not fear though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the middle of the sea, though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.'

But before Parliament would grant him what he wanted, he was compelled to act with a firm hand against the suspected Jesuits, or Jesuit-influenced members, who would certainly have frustrated his plan of a war with "the Pope's under-propper," as Spain was called in those days.

Gradually a change had been coming over the country; the youth taught by Jesuits and Laudian clergy were growing up to manhood, and were taking the place of their pious fathers. Numbers whom they had failed to make sympathisers with popery, nevertheless were influenced to love sport and pleasure, to the neglect of the Bible, and such were anxious to see once more the glitter and show of a regal court. So it came to pass that the Parliament offered Cromwell the Crown, and persisted in urging him to accept it in spite of his refusal.

The nobility of his nature is shown in the firmness with which he rejected the offer. He would be nothing more than the Protector of the Throne, until someone was found worthy to fill it and reign as a constitutional king.

That he was not unwilling for Charles to take it if he would accept the Crown on these conditions and abjure popery, is shown by the negotiations about one of his daughters, whom Charles offered to marry as a guarantee of goodwill towards Cromwell. The lady herself not being willing to accept Charles Stuart as a suitor, the matter fell through, and is a mere incident in the history of those times.

Cromwell's motives for refusing the Crown cannot be detailed better than in the words of Macaulay:---

"The ambition of Oliver was of no vulgar kind. He never seems to have courted despotic power. He at first fought sincerely and manfully for the Parliament, and never deserted it till it had deserted its duty---But even when thus placed by violence at the head of affairs he did not assume unlimited power. He gave the country a constitution far more perfect than any which had at that time been known in the world---For himself he demanded, indeed, the first place in the Commonwealth, but with powers scarcely so great as those of a Dutch Stadtholder or an American President. He gave the Parliament a voice in the appointment of ministers, and left to it the whole legislative authority, not even reserving to himself a veto on its enactments, and he did not require that the chief magistracy should be hereditary in his family. Thus far, we think, if the circumstances of the time and the opportunities he had of aggrandising himself be fairly considered, he will not lose by comparison with Washington or Bolivar."[8]

Parliament was determined there should be some show of state about the Protector, and when he finally refused the Crown, once more solemnly conferred on him the title of Lord Protector of the Commonwealth, on the 26th of June, 1657, at the same time, with much ceremony, presenting him with a robe of purple velvet, a Bible, a sword of state, and a sceptre of massive gold.

But there were dangers ahead.

Honest "old Noll" had made himself enemies everywhere among those who wanted their own sect to be supreme. They could not understand his large-hearted toleration for all forms of true Christianity. Their selfishness and want of love for their brethren in Christ, the dissensions which resulted and the increasing indifference to the persecuted saints abroad, showed that, on the whole, too many in England loved darkness better than the Light ; and as they had rejected God's pleadings with them during the nine years of Cromwell's rule, and despised the peace and Godly tranquillity which would have resulted had his advice been followed, the fosterer of the Light was to be taken from them, and Cromwell was to be released from the anxious cares of his office, and find in the arms of the Jesus Whom he loved, the rest denied him here.

We know not whether or no he was poisoned by secret enemies, who took care he should never recover from a sickness which resulted from his anxious care for his favourite dying daughter, and from which he appeared to be almost restored, even thanksgivings being offered for his expected convalescence, when he gradually grew weaker and fell asleep in Jesus on the 3rd of September, 1658.

Footnotes to Chapter 52

1. The disclosure of the treachery persuaded the Parliament that the only safety for the country was to make the king a prisoner.
2. Clarendon's *History, of the Rebellion*, vol. vi., pp. 545-554.
3. Neale Hist. Puritans ii. 654-655.
4. DeAulugue; *The Protector. A Vindication*.
5. Dullerle d'Aulugne.

6. Psalm 46.

Ein Feste Berg,

"A safe stronghold our God is still,

A trusty shield and weapon."

7. "And were this world all devils o'er,

And watching to devour us,

We lay it not to heart too sore

Not they can overpower us..'

8. Macaulay's Essays, i., 45-46.





Chapter LIII PURITAN ENGLAND



It has long been the fashion to speak of the Puritans in terms of derision; but in their case, as in so many others, the men and the women who bore this name of reproach were, in fact, some of the noblest, bravest, and most humble of the followers of the Lamb. For many long years, from their origin at the Reformation until the time of Cromwell, when their influence was paramount, they were the salt of the land, and during the reign of Charles II., "the merrie monarch," as he is called, they alone preserved our Protestant faith from utter corruption. They were, indeed, the Light bearers during many a dark day.

In their inception, it must be remembered that the Puritans were men whose intelligent faith was in advance, even, of many of the Reformers themselves. They were, in fact, the true descendants of the early British Christians, who had kept the Light of pure Christianity burning through the centuries of Anglo-Saxon, Norman, Plantagenet, Lancastrian and Tudor rule, and who in the sixteenth century obtained the name of Puritans. Whether the appellation was given them because they desired that the Reformation should be complete, and the Church thoroughly purified from all trace of Romanism, or because they served God in pureness of living and truth, we do not quite know. Perhaps for both reasons.

At the time of the Reformation, numbers of the sons of those who had worshipped God in secret, in the recesses of caves and forests, on lonely moors, or amid the many mountain valleys, became students at the colleges and schools which were replacing the useless abbeys and monasteries, while not a few of them rose to eminence, and many are enrolled among the noble army of martyrs who suffered in Queen Mary's reign.

Edward VI would doubtless have favoured these Puritans, had his life been spared but it was too brief to be of much advantage to them. Nevertheless, the number of Puritan martyrs, as distinguished from those of the Anglican Church, shows with what strides they had come to the front. Queen Elizabeth, although a decided Protestant, did not by any means favour the Puritans. It is quite likely that her hatred of them was inflamed by misrepresentations made by their enemies at her court. The same may be said of her successor, James I., who had no liking for them, and who, finding his eldest son, Henry, Prince of Wales and heir to the throne, had imbibed much of their religious faith, declaring more than once that if ever he should ascend the throne, his first act would be the endeavour to reconcile the Puritans to the Church of England,

became so furious, and displayed such hatred to the unfortunate young man, that when he died soon after, the general belief was that his father had caused him to be poisoned.[1]



Puritan meeting broken into by the mob

Be that as it may, Charles I. had all his father's hatred to the Puritans, intensified by that of his queen, and the dozen Capuchin monks she had about her—to say nothing of Oratorians and Jesuits; their persecution in his reign was shamefully bitter.

But with Oliver Cromwell, himself a genuine Puritan, relief came, and the seed sown in those eventful nine years of his protectorate has yielded the great harvest of Evangelicalism----another name for Puritanism--of the last and present centuries.

And what does not the vast empire over which King Edward reigns owe to Puritanism? Puritan England of Cromwell's days established British commerce on a firm basis, founded a navy which was feared all over the world, and made Britannia the sovereign of the seas. Carey, Marshman, and Ward in later years—all Puritans—carried the Gospel to distant Hindostan, and laid the foundation of that Indian Empire which the sword of the Puritan Havelock and of Lawrence secured to the British Crown.

And these are the people whom, during the reign of the "Merry Monarch," it was the fashion to deride and scoff; these Britons who wasted not their energy in vain sports and pastimes, but rather devoted their zeal to the serious business of life, and therefore succeeded where the frivolous would have failed; who maintained the health and vigour of their frames by taking the rest commanded on the Lord's day, which is as necessary as sleep for the recuperation of the powers of the body; who were temperate when it was the fashion to eat and drink to excess; who went early to bed, and rose early, while their scoffers spent the nights in dancing, gambling and debauch, retiring to rest at sunrise, and rising at noon. Surely they were the backbone of British

manhood, without whom England would have sunk to the level of those other nations whose greatness has passed away.

One must realise how low was the depths to which religion and morality had fallen in the days of Charles, before the great change which had passed over England can be understood. In Cromwell's words, depicting religion in those misty times: "It was a shame to be a Christian within these fifteen, sixteen, or seventeen years in this nation. Whether in Cæsar's house or elsewhere, it was a shame, a reproach to a man, and the badge of Puritan was put upon it." [2]

So great was the change that not a few were persuaded the Millennial dawn was at hand, if it had not already come. When they saw how the very pope himself quailed before Cromwell, and how the proud Church of Rome shook at the British Lion's roar, and in the victories of Naseby, Dunbar, and Worcester, they expected to see the various prophecies concerning the total destruction of apostate Rome, and complete victory of Christ and His people fulfilled.

And, in truth, Rome has never been the same political power since Cromwell smote it in the seventeenth century. From those nine years of Puritan triumph may be dated the commencement of a new era. All that popery has done since those days—as, for example, the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the persecutions in Spain, the Jesuit intrigues in England—have been but despairing efforts to prop up that "Great Image" (Dan. ii.), whose baneful shadow keeps the world from enjoying the full splendour of the glorious sun of the Gospel.

How joyed these believing Christians would be if they saw the wonderfully marvellous progress of the British race since that era of Cromwell; English and Americans—both of the same stock—giving the Bible to every nation in their own vernacular tongue.

In quite the early part of those days of Puritan rule, missionary efforts were commenced for preaching the gospel to the uncivilised heathen. Collections were held in all places of worship for obtaining funds for teaching the Christian religion to the North American Indians in what were then the backwoods beyond New England. With this money they were able to purchase an estate which should serve as an endowment for the Society. Thus the Puritans at the very first opportunity showed themselves to be real spiritual successors of the Apostles to whom the Divine command was given: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

In Puritan England the Lord's day was kept holy. For one great characteristic of the Puritans was their love for the Sabbath. Their enemies are never weary of making this an accusation against them, and through their refusal to join in the shameful sports and merrymaking which all the Stuarts not only permitted, but encouraged, to the desecration of the Lord's day, may be ascribed much of their reputation for being "gloomy" and "long-faced."

But it was with no "gloomy" ideas that they kept holy the Sabbath day. Each one could say:

**"Dear to me is the Sabbath morn,
The village bells, the pastor's voice,
These oft have found my heart forlorn,
And these have bid that heart rejoice."**

The Day of Rest was to them a day of gladness, a day of joy and light, an earnest foretaste of that glorious time in which they believed and for which they longed.

**"When sin and pain and sorrow
Shall all have passed away,
And through the endless ages,
Shall happiness abound,
Earth's joys shall be unfading**

While men God's praises sound."[3]

They loved to speak of it as the Lord's Day, because they read that the Lord Himself shall be exalted in that Day, when, in Dr. Bonar's words:

**"Sunshine such as earth has never known,
Shall flood these skies with mirth and smiles and beauty,
Erasing each sad wrinkle from their brow,
Which the long curse had deeply graven there."**

This present age may be called Satan's day, for in it he is exalted, while death and sin reign. How beautiful then, they thought, to have one day in seven to remind us of the rest towards which we are hastening, how great the loving kindness of God to grant unto us this precious gift of a Sabbath! So greatly did they value its object lesson that they prayed standing on this day, because kneeling they regarded as a servile attitude, and through Christ's salvation and the Father's grace, they were no more servants but sons.[4]

This custom has prevailed in some Nonconformist chapels up to recent years.

And they especially objected to the practice of kneeling at the Lord's Supper, as enjoined by Queen Elizabeth. They saw in that the attitude of a slave, and the annulling of the Sacrament of the New Covenant; for in the full and perfect redemption through the blood of Christ, the attitude should be that of members of a family meeting together at a table in sweet and holy communion. Assuming the posture of slaves and therefore unforgiven sinners, they regarded as implying a want of faith in Christ's redemption.

Thus they argued, and such was their estimation about the matter that they endured persecution which, although short of death, was in reality severely cruel.

Such is a brief sketch of Puritan England. It is impossible to enter into full details within the limits of a short chapter. Some historians have greatly misrepresented that period, in classing these Puritans with various eccentric sects, some of which were the revival of ancient heresies, fostered, most probably, by Jesuits or Jesuit-taught men. On the contrary, they possessed enlightened minds ever eager for knowledge. The founding at Oxford of a Society for the Study of Science, afterwards known as the Royal Society, is a proof of their regard for learning. The University of Dublin through their efforts was revived and placed upon a new footing, and the cause[5] of education in Wales was by them very warmly taken up. Before then the Principality had been shockingly neglected. The people had few or no Bibles, and but few schoolmasters who could teach or read them. But all this was soon altered.

As for the rest of the kingdom, its condition under Puritan rule may be thus depicted: "There was a very great appearance of sobriety both in city and country; the indefatigable pains of the Presbyterian Ministers in catechising, instructing and visiting their parishioners can never be sufficiently commended. The whole nation was civilised and considerably improved in sound knowledge."[6]

Such was Puritan England.

In the reign of Charles I., the restrictions and tyranny, under which they suffered considerably, were so severe, especially through the ecclesiastical supremacy of Archbishop Laud, that some of them shipped themselves off to America. The "Mayflower," with its precious human freight, arrived safely, through the good Providence of God, in the land of their exile, and there "the Pilgrim Fathers" laid the foundations of a government which possessed the civil and religious liberty denied them in their own country. America of to-day owes much of its greatness to those fugitives "for conscience sake."

Footnotes to Chapter 53

1. How different would have been the history of England had Henry survived and become king, instead of Charles. As regards the manner of his death, the high church Bishop Burnet says he was assured by Colonel Titus, who had it from the mouth of Charles I., that Prince Henry was poisoned by the Earl of Somerset's means. The inhuman father commanded that no mourning should be worn at court for him, and that anyone appearing in mourning would be visited with his displeasure.
2. Speech to Parliament, 17th September, 1656.
3. The "New Earth" (Rev. xxi).
4. In this they had the countenance of the Primitive Church, which did the same, and for similar reasons. It was even enjoined on all Christians by a General Council.
5. Neale, "*History of Puritans*"
6. Ibid.





Chapter LIV "THE MERRIE MONARCH"



CHARLES II. has been called "The Merrie Monarch," and certainly if sin and folly constitute mirth, he was rightly so named; but may God save England from that sort of merriness which ran rampant through our land when the monarchy was restored and Charles II ascended the throne of England.

Charles I. may have been weak, but Charles II was worse—he was wicked. Little wonder, then, that with:

THE RESTORATION

---of the Monarchy came priestism, popery, and everything which was the opposite of Puritanism and Protestantism.

What a transformation the "Merrie Monarch" wrought! The Roman Catholic historian, Lingard, who was certainly not biassed in favour of Puritanism, thus describes the state of society:-

"Among the immediate consequences of the Restoration nothing appeared to the intelligent observer more extraordinary than the almost instantaneous revolution which it wrought in the moral acts of the people.

"Under the government of men making profession of Godliness, vice had been compelled to wear the exterior garb of virtue, but the moment the restraint was removed, it stalked forth without disguise, and was everywhere received with welcome.

"The Cavaliers, to celebrate their triumph, abandoned themselves to inebriety and debauchery, and the new Loyalists, that they might prove the sincerity of their conversion, strove to excel the Cavaliers in licentiousness.

"Charles, who had not forgotten his former reception in Scotland, gladly availed himself of the opportunity to indulge his favourite propensities."[1]

The treacherous betrayer of the Commonwealth—General Monk—was rewarded by being created Duke of Albemarle. Charles, also, soon broke the solemn oath he took at Breda, to let bygones be bygones, and take no revenge on the surviving leaders of the Parliament which opposed his father. But he was cunning enough to pretend to the House of Lords that he felt the obligation, and would ever regard it as sacred. As 'a proof of this, he, in the merriness of his heart, had:-

SIR HENRY VANE BEHEADED!

--although both the Houses of Parliament petitioned for his life. Another, named Lambert, saved himself by turning a papist, whereby it is easy to see what the purpose was of these prosecutions namely, to put Protestants out of the way.

Sir Henry died like a brave man, saying, "If the king has not a greater regard for his word and honour than I have for my life, let him take it." Lest Vane's courageous utterances should impress the public, drums were beaten near his scaffold, that the noise might drown his voice.

Even before this, Charles had been considering how he could, without seeming to be a perjurer, break his oath, by which he had sworn not to molest anyone for their religion. By the solemn pledge he had given it was quite understood that the security of the Puritans was assured, and in reliance upon it the Presbyterians and other Protestants offered no opposition to the Restoration. They did not then know that Charles had been secretly received into the Roman Catholic Church. The Jesuits earnestly schemed for the restoration of the king to the throne of England, in the full confidence that this:--

DISGUISED PAPIST

--would be a puppet in their hands for the destruction of Protestantism. When his restoration to the English throne seemed very probable, Charles doubled his false professions for the Protestant faith. His shameless hypocrisy and deceitful intrigue is shown as follows by the author of the "*Secret History of the Reigns of Charles II and James II.*":--

"While Charles lay at Breda, daily expecting the English Navy for his transportation to England, the Dissenting party, fearing the worst, thought it but reasonable to send a select number of their most eminent divines to wait upon his Majesty in Holland, in order to get the most advantageous promises from him they could, for the liberty of their consciences. Of the number of these divines, Mr. Case was one, who with the rest of his brethren coming where the king lay, and desiring to be admitted into the king's presence, were carried up into the chamber next or very near the king's closet, but told withal, that the king was very busy at his devotions, and till he had done they must be contented to stay. Being thus left alone (by contrivance no doubt) and hearing a sound of groaning piety, such was the curiosity of Mr. Case, that he would needs go and lay his ear to the closet door. But heavens! how was the good old man ravished to hear the pious ejaculations that fell from the king's lips!—"Lord, since Thou art pleased to restore me to the throne of my ancestors, grant me a heart constant in the exercise and protection of Thy true Protestant religion. Never may I seek the oppression of those, who out of tenderness of their consciences, are not free to conform to outward and indifferent ceremonies"—with a great deal more of the same cant, which Mr. Case having overheard, full of joy and transport, returning to his brethren, with hands and eyes to heaven uplifted, fell a congratulating the happiness of three nations over which the Lord has now placed a Saint of Paradise for their Prince! After which, the king coming out of his closet, the deluded ministers were ready to prostrate themselves at his feet, and then it was, that the king gave them those promises of his favour and indulgence, which how well he after performed, they felt to their sorrow."

Those "deluded ministers," who were certainly not "as wise as serpents," must have felt considerably duped when the real facts were made known later on. But even the Convention Parliament fell a victim to the skilful deceptions of the popish king, who wrote as follows from Breda:--

"If you desire the advancement and propagation of the Protestant religion; we have by our constant profession and practice of it, given sufficient testimony to the world, that--- nothing can be proposed to manifest our zeal and affection for it, to which we will not readily consent ; and we hope, in due time, our self to propose somewhat to

you for the propagation of it, that will satisfy the world that we have always made it both our care and our study, and have enough observed what is most likely to bring disadvantage to it."

For a short time after his Restoration Charles carried on his underhand policy, for the promotion of popery in England, and the establishment of his arbitrary power, without causing serious alarm to his subjects, whom his hypocritical professions had successfully blinded. But the time came when their eyes were gradually opened to the true state of affairs.

Charles was surrounded by those whose rule is: "No faith is to be kept with heretics," according to which the most solemn promises may be entered into for a special object; that to break these oaths "for the good of the Church," it is not only not sinful," but even "meritorious."

In May, 1662; he married a Roman Catholic princess, the daughter of the King of Portugal.[2] The ceremony was first secretly performed by a popish priest, and then publicly by the Protestant bishop of London. Charles, to show his gratitude to the priest who secretly married him, petitioned the pope to give him a Cardinal's Hat. The request was not granted, though the pontiff was pleased with the king's abundant good-will to Rome. Charles boasted of the services he had already rendered to the papacy, and, in his secret correspondence with the pope, drew up a lengthy list of his efforts to re-establish popery, while pretending to be a Protestant, and expressed his desire for the union of his kingdoms to the See of Rome. This "union," however, did not take place, the negotiations failing, because Charles wished to retain certain privileges to which the pope would not consent.

Nothing short of abject slavery to her despotism will satisfy the Roman church. But though Charles would not surrender all, yet he did much, by a system of ceaseless deception, to push forward the interests of the pope.

His mother, the bigoted Henrietta, lived at Somerset House with a large colony of popish priests and Jesuits, and most likely her influence was great over Charles: especially did she seek to bring about an alliance between Charles and Louis XIV., whose arms were establishing the faith of Rome in many countries of Europe.

One of Charles' first endeavours was to provoke disorder among the Presbyterians. They were insulted by hired mobs in the streets. If they sang Psalms in their own homes on Sunday evenings, they were annoyed by horns blown discordantly outside, and if this failed, to rouse them into committing a breach of the peace, stones were thrown at the windows.

Then a new Jesuitical device was adopted. Letters were sent, by unknown hands, to the principal Puritans in all parts of the kingdom, intimating the project of general insurrection, in which their friends were concerned, and desiring them to communicate the matter to certain persons, whom they named in their letters, in order that they might be ready at time and place.[3]

But all these designs failed, and none of the Puritans could be induced to give the slightest excuse for persecution.

Nevertheless, it was firmly determined that Puritanism should be, at least, expelled the Church; and after the pretence of a conference at the Savoy, which left the Prayer Book unrevised, it was ordered to be used without the least deviation on St. Bartholomew's Day (Aug. 24th), and for ever after. All who failed to conform were to be expelled their livings. This "Act of Uniformity" ran as follows:—"That all who had not received episcopal ordination should be re-ordained by bishops: that every minister should, on or before the 24th of August following, being the feast of St. Bartholomew, declare his unfeigned assent and consent to everything contained in the Book of Common Prayer, on pain of being *ipso facto* deprived of his benefice"; that he should also abjure the Solemn League and Covenant as an unlawful oath, and swear the oath of

supremacy and allegiance; and declare it to be unlawful, under any pretext whatsoever, to take up arms against the sovereign."[4]

This Act, passed on the 19th of May, 1662, was to come into force on the anniversary of that sanguinary day—the wholesale massacre of Protestants in France. The choice of such a date must have added a pathetic interest, and a keen sense of suffering heroism, to the feelings of the Puritans, who were ready even for martyrdom, had such been required of them.

The interval given for deliberation was very short.

In those times when news travelled slowly, it was not possible for hundreds in remote parishes to hear of the Act in time, unless they had been warned beforehand, and in the case of staunch Puritans care was taken to keep them in ignorance of it as long as possible. Finally, two thousand Godly and learned men, including those who resigned rather than conform, were ejected from their livings.

This was a very cruel proceeding. Hundreds of the ejected ministers, with their wives and children, had neither house nor bread, their late congregations were threatened with the severe penalties imposed on all who "maintained schisms or faction," and could only give them assistance by stealth, and not a few were too poor to give any effectual help. Every excuse was made for harassing them with fines, or the expenses of suits they were forced to defend, and which involved them in ruinous costs, even when they proved they had broken no lawful enactment. Even with the greatest frugality, many hundreds could hardly live, although they worked as day labourers.[5]

Next it was determined to put down the Presbyterian form of worship in Scotland, and establish prelacy in its stead. Charles did this rather by the advice of the Earl of Clarendon and the Duke of Ormond than on his own initiative, as he rather feared how the Scotch would take it, especially as he was altering the government of a national church without consent of Parliament, Convocation, or Synod of any kind whatsoever, but entirely on his own prerogative.

Among those who suffered was:--

MR. GUTHERIE, MINISTER OF STIRLING

--who was arrested for preaching against prelacy, and condemned to death by hanging. His last words were memorable:-

"I take God to record upon my soul that I would not exchange this scaffold with the palace or mitre of the greatest prelate in Britain. Blessed be God Who hath showed mercy to such a wretch, and has revealed His Son in me, and made me a minister of the everlasting Gospel! And that He has deigned, in the midst of much contradiction from Satan and the world, to seal my ministry upon the hearts of not a few of this people, and especially in the congregation and presbytery of Stirling."

CAPTAIN GOVAN

---a young Presbyterian, was martyred at the same time, and on the same scaffold. His last words were: "I here witness with my blood to the persecuted government of this church. I here witness to the Solemn League and Covenant, and seal it with my blood. I likewise testify against all popery, prelacy, idolatry, superstition and the service-book which is no better than a relic of the Roman idolatry."

This was followed by such a persecution of the Covenanters that many Presbyterians removed to Ulster, many more took ship to America, and the whole country seemed likely to become depopulated and ruined.

In England, the Jesuits were gradually gaining their own ends. Roman Catholic priests were so multiplied that there was said to have been one at every corner, and they became so insolent that they threatened with assassination any clergyman who dared to warn his congregation against popish errors. While Protestant meeting houses were everywhere closed, and those who had attended them imprisoned and despoiled of their goods, popish churches were unmolested, and this in spite of an Address from the House of Commons to the king, desiring him to banish all Jesuits out of the country, and to give no office or employment to papists; also to abolish all monasteries, convents, and popish schools.

In vain did Parliament address the king, to stem the encroachments of popish tyranny. Either their petitions were too weak, or the monarch was too determined to have his own way. At last, however, Parliament, realising the seriousness of the crisis, roused itself to active measures. The famous:-

"TEST ACT"

--was passed, which obliged all persons holding offices of trust, to subscribe a Declaration against Transubstantiation. This test aimed at excluding papists from influential posts. At once the Duke of York, and others, resigned their offices. But even this result was deceptive. The Duke, who was the heir to the throne, continued to wield a powerful influence in private. Protestants were alarmed. It was felt that his accession to the crown would involve the country in greater peril, hence efforts were made to exclude him from the throne. But this was a move which Rome could not allow to succeed. Charles was a papist, and loved the communion he had secretly joined, nevertheless he loved yet more his crown and pleasures, and had no intention of sacrificing them for the sake of the Roman church. The Duke of York was more of a zealot, and was ready to serve the pope and his agents at all hazards. This, then, was the man more suited to the interests of the Jesuits.

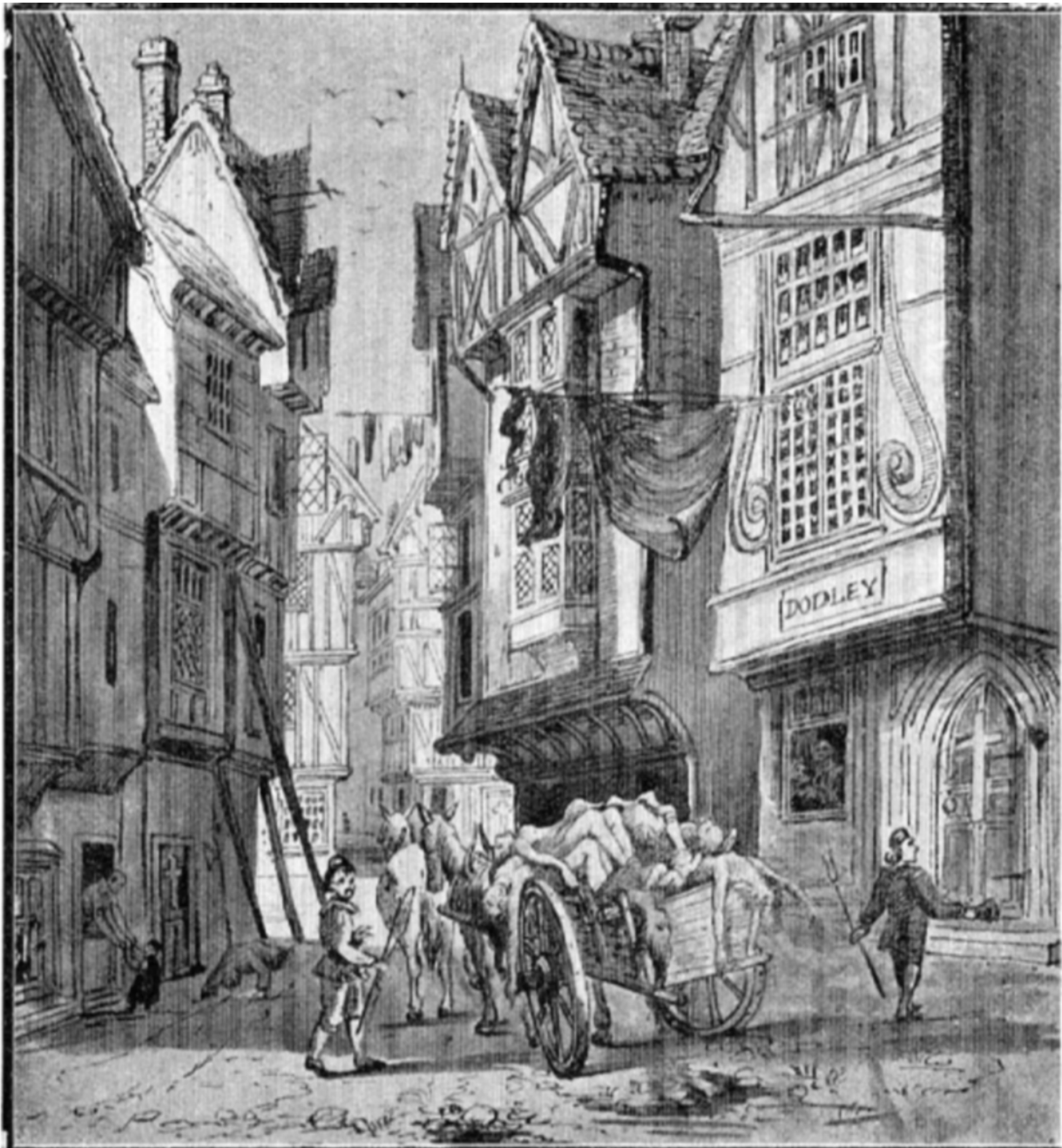
A great plot was therefore concocted to kill Charles, and make his papist brother, James, Duke of York, king. The conspirators were the Father Generals of the Jesuits at Rome and Spain, Pope Innocent XI., and Cardinal Howard. Curiously enough, while this real plot was in progress, an ex-Jesuit, named Titus Oates, came forward with a story of an imaginary one, which was not hard to disprove. But, had not the one man been murdered who could have proved that there really was a plot, and that the story had a substantial foundation, Oates might have been spared the indignities to which he was subjected. The truth seemed to be that he, in some way, knew of the real conspiracy, but was ignorant of the details, which he invented from his own imagination, thereby telling many falsehoods.

At the same time these popish conspirators were planning with Jesuitical cunning to bring Protestants under the suspicion of being implicated in designs for the assassination of the king. It was hoped by this means to bring about the execution of Protestant leaders. The scheme succeeded in so far that:-

LORD-WILLIAM

--and several others were arrested, and brought to trial, although perfectly innocent of any treasonable intentions. Lord William Russell, in spite of his wife's touching appeal for him, and protestation of his innocence, was condemned and beheaded on the absurd charge that he had been within hearing of a certain man who had spoken words alleged to be treasonable! Two more also were put to death. —Algernon Sydney, because of a book found in his library, was

executed, and the Earl of Essex was committed to the Tower on no substantial charge whatever, and there murdered. Others also suffered, and there would have been many more, had not several, knowing their innocence was no sufficient protection, made good their escape.



The Plague of London

In the midst of the scheming of Jesuits, and the wicked lives of Charles and his courtiers, God's displeasure was evidenced by two terrible judgments which overtook our country. Firstly, the devastating hand of pestilence was stretched over London; from its plague stricken streets those who had no fear of God before their eyes (including the king and his court) fled to the country,

whilst those who feared none but God, namely the Puritan remnant, remained at their posts succouring the sick and comforting the dying. This was followed by the terrible fire of London which reduced a third of the city of London to ashes, but neither the pestilence that walketh at noon day, nor the sights of the city in flames, purged the court of King Charles II. It remained corrupt to the end.

In 1685, Charles suddenly died; some think he was poisoned, possibly by such papists as thought the time had now come that James should reign, and extinguish the Light of Protestantism.

Charles' life of deception and wickedness was consummated on his death-bed by a lie. Pretending still to be a Protestant, he received the religious ministrations of bishops of the Church of England, refusing only to take the Sacrament from them, with the excuse that there was "time enough." As soon as they had left the room, a Roman priest was admitted secretly, who heard his confession, gave him absolution, and administered the last sacraments of Rome.

Soon after, the soul of the popish profligate passed away into the darkness.

Footnotes to Chapter 54

1. Lingard's "*History of England*," xi., 244
2. The grave of Catherine of Braganza (Charles' wife) is in the church of the Belem Monastery in Lisbon.
3. Neale.
4. Burnet's "History of his Own Time," vol. I.
5. Those who were willing and able to help these poor people were not allowed to do so, A kind-hearted churchman, the Mayor of Oxford, put into Mt. Baxter's (the author of "*The Saints' Rest*") hands a hundred pounds to distribute among sixty poor ejected ministers, but Lord North seized it, under the pretence that it was given for "a superstitious use!" Mr. Baxter himself was arrested shortly after, and carried to prison, where, but for his friends becoming surety for him to the amount of £400, he must have died.





Chapter LV THE TINKER OF BEDFORD



ABOUT the year 1640 a lad might have been seen, who, to all appearance, was the ringleader of a group of schoolboys, who were just leaving the village school, where a patient (or perhaps impatient) schoolmaster had been trying to teach the elements of reading and writing to his, more or less, promising pupils. It was evident that whatever subject that boy might take up he would successfully master.

The schoolmaster would have told us that his wits needed but little sharpening, being sharp by nature, and that he could prove himself to be a better scholar than all the rest of the Elstow boys—for that was the name of the village where the boy lived.

Who was he?

He was young John Bunyan, the tinker's son, of Elstow, near Bedford, one of the noblest bearers of the Light that England has ever known.

Let us take another glimpse of the childhood of this little Bedfordshire lad, whose name and work will last while the world endures. Across some fields, amid a group of cottages known as Harrowden (a part of Elstow), was Thomas Bunyan's workshop.

How the tinker's fire blazed, and the sparks flew in his forge; and how ready was the tinker's son, John, to give a helping hand at the work of his father, whether it was either mending or making a pot, saucepan, frying-pan, or whatever else the honest tinker had in hand. In after years it was said of Bunyan that he was the tinker who could "mend men's souls, as well as pots and pans," but that time was, then, hidden in the unknown future.

As the boy grew up, he became venturesome and thoughtless, and bade fair to degenerate into a regular village loafer, swearer and Sabbath-breaker, worse even than many of his companions.

But "the good hand of God" was over him; for "while Satan's blind slave he sported with death," Divine mercy wonderfully preserved him from destruction. Once, possibly during his soldier days, he fell into a creek of the sea; and another time, while rowing on the river Ouse, he fell out of the boat; but, as he says: "Mercy yet preserved me alive."

The Eye that controls every circumstance of our lives was over him, in many times of danger or reckless disregard of life. "Another time," he tells us, "being in a field with one of my companions, it chanced that an adder passed over the highway; so I, having a stick in my hand, struck her over the back, and having stunned her, I forced open her mouth with my stick, and plucked her sting out with my fingers, by which act, had not God been merciful unto me, I might, by my desperateness, have brought myself to my end."

When he was sixteen years of age his mother died; and then, within a month, the playmate of his childhood, his little sister Margaret, followed their parent: both in so short a period were laid in their quiet resting-place in Elstow churchyard.

Those were stirring and terrible times; the country was rent by civil war, and the tinker-lad, now a little over sixteen, entered a new experience amid the roar of cannon and din of battle.



John Bunyan

Parliament ordered, in 1645, that the county of Bedford, within fourteen days, shall send into the garrison of Newport two hundred and twenty-five able and armed men for soldiers," and among those drawn from Elstow for active service was John Bunyan.

In what strange company did he now find himself! Many of those men knew equally well how to storm a fort or preach a sermon. Stern old "Valiants-for-the-Truth," with strong arms and tender hearts, carried their Bibles with them, and having the fear of God before their eyes, fought a good fight in more senses than one.

And now, again, the special providence of God was over the youth from Elstow. It was at the siege of Leicester, in 1645, that his life was again spared. As he tells us:

"This also I have given notice of, with thanksgiving: When I was a soldier, I, with others, was drawn out to go to such a place, to besiege it; but when I was just ready to go, one of the company desired to go in my room, to which, when I had consented, he took my place; and coming to the siege, as he stood sentinel, he was shot in the head with a musket bullet, and died."

As he truly remarked:-

"God did not utterly leave me, but followed me still-not with convictions, but judgments, yet such as were mixed with mercy."

In 1646, the army being disbanded, Bunyan returned to his tinkering life at Elstow, where he married a Godly woman.

It is evident that, up to this time, he had been travelling the broad way leading to destruction, by a thoroughly irreligious life; but now he continued the same road in a respectable manner, for the devil does not mind at all that people go respectably to hell, so long as they get there in the end.

He was now, as so many are in these days, thoroughly priest-ridden, upholding the teaching of the Church above that of the Bible, which is the very essence of modern Ritualism---a mixture of superstition and sentimental devotion.

But the Lord was too good to leave Bunyan long in this miserable condition of spiritual darkness. Two events happened which showed to the young tinker that the mere outward observance of forms and ceremonies were all unavailing in the matter of salvation.

One Sunday, the sermon preached was on the sin of Sabbath-breaking. Bunyan, who was among the congregation, trembled in his pew; for, with all his religiousness, he delighted in spending his Sabbath (when not at church) on the village green, playing at tip-cat.

After the service his mind and conscience were sadly distressed, through that little glimpse he had received of the exceeding sinfulness of sin. However, after a good dinner, he says: "The trouble began to go off my mind, and my heart returned to its old course."

But on that same Sunday, as God would have it, as he was in the midst of the game of tip-cat on Elstow village green, "and having struck the cat one blow from the hole, just as I was about to strike it the second time, a voice did suddenly dart from Heaven into my soul, which said, Wilt thou leave thy sins or go to hell? At this I was put to an exceeding maze; wherefore, leaving my cat upon the ground, I looked up to Heaven, and was as if I had, with the eyes of my understanding, seen the Lord Jesus looking down upon me, as being very hotly displeased with me, and as if He did severely threaten me with some grievous punishment for these and other ungodly practices."

He then became quite a reformed character turning over a new leaf, making good resolutions, going to church, saying his prayers, and doing many good things." I thought," he said, "that I pleased God as well as any man in England;" and as for his neighbours, they "did take me to be a very Godly man, a new and religious man, and did marvel much to see such a great and famous alteration in my life and manners; and indeed, so it was, though I knew not Christ, nor grace, nor faith, nor hope; for, as I have well seen since, had I then died, my state had been most fearful.

"But, I say, my neighbours were amazed at this my great conversion from prodigious profaneness to something like a moral life.----Now, therefore, they began to praise, to commend, and to speak well of me, both to my face, and behind my back. Now I was, as they said, become Godly; now I was become a right honest man. But oh! When I understood those were their words and opinions of me, it pleased me mighty well. For though, as yet, I was nothing but a poor painted hypocrite, yet I loved to be talked of as one that was truly Godly. I was proud of my Godliness; and indeed, I did all I did either to be seen of, or to be spoken well of, by men, and thus I continued for about a twelvemonth, or more."

"A poor painted hypocrite!" That is what in the light of later days he called himself; and when reading the "*Pilgrim's Progress*," one can see this part of his life retold in the characters of Mr. Worldly-Wiseman, the old gentleman named Mr. Legality, and his son, that "pretty young man, Mr. Civility." The "poor painted hypocrite was attempting to do what so many have proved is utterly futile--viz., "to establish his own righteousness, not having submitted himself to the righteousness of God": not knowing that he could never be righteous in God's sight by the deeds of the law.

Poor Bunyan! He found that with all his religion of doing and trying, he was a stranger to the joy and peace which can only be obtained through a true belief and trust in Jesus Christ. God was purposely leading him along this thorny pathway that he might, in after years, be a true Pilgrim's guide, by his words in that marvellous book, "The Pilgrim's Progress," to countless thousands the wide world over.

And now we come to a turning-point in the life of the tinker of Bedford. He Who was leading Bunyan by a way he knew not, had better things in store for him than that he should remain a mere swearing Sabbath-breaker, or a self-satisfied Ritualist.

One day, while occupied with his tinkering business, he was obliged to go towards Bedford, but every step of that morning journey, as we shall see, was ordered of the Lord. He himself tells the story as follows:

"Upon a day the good providence of God called me to Bedford, to work at my calling and in one of the streets of that town I came where there were three or four poor women sitting at a door, in the sun, talking about the things of God; and being now willing to hear their discourse, I drew near to hear what they said, for I was now a brisk talker of myself in the matters of religion; but I may say I heard, but understood not, for they were far above, out of my reach. Their talk was about a new birth, the work of God in their hearts, as also how they were convinced of their miserable state by nature; they talked how God had visited their souls with His love in the Lord Jesus, and with what words and promises they had been refreshed, comforted, and supported, against the temptations of the devil; moreover, they reasoned of the suggestions and temptations of Satan in particular, and told to each other by what means they had been afflicted, and how they were borne up under his assaults. They also discoursed of their own wretchedness of heart and of their unbelief; and did condemn, slight and abhor their own righteousness, as filthy, and insufficient to do them any good."

As he listened to the simple and unaffected conversation of these old ladies, new thoughts began to pass through his mind. "Surely," he thought, "there is a great difference between the religion of these poor old women and my own. They appear to be happy and sincere, and to possess a something which I know nothing about. They spake to one another as though joy did make them speak. Their very faces spoke of their inward peace. Oh, that I were a partaker of their secret!"

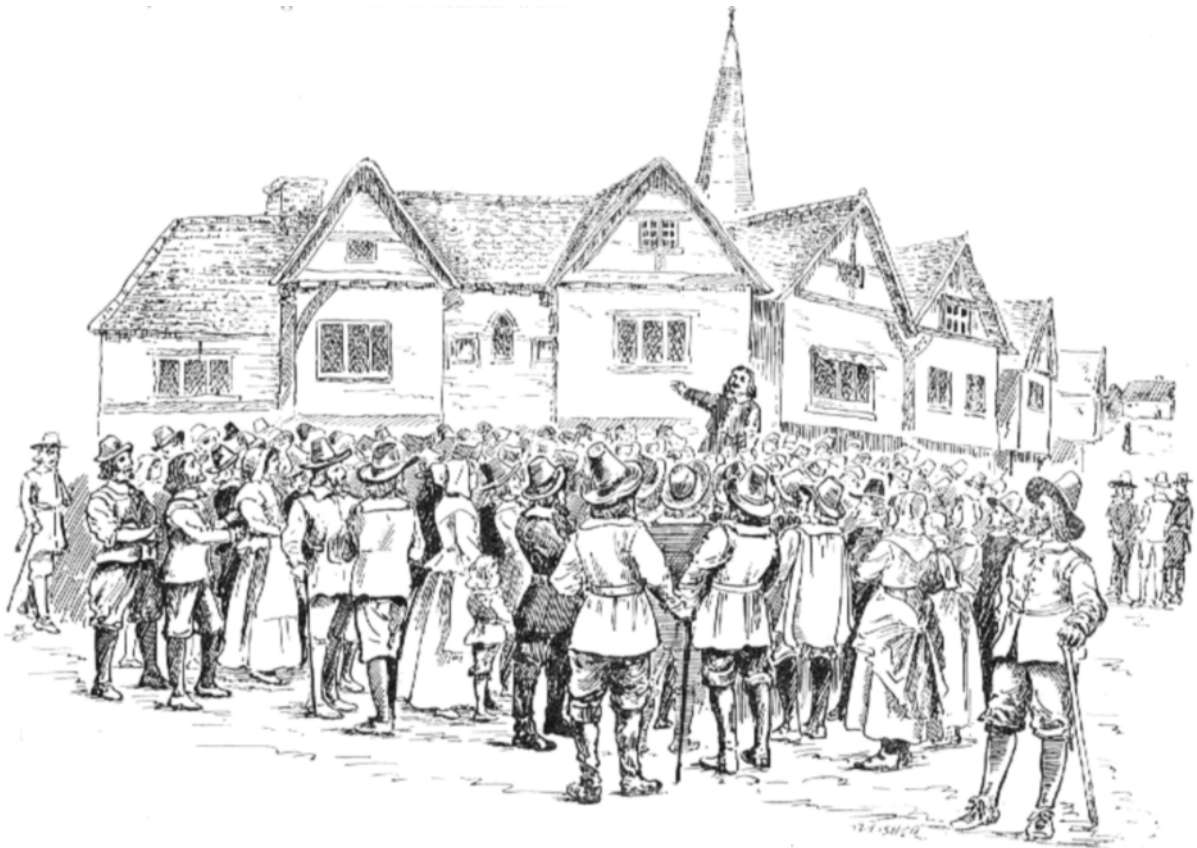
Those old ladies, with their peaceful faces and pleasant talk, were very important links in the life of John Bunyan; at length he told them about his own distress, and found true help from these worthy dames. Away they went to their minister, "holy Mr. Gifford, to acquaint him of the new pilgrim, who was "asking his way to the Celestial City."

But the time had not yet arrived when Bunyan should be brought into the full light and liberty of the children of God. In reading his account of these events in his wonderful book called: ***Grace abounding to the Chief of Sinners***," it is apparent that he had to encounter many strange temptations, such as few have ever had to combat.

Some of them, no doubt, were the outcome of his very imaginative mind, but all of them, it must be remembered, were, to him, vivid realities. He was destined to do a great work, and to help many out of their soul's troubles. He was therefore trained in a stern school, that he might learn his lesson well.

He did in effect cry out, as one of old, "my sins have gone over my head, as a grievous burden, too heavy to be borne" (Ps. xxxviii. 4). This conviction arose not only from the remembrance of his past sins, but because God was pleased to show him, as He shows only a few, the deep sinfulness of their nature. Not all those who are truly converted to God are led through these deep waters. God's ways are various. As no two flowers or blades of grass are alike, so His methods of leading His children are as diverse as the flowers of the field. Thus, we see in the

Scriptures, that while Saul of Tarsus was stricken down with blindness, Lydia's heart was opened like the unfolding of a bud; and to some of the apostles the Lord Jesus merely said, "Follow Me," and they arose, left all, and followed Him.



John Bunyan preaching in the open air

Bunyan was much helped by an old book which he came across, so ancient, in fact, that he says: "it was so old that it was ready to fall piece from piece if I did but turn it over." It was Martin Luther's "Commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians," and it was not long before a great sympathy was formed between the Tinker of Bedford and the Doctor of Divinity of Wittemberg; the one, while mending his pots and pans, and the other, in his monk's cell, had both passed through similar experiences. The Reformer, though dead, yet spoke to the heart of the tinker, while the doctrine of justification, through the finished work of Christ, was the great foundation truth of both their teaching and preaching.

By Luther's commentary he was greatly helped, and also by various passages of God's Word; but, although many were his encouragements, very many also and strange were his temptations.

At last there came a day when, like the pilgrim in his book, he came to a "place somewhat rising," and the burden was taken off his back, when he realised and trusted the all-sufficiency of Christ's atonement.

"One day," he tells us, "as I was passing into the field, and that, too, with some dashes on my conscience, fearing lest yet all was not right, suddenly this sentence fell upon my soul, Thy righteousness is in Heaven, and methought withal, I, saw, with the eyes of my soul, Jesus Christ at God's right hand; there, I saw, was my righteousness; so that wherever I was, or whatever I was doing, God could not say of me, He wants My righteousness, for that was just before Him. I also saw, moreover, that it was not my good frame of heart that made my righteousness better, nor yet my bad frame that made my righteousness worse; for My righteousness was Jesus Christ Himself, The same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

After this, he joined the church at Bedford, over which "holy Mr. Gifford" was pastor. He also, at this time, moved from Elstow, where he was born, into Bedford.

When the news went about that the swearing young tinker, John Bunyan, had joined Dr. Gifford's church, there was no small stir. Many came to the meetings to see for themselves if there was any truth in the report. And many of them, in their turn, were arrested by the Word, and brought to the feet of the Lord Jesus.

And thus many living links in the chain of God's grace were forged, and many were "added to the Lord."

It was soon evident to many that the new convert was no ordinary man. His zeal in the work of the Lord was apparent, and his motives utterly unselfish, and as the church at Bedford was the centre of much evangelistic work, it was not long before Bunyan was invited to preach at one meeting and another, and those who first heard him "did solemnly protest, as in the sight of the great God, that they were both affected and comforted, and gave thanks to the Father of mercies for the grace bestowed on me."

Soon, wherever he preached, there were many earnest, heart-stricken listeners, and his success as an itinerant preacher was assured. But, as in all God-sent ministers, his very success humbled him, as he realised, to a great extent, his own unworthiness. He says: "Though of myself of all the saints the most unworthy, yet I, but with great fear and trembling at the sight of my own weakness, did set forth upon the work and did, according to my gift and the proportion of my faith, preach that blessed Gospel that God had showed me."

And what was that blessed Gospel that God had showed him? Was it a Gospel of forms and ceremonies? No; he had tried them, and found how powerless they were to remove the burden of sin. The Gospel, that Bunyan delighted in, was the old Gospel of the grace of God. It laid man low in the dust, and glorified Christ as the sinner's only hope. He was not ashamed of it, because he had proved that it was able to make men wise unto salvation. It needed no local newspaper to spread the news that not only had the tinker turned saint, but that he had actually turned preacher, and many hundreds "came to hear the Word, and that from all parts, though upon sundry and divers accounts."

All the faculties of his being were now joyfully laid at the feet of his Master, and the enlightening power of the Holy Spirit soon equipped him for many forms of work; and but a short period after the time that he began to preach, we find that he issued his first book, called: "***Some Gospel Truths Opened, by that unworthy servant of Christ, John Bunyan, of Bedford, by the Grace of God preacher of the Gospel of His dear Son.***" This was the first-born of a family of no less than sixty books that he issued during the sixty years of his life.

It was now the year 1660, when Charles the Second—"the Merrie Monarch" had returned from exile, and, with his accession, dark days began to dawn for the "faithful in Christ Jesus." Bunyan had been preaching for over five years, but now to preach in cottage to a few poor rustics was to be an offence punishable by law. On the 12th of November, 1660, he went over to a cottage at Lower Samsell to hold a cottage meeting. When he arrived, he found the good folk sadly cast down, and as they whispered from one to another, he soon gathered that evil news had arrived. What was it? Why, that the neighbouring Justice of the Peace, one Francis Wingate, hearing of the meeting, had issued a warrant for his arrest, and that a strong watch was being kept about the house, "as if we that were to meet together in that place did intend to do some fearful business for the destruction of the country." Should the meeting be held or not was the question. The friend, at whose house the service was to be held, thought it would be wise to postpone it. "But," says Bunyan generously, "I think he was more afraid for me than for himself." Bunyan was not at all inclined to take off his hat to the devil, and so insisted that the service should proceed as usual and thus addressed the friends that were already assembling: "I will not stir,

neither will I have the meeting dismissed for this. Come, be of good cheer; let us not be daunted; our cause is good, we need not be ashamed of it; to preach God's Word is so good a work that we shall be well rewarded if we suffer for that." The meeting began with prayer, and then the Bibles were opened, and the tinker was about to begin his address from the words: "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" when the door opened, and the constable and a man-servant of the magistrate entered; the former arresting Bunyan, took him to Mr. Wingate's house, before whom he was in due course examined as to what purpose the meeting was held. He then told Bunyan that he "would break the neck of the meetings," and demanded sureties that he would not preach again; but Bunyan declared that he would not be a party to such a bond, as he was determined to preach the Gospel whenever he had the opportunity. So the Justice committed the poor preaching tinker to Bedford Jail, not because he was a liar, or a thief, or a murderer, but because he had dared to meet with a few people, as poor and inoffensive as himself, to pray and read the Word of God together.

So they took him to prison, but he did not go there alone; as in the case of many prison saints, before and since, God went with him. He had committed his way unto the Lord, for having, he says, "begged of God that if I might do more good by being at liberty than in prison, that then I might be set at liberty, but if not, then His Will be done---And I did meet my God sweetly in prison, comforting of me and satisfying of me that it was His will and mind that I should be there. Thus---I be waiting the good will of God to do with me as He pleaseth; knowing that not one hair of my head can fall to the ground without the will of my Father which is in heaven. Let the rage and malice of men be never so great, they can do no more, nor go any farther, than God permits them; but when they have done their worst, we know all things shall work together for good to them that love God."

For over twelve years was John Bunyan kept locked up in jail, and, no doubt, the devil thought he had, at last, extinguished John Bunyan's light; but the One, Who can bring good out of evil, made the wrath of man to praise Him by putting it into the heart of the poor imprisoned tinker to write a book, which has been a blessing to very many. "*The Pilgrim's Progress*" was issued when Bunyan was liberated from prison, and immediately took its place as a king among books. To the end of time it will be a living book. Within a year three editions of it were issued. From that day to this, it has been read and re-read by prince and peasant, by don and dunce. In palace and in cottage the book has entertained and instructed all those who have drunk from its wisdom, while finding that Bunyan was a master in the art of making wisdom's way a way of pleasantness.

Moreover, this book of the immortal dreamer has been translated into more languages than any other book, with the exception of the Bible. It is read the wide world over. It is difficult to find the land or the people where the "Pilgrim" has not travelled before you. A reproduction is here shown of a picture taken from the Chinese edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress." It represents Christian's arrival at the Palace Beautiful. There, as a Chinese pagoda, it stands at the top of the Hill Difficulty; there are the chained lions, which had to be passed; there is Watchful, the porter, inviting Christian to the palace; and there, too, is Christian himself approaching--a genuine Chinaman, with his pigtail hanging down his back. John Bunyan would have indeed been amazed could he have seen the worldwide popularity of his wonderful book.

Another work of the great dreamer which we must not forget to mention is his "*Holy War*." This allegory is quite as wonderful as the "*Pilgrim's Progress*," but is not so much read, nor so widely known, probably because it is more deeply spiritual. We would urge all lovers of Bunyan's writings to become acquainted with its hidden treasures of spiritual truth and wisdom.

Bunyan was not only a great preacher--he was a kind and faithful pastor, being constantly employed in visiting those of his flock who were afflicted, and causing them to bless God for the helping and loving words of comfort and sympathy which fell from his lips. Nor did he confine these pastoral visits to his own district. He often travelled to remote parts of the country



The “Pilgrim’s Progress” (Part One) in outline

if he thought he could be of use to the tried people of God, visiting some such places two or three times a year, thus earning for himself the title of "Bishop Bunyan."



The Godly tinker was himself such a man of peace, that nothing grieved his kindly spirit more than to hear of quarrels and disagreements between his neighbours, among whom he endeavoured to act the part of a true peace-maker, and was thus often the means of bringing about reconciliation. It was while engaged in this Christ-like office of peace making that he met with the illness which brought on his death. A young neighbour of his, who had so offended his father that he had threatened to disinherit him, came and besought Bunyan's aid to make peace between them, and, as such an errand was just after the good tinker's heart, he readily consented to do so. In spite of the great distance, he might have been seen posting off to Reading, where the young man's father lived. After much pressing and many entreaties, Bunyan succeeded in reconciling the angry parent to his son. Having brought about this happy result, which must have indeed filled his kind heart with gladness, Bunyan turned his horse's head towards Lon-

don (where he was sometimes in the habit of preaching), which he reached, having traversed the whole of the forty miles between it and Reading, drenched to the skin in driving rain. Bunyan, who was then sixty years of age, and far from strong, his constitution having suffered much from his long imprisonment, never got over the effect of his long ride through the rain, which brought on a violent fever, from which he died after twelve days, breathing his last in the house of his very loving friend, John Shudwick, who carried on a grocery business in a four-storeyed gabled building on Snow Hill.

On the Sunday following his arrival in London, this faithful Evangelist, now so near the end of his weary pilgrimage, preached his last sermon, at Whitechapel, from the words: "Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God" (John i. 13).

He bore his sufferings with great patience, his chief desire being to "Depart, and to be with Christ," which he well knew was "far better;" and on August 31st, 1688, the "Immortal Dreamer," following in the steps of his "Pilgrim," entered the River, and crossed over to the glories of the "Celestial City." Truly might it be said about him, as he wrote about Christian and Hopeful: "All the bells of the city rang again for joy, and it was said unto him: 'Enter ye into the joy of your Lord.'



Chapter LVI THE STUART SCHEMER



JAMES II was the last Roman Catholic monarch who sat on the throne England. He may well be called "the Stuart schemer": from the day of his accession until the time of his miserable fall he sought, by every means he could conceive, to make the religion of the pope again dominant in our land. A quarter of an hour after the death of Charles II., James met in Council, and assured them he had no fondness for arbitrary power. His aim would be to maintain the rights and liberties of the English Church, and of his country.



They hurried from the scene

The speech was received with delight, but it was not long before his subjects realised that the fair promises of their king were as flimsy as pie-crust—only made to be broken. James was not a disguised papist like his predecessor; he was avowedly a Roman Catholic and did not delay to show his colours. A small oratory had been fitted up, where James with closed doors, had been wont to worship his wafer. Now the doors were flung open and the Host elevated before the delighted eyes of the Romanists, and the astonished gaze of the Protestants. The former fell on their knees, while the latter hurried from the scene.

The king then went a step further. After an interval of a hundred and twenty-seven years the mass was celebrated in Westminster, and James was conducted thither in regale state. Well might Protestants look askance at these startling innovations. Shortly afterwards, at the coronation, the presentation of a Bible to the Sovereign, and certain forms and words, of too reformed a kind to please a papist, were omitted.

The religious world of England was at that time divided into three portions, Romanists, the members of the Anglican Established Church, and the Puritans, or conformists. Only the first could claim him as an adherent; both the others excited his bitterest hatred and he showed them favour only so far as he could use them as tools in his hands for their own destruction.

James's reign is a record of a series of plots for extinguishing the Light of the Reformation in England. The Nonconformists suffered many grievances, and the king gave them no toleration until he had failed to crush them, and then he offered them privileges in order that he might employ them to destroy the English Church. His one aim was the destruction of Protestantism, and he cared not how unscrupulous were the means to effect his purpose.

Among the worthy Puritans we must mention the name of Richard Baxter. He was one of the most moderate of the Nonconformists; he lamented the divisions that ruptured the Christian Church, and strove to make peace. He lived during the stirring time of the civil wars in the reign of Charles I., and the Famous days when Oliver Cromwell was Protector. While Charles II was in exile Richard Baxter was rector at Kidderminster but when the king was restored to the throne he (Baxter) found it impossible to submit to the required terms of religious conformity, and in consequence suffered many hardships in the reigns of Charles II. and James II. In 1685 he was cited before Judge Jeffreys, notorious in history for his brutal treatment of prisoners and rebels, of innocent people, and of conscientious Puritans. The trial of Richard Baxter—now an old man--was held at Guildhall. Influential friends stood by him, but Judge Jeffreys would not listen to their defence. "He is an old rogue," he angrily shouted, "a schismatical knave, a hypocritical villain. He hates the Liturgy. He will have nothing but long-winded cant without book."

Someone reminded the court that the late king had thought fit to offer Baxter a bishopric. "What ailed the old blockhead," cried Jeffreys, nearly mad with rage that he did not take it?"

Baxter tried to speak, but was not allowed to proceed. Friends who surrounded him could not restrain their tears, and their sympathy was met with the contemptuous jeer of the judge. "Snivelling calves!" he exclaimed.

The illustrious Puritan leader, whose crime was that he had worshipped and served God according to his conscience, and had ventured to write against the cruel treatment bestowed on the dissenters, was found "guilty." Judge Jeffreys would have had him whipped through London at the cart's tail (not an unusual mode of punishment), but, fortunately, this severe sentence was not pronounced, and the more lenient one of fine and imprisonment was substituted.

This incident serves as an example of the intolerant spirit towards those who claimed the right to worship God in the way they believed to be right. In Scotland the sufferings of the Covenanters were even greater. The rigorous persecution so relentlessly carried forward in the previous reign was continued with equal severity. In the Scottish Parliament none but Episcopalians

could sit, and a Presbyterian could not even vote for a member. James sought to make the yoke of bondage heavier. A letter was addressed by him to the Parliament of Scotland, calling upon it to pass a statute of greater severity against the Presbyterians ; and, consequently, it was enacted that "whoever should preach in a conventicle under a roof, or should attend, either as a preacher or as hearer, a conventicle in the open air, should be punished with death and confiscation of goods." [1]



She sealed her faith by death in the cold, dark waters

Persecution waxed hotter. The army was employed to waste the districts inhabited by the Covenanters. Who has not heard of the infamous name of John Graham of Claverhouse, who commanded the dragoons in their military tyranny against the Scottish Presbyterians? To record all the instances of cruelty perpetrated in the mad zeal of religious bigotry, would take more space than we can now allow, and one or two instances will suffice; that of the martyr maiden, on account of her youth, will be of interest to our young readers.

Margaret Wilson, of Wigtonshire, was only eighteen years old, and was condemned to suffer death by drowning. An aged woman—Margaret Maciachan—was sentenced at the same time. Both were offered life if they would give up the cause of the Covenanters and embrace the religion of the Episcopal Church; but they accepted death rather than conform to what they

could not believe to be entirely right. Two stakes were fixed in the sands, that the incoming tide of the Solway might claim them for its prey. The old martyr was tied to the stake nearest the water, so that the young girl—who was posted farther away—might witness her sufferings, and thereby, perchance, be induced to recant. Nearer and nearer drew the tide, and at last engulfed the old woman; yet the young martyr showed no sign of giving in. Higher and higher rose the water until it had reached her chin and her mouth, and began to choke her with its cold, cruel waves; but she ceased not to sing psalms of praise to God.



They prepared to shoot the lad

At the moment when death was about to end her agonies she was un-bound and carried back to the shore. When she had recovered somewhat, she was asked if she would recant. "Never," she exclaimed, "I am Christ's; let me go. "They bore her back to the stake, and she sealed her faith by death in the cold, dark waters.

The same day on which these brave women suffered, a young lad laid down his life amid the sylvan beauty of the Eskdale. A hunted Covenanter, overcome by illness, had taken shelter in the cottage of the lad's mother, where he died. The laird, a petty tyrant, discovered the corpse, and in the intensity of his hatred towards the Presbyterian Church, he pulled down the humble dwelling of the poor widow, and caused her furniture and belongings to be carried away, leaving her and her younger bairns homeless and destitute, and exposed to the winds and weather, without food or shelter. The eldest boy, named Andrew, was reserved for a different fate. He was taken before Claverhouse, who consented to his immediate murder. The soldiers having loaded their guns prepared to shoot the lad, who stood facing them, with a Bible clasped in his hands. They commanded him to draw his bonnet over his face while they took aim; but he

replied, with a dauntless look in his brave eyes, "I can look you in the face; I have done nothing of which I need be ashamed. But as for you, how will you look in that day when you shall be judged by what is written in this book?" And he held up the Bible. The only reply from his hard-hearted persecutors was the sharp report of their guns, and the next moment Andrew fell dead, shot to the heart. Then they took up the young martyr's body and buried it in the moor.

A terrible instrument of torture called "the boots" was inflicted upon the Scottish Covenanters, while their foes watched their agonies and their swoons with fiendish glee. Thus did James seek to abolish Protestantism in Scotland.

In England, however, his cruel bigotry was somewhat restricted by English laws, but he carried forward his system of revenge so far as he had the power to do so, considering himself above all law, and strenuously endeavouring to establish and exercise an arbitrary and despotic authority, using the Anglican Church as a tool in his hands for the complete restoration of popery in our land.

While the king was thus seeking to use his so-called "dispensing power," i.e., to dispense what laws he pleased without the consent of Parliament, a rebellion against his religious persecutions and his endeavours for securing absolute monarchy, was breaking out in Scotland and in England. Many of his subjects fled to Holland, where they planned measures for the rescue of their native land; and the result of the deliberations of these exiles was the invasion of England by the Duke of Monmouth (an illegitimate son of Charles II.), and of Scotland by the Earl of Argyle. Both expeditions, ill-manned and unskilfully led, met with a disastrous fate. Argyle, with a few thousand men, penetrated to the country which lies between Loch Long and Loch Lomond, but as he crossed the river Leven, a strong body of troops prepared to oppose him, and under cover of night the earl's undisciplined army sought safety in secret flight. When the day dawned only a few hundred assembled at Kilpatrick. Disguised in the garb of a peasant Argyle sought to cross the Clyde and escape from his pursuers; but they recognised the earl beneath his rough clouts, and though he fought manfully against fearful odds he was finally struck down and captured, and dragged through Edinburgh, amid the triumphant jeers of his foes, who threatened him with torture and death if he would not name his adherents. The indomitable Christian patience of the prisoner, however, appears to have somewhat subdued the malignity of his persecutors, who spared him the threatened torture in spite of his non-betrayal of any one of his friends. On the day he died he said: "I have named none to their disadvantage. I thank God He has supported me wonderfully."

His last letter to his wife breathes pathos and sincerity: "Dear heart, God is unchangeable. He hath always been good and gracious to me, and no place alters it. Forgive me all my faults; and now comfort thyself in Him, in Whom alone true comfort is to be found. The Lord be with thee, bless and comfort thee, my dearest. Amen."

On the scaffold Argyle addressed a short speech to the bystanders, forgiving his enemies, and trusting his soul's salvation, with simple piety, to God alone.

"Are you a Protestant?" asked an Episcopalian clergyman, from the edge of the scaffold.

So died Argyle, in the full assurance that the cause of God for which he had fought and suffered was bound to triumph.

While the Scottish earl was leading his disorganised band through the moors of the north, Monmouth was descending on England, and landed at Lyme in Dorsetshire. The popular 'enthusiasm was intense when it was known for what purpose he came. The townlet was in a fever of excitement, its inhabitants crying themselves hoarse with the oft-repeated shout "A Monmouth! A Monmouth! The Protestant religion!" Crowds flocked to his side; thousands enrolled themselves in his ranks. In Devonshire his progress was triumphant.

While the men were taking up arms, the women were busy decking their windows with bright ribbons and wreaths of flowers.

A beautiful flag was embroidered by ladies, and presented to the duke by a train of young school-girls. The lady who headed the procession handed him a costly Bible. "come," he replied, "to defend the truths contained in this Book, and seal them, if it must be so, with my blood."

The decisive battle was fought at Sedgemoor. A dense fog covered the marshy way, and through the gloom and mud the insurgents advanced with cautious tread. Their hope was to have surprised the foe, but a pistol going off by mistake at a fatal moment betrayed their approach. The alarm was given. The royal troops, well organised and ready for the fray, met the attack with disciplined prowess. Monmouth lost the day; his amateur warriors fought manfully, but were no match for skilled and trained forces. Sedgemoor was the last battle fought on English soil.

Monmouth, his expectations for the crown for ever shattered, fled from the scene, and hastened into the deer forests of Hampshire, where, disguised in the rustic garb of a peasant, he hoped to elude detection; but, to cut a long story short, he was discovered hiding among the copse wood, and carried off in triumph to Ringwood.

Monmouth had not the enduring fortitude shown by Argyle. He was cast in a different mould. He wept, crawled on the ground before the king's feet, piteously seeking pardon and his life. But James, unmoved, signed the warrant for his execution, and "King Monmouth," as he had been styled, died, cruelly butchered by Ketch, the public executioner.[2] The ignominious termination of the rebellion incensed the king's hatred and tyranny towards his Protestant foes. Jeffreys, the barbarous Lord Chief Justice, Colonel Kirke, and a troop of soldiers, were dispatched to punish those who had taken part, or had abetted the rising. Appalling cruelties were inflicted by these ferocious agents of the tyrannical king ; men and women were hanged by scores at a time; the whole country was strewn with the bodies or limbs of the victims, and every village exhibited the loathsome sight of the dead or dying hanging from gibbets. Among those who unjustly suffered were two ladies. One was Mrs. Gaunt, who had given shelter to a rebel. The ungrateful wretch betrayed his benefactress; he was pardoned but she was burned alive. The other was Lady Lisle, who was accused of having sheltered two rebels, and although the charge could not be proved, she was condemned to death.

Even the young were not spared. The children who had presented the flag to Monmouth cruelly expiated their offence. Some of them were under ten years of age, and had only done as directed by their schoolmistress; yet their tender age and simple innocence did not excuse them. The Queen's maids-of-honour received the king's permission to wring money out of their parents, who were threatened that all the little girls would be imprisoned if it was not speedily forthcoming. One little maid died of fright, another was thrust into a prison where an infectious disease was raging; she caught the malady and succumbed.

We read also of two youths, William and Benjamin Hewling. The first suffered death with so much fortitude and meekness, that hopes were entertained that Benjamin would be forgiven, and his sister sought audience of the king at Whitehall with a petition for the life of her brother. "I wish well to your suit," said Lord. Churchill to her as she stood in the ante-chamber, "but do not flatter yourself with hopes. This marble," and he touched the mantel-piece, "is not harder than the heart of the king."

He was right; the tyrant turned a deaf ear to all her entreaties. Benjamin met his death with Christian fortitude.

But it is too heart-rending to cite more examples of the popish king's atrocities. Let us, however, bear in mind they were inflicted by an agent of the pope, for the purpose of destroying Protestantism and establishing the papacy in our land. Those who suffered were, many of them,

martyrs in defence of our holy faith, and looking to God for the salvation of their fatherland from the power of Rome. As one old man prayed as he mounted the scaffold where he was to die: "God hasten the downfall of Antichrist and the deliverance of England." [3]

Those who were not killed were transported beyond the seas and sold as slaves, while the Tories at home quarrelled over the profits gained by their disposal in the slave markets. Terrible were the sufferings of these poor exiles.

Judge Jeffreys enjoyed himself more than anyone. The more cruelties he was able to inflict the more he gave vent to his uncontrollable delight. He appeared to be always intoxicated—drunk, not with wine, but with the blood of his victims. On his return to London, after having completed his sanguinary mission, the king rewarded him for his fiendish zeal by raising him to the post of Lord Chancellor of England.

The rebellion gave James an excuse for increasing his army, which was now raised to some twenty thousand. This "standing army," as it was called, was in the pay of the king himself for service at home, but to support which, Parliament was requested to vote a large supply, and the Government was weak enough to grant the demand. One member only was found bold enough to oppose the measure, but the House speedily silenced him by committing him to the Tower.

The real design of the royal schemer was soon apparent. James officered his army with Romanists. England had already a popish king, now it must have a popish army. Alarmed and bewildered, the nation saw its liberties passing into the hands of those who served the pope of Rome. Heated debates went on in Parliament. The king was reminded that according to the law of the land, Romanists could not hold civil or military appointments, and that only the Government had the authority to remove disabilities.

The Test Act had been enacted as one of the great bulwarks of the Church of England against popery. It provided that all persons holding offices or places of trust were obliged to make a declaration against Transubstantiation. It was passed in 1673, and its object was to prevent political power being placed in the hands of Romanists. Past experience had proved the need for such a safeguard. But James, who considered himself above all law, sought to ride rough-shod over this important statute. He continued to grant commissions to Romanists, sought to make Parliament repeal the Act, and asserted that even if it were not repealed, he would have his own way all the same.

He sought also the repeal of the famous "Habeas Corpus Act." This law, which was based on Magna Charta, is an important safeguard of English liberty. It prevents unjust detention in prison, and requires that "justice and right without delay" be given to every man. Parliament, not complying with all the king's arrogant behests, his Majesty promptly dissolved it in July, 1687, determined to raise up on its ruins his own arbitrary despotism.

While the shadows were thus gathering over our own land, the storm had burst in all its fury on the continent. France was the scene of indescribable tragedies. Louis XIV. revoked entirely the Edict of Nantes, which had been enacted nearly ninety years previously by Henry IV., granting the Huguenots liberty to worship God according to their conscience. But Henry suffered for his kindness to the people of God, and attempt after attempt was made to murder him, till at last he fell by the hand of the assassin—another victim to the vengeance of the Jesuits.

Louis XIV was entirely under the control of the Jesuits. His Confessor, Pere la Chaise, was practically the leader of the order in France. Goaded on by the instructions and encouragements of this priest, Louis repealed the Act which protected the Protestants. Now was the French Church once more baptized with blood and indescribable sorrow. Protestant places of worship were levelled to the ground, and all the ministers were compelled to leave the country or be consigned to the galleys. The Dragonnades hunted the persecuted people to death; every kind of

torture and indignity was inflicted on those who refused to recant—women were suspended by their hair from the ceiling, or from iron hooks fixed in the chimneys; others were thrown into fires till they were miserably scorched; some were thrashed with sticks till their bones were broken; others driven mad by the ceaseless noise of kettles and drums beaten over their heads. Those who could escape did so, disguised as peasants or servants, travelling by night through unfrequented paths, concealed in a variety of ways from the deadly eye of their tormentors. Many found their way to England, and told to our countrymen the terrible sufferings they had endured.

The news of this fearful tragedy spread everywhere. Men's eyes were opened to realise that popery was unchanged, that the "dark days" of Mary's reign would speedily return if the popish James were allowed his own way. Already he was in the pay of Louis of France, and plans were being made for destroying the Protestant Church in Great Britain with the aid of a French army.

Now must England awake if she would be saved from the merciless cruelties of a Jesuitical conspiracy. James II., like Louis of France, was a tool of the Jesuits. "Father Petre" directed and enslaved the conscience of the English king, as was doing "Pere la Chaise" that of the French monarch. But the English king did not need goading on; he was pushing his schemes with a haste so reckless that it defeated the end in view. Roman Catholics, with more foresight than the king, advised a more moderate and constitutional policy; even the pope saw that the interest of the papacy would be better promoted by a wiser and cooler judgment. But James was in a hurry to destroy Protestantism and establish the pope's kingdom in our island, and his dense understanding and imperious temper could not brook delay.

The persecution of the Huguenots was, at first, a matter of regret to the Stuart schemer--not that he cared for the suffering people, but because he could not very well grant complete liberty to Romanists in England while every vestige of toleration had been taken from the Protestants in France. So James expressed sorrow, and promised that a collection should be made for their benefit. But this proclamation not pleasing Louis XIV., James gave yet another proof of his character as a turn-coat; he ceased to commiserate the sufferers, forbade them to preach against the conduct of their French sovereign, and caused a book, which had been written describing their trials, to be publicly burnt by the common hangman.[4]

The collection was taken, the generous sympathy of the English folk being so great that a large sum was subscribed. James, however, mortified at the munificence of the amount, devised a scheme which prevented the Huguenots from securing the benefit of it; he made it compulsory that they should become members of the English Church before receiving relief. "Many exiles," says Macaulay, "who had come, full of gratitude and hope to apply for succour, heard their sentence and went away broken-hearted."

The discontent among all classes grew intense but James was too dense, or too conceited to heed the warning. His father, he said, had made concessions and was beheaded; he would make none, and save his head.

In Ireland Tyrconnel ruled and spread universal dismay among the Protestant Irish. He was nick-named "Lying Dick Talbot" ; no one could utter falsehoods with such shameless volubility as he. The chief civil and military offices were taken from Protestants and given to Romanists. People met each other in the streets of Dublin with dejected looks; trade suffered; landowners sold their estates and left the country; Erin languished.

In Scotland James sought to deprive the Presbyterians of religious liberty, though at the same time he desired to see Romanists enjoying perfect freedom in the exercise of idolatry. In order to gain this aim he held out a bribe to the Scottish Parliament, offering them in return a free trade with England, and a pardon to political offenders. The bait was refused. "Let it not be said of us," exclaimed one of the members, "that we have sold our God." [5]

In England the popish net was closing round the Anglican Church. Though James professed to favour the English communion, he was all the while maturing schemes for destroying it. Seven commissioners were appointed, with the infamous Jeffreys as president, whose work was to quench the light of Protestantism. One of their first attacks was made on Dr. Sharp and the Bishop of London.

It was strictly forbidden to preach or write against popery. But Dr. Sharp, a London vicar, dared to set this prohibition at defiance. The seven commissioners forthwith ordered the Bishop of London to suspend him. Bishop Compton, however, had enough grit in him to refuse to execute this unjust mandate. His steadfastness to Protestant principles was punished by the commissioners, who "suspended both bishop and vicar by their sole illegal fiat.[6]

This act of arrogant injustice roused the storm. Every pulpit in England rang with denunciations of popery, and pamphlets and tracts from Tillotson and Stillingfleet, and hosts of lesser men, poured in thousands from every printing press.[7]

Notwithstanding this opposition, James next proceeded to attack the great institutions which had been the Church's stronghold, viz., the Universities. Cambridge and Oxford were the only training schools then possessed by the clergy; hence to capture them was an important move. Rome realised then, as she does now, that the key of the position was the instruction of youth.

A Benedictine monk presented himself at Cambridge, with a royal letter recommending him for Master of Arts. Refusing to sign the Articles he was rejected by the Vice-chancellor, who paid for his loyalty by dismissal from his office.



"Your father would have gone further," said the king

Oxford endured a more serious assault. The Master of the University, though a pervert to Rome, was authorised to retain his office in defiance of the law. A Roman Catholic was presented to the Deanery of Christ Church, and another Romanist recommended as President of Magdalen College. But the brave Fellows stood to their guns and refused the Romanist, choosing one of their own number for the headship. In vain did James visit Oxford, rating the Fellows as if they were school-boys: "I am king," said he, "I will be obeyed. Let those who refuse look to it, for they shall feel the whole weight of my hand."

The Fellows, unmoved by the threat, held steadfastly to their elected head, and refused to submit to the tyranny of the popish despot. James, however, got his way; a Romanist was installed, and the protesters were deprived of their Fellowships.

The Jesuits looked on hopefully. They set up a school in Savoy, which was crowded with youngsters who were taught to bow to the foreign yoke of the pope, rather than obey the laws of the land. Petre the Jesuit was advanced to the Privy Council.

A gorgeous chapel was opened in the Palace of St. James for the use of the king according to the rites of Rome, and monks paraded the London streets in their religious garb—apparently popery was in high favour. In order to overawe the metropolis into submission, a camp of thirteen thousand men—a part of James's standing army for conquering England to Rome — was stationed at Hounslow.

The popular discontent continued to increase; and James, even with his lack of common sense, had reason to perceive that he was losing the confidence of even the Tory nobles. One or two incidents showed him this.

On one occasion the Duke of Norfolk bore the sword of state before the king as he went to mass. The duke stopped at the chapel door, refusing to enter.

"Your father would have gone further," said the king.

"Your Majesty's father was the better man," was the duke's reply, "and he would not have gone so far."

On another occasion, when the pope's Nuncio was received in state, the Duke of Somerset was commanded to introduce him into the presence chamber.

"I am informed that I cannot do so without breaking the law," answered the young duke.

James's anger broke forth. "Do you not know," he exclaimed vehemently, "that I am above the law?"

"Your Majesty may be," was the calm retort, "but I am not."

The king wreaked his vengeance by dismissing the duke from his post, but he could not prevent the spread of resistance which was bursting forth on every hand. The popish party, however, still believed that the pope's authority would eventually become dominant in England again. Bishop Burnet travelled to Rome, and there he was shown letters which had been received at the Vatican. "There was," he said, "a high strain of insolence in their letters, and they reckoned they were so sure of the king, that they seemed to have no doubt left of their succeeding in the reduction of England." [8]

But the Jesuits had "reckoned" without England's God. As our following chapters will show, the last designs of the Stuart schemer were used by Him for the defeat of England's enemy, and the establishment of Protestantism in our God-favoured land.

Footnotes to Chapter 53

1. Macaulay
2. Macaulay,
3. Macaulay.
4. Macaulay.

5. Macaulay.

6. Dr. Paton's "British History and Papal Claims." Vol. I.

7. Green's "Short History of the English people."

8. Wylie's ."*History of Protestantism*," book xxix., chap. Xxix





Chapter LVII

BISHOPS OF THE RIGHT SORT



WHEN James II. came to the throne, a grand committee of Parliament adopted two resolutions. 1st. "That the House should stand by his Majesty for the support and defence of the reformed religion of the Church of England." 2nd. "That the House be moved to make a humble address to his Majesty, to publish his royal proclamation for putting the laws in execution against all Dissenters whatsoever from the Church of England." [1]

Lest the second resolution should involve the Romanists also in the universal danger in which Protestant Dissenters were placed, the Tories passed an absolute and comprehensive vote of confidence in the king. "The Stuart Schemer," as we have seen in our last chapter, proved himself unworthy of such trust: the papists were advanced in every possible way, while the Puritans suffered bitter persecutions. Of the latter a historian says:-

"They continued to take the most prudent measures to cover their private meetings from their adversaries. They assembled in small numbers; they frequently shifted their places of worship, and met together late in the evenings, or early in the mornings; there were friends without doors always on the watch to give notice of approaching danger. Where the dwellings of Dissenters joined, they made windows or holes in the walls, that the preacher's voice might be heard in two or three houses; they had sometimes private passages from one house to another, and trap doors for the escape of the minister, who went always in disguise, except when he was discharging his office in country towns or villages; they were admitted through back yards or gardens into the house, to avoid the observations of neighbours and passengers; for the same reason they never sang psalms, and the minister was placed in such an inward part of the house that his voice might not be heard in the streets; the doors were always locked and a sentinel placed near them to give the alarm, that the preacher might escape by some private passage, with as many of the congregation as could avoid the informers. But notwithstanding all their precautions, spies and false brethren crept in among them in disguise, their assemblies were frequently interrupted, and great sums of money raised by fines or compositions, to the discouragement of trade and industry, enriching the officers of the spiritual courts." [2]

So the rigour of an unjust law was used with violent zeal against the Puritans, the popish king thereby endeavouring to please and gain the Anglican Church to his side, and, while crushing the Dissenters, to entrap the Episcopalians by favours and flatteries, and eventually make the kingdom of the pope triumphant in our land.

But there were brave and worthy Englishmen in the English Church who refused the bait held out to them. Apostasy was the price demanded for loyalty, submission to a tyrant, and the subversion of all constitutional rights to the arbitrary despotism of a monarch who was a tool in the hands of the Jesuits. There were nobles who chose dismissal from their posts rather than thus betray their country and stifle their conscientious principles.

Hopeless of gaining the Churchmen to his side, "the Stuart Schemer" next conceived the design of winning the Dissenters, and by their means dealing a blow at the English Church, and finally to raise up the Church of Rome on the ruins of both. So, in April, 1687, he published his first "Declaration of Indulgence," which granted to all his subjects "free exercise of their religion, in addition to the perfect enjoyment of their property." At the same time he cancelled the Test Act, and the Oaths of Supremacy and Allegiance, and gave "dispensation" to all persons from the same.[3] But by such a "Declaration," the king set himself above all law; his Indulgence, though it had some good points, was in reality a deep pit, wherein the monarch hoped to engulf national liberty, and destroy the Protestant faith.

But Protestants saw the snare, and refused to take the bait held out to them. Yet to the Nonconformists the bait was, in many respects, a tempting one. They had been maltreated, persecuted, and hindered by disabilities; now they were offered freedom of worship, and protection for life and goods. They had been the butt for sneers and jeers; now they were the objects of royal favour. The Puritan garb, and the Puritan visage, had been favourite subjects for ridicule in fashionable life; now the ladies dare not giggle at the members of the sect once despised but now honoured; and the gentlemen bowed low before the Nonconformists, who held the balance of power in their own hands.

The Churchmen looked on alarmed. If the Protestant Dissenters were leagued with the king against the English Church, her downfall would be speedy. Yet what else could they expect; they had persecuted the Puritans; would these injured brethren be proof against the tempting offer for inflicting vengeance?

Altercations proceeded between the king and the Episcopal clergy. The former declared he had suffered the Nonconformists to be persecuted merely to oblige the clergy; while the clergy replied they had despised and ill-treated them merely to please the king.

The monarch then advanced a step further. Partial toleration was granted to all Presbyterians in Scotland; and the exiled Huguenots, who had been so unjustly treated and defrauded by James of the public money subscribed for them, now became objects of his sympathy and commiseration.

While the king was thus seeking to gain over his old enemies, Churchmen were not less active in endeavouring to win the favour of those whom they had lately styled schismatics. In fact, it was just like an auction, where the highest bidder secures the desired article. King and Anglican clergy vied with each other in courting the Dissenters. Fair promises and generous concessions were held out by the latter; pamphlets and leaflets were published and circulated, in which the Puritan was pleaded to choose an alliance with the Church rather than with the Court. All eyes were now turned on the Dissenters who, from being the despised of all, were now lifted up to the exalted position of the arbiter of the fate of their former persecutors.

To their honour let it be noted that, tempting as was the offer held out by the king, they could not, and would not, purchase freedom at the cost of betraying their country into the hands of the Jesuits, who ruled absolutely over the mind and actions of "the Stuart Schemer." [4] Among those who resolutely stood out against the popish design were Baxter, Bunyan, and Howe.

Baxter, as we have seen, [5] had been cruelly treated by Judge Jeffreys and thrust into prison. When the king's "Declaration of Indulgence" was issued he was set at liberty, and was told he might reside in London, without fearing that the "Five Mile Act" [6] would be enforced against him. But Baxter was too wise to be so easily deceived. He refused to give thanks to the king, and did all he could to further peace between the Anglican Church and the Presbyterians.



THE SEVEN BISHOPS

Bunyan, the immortal dreamer, had suffered much from penal laws; yet he ceased not to preach, and was often introduced to his congregation disguised as a carter in a smock frock and with a whip in his hand. Now his flock increased, and might gather to hear him without fear of intimidation. But Bunyan also was keen-sighted enough to perceive that the "Declaration" was but a scheme for the destruction of Protestantism.

Howe had been a sufferer also; but soon after the issue of the king's "Indulgence" he returned to England from banishment. The king thought to have persuaded him to use the great influence he possessed with his Nonconformist brethren to gain them over to his side; but Howe refused to acknowledge the dispensing power of the sovereign. James having been made king by law had no authority to dispense with its obligations.

This, then, was the attitude of the majority of the Dissenters; the minority, however, favoured the king's "Indulgence," and presented him with an address of thanks. But, like Samson when shorn of his locks, these conceders lost much of their power. They became more lenient in their references to idolatry, and less denunciatory of the deadly errors of popery; the message of the Gospel was not so uncompromisingly held forth by them as when the fire of persecution was purifying the speakers and the listeners. But the nation at large remained true to its principles. Its heart was like a smouldering furnace, which needs but fuel to make its angry flames leap forth; and, finally, James, who had already fanned it to fever heat, was the one to cast on the inflammable matter which caused the universal conflagration. His last mad act was the publication of a second "Declaration of Indulgence," similar to the first, which he commanded should be read on two following Sundays in every church after Divine Service. It was issued on 27th April, 1688, a little more than a year after the first. The sequel shows that if he had chosen the first of April the date would have been more appropriate!

May 10th was fixed as the first Sunday on which the "Declaration" was appointed to be read. The London clergy held a meeting to consider if they should obey the illegal mandate, and after a heated debate a resolution to refuse was passed.

Meanwhile several of the bishops were anxiously considering what step they should take. A grave and learned company met at Lambeth and discussed the serious issues at question, and the result of their deliberations was that letters were written and dispatched to several of the provincial bishops, enjoining them to repair to London without delay and to stand by their metropolitan at this crisis. Horsemen posted the missives in country towns, as it was most probable that popish emissaries would have intercepted them had they been posted in London.

The summons was obeyed with alacrity, and on the eighteenth several bishops and eminent divines met at Lambeth. Prayers were offered, and the Divine guidance was earnestly sought. After a lengthy consultation Archbishop Sancroft drew up a petition to be presented to the king. It was loyal, temperate, and respectful, but it firmly stated that the "Declaration" being illegal, the petitioners could not read it. The petition was signed by the following bishops, whose names have been ever since held in honoured remembrance by Protestants of all sects:—Lloyd, Bishop of St. Asaph, Turner of Ely, Lake of Chichester, White of Peterborough, Trelawney of Bristol, and Ken of Bath and Wells, whose beautiful hymn, "Glory to Thee, my God, this night," still voices the evening devotions of thousands.

It was late on Friday evening when the six bishops were admitted into the royal presence. The Archbishop, who had been forbidden by the Court, did not accompany them. James, who thought they had come merely to ask for a simple modification in form, received them graciously. Lloyd presented him the petition.

"This is my Lord of Canterbury's hand," said his Majesty, glancing at the paper.

"Yes, Sir, his own hand," replied the bishop.

James eagerly read its contents, and his face grew dark with anger. "This is a great surprise to me; I had not expected it from the church I have befriended. It is nothing but the standard of rebellion," he said vehemently.

"Rebellion, Sir!" exclaimed Trelawney, dropping on his knees (he belonged to an honoured ancient Cornish family). "For God's sake do not call it rebellion. No Trelawney can be a rebel. Remember that my family has fought for the crown. Remember how I served your Majesty when Monmouth was in the west."

"Yes," added Lake, "we put down the last rebellion; we shall not raise another."

"We, rebels!" exclaimed Turner passionately, "we are ready to die at your Majesty's feet."

"Sir," said Ken in a calmer tone, "I hope you will grant to us that liberty of conscience which you grant to all mankind."

But James, blinded by passion, answered in oft repeated words: "This is the standard of rebellion! This is the standard of rebellion!"

"We have two duties to perform," said Ken, "our duty to God, and our duty to your Majesty. We honour you, but we fear God."

James' wrath increased. "I will be obeyed," he exclaimed vehemently. "My Declaration shall be published. You are trumpeters of sedition. Go to your dioceses and see that I am obeyed. I will keep this paper; I will not part with it; I will remember you that signed it."

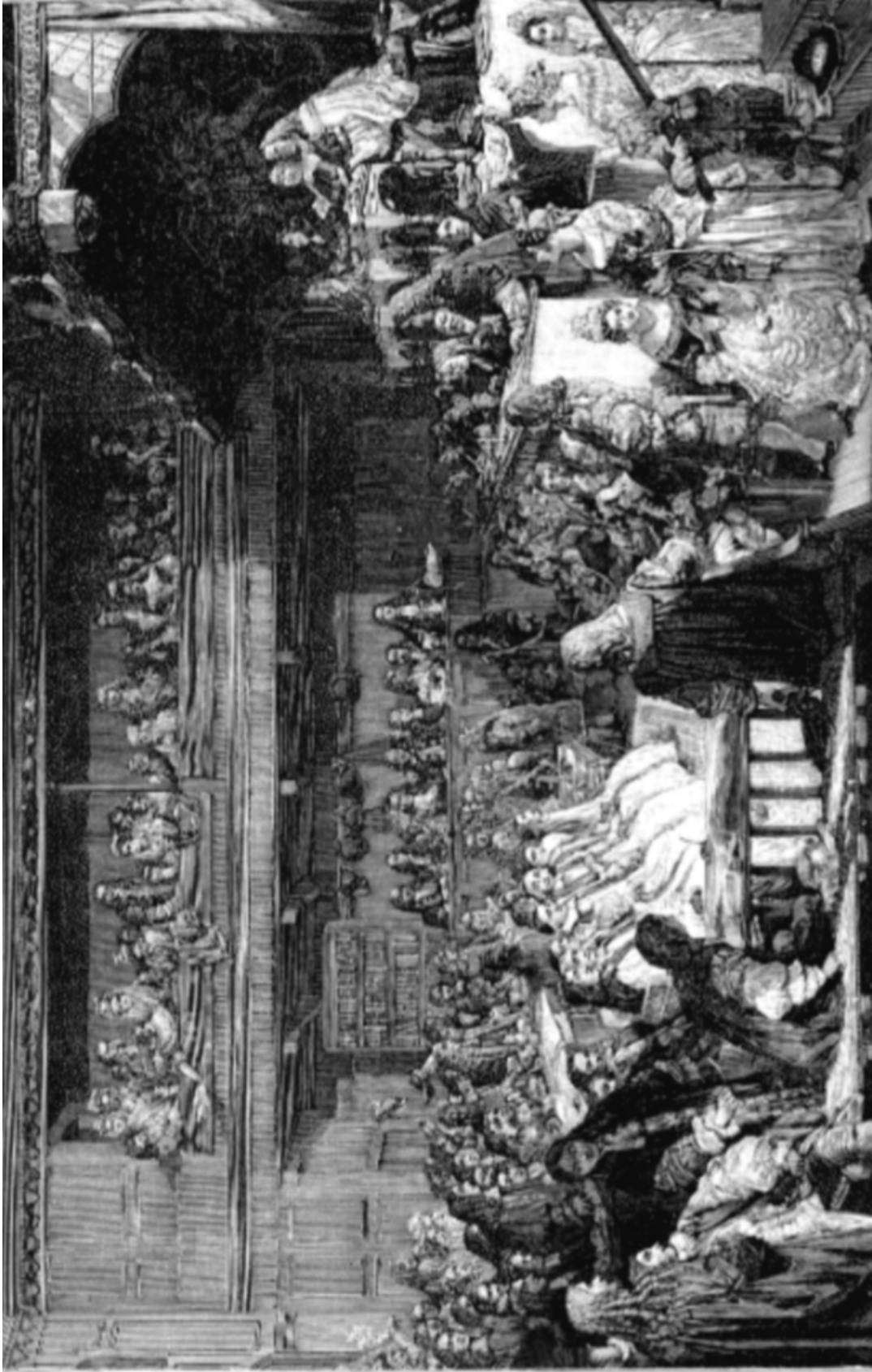
The king kept the paper, but he little thought that copies of it would be in the hands of thousands that very night. How it got abroad is not known, yet in a few hours hawkers were crying it about the streets. "Everywhere," says Macaulay, "the people rose from their beds and came out to purchase copies." As the now famous broad-sheets were scanned on every hand, the excitement grew intense.

Another leaflet roused equal enthusiasm. Secretly and anonymously printed, it was circulated broadcast in town and country, and every clergyman in England received a copy. "if we read the Declaration," ran the masterly little production, we fall to rise no more—we fall un-pitied and despised—we fall amid the curses of a nation whom our compliance will have ruined."[7]

At last Sunday, the critical day, arrived. In how many churches would the king's illegal Declaration be read? Out of the hundred parish churches in and around London, in only four was the royal mandate obeyed. At St. Gregory's, a clergyman named Martin stood up to read it; but before he had uttered a dozen words the congregation rose and left the church. In St. Matthew's it was read, but only to empty pews. In another church the officiating minister desired to read it, but the clerk had forgotten to bring the Document. The fourth place in which an effort was made was in the chapel in Westminster Abbey. Sprat, Bishop of Rochester, who officiated there as Dean, began to read, but his voice could not be heard, so loud were the murmurs and the noise of the people as they marched out. The Dean trembled so violently that the paper shook in his hand. He finished the reading, but when he looked up, dazed and frightened, the church was vacant except for two or three officials.

So far the royal scheme was a great failure.

Another week of anxiety passed, and then came the second Sunday. The churches were packed with eager, expectant congregations, but the will of the royal tyrant was again disobeyed, and the Declaration was not read, except in the very few churches mentioned above. Sprat was deprived of his position at the Abbey, and another divine took his place as reader of the



THE TRIAL OF THE SEVEN BISHOPS (From the picture by J. R. Herbert, R. A.)

"Declaration." It was hoped that he would be less nervous than the dean; but his courage was not equal to the task, in fact, he was in such a fright that he could not utter a syllable! That same Sunday, Samuel Wesley, father of John and Charles 'Wesley, took for his text the uncompromising answer of the three Hebrews to Nebuchadnezzar: "Be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."

The nation rejoiced, but the king was seriously alarmed. His design aimed at using one section of Protestants to destroy another, but, to his horror, the scheme had only drawn them closer together; the common danger had united them in the bonds of brotherly unity; old animosities were forgotten; the Nonconformists had won the gratitude of the Episcopal Church, and the Episcopal Church was rising high in the estimation of the Dissenters. Baxter publicly extolled the bishops from his pulpit. "The whole Church," wrote the papal Nuncio, "espouses the cause of the bishops. There is no reasonable expectation of a division among the Anglicans, and our hopes from the Nonconformists are vanished." [8]

What would the king do? Wise-headed men counselled him to a calm and wise action, but Jeffreys maintained that the bishops should be severely reprimanded. It was finally decided to bring them before the Court of King's bench on a charge of seditious libel. On the 8th of June, 1688, they appeared at the palace, and were summoned into the Council Chamber, where a warrant was made out, committing the archbishop and the six bishops to the Tower.

Public excitement was at fever heat. All London appeared to have gathered in the vicinity of Whitehall, and when the seven appeared under a strong guard the popular sympathy broke forth in uncontrollable power. A barge had been manned and into it the prelates were ushered, amid the enthusiastic cheers of the surging crowd. Old Father Thames was alive with boats which followed the prisoners on their watery path to the Tower; some men even dashed waist deep into the river to get the blessing of the heroes. London remembered the days when martyr-fires were ablaze in Smithfield and the provinces; in James they recognised the tyranny of Mary; in the seven bishops they were reminded of the Christian fortitude of Latimer and Ridley.

When the prisoners arrived at the Tower the very sentinels at Traitors' Gate knelt for their benediction; while the soldiers showed their sympathy by drinking to the health of the venerable champions of liberty, and which they declared they would continue to do until the bishops were set free.

Just as the cortege entered the Tower the evening service was commencing in the prison chapel. The bishops hastened thither to give God thanks for His sustaining grace; and no doubt they were much comforted when the words of the second lesson were read: "In all things approving ourselves as the ministers of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments."

The next day the bishops received many visitors, who came to offer their sympathy and encouragement; among them were ten Nonconformist ministers. Their visit appears to have caused the king great annoyance, and they were, consequently, arraigned before his Majesty; but they respectfully declared in his presence that, they could not help adhering to the prelates in their brave stand for the Protestant faith. [9]

The agitation spread to the remotest parts of England. Cornwall was especially moved, for was not Trelawney—a Cornishman—in danger? The rustics, with much gusto, sang an inspiring ballad, the refrain of which was:

**"And shall Trelawney die? And shall Trelawney die?
Then twenty thousand Cornish boys will know the reason why."**

While the hills and dales were ringing with the voices of the peasants, the miners in their caverns took up the same burden, with the variation:

"Then twenty thousand underground will know the reason why."

On the 15th of June the seven bishops were brought from the Tower to the Court of King's Bench. The public enthusiasm was as great as on the occasion of their committal to the Tower. Numbers of people knelt on the river side, invoking their blessing as the barge glided along the Thames. "Honour the king, and remember us in your prayers," said the venerable prelates with a pathetic earnestness that drew tears from the eyes of many.

The great trial did not, however, take place that day, and the accused were admitted to bail on their own recognizances,[10] their trial being fixed for that day fortnight.

On June 27th, Westminster Hall and its environs were thronged with people. Such an enormous crowd had never before met in the Court of King's Bench: all London seemed to be there, awaiting with breathless interest the issue of the day.

Four judges were on the Bench, and Wright, a worthless protégé of the brutal Jeffreys and a mere puppet in his hands, presided. The information having been read, and the handwriting of the archbishop—who wrote the famous paper—and of the six bishops who signed it, having been proved, a fierce altercation followed for a considerable time, the patient throng listening with keenest anxiety. Sometimes their hopes were raised that their seven champions would be acquitted; at others they were despondent for the result; yet not infrequently they burst into roars of laughter at the contradictions, twistings, and turnings in the questions, and answers given to, or received from, witnesses.

Evening was drawing in when the jury retired to consider the verdict. All night long they deliberated. They were twelve in number—some were Nonconformists: the foreman was Sir Robert Langley. They were packed in one room, the door of which was watched by officers, who in their turn were also watched by the solicitor for the bishops, and a body of servants. This precaution was necessary, lest someone on the side of the king should introduce food to one of the jurymen, who would thus be enabled to starve out the other eleven.

So the night grew and waned; while the jury consulted, the guards watched, and crowds, too excited to rest, walked the streets and waited for every sign of news. About four o'clock some basins of water for washing were allowed to the jury—but the tired and thirsty men drank it all up!

By that time nearly all were agreed on their verdict, but Michael Arnold still held out. He was brewer to the palace, and keenly felt the unpleasant predicament in which he was placed.

"Whatever I do," Arnold bitterly complained, "I shall be ruined. If I say, Not guilty, I shall brew no more ale for the king; and if I say, Guilty, I shall brew no more for anybody else."

He remained obstinate, and refused to acquit the bishops.

"If you come to that," said another jurymen, named Austin, "look at me." Every eye was turned upon him and upon his stalwart and robust frame.

"I am the biggest and strongest of the twelve," he continued, "and before I find such a petition as this as libel, here I will stay until I am no bigger than a tobacco-pipe."

There was such an immense difference between Austin's huge proportions and a little tobacco-pipe, that the comparison evidently had some effect on the king's brewer. It would certainly take

a long time, much longer than Arnold would care to sit, tired and hungry, before the burly Austin would be reduced to so small a compass as a tobacco-pipe. Yet it was six o'clock before he would yield.

When the Court again met to hear the verdict, an immense crowd thronged the Hall; and when the foreman of the jury pronounced the stirring words, "Not guilty," a joyous and tremendous huzza from thousands of throats nearly rent the roof. In a moment the glad tidings were known to the eager multitude outside, who answered with a yet louder shout; and cheer after cheer went up from every tavern and coffee-house; roar after roar from thousands of throats in every part of the great city clave the air; peals of gunpowder announced the news down the Thames; while the bells of many parish churches called the people to give thanks to God, for yet another triumph of Protestant Light over the forces of Darkness.

When the news was made known to the king, who was at Hounslow with his "standing army"—that army which had been raised to put down Protestantism—he was much troubled.

"So much the worse for them," muttered "the Stuart Schemer."

In his presence the soldiers did not dare to give vent to their feelings; but as soon as James had set out for London a great cheer went up. The king asked what the noise meant. "Nothing," was the reply; "the soldiers are glad that the bishops are acquitted."

"Do you call that nothing?" said James.

With darkened brow the humiliated and angry monarch rode on, repeating his words: "So much the worse for them."

That night tumultuous rejoicings took place: the Londoners expressed their glee by bonfires and fireworks and processions. Figures of the pope—and at his ear a devil with horns and tail—were borne with much pomp through the streets, and were followed by a train of "Cardinals" and "Jesuits." In the provinces the news was received with joy, and similar tokens of public delight were manifested in many a town and village.

The "Trial of the Seven Bishops" is a famous event in our English Protestant history; two hostile sections then were united in defence against a common danger. In these days Episcopalians and Nonconformists should take this leaf out of the book of the past, and stand shoulder to shoulder against the same ancient and wily foes of God's Israel. Would that we had now even seven "bishops of the right sort."

Footnotes to Chapter 57

1. Vaughan's "*Memorials of the Stuart Dynasty*."
2. Neal's "*History of the Puritans*."
3. Paton's "*British History and Papal Claims*."
4. Macaulay.
5. See Chapter I VIII
6. The "Five Mile Act" prohibited dissenters from residing in London. They were compelled to place at least five miles between their residence and the metropolis.

7. Macaulay.

8. "*History of Religion in England from the opening of the Long' Parliament to 1850*," by John Stoughton, D .D., vol. Iv.

9. "History of Religion in England from the opening of the ' Long ' Parliament to 1850," by John Stoughton, D.D., vol. iv.

10. Ibid.





Chapter LVIII THE GLORIOUS REVOLUTION



I T must be now, or never!

Such was William's (Prince of Orange) exclamation when the surprising news was brought to him that James II., King of England, had at last become the father of a son and heir. For some time past, the invasion of England for the purpose of delivering it from Popery had been in the minds of the Dutch prince and his statesmen; but the fitting opportunity did not appear to have arrived until this unexpected appearance of the little Prince of Wales.

Hardly two people in a thousand believed that the infant was really the child of Mary Modena and James II. It was thought that the babe had been secretly introduced into the palace—perhaps in a silver warming-pan—and was now palmed off on the British public as the real son of the King of England, and heir apparent to the English throne.

We need not wonder that this should have been the popular opinion: "the Stuart Schemer" had so often deceived his subjects, had laid so many plots, and attempted such varied designs for the overthrow of Protestantism, that to smuggle in a supposititious child was only one more link in that chain of bondage, with which the popish king strove to coerce Protestant England, and bring it once more under the iron heel of Rome. People remembered that a similar trick was attempted in Mary's reign, and was only frustrated by the refusal of the mother, who could not be bribed by money into surrendering her child, even though the brilliant prospects of the English crown might have fallen to its lot.[1] With such retrospect, it is not astonishing that people in 1688 could not credit the statement that the queen had a son. Mary, the wife of William, Prince of Orange, was the heir-apparent if the king should have no male child. But Mary was a Protestant, and her royal father hated the religion to which she was devoted. If she succeeded to the English throne, she and her husband would free England from every popish yoke which the king had schemed in every conceivable way to hang round the neck of our forefathers. The Protestant princess's accession could only be overthrown by the birth of a son to the queen of James. Whether the infant was or was not a genuine Prince of Wales has never been proved. Rome, of course, says he was; and in St. Peter's in Rome is to be seen a monument erected to the memory of James Stuart, his son and grandsons. James, "the Pretender," is here styled King of England. The expenses of the monument were, we regret to say, defrayed by George IV.[2]

William at first placed firm credence in the assertion that the child was a genuine Prince of Wales, but afterwards thoroughly disbelieved it. Whether true or false, the fact remained the same that the boy would be reared an ardent papist; Jesuits would be his instructors, and his mind and inclinations would be trained to hate Protestantism and love Popery; he would be taught that his one aim should be to put down the former and all its adherents, and to rear up and

establish the kingdom of the pope in our land. If England, therefore, was to be saved, it must be, said her valiant champion, "now, or never."

William, Prince of Orange, who played so great a part in the history of our nation, reminds us of his famous predecessor and name-sake, William the Conqueror; but we are struck rather with the contrasts, than the similarities between them. Both were great statesmen, both came from a foreign shore, and both were remarkable for strength of character; but beyond these few points the parallel ceases.



William III., the Prince of Orange

The first William was of a herculean physique ; his boyhood, passed amid clashing of arms and the war-notes of a turbulent people, had developed his savage nature into one of the most terrible of the Norsemen. When he invaded our land he conquered it by fire and bloodshed, and laid its defenders under serfdom.

William III was cast in a very different mould. His frame was feeble, his face thin and pale, the intense brightness of his eye could not banish the settled melancholy of his expression; yet those who knew him best realised that, beneath that grave and taciturn demeanour was a master spirit that could not be shaken by dangers or reverses, and was equal to enterprises demanding the calmest judgment, and the most enduring fortitude.

At an early age he was left an Orphan, and other troubles quickly followed. The hereditary stadtholdership, which had been held by his ancestors, was taken from him. The training of young William fell mainly into the hands of De Witt, an unscrupulous man, who in a hostile manner sought to deprive the lad of his hereditary rights, and to give him an education far inferior to that which his rank demanded. Under his mother's care, however, a good foundation of useful knowledge had been laid, and the restrictions, placed upon him after her death, did not damp his ardent spirit; "the ambition to emulate the fame of his great predecessors, and to secure the power which they had wielded, took root within him from his boyish years, and grew steadily with his growth." [3] The religious faith in which he was reared was that of strict Calvinism. A staunch believer in predestination, he thought himself foreordained for a great work.

But the prospects of this child of sorrow did not brighten all at once. The common people loved him; but the ministers of the Republic watched his every movement, and noted his every word with a scrutiny that amounted to persecution. He was only fifteen when the servants who appeared devoted to his interests were all removed; not a human being remained by his side upon whom he could safely rely. William remonstrated with tears in his eyes, but to no purpose. His path was thorny, and beset with difficulties, and thus it was that he learnt the art of treading warily, concealing his designs, watching his opportunities, choosing his instruments, and patiently waiting his time. A weak spirit would have been unnerved by the bitter hostility to which he was exposed, but William's was only braced into vigour. Thus England's future king was fitted, by providential circumstances, for that great part he was destined to play in the history of English Protestantism. The furnace of affliction was moulding a great statesman and a Christian hero. He was only seventeen when the Government gave him notice to quit his ancestral abode at The Hague. To this mandate he gave a spirited reply, declaring that only force should cause him to leave the old home of his forefathers. Fearing a rising among the people if they pushed the step further, William was allowed to remain.

His day of prosperity at last arrived. Early in the year 1672 England declared war against the Dutch; and the armies of the French king poured into their United Provinces, and took their chief strongholds. In the midst of these disasters all eyes looked to the young William for help. An insurrection in his favour took place, and he was finally elected stadtholder. De Witt and his party, who had so often sought in vain to harass William and beset him with dangers, had the mortification of seeing him exalted to the position of Prince of Orange, which was his by hereditary right. De Witt & Co. were assassinated by the riotous mob. William led his people to victory, and peace was eventually secured by treaty.

In 1671 William had visited England, and gained a keen insight into the religious questions in our land—a knowledge which he found invaluable in later years. Six years later, on the anniversary of his birthday, November 4th, he was married to Mary, the Duke of York's eldest daughter. When her father (James II.) became King of England, Mary was heir-apparent to the English throne. To her the English folk looked, as their forefathers had looked to the Lady Elizabeth, for deliverance from the tyranny and schemes of popery. James had no affection for his daughter and he hated the Protestant faith to which she was devoted; he knew that if she succeeded him, his many schemes for establishing popery would be overthrown.

When the birth of a Prince of Wales was made known, not only did the people realise that their hope was dashed to the ground, but most of them believed, as we have seen, that the infant was a supposititious child.

"Now, or never!" exclaimed the Prince of Orange. For a long time the calm and patient statesman had waited his opportunity—it had come at last. England needed a deliverer, and he recognised that he was destined to be her champion and leader. With his usual caution and practised statesmanship, he would not, however, make the venture until he was assured of the support of the English. He knew that Jeffrey's "bloody Circuit" was still fresh in the minds of

many, and that with the example given to them of Monmouth's unsuccessful rising, people might be slow to gather to his side in the interests of a similar enterprise; therefore he demanded a definite invitation from the land whose cause he was ready to espouse.



Lord Russel and William III

About the time that the king had issued his second "Declaration of Indulgence," the famous Edward Russel crossed to the Hague, and forcibly represented to the prince the crisis which had arrived, and the state of public opinion. This man had once been a sailor of some note and in the previous reign had risen to an office in the palace. Now, he was among those who were prepared to defend their liberties, by the sword if necessary, against the tyranny of the popish James.

William demanded an invitation; but Russel showed him that it would be dangerous to entrust the secrets of the design to many persons. William agreed, and said he desired only the signatures of a few influential and representative men.

Russel returned to London, and quickly sought the aid of a trusty few. During his absence excitement had increased, and the public mind was more heated than ever. The imprisonment of the seven bishops, and the news of a son to James, considerably aided his efforts. A paper was drawn up and signed in cipher by the seven leaders of the conspiracy---"the immortal seven," as they have been called--viz., Lords Shrewsbury, Devonshire, Dunby, Lumley, Compton (Bishop of London), Edward Russel and Henry Sidney. Admiral Herbert undertook the perilous part of conveying the document to The Hague. Disguised in the garb of a peasant, he started on his journey timid the sounds of London's tumultuous rejoicings at the acquittal of the seven prelates. Reaching the Dutch coast in safety, Herbert presented the important document to William, Prince of Orange. The famous paper, which was in the handwriting of Henry Sidney, formally invited the prince to England, with as little delay as possible. If he would appear at the head of some troops, tens of thousands would flock to his banner. They pledged their life and honour that they would join him. There was discontent in every class and even the army and navy shared the general disaffection. They, however, remonstrated with His Highness on one point. He had sent congratulations to Whitehall on the birth of the pretended Prince of Wales. This was a serious error, and had damped the zeal of many; for very few believed the child to

be the son of the queen, and it was necessary that this doubtful point should be put forward as one of his prominent reasons for coming to England.

Long and grave deliberations followed the reading of the missive and the result was the omission of the prayer for the "Prince of Wales" in the Princess's chapel.

The project was fraught with considerable difficulties, with which only mature statecraft could safely grapple. William was Protestant to the backbone; and though he respected and admired the Church of England, his leanings were rather to the Puritanical form of worship. His first aim was Protestantism for Holland; his second for Europe. The task that lay before him was to overthrow popery in our island; but this must be done in a way that should not alienate the Continental powers, some of which abhorred the Protestant faith he was pledged to maintain, and were staunch adherents of the apostasy he was invited to put down.

Yet so warily did this great statesman go to work, that at first it was believed he contemplated only an attack on France ; even the pope was hoodwinked and advanced a sum of money for war against Louis XIV., who had offended him. Rome, who had over-reached so many, was herself overreached this time, and unwittingly aided the Prince to defeat her own aims.[4]

Another difficulty was that of obtaining sufficient troops. Past experience had shown that a rabble such as followed Monmouth would not bring the affair to a successful issue; it was necessary to have a disciplined army; but this could not be forthcoming except with the consent of the States of every province. Amsterdam was specially antagonistic to the House of Orange and particularly favourable to Louis of France; yet even this obstacle was overcome: and eventually the States agreed to assist the prince with ships and forces on his expedition to England.

France, however, still continued a serious impediment; for though it had been given out that William's military preparations were only for an attack on the French, yet Louis and his keen-sighted counsellors saw through the subterfuge, and the French monarch hastened to warn James of the storm that was brewing against him. Not only did he warn him, but he also offered substantial aid. Avaut, the French minister at the Hague, was ordered to acquaint the Dutch States with the fact that Louis was prepared to champion the interests of His Britannic Majesty; that any attack on England would be taken as a declaration of war against France. The agitation in the Assembly of the States was intense. No one felt the danger more keenly than William.

"My sufferings, my disquiet," he wrote, "are dreadful. I hardly see my way. Never in my life did I so much feel the need of God's guidance."[5]

We may be sure the Christian prince sought earnestly that divine guidance of which he realised his need; and he did not seek in vain. The counsel of Ahithophel was turned to foolishness: James, instead of gladly accepting the proffered help, appeared offended that it had been offered. Louis, he imagined, had only some selfish aim in view. Was he a child or an imbecile that he must needs be under the protection of a foreign king? No, he would not allow himself to be humiliated before the eyes of all Europe, by accepting a patronage he had not demanded. "My good brother," said James, "has excellent qualities, but flattery and vanity have turned his head."[6]

Louis was now justly indignant, and increasingly alarmed. He saw that the invasion of England was no idle dream of the Dutch prince. Yet so vexed was the French monarch that he withdrew his troops from Flanders, and instead of making the intended move against the Dutch, which would have frustrated the design of the Prince of Orange, he poured his army into Germany.

Thus God guided the prince who looked to Him for help.

Preparations for the invasion of England were pushed forward with increased activity. Opposition at home had ceased, assurance of support came from abroad. William felt his way was clearing. An excellent man, Frederic, Count of Schoenberg, was chosen as his General. He was a German, and was "generally considered the greatest living master of the art of war," says Macaulay. He had been in the service of the French king, and, notwithstanding the intrigues of the Jesuits against him, he had risen to the position of Marshal of France. He was not only a soldier, but a Christian warrior, and rather than deny his Protestant faith he had resigned his high commission and the favour of the French king, and retired to Berlin. He had visited England, he knew English fluently, and was in every way, both as a military leader and a Protestant champion, fitted for the post of General to William's army.

While the Prince of Orange was hastening his preparations, James was doing all he could to ruin his own interests, and to increase the general discontent. The acquittal of the seven bishops had not improved his temper, and the popular demonstrations of delight at their acquittal considerably increased his ill-humour. He determined to have his revenge, not only against the bishops who had signed the petition, but also against the whole Anglican clergy. Chancellors of dioceses and all archdeacons were commanded to make keen enquiry in their respective jurisdictions, and to report the names of all those who had not read the king's Declaration of Indulgence. By this means James hoped to have arraigned about ten thousand culprits before a court which would show them no mercy; and his Majesty revelled in the anticipation of the terrible punishments he expected would be inflicted on them. But an unexpected blow fell on his Ecclesiastical Commission, Spratt, bishop of Rochester, who had been one of its members, sent in his resignation. He had read the Declaration, he said, but he would not be a party to chastise those who had conscientiously refused to do so. The commissioners read the message with greatest anxiety. They realised that the Commission had received a mortal blow.

The discontent spread in all quarters among the clergy, the gentry, and the army; and the last proved so refractory, that James found it impossible to further rely on them. He had wished them to stand by him, in every effort he put forth to dispense with the obligations of the Test Act ; and those men who would not comply must immediately quit the service. In an instant whole ranks laid down their pikes and muskets, showing they chose dismissal rather than aid the king to break the law. The mortified sovereign stood silent and aghast. Then, as he bade them take up their arms, he muttered "Another time I shall not do you the honour to consult you." [7]

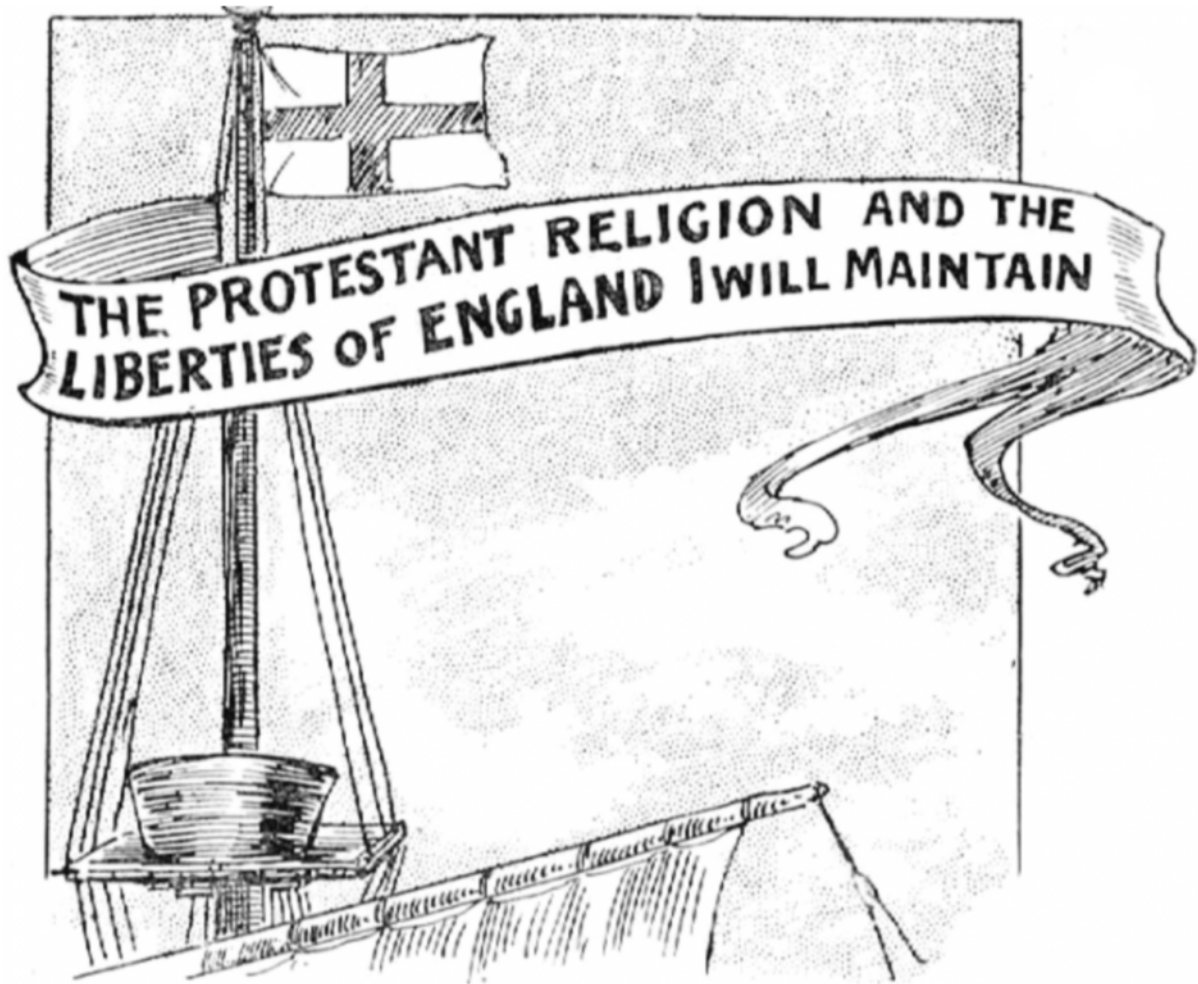
Public indignation rose high when the king sought to remodel his army by the introduction of Irish troops. Regiments trained by the infamous Tyrconnel were landed on the western coasts and marched towards London, and Irish recruits replaced the vacancies in the English regiments.

In those days Englishmen looked upon the sons of Erin as little better than barbarians, and to see them marshalled on our shores, seemed worse than the landing of any foreign foe. People remembered the rebellion of 1641, when tens of thousands of Protestants were massacred. The very sound of the Irish brogue, the very sight of the uncouth warriors from the Emerald Isle, fanned the popular English resentment into fever heat. Many Roman Catholics also shared the public aversion to this latest development of the imbecile policy of the Stuart Schemer. The feeling of the people found vent in a doggerel rhyme that was sung from one end of the land to the other. It was a satirical ballad, written by Wharton, setting forth the fanatical administration of Tyrconnel. It was called "Lillibullero." In town and hamlet, in the cottage and the barrack-room, the idle refrain was heard:

**"The English confusion to popery drink,
Lillibullero bullen a la."**

The opportune moment for the enterprise of William of Orange was fast arriving, and his preparations were nearing completion. In the second week in October, 1688, the prince issued his famous Declaration, which set forth fifteen particulars in which the English laws had been

set at naught—such as the king's exercise of his so-called "dispensing power;" the violation of the Test Act by appointment of Romanists to judicial, military, and other offices; the many illegal measures of his Majesty for the establishment of popery ; the infringement of charters, etc. The paper also referred to the grave suspicion that the child called "the Prince of Wales" was not born of the Queen, and stated that the expedition of the Prince of Orange was undertaken to redress grievances, to assemble a free Parliament, which should legislate on all questions referring to the laws of the land, and the maintenance of the Protestant religion; and also that enquiry should be made into the birth of the pretended Prince of Wales. When these various matters were settled, the Dutch troops should be withdrawn.



The Flag of William of Orange

On October 16th William took an affecting leave of the States-General, and a few days later set sail. A violent storm obliged him to put back until November 1st, when a favourable wind allowed him to make a second venture. The contrary wind had been noted with anxiety in England, when the Dutch deliverer was impatiently expected. "Crowds stood in Cheapside," says Macaulay, "gazing intently at the weather-cock on the graceful steeple of the Bow Church, and praying for a Protestant wind." Great was their joy when it blew the right way at last.

But that, which was granting delighted hope to the people, was filling the king with gravest alarm. He had at the eleventh hour been awakened to a sense of his danger. He hastened to augment his army, to make as concessions, to proclaim protection to the Church of England, and many who had been dismissed from their posts were reinstated; he received an audience of the bishops and listened to their counsel; the fellows whom he had driven from Oxford were to be restored on the 21st October. On the previous day the king went down in person to perform the ceremony, but ere the next day had dawned James received the news that William's fleet had



LANDING OF WILLIAM OF ORANGE

been driven back by a storm. The rumour, immensely exaggerated, allayed the fears of the monarch—temporarily, at least. William's attack seemed out of the question, and, the immediate danger being over. James gave yet another example of his mean and deceitful character; the ceremony at Oxford did not take place, and orders, for granting reparation to those whom he had despoiled, were revoked.

But James's hope of security proved to be false. William was advancing before a Protestant wind, his flag unfurled, displaying the arms of Nassau quartered with those of England, and embellished with a motto embroidered in letters three feet long:-

The liberties of England and the Protestant religion I will maintain.

Gallantly the Protestant Armada rode before the gale, the "Brill" with the prince on board leading the way. A hundred years earlier a popish Armada had set sail for the destruction of Protestantism in England now a Protestant fleet is speeding to the same shore, having for its object the subversion of popery. The former suffered shipwreck, the latter enjoyed the special protection and guidance of Divine Providence.

About six hundred vessels, with canvas fully spread, reached the Straits of Dover at midday on November 3rd; the shores of Calais and the white cliffs of Dover could be seen by those on board, and the fortresses of each were saluted at the same time by the men-of-war on the extreme left and right. Both coasts were densely thronged with spectators. By sunset the gallant fleet was off Beachy Head. As the twilight fell lights were kindled, and the ocean for many miles seemed a blaze of 'fire, while on the stern of the "Brill," three huge lanterns shed forth a brilliant illumination. It was a magnificent spectacle.

Meanwhile a horseman, putting spurs to his steed, galloped with haste to Whitehall to announce the approach of the invaders. By a well-made ruse William had given the foe the impression that he was making for the Yorkshire coast, whither an army had been dispatched—it was now necessary to recall it. All available forces were ordered to the south-west: Portsmouth was strongly garrisoned, and Salisbury was chosen as the rallying point.

Sunday, November 4th, dawned clear and bright, revealing the cliffs of the isle of Wight to the Dutch armament. To William the day was a threefold sacred one—it was Sunday, the anniversary of his birth, and also of his marriage. The sails were slackened, and Divine service was held on board the ships, and we may be sure very heartfelt prayers ascended to Him, who alone is the arbiter of a nation's destinies.

During the afternoon and night the fleet continued on its way. Torbay was the spot where, it was hoped, the landing would be effected; but Monday morning dawned with a November mist obscuring the sea-marks, and thus, misleading the pilot, the fleet was carried too far to the west. The danger was now great, and to continue farther was the last thing to be desired, for the next port was well garrisoned, and to return was impossible, for the breeze blew from the east.

"You may go to prayers, Doctor," said Edward Russel to Dr. Burnet, "all is over."

Dr. Burnet was chaplain to the wife of William; he is famous also as the author of a History of the Reformation and other works.

Before Dr. Burnet had time "to go to prayers," the answer from heaven was vouchsafed. Suddenly the wind changed, the mist dispersed, and a "Protestant wind" sprang up from the right direction, quickly carrying the ships amid the sunshine to the haven where they would be—Torbay harbour was reached in safety.

Very different was Torbay, that November day, to what it is now. It was then but a haven for ships; its shores but sparsely studded with fishermen's huts and peasants' cots had, then, no signs of its future fame, as an attractive watering-place.

Without difficulty the landing of William and his men took place. A couple of horses were easily procured and mounted on these, the prince and General Schomberg hastened to examine the country.

Dr. Burnet was profuse in his congratulations and delighted expressions. William took him by the hand and good-humouredly asked:-

"Well, Doctor, what do you think of predestination now? William was a strict Calvinist. The Doctor, a strong Arminian, warily replied that he should never forget the signal manner in which Providence had favoured their undertaking.

But the discomforts, at first, were many. That night the future King of England, who was chosen to do so much towards shaping the destiny of our nation, slept in a poor and lowly hut with his banner floating on the roof, showing its immortal motto.



An aged woman touched his hand

The next day rose bright and clear, the waves were hushed, the wind was stilled, the waters of Torbay lay calm like, a sea of crystal, and the favourable weather considerably aided the work of landing the horse's: the ships were able to approach much nearer the shore and many of the noble animals swam to land. This had barely been accomplished when the gale rose again and blew fiercely from the west, thus effectually stopping the advance of the enemy's vessels, which were compelled to take refuge in Portsmouth. People, who knew how the Spanish Armada had been destroyed by the storm which God had sent, recognised that the same Divine hand was again marvellously manifested to deliver.

The day after his landing William's troops began to march into the country and reached as far as Newton Abbot, where the prince was magnificently entertained at the house of Courtenay, the representative of an old and honoured family. In the mean while Devonshire, and especially Exeter, became intensely agitated. Townsmen and country-folk watched, with open mouths and eager eyes, the Dutch regiments as they marched along. Helmets and cuirasses glittered in the dull November weather, and the war-horses pranced. Swedish horsemen in black armour and fur cloaks also attracted much attention, but all eyes were chiefly drawn towards the prince himself, in dazzling armour, mounted on a snow-white charger, and attended by forty running footmen. Cheer after cheer greeted the welcome deliverer, and the enthusiasm increased, as the noble banner was borne aloft in the midst of gentlemen and pages, arrayed in the picturesque costumes of those times. With glad interest the multitude who thronged the way, or gazed from the old-fashioned windows, or had climbed the roofs, clapped and shouted their huzzas with no uncertain delight.

An aged woman, who for nearly thirty years had endured persecution, and witnessed many an atrocity of cruel Judge Jeffrey's "Bloody Circuit," and yet held fast her Puritan convictions, dashed through the crowd, and running the gauntlet of the armed soldiers, rushed to the side of the great prince, that she might touch his hand, and declare her joy that, now, the consolation of Israel, for which she had waited these many weary years, had come at last.

William seemed lifted out of his habitual gravit ; the falcon eye was bright with hope and gratitude, and the ample forehead seemed crowned with the glad anticipation of a complete triumph. Next to the prince, his general, Schoenberg, drew universal attention. The aged warrior, with his scarred face, was the hero of many a battle.

On Sunday, November 11th, Dr. Burnet preached in Exeter Cathedral before the prince, dilating on the singular favours of Divine Providence granted to this island of ours.

Meanwhile the excitement in London was intense. The strength and numbers of the foreign army had been intensely exaggerated; and James, at last fully awake to his danger, in vain sought to discover the names of those who signed the invitation to William. He, who had so often schemed for the ruin of others, was slow to recognise those who were conspiring against himself. Yet, it soon became manifest that, many, in whom he had placed confidence, were fast forsaking him, and embracing the cause of the Prince of Orange.

Landowners and nobles flocked to the banner of the deliverer—not hastily, for Monmouth's ill-fated rebellion was fresh in the minds of many; nevertheless, they came, tardily at first, more boldly later, till William's camp took the appearance of a court. He gave them a public reception and a public speech, in which he said:

"Gentlemen, friends, and fellow Protestants, we bid you and all your followers most heartily welcome to our court and camp."[8]

The next step was to organise the party. A meeting was held in the historic Cathedral, when a paper, drawn up by Burnet, was eagerly signed by those who pledged themselves to stand by the Prince of Orange, and never to relinquish their efforts till the liberties of the country had been

secured. Soon afterwards a message arrived from the Earl of Bath, the Governor of Plymouth, placing his fortress and troops at the prince's disposal. While the west was thus greeting the invaders, the north also was rising; Cheshire, Manchester, York were fast combining to confront the king and welcome the prince.

In vain some petitioners, headed by Archbishop Sancroft, waited on the king, begging him to call a free and legal Parliament, which should open negotiations with the Prince of Orange. To this common-sense request His Majesty replied, he should make no overtures to the enemy; if a messenger came from the prince he should be instantly dismissed without an answer, and if a second were sent he should be hanged. In this spirit of ill-humour the king proceeded to Salisbury, and took up his residence in the episcopal palace. Unfavourable reports reached him from every side. Cornbray, nephew of James's first wife, deserted to the prince's camp; and Prince George of Denmark, husband of the king's daughter Anne, went next, and others followed their example. The Princess Anne disappeared in a carriage from Whitehall and fled to Nottingham, preceded by a gallant looking protector arrayed in a "purple velvet coat and jack-boots, with pistols in his holsters, and a sword in his hand." This valiant champion was none other than Compton, Bishop of London.[9] The Churchills also, long favourites of the king, deserted to the prince.

These calamities drove James back to London.

At first he had been desirous of a definite battle, knowing that whatever the ultimate issue was, bloodshed would be injurious to the cause of the prince. William, well aware of this, was anxious to avoid a fight; and beyond a skirmish or two, in which his men gained the advantage, no warfare took place. These skirmishes, the second of which took place at Reading, were between the Irish soldiers and the Dutch; and as the English resented the introduction of Irish soldiers into England, the victory to the latter gave unbounded satisfaction.

The evil news, which constantly reached the king, determined him to abandon the idea of a battle, and the royal troops were ordered to retire from Salisbury. Great was then the uproar in the camp, for many who were ready to fight were unwilling to endure the shame of a retreat.

William then marched towards Salisbury, the people flocking to see and bless him. He was on horseback, and constantly acknowledged their greetings by taking off his plumed hat, saying: "Thank you, good people; I am come to secure the Protestant religion, and to free you from popery."

Meanwhile, the unhappy king's dull intellect realised that, his safest plan was to seek terms with his foes. A Proclamation was issued calling on his revolted subjects to return to their allegiance, and promising them pardon. The Dutch troops were invited to come over to his side, with a tempting bribe of festive entertainments and a safe dismissal to their own country. A few days later--on the last day of that memorable November---a second Proclamation was issued calling a Parliament. But these negotiations were only a feint to cover his real design—a flight to France. "This negotiation," said he to the French ambassador, "is a mere feint. I must send commissioners to my nephew that I may gain time to ship off my wife and the Prince of Wales. You know the temper of my troops. None but the Irish will stand by me; and the Irish are not in sufficient force to resist the enemy. A Parliament would impose on me conditions which I could not endure. I should be forced to undo all that I have ever done for the Catholics, and to break with the King of France. As soon, therefore, as the queen and my child are safe I shall leave England." [10]

Lauzun, a Frenchman who had passed through the chequered experiences of enjoying his monarch's smile and enduring his frown, gladly undertook the task of conveying the queen and infant to France. In a bleak night and blinding rain the royal lady and the ill-fated child escaped



**JAMES II RECEIVING THE NEWS OF THE LANDING OF
THE PRINCE WILLIAM OF ORANGE**

by a back staircase, entered a boat, were rowed down the Thames, and eventually reached the French coast without mishap.

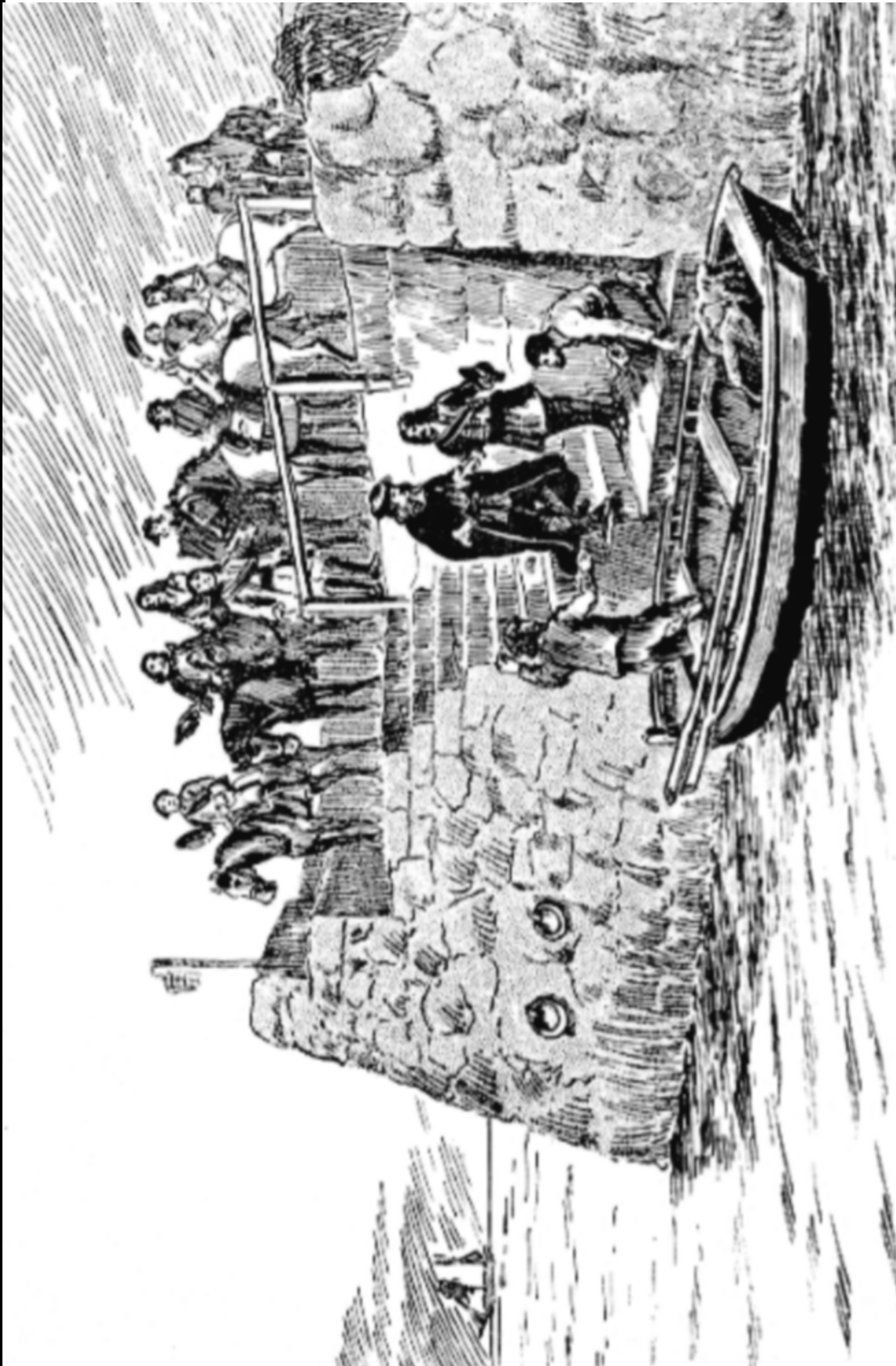
The next day, early in the grey dawn, another royal personage sought safety in flight. The king, with the great seal tightly grasped in his hand, disappeared through a secret passage, entered a coach that was awaiting him, which drove him to Millbank, where a skiff was ready to convey him down the Thames. As the boat glided along the king dropped the great seal into the river; but it was fished up many months later in a fisherman's net. This great seal, if affixed to any document, gives it legal authority, even without an Act of Parliament. The king, fearing it might be made use of to impose statutes against his own interests, took this precaution of concealing it beneath the waters.

When the ignominious flight of the wretched king was made known, intense was the excitement in London. James had gone; William had not arrived. Throwing off all restraint, disorganised mobs paraded the city, inciting riots, and brawling "No Popery" along every street and narrow lane.

One of the most exciting incidents, of that wild time in the capital, was the arrest of the notorious Judge Jeffreys. That inhuman monster, who had gloated over the tortures of his victims with fiendish glee, was not destined to pass without retribution. Disguised as a sailor and with shaved-off eyebrows, his ugly head was peering through the window of an ale-house, and a passer-by, once a victim of his brutality, recognised the savage eye and demoniacal leer of his countenance. In a moment the alarm was given. The inn was instantly, surrounded with a crowd mad with rage. With difficulty he was saved from being torn to pieces, and hastily carried off to the Lord Mayor. This official, unused to disturbances, was so bewildered and alarmed when the trembling fugitive was borne into his presence, accompanied by the bellowing curses of an infuriated crowd, that he immediately fell into a fit. Jeffreys was conveyed to the Tower, the trainbands with difficulty keeping back the howling thousands, who followed him with loud execrations.

As that day of terror closed, a night of horror followed. A rumour was circulated that the disbanded Irish soldiers were coming: to murder the Protestants. A panic ensued, every house was barricaded, men equipped themselves for fight, and soon the whole city was in arms. The report proved to be false, but that terrible "Irish" night was long remembered. Notwithstanding the disorganisation, the riots, the thefts, and demolition of the houses of the papists, it should be recorded, to the honour of Protestants, that not a single Romanist lost his life. Not only was this the case in London, but in every county where the revolution spread, the Roman Catholics were not injured. Had the revolution been a popish one, no such mercy would have been shown to the Protestants.

William at length advanced towards London; but ere he had reached the capital, the astounding news was brought to him that the king, who everyone thought had escaped across the sea, was still on English soil. James had sped towards Sheerness as fast as relays of coach-horses could drag his carriage. A hoy lay near the island of Sheppey, ready for the royal fugitive; but a storm caused a delay in her departure. The king had gone on board, but his appearance having aroused suspicion, some of the rabble followed him, and before the vessel could start the passengers were hustled to shore and taken to an inn. Some thought they were Jesuits, and James at first was mistaken for the notorious Father Petre; but being at last recognised, in spite of his disguise in a wig of a different colour and shape from the one he generally wore, the crowd fell back awed and astonished. They assured him he should not be hurt; but, nevertheless, he was a prisoner. What a pitiable object he was, as trembling, anxious and heart-broken, he supplicated the mob to let him go! His brain, never a clear one, seemed utterly bewildered now; and for half-an-hour, or longer, he addressed them wildly on a variety of subjects—from Magdalen College down to the piece of a relic he had lost.



ESCAPE OF JAMES THE SECOND

William, who was at Windsor, heard with deep regret the news of the king's detention. Just when his way was clearing, and a vacant throne seemed opening to him, his prospects appeared suddenly overcast. But the cloud was only temporary; James, who requested an interview with the prince, but was wisely refused, was bidden to remain at Rochester, whither he had been allowed to remove. Before the reply was received, however, the king had returned to London. Expressions of commiseration, even of loyalty, greeted him, so that for a while the wretched monarch imagined that he was again winning the favour of the people. But he was soon undeceived. He was made to understand that William was ruler, and that both the king's troops and the king himself must quit the capital.

"Two days after his return to London, the baffled schemer was conducted to the waterside, and stepped on board the barge, guarded by Dutch soldiers, and ready to convey him down the river. It was a piteous scene—the man, once a king, but now a king no longer, taking farewell not of his London home only, but bidding adieu also to his regal glory; all his schemes and ambitions—buried in the grave of his own-made misfortunes. He was conveyed to Rochester, where every means was taken to facilitate his escape. So long as he remained in England, William's task was rendered more difficult and embarrassing, and great was the relief and joy when it was reported that he had safely crossed to France on the evening of Saturday, December 22nd.

Thus ignominiously closed we believe for ever the history of a dynasty which might have been great. Its ruin was a prelude to the overthrow of that foreign despotic power—popery, which James had sought arduously, but in vain to establish in our land.

With the Stuart Schemer's" desertion turned over new leaf in the annals of her Protestant faith. The old, time-worn darkness was receding; the English crown was about to be placed on the brow of a Protestant king; Protestantism ascended the English throne; the Light, that can never go out, was fanned into a brighter flame, and England's glory days were near at hand.

Footnotes to Chapter 58

1. Froude
2. Murray's "*Rome*," p. 1051.
3. "*William the Third*," by H. D. Traill
4. "*History of Religion in England*," by John Stoughton, D.D., vol. V
5. Macaulay.
6. Ibid
7. Macaulay.
8. Macaulay.
9. "*The History of Religion in England*," by J. Stoughton, D.D.
10. Macaulay's "*History of England*."





Chapter LIX

PROTESTANTISM ASCENDS THE THRONE



THOUGH it was an inclement day in December, London had never looked gayer. In the vicinity of St. James's Palace, the popular demonstrations of gladness seemed specially remarkable. A vast crowd had collected in that neighbourhood, and every hat and cloak was adorned with a bow of orange ribbon.

It was evening before the impatiently expected hero appeared, in a light carriage, with the veteran Schomberg by his side. William entered the Palace, and in a short time its staircases were thronged with those who came to pay him their respectful acknowledgments.

The next day many influential visitors, with difficulty, elbowed their way through the throng, into the prince's presence. Among them were the magistrates of the city, with their recorder, Sir George Treby, who voiced the gratitude of the metropolis in a simple though eloquent address. "The House of Nassau," he said, "had been divinely set apart and consecrated to the high office of defending truth and freedom against tyrants from generation to generation." [1]

The clergy, led by the Bishop of London (one of those who had invited over the prince), also came to pay their court. Dissenting ministers—once regarded with an unchristian sneer, and not long since the butt for the Anglican sarcasm—now mingled freely with their episcopal brethren, receiving courtesy and kindness which, not many months before, would have seemed impossible; it was soon noticeable that the Calvinist prince looked upon the Dissenters with favour.

Among the lawyers who presented themselves was the aged Maynard. "You must have survived all the lawyers of your standing," said the prince to him. His reply was a witty commentary on the chaotic state of law and order:—"Yes, sir, and but for Your Highness, I should have survived the laws too."

William had succeeded in throwing down the lawless policy of the fugitive king; the yet more difficult task now lay before him of building up a lawful government. Many realised the extreme intricacies of his position, and not a few puzzled over the matter, some suggesting one plan, some another.

Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, who had not accompanied the bishops when they paid court to the prince, and who still clung with a blinded devotion to the kingly rights of the absent James, sought to find the correct solution to the problem. How is the new master of England to be regarded? Shall he be declared king? Or shall Mary be queen, her husband having only an interest in the government through her right? Or shall William be declared regent administering affairs in the king's name?

he last proposal commended itself best to the perplexed prelate, as he sat hour after hour conning over the difficulty, with pen in hand, covering sheets of paper with these suggestions. Bishops and clergy met at Lambeth to discuss the great puzzle. When the substance of their debates became known, the meetings were given the name of the Lambeth or Jacobite Clubs.[2]

The peers and bishops presented an address to William, desiring him to summon a Convention by Circular letters, and in the meanwhile to undertake the management of public affairs. In order to obtain a wider declaration of public consent, the prince invited all the members who had sat in the House of Commons during the Parliaments of Charles II.[3] —the only freely elected Parliament which could be summoned in that emergency. All the Scotchmen of rank in London were also assembled. They unanimously seconded the proposal of the Lords, and the prince then proceeded to issue circular letters to the counties and corporations of England, requesting them to send their elected representatives. The convention met on 22nd January, 1689. It was composed of Protestants only, a large majority of which were Episcopalians, a small minority were Nonconformists.

One of their first proceedings was to fix a day for general thanksgiving. It took place On the 31st inst., Dr. Burnet preaching before the Commons on that occasion:—"You feel a great deal, and promise a great deal more; and you are now in the right way to it when you come with the solemnities of Thanksgiving to offer up your acknowledgments to that Fountain of Life, to Whom you owe this new lease of your own."

A few days previously the House voted that:—" King James II., having endeavoured to subvert the constitution of this kingdom by breaking the original contract between king and people, and, by advice of Jesuits and other wicked persons, having violated the fundamental laws, and withdrawn himself out of the kingdom, had abdicated the government, and that the throne was thereby vacant."

This resolution of the Commons was, after much debate and opposition, adopted by the Lords. Thanks were given to the clergy who had refused to read the king's Declaration. It was resolved that past experiences had proved that it was inconsistent with the welfare and safety of the realm, that this Protestant kingdom should be governed by a popish monarch. It was declared by a committee who discussed the best methods for securing religious liberty that "Effectual provision be made for the liberty of Protestants in the exercise of their religion and for uniting all Protestants in the matter of public worship as far as may be."

It is well for us to note these measures; they were the herald of that perfect religious liberty which all enjoy in our free England to-day—the rising dawn of the full day of Gospel freedom.

Whether William should be declared king or regent, or whether Mary should be sole sovereign, were questions that continued to be hotly discussed. From the times of the Anglo-Saxon to the Anglo-Norman dynasties two fundamental points had been steadily observed in the succession of the crown, viz., that of hereditary right, and popular election. That the crown should pass from the king to one of his blood was universally deemed right; but that when a national crisis made it expedient that one royal personage should succeed rather than another, the popular election should decide the succession. Mary was the heir apparent, and therefore had hereditary right to the throne, but William could only reign by election.

In the midst of these debates, the prince thought it time to hasten the settlement. The suggestion of a regent, or that Mary should be sole ruler, while he shared by courtesy in her power, were projects to which he could not agree. If one or other was adopted he would return to Holland. This decision finally brought the matter to a conclusion. It was determined that the Prince and Princess of Orange should be declared king and queen; and upon 13th February, 1689, the crown was formally tendered to William and Mary upon the conditions implied in the:-

"DECLARATION OF RIGHTS"

This famous Bill enacted by Parliament was read before William and Mary on that auspicious occasion. Both were seated under a canopy of state in the Banqueting-house at Whitehall.

The document is too long to quote in full, but the following extracts should be carefully noted and remembered. The Act of Supremacy runs: " I, A. B., do swear that I do from my heart abhor, detest, and abjure as impious and heretical, that damnable doctrine and position that princes excommunicated or deprived by the pope, or any authority of the see of Rome, may be deposed or murdered by their subjects, or any other whatsoever. And I do declare that no foreign prince, person, prelate, state or potentate hath, or ought to have, any jurisdiction, power, superiority, pre-eminence, or authority, ecclesiastical or spiritual, within this realm, so help me God."

The ninth article is one of the most important parts of the Bill, and it was enacted as a bulwark against the papacy, firmly establishing the throne on a Protestant basis, and making it impossible for any, but a Protestant, to be sovereign of these realms. It is as follows:--

"And whereas it hath been found by experience that it is inconsistent with the safety and welfare of this Protestant kingdom to be governed by a popish prince, or by any king or queen marrying a papist; the said Lords, Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons do further pray that it may be enacted, that all and every person and persons that is, are, or shall be reconciled to, or shall hold communion with the see or Church of Rome, or shall profess the popish religion, or shall marry a papist, shall be excluded, and be forever incapable to inherit, possess, or enjoy the crown and government of this realm, and Ireland, and the Dominions thereunto belonging, or any part of the same, or to have, use, or exercise any regal power, authority, or jurisdiction within the same; and in all and every such case or cases the people of these realms shall be and are hereby absolved of their allegiance; and the said crown and government shall from time to time descend to and be enjoyed by such person or persons, being Protestants, as should have inherited and enjoyed the same, in case the said person or persons so reconciled, holding communion, or marrying as aforesaid, were naturally dead."

The tenth Article enacted: "That every king and queen of this realm who at any time hereafter shall come to and succeed in the imperial crown of this kingdom shall, on the first day of the meeting of the first Parliament next after his or her coming to the crown, sitting in his or her throne in the House of Peers, in the presence of the Lords and Commons therein assembled, or at his or her coronation, before such person or persons who shall administer the coronation oath to him or her, at the time of his or her taking the said oath (which first happen) make, subscribe, and repeat the declaration mentioned, and the statute made in the thirteenth year of the reign of King Charles II., entitled: Act for the more effective preserving the king's person and government by disabling papists from sitting in either House of Parliament. But if it shall happen that such king or queen, upon his or her succession to the crown of this realm, shall be under the age of twelve years, then every such king or queen shall make, subscribe, and audibly repeat the said declaration at his or her coronation, or the first day of meeting of the first Parliament as aforesaid which shall first happen after such king or queen shall have attained the said age of twelve years."

The Act of the reign of King Charles II. referred to above was enacted in 1673 in order to exclude Romanists from political power. All persons holding any civil or military office were required to make a declaration against transubstantiation. This was the Test Act so frequently and shamelessly violated by James II.

The famous Bill or Declaration of Rights was enacted, as Lord Falkland said during the debate: "For the people's sake, that posterity may never again be in danger of popery and arbitrary power."[4]

The "people" in this twentieth century should see to it that no Act be carried which would be likely to abolish, or weaken, this bulwark of their liberty.

When the document had been read, Halifax, the Speaker of the Lords, tendered the crown of William and Mary, "in the name of both Houses, the representatives of the nation."

The prince returned the following reply:—"My Lords and Gentlemen, this is certainly the greatest proof of the trust you have in us that can be given, which is the thing that makes us value it the more; and we thankfully accept what you have offered to us. And as I had no other intention in coming hither than to preserve your religion, laws and liberties, so you may be sure that I shall endeavour to support them, and shall be willing to concur in anything that shall be for the good of the kingdom, and to do all that is in my power to advance the welfare and glory' of the Nation."

That same day the Declaration of Rights was read in three other places, viz., at Temple Bar between the two gates, at Cheapside, and at the Royal Exchange.

Thus the whole nation was informed with all stately ceremony, "that Almighty God in His great mercy had vouchsafed us a miraculous deliverance from popery and arbitrary power; and that to William—to whom under God they owed their preservation, and to Mary who was zealous for the Protestant faith—the crown in terms of the Declaration of Rights had been offered and willingly accepted by them."

That memorable day, 13th February, 1689, has been fittingly described as the

BIRTHDAY OF MODERN BRITAIN

Then it was that the long struggle which had lasted, more or less, since the time of King. John was decided. The famous Magna Charta, wrung from that craven monarch, laid the foundation of that national liberty which was fully secured in the reign of William III. For long centuries the forces of Protestantism had been contending against the encroachments of a foreign religious despotism: the Bill of Rights overthrew the devices of Rome, and established the throne and legislature on an immovable Protestant basis. For ages Light and Darkness had met in mortal combat; now, at length, Light was victorious. How often in the preceding pages we have watched the flickering flame trembling in the socket; now we behold it shining forth in a blaze of glory, giving promise of the greatness of the Empire it was destined to illumine.

In the fourteenth century Wycliffe had stood forth as the champion of the Light that can never go out. From our land it had shone forth to others, and heralded the dawn of day on foreign shores as well as on ours. Now we see it returning to the land from which it had set out, appointed to illumine the world—the English throne, destined to become the greatest in the world, was won for the Reformation—Light itself was enthroned in triumph, and streaming forth from our fatherland was fore-ordained in the future to shed blessing and healing to many millions, out of every nation and kindred throughout the globe.

William and Mary were crowned on 11th April, 1689, in Westminster Abbey. When for the first time the coronation oath was taken, the king and queen pledging themselves to preserve the church "as it is now established by law," a Bible was presented to the sovereigns as "the most valuable thing the world contains." Among the treasures in the royal library at the Hague is the self-same Bible, in which the queen had inscribed the words: "This book was given the king and I at our Coronation.—Marie, R."

Sancroft the primate declining to perform the ceremony, it was done by Compton, bishop of London. This incident is noteworthy. Not Sancroft only, but several other of the prelates also showed much dissatisfaction at the new accession. The doctrine of the "divine rights of kings"

had been so largely promulgated, that some churchmen considered it a part of the creed of the English church. That William had ascended the throne while the fugitive king was still living, appears to have considerably shocked the sensibilities of even most of those seven worthies who had so conspicuously distinguished themselves against popery, choosing imprisonment rather than obey an illegal mandate of their sovereign. But when the prince, who had been instrumental in delivering them from his bondage, was elected king, they could not be persuaded to take the oath of allegiance. Up to the 1st of August they were free to discharge their functions, but after that, and as they still refused to take the oath they were suspended, though continuing to enjoy their benefices and reside in their palaces for some time longer.[5]

Their case caused intense interest. People remembered their trial and their imprisonment. Their loyalty on that occasion to their Protestant principles was extolled; and the account of their sufferings pitifully rehearsed. But at the same time disappointment was felt that the bishops should have fallen short in the next scene of the great drama. Their scruples were ridiculed; it was said their sufferings had been exaggerated; their present narrowness robbed them of much of the glory with which their former heroism had encircled them in the popular mind.

It is well for us to note these facts. They show us that the ascension of Protestantism was not due to our Episcopal leaders. It was brought about, under Providence, by the free Parliament elected by the people, who presented the crown to William of Orange who was the champion of Protestantism, not in England only, but in all Europe. At that time France was the chief popish power, and her king, Louis XIV., the principal royal servant of the pope. England from henceforth became the leading Protestant power; and by her laws, civil and religious, presented a formidable bulwark against the encroachments and usurpations of Rome. Time and experience have shown it to be invulnerable.

None rejoiced more than the Puritans at the triumph of the new king. To them William III. was a heaven-sent deliverer. They ceased not to invoke divine blessings on his head, and to thank God for his accession. For the first time they experienced the joys of religious freedom. Their reward was just. The Ruler of the world had seen their noble refusal of the tempting bribe held out to them by the Stuart king. They would not purchase liberty at the cost of betraying their country to Rome; now liberty had come to them, and they could embrace it with honour.

Although Protestants rejoiced, the Romanists had nothing to fear. From the very first, the Christian hero had given orders that no violence of any kind should be shown to the persons, or dwellings, of the papists. Dr. Burnet was directed to see the mandate carried out. This worthy doctor was a staunch Protestant and a Christian man. He listened kindly to the complaints of papists, procured passports for those who wished to leave the country, and visited the popish bishops who were imprisoned in Newgate, and assured them that as soon as William was free to act as he wished, they should be set at liberty.[6]

William's Declaration was followed by a counterfeit one, pronouncing threats and persecutions towards the papists. Of this document William knew nothing till it was issued. He "totally disowned it"[7] and by his charitable and tolerant policy towards those whom he could only regard as idolaters, he provided an object lesson of the Christian and beneficial character of Protestantism—a marked characteristic of our faith further exemplified, at the present day, by the overwhelming kindness and toleration shown to the slaves of the pope, by England, the greatest and leading Protestant power of the world.

The glorious revolution of 1688 was unique in the annals of revolutions. Contrast it with the French revolution of a century later. Towards the close of the eighteenth century, France threw off the yoke of Rome by the most awful and sanguinary methods, so that the era of her emancipation from popish tyranny was a "reign of terror." Why? Because it was wrought by infidel forces that regarded not the Bible, but blasphemed the God whom Rome had insulted, for many long centuries, by her false doctrines.

The English revolution of 1688 was characterised by the greatest leniency to enemies; there was no persecution, no violation of Divine or human laws. The event stands forth in the pages of English history, in letters of gold. Why? Because it was wrought by Protestant forces, that took the Bible as their guide, and whose object was to uphold the honour of Christ and the truth of His Word. "We never could be of that mind," were William's memorable words, "that violence was suited to the advancing of true religion; nor do we intend that our authority shall ever be a tool to the irregular passions of any party." [8]

Notwithstanding his tolerant policy, William was not without enemies. In Scotland the Highland clans rose to uphold the cause of the fallen Stuart. Graham of Claverhouse—the infamous persecutor of the Covenanters, and now Viscount Dundee—led the rebels; but at the battle of Killiecrankie in Perthshire, just when the clansmen were getting the better of the fight, he lost his life, shot by a bullet from the forces of General Mackay. After his death the insurrection gradually abated, and the Highland army dispersed.

Troubles in Ireland assumed a more serious aspect. James was the favoured guest of Louis XIV., and was living in St. Germain's on the bounty of the French monarch, who gave him every encouragement in his efforts to regain the crown of England. In the spring of 1689, James left France, and crossed to Ireland, and landed at Kinsale. The Emerald Isle had always been considered, by James, as a refuge for himself and his co-religionists. Tyrconnel had been made General and afterwards Lord Deputy. "Lying Dick Talbot," as he was called, had made every preparation for a possible crisis. The army was disbanded of its Protestant soldiers, and only papists allowed to fill its ranks. The same process remodelled the bench of Judges; and the Mayors and Sheriffs were all Romanists. Little wonder that the Protestants looked on askance, dreading another Irish massacre. Many in the south fled from the country; while those in the north, realising that union is strength, drew together at Enniskillen and Londonderry.

When James reached Ireland he found about fifty thousand popish men rallied to Tyrconnel's standard. One of the first schemes of the cashiered king was to send about half that number to the north, in order to overcome the Protestants who had gathered there.

Then took place the famous siege of Londonderry.

Seven thousand who had not bowed the knee to Baal held the city wall, a weak and timeworn battlement; a few old guns manned its feeble strength, but these were fired with so desperate an attack, and aimed with so steady a determination, that the enemy could make no headway against the "No surrender" of the besieged. But hunger and fever wrought disaster among the brave men and women of Derry. With pale and haggard faces the defenders, nerved by an invincible spirit, resolved to die sooner than yield one iota to the opposing forces of the popish James.

The siege had lasted 150 days, and the wretched morsels of food, upon which they barely kept themselves alive, were nearly exhausted when the help, so long and bravely expected, appeared. King William's forces came to their aid. One of the English ships broke the boom across the river, and the besiegers quickly withdrew, followed and routed by a charge from Enniskillen.

The panic-stricken army fell back on Dublin, where James had summoned a popish Parliament, and was working havoc among the Protestants. Clergy were driven from their parishes, and the Fellows and Scholars of Trinity College were turned out. A Bill of Attainder was passed, by which three thousand Protestants of name and fortune were deprived of all civil rights, and of the power to inherit or transmit their property. [9] The ruin of all Protestant settlers in Ireland was the object of the frenzied party of James.

Among the sufferers was Roussel, a French Protestant minister. When the Edict of Nantes was revoked, this worthy man had been witness of many of the atrocities committed against the

defenceless Huguenots. With courage equal to his convictions, he had stood, at the request of his congregation, amid the ruins of one of the demolished churches, and had sought to cheer his suffering flock with words of comfort. For his brave and Christian act he was condemned to be broken on the wheel; but before the dread sentence could be executed he managed to escape from France, and was in Ireland at the time of James's arrival there. The brutal Stuart delivered him to the ambassador of Louis, who caused him to be conveyed to France to undergo the awful sentence.[10]

Meanwhile, the Jacobite party in England were looking out for the appearance of a French fleet. Messages from France were being secretly conveyed to the malcontents, who looked upon William as a -usurper, and still clung to the ill-fated James as their anointed king.

Serious as was the aspect of affairs in England, the presence of William was needed to quell the insurrection in Ireland, where James had issued a Declaration urging the Irish to stand by him. His financial difficulties were supplied by robbing the Protestants; but this means at last failing, the Stuart schemer looked to Louis for help. The French monarch, whose chief desire was to crush Protestantism, sent an army of seven or eight thousand, under the command of Lauzun, who arrived to find the land and its government in a state of chaos, where everyone seemed bent on quarrelling with, and plundering, his neighbour!

It was now the year 1690. In the month of June William set out for unhappy Ireland, having first entreated the faithful Dr. Burnet for his prayers. Soon after was fought the battle of the Boyne. When the intrepid warrior king caught sight of the Irish colours, he exclaimed with delight, "Ah, I am glad to see you, gentlemen; if you escape me now, the fault will be mine!" He was never at so great advantage as on his war-charger, leading his men to battle and to victory.

Amid the summer sunshine of a July day, the English army plunged into the river. The Irish forces were defeated, and James, who had looked on helplessly, fled to Kinsale and thence to France, followed by the scorn of even his followers. Other fights took place, but the struggle in Ireland was short; and eventually its conquest was so thorough, that for a century at least the sister isle ceased to be a cause of any anxiety to England. The battle of the Boyne established the throne of William, and the people who had elected him king looked with increasing dissatisfaction on the minority who composed the "Jacobites."

But Louis of France, the champion of the Jesuits and of popery, was wholly bent on destroying the cause of Protestantism; and William had barely left England for Ireland, when Tourville, the French Admiral, put to sea, under orders for the invasion of England. Gaining a victory off Beachy Head against the English and Dutch fleet, Tourville and his men landed near Teignmouth. But the news of William's victory at the Boyne dissipated all hopes of a Jacobite rising. Further fighting followed, and the English gained the victory of La Hogue. After their defeat, the French lost their place as a great naval power. The "Empire of the Seas" was destined to fall to the lot of Protestant England, which Louis had vainly sought to crush.

The Peace of Ryswick (1697) put an end to the war between William and Louis. By this treaty Louis pledged his word never again to make any attempt to disturb or subvert the existing government of England. The news of the peace caused immense joy in England. Guns were fired, flags and triumphal arches decorated the historic capital, and at night bonfires illumined its narrow thoroughfares. Four years later Louis broke his word and violated his pledge.

In the meanwhile the Queen of England died of small-pox, and was buried with all pomp in Westminster Abbey. The heir apparent to the throne—the son of Princess Anne, the young Duke of Gloucester—died some five or six years later. This event necessitated the settlement of the succession. Hence in 1701 was passed the famous:



**THE APPRENTICE BOYS OF LONDONDERRY SHUTTING THE GATES OF THE CITY IN
FACE OF KING JAMES' ARMY**

ACT OF SETTLEMENT

---which determined that if either William or Anne had no children, the Princess Sophia, Duchess Dowager of Hanover, should succeed to the English throne on the death of the latter (the Princess Anne), who was a daughter of James II., and wife of Prince George of Denmark, thus excluding the popish Prince of Wales. Sophia was a daughter of James I. of England; she married the Elector of Hanover, and was the mother of our George I.

This Act perpetuated the Protestant succession to the throne, and enjoined that only a member of the Church of England should wear the crown. Thus all papists were for ever excluded from the English throne.

The same year (1701) the cashiered king, James II., worn out by his chequered life, died at the palace of St. Germain. At his death-bed Louis promised that he would acknowledge his son as King of England—thus violating the treaty of Ryswick, and deliberately defying the provisions of the Act of Settlement.

When William met his Parliament, he spoke these memorable words:—"Let there be no other distinctions heard amongst us for the future, but of those who are for the Protestant religion and the present establishment, and of those who mean a popish prince and a French government. I will only add this, if you do in good earnest desire to see England hold the balance of Europe, and to be indeed at the head of the Protestant interest, it will appear by your right improving the present opportunity.[11] Loyal addresses poured in from all parties, especially from the Non-conformists, who pledged themselves to maintain his, and his successors', Protestant rights.

Parliament passed the *Abjuration Bill*, requiring all to acknowledge William as lawful and rightful king. Thus every effort of Rome only tended to more firmly establish Protestantism on the English throne.

But William's never robust frame was declining in strength, and early in the next year (1702) he departed from the vexations and trials of this life to the rest and reward above. He was our first monarch who loved and upheld a constitutional system of religious liberty. His wise and tolerant policy has laid all posterity under a deep obligation. In his days—and under God by his means—Protestantism was established on a sure and, let us hope, an immovable basis.

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Footnotes to Chapter 59

1. Macaulay.
2. "*History of Religion in England*," by J. Stoughton, DD., vol. v.
3. Hume.
4. Paton's "*British History and Papal Claims*," vol. x
5. "*History of Religion in England*," by J. Stoughton, D.D., vol. V.
6. Macaulay.
7. Paton's "*British History and Papal Claims*."
8. Green's "*Short History of the English People*."

9. Green's "*Short History of the English People.*"

10. Stoughton

11. Stoughton





ELIZABETH FRY MINISTERING TO THE PRISONERS AT NEWGATE



Chapter LX

THE LIGHT IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY



REMEMDOUS changes passed over our Land during the eighteenth century--changes political and spiritual. With regard to the first, we find at the beginning of the century that the "Glorious Revolution" is still agitating men's minds, and the Protestant succession seemed oft in danger. But as the century advanced, the Protestant Settlement became more fully established, and Great Britain grew into Greater Britain.

The spiritual aspect, too, underwent marked change. At the outset of the century, darkness, more or less, appeared to hang over most classes—darkness moral and spiritual. The Church of England was paralysed by the effects of the Uniformity Act; and the Puritans were losing the power of their first love, amid circumstances of greater freedom and security, such as they had never known before the days of William III. But God raised up His lights--men and women endued with the Holy Spirit—who were instrumental in kindling the Gospel torch in many districts, and whose Evangelistic work shook England from north to south.

The movement was wrought—not by any Church, or section of the Church, but by individual members, mainly from the Anglican branch. We will first glance at the political side, and then turn our attention to the spiritual, noting those men and women who were specially used to trim the lamp of God.

William, of "glorious memory," was succeeded by Anne, daughter of James II.— the Act of Settlement having excluded the popish Prince of Wales. Queen Anne was crowned with the full Protestant coronation service, in April, 1702. Before the close of the year she appeared at the opening of her first Parliament, when she said:—"I am resolved to defend and maintain the Church as by law established, and to protect you in the full enjoyment of your rights and liberties; so I rely upon your care of me. My interests and yours are inseparable, and my endeavours shall never be wanting to make you all safe and happy."

It soon became apparent that the queen favoured the Church "as by law established," rather than the Dissenters. High Churchmen, who had been kept in check during the reign of William III., now received royal encouragement, and soon manifested their dislike of their Nonconformist brethren. Pulpit and Press echoed against them. Among the many publications which then appeared, one is worthy of note. It was written by Daniel De Foe, [1] and was called, "Shortest way with Dissenters." Apparently it was the most crushing effusion against them. They were audacious, ignorant, and viperous brood, said the writer. They had been too leniently dealt with; but now their day was over, their fall had come ; they should be rooted out—exterminated like the Huguenots of France, or knocked dead at once like vermin that polluted the land.

This inflammatory pamphlet was published and widely circulated. At first nobody knew who had penned it, for the author's name was not given but most people believed it was written in earnest. Dissenters were alarmed; Churchmen were shocked at the drastic measures proposed.

At length the secret leaked out—it was only a satire on the unchristian temper of the High Church party! It was nothing more nor less than a mirror, intended to reflect the uncharitable

feeling of the Established Church! High Churchmen were enraged at the exposure of the hatred in their own hearts; while Nonconformists chuckled over their discomfiture—though not a few were grieved that such a weapon had been used in their defence.

The author, however, was not allowed to escape the wrath of the Government. The House of Commons condemned the pamphlet, a copy of which was committed to the flames, and De Foe was sentenced to a fine and imprisonment, and to stand three times in the pillory. But public sympathy was on his side, and he underwent his sentence amid popular acclamations. The pillory was adorned with garlands of flowers, and the condemned man mounted it with the triumph of a hero.

The publication, however, was not without good results. It influenced in some degree the rejection by the House of Lords of the "Bill for Preventing Occasional Conformity,"[2] aimed against the Dissenters. By the Sacramental Test Act of 1673, all persons in offices of trust were compelled to partake, once a year at least, of the Holy Communion according to the rites of the Church of England. The new Bill disabled all who went thereafter to meetings of Dissenters from holding their posts, and inflicted a considerable fine (£5 per day) on those who continued their employments, and went to Nonconformist churches. The Commons made several attempts to bring this persecuting Act into force, but it never passed the Upper House.

A Parliamentary measure much more to the honour of the Legislature was a Bill, passed by both Houses, strengthening the Protestant succession. The oath abjuring the "pretended Prince of Wales" was required to be taken by all in England and Ireland. In order to realise the importance of this measure, we must bear in mind that the Pretender, who never ceased to lay claim to the English crown, continued to be warmly supported by Louis of France.

The danger in Scotland was apparent when, in 1703, efforts were made to raise a rebellion there, and to invade this country with a French force. The ultimate result of this agitation, and others, was the legislative union between England and Scotland. In April, 1 1706, Commissioners from both countries met near Whitehall, and agreed that there should be "one kingdom by the name of Great Britain, governed by one and the same Parliament," and that the succession to the monarchy be limited by the Act of Settlement passed in the previous reign. The Parliament of Scotland approved of the Union, but at the same time secured inviolate her own Protestant Presbyterian form of religion. The Act also provided that every sovereign at succession should "swear and subscribe" to maintain and preserve "inviolably" the aforesaid Settlement of the Church of Scotland. So Scotland parted with her Parliament, just as when comes to "the end o' an auld sang," as one of the members quaintly put it; but she still continued the sweeter melody of her national faith.

The first Parliament of Great Britain assembled in October, 1707. A few months later both Houses presented an address to the queen regarding "The threatened invasion of her Kingdom by a Popish Pretender. "Louis XIV made an effort to place the Pretender on the Scottish throne, but his scheme happily failed. The power of France was on the wane. Marlborough had humbled her in four great battles; but it was not till 1713 that the Treaty of Utrecht brought peace to Europe. France was thereby bound to give no further assistance to the Pretender, and to acknowledge the queen's title and the Protestant succession to the English throne.

Only one more incident claims our notice in Anne's reign. Before peace had been made with France, and while wild dreams of a restored Stuart dynasty were exciting the Jacobite party, Henry Sacheverell, a High-Church zealot, added considerable fuel to the public excitement. While preaching in St. Paul's he denounced the Protestant revolution, and advocated the fierce

persecution of all Nonconformists. The fanatical preacher was tried and found guilty, and forbidden to preach for three years.

The Stuart: claims, which had caused frequent agitation in Anne's reign, continued in the reign of her successor, George. I; in fact, the popish revolt in favour of the prince, whom papists called James III., was not fully terminated till George II had finally overcome the Pretender.

George I. has been characteristically styled "the gentleman usher"---he was content to be a figure head, and leave the government of the nation to wiser heads: for the "wee. German lairdie," as the Jacobites ironically called him, had very few ideas necessary in a ruler, and not sufficient force of character to stem the agitated movements of his British subjects. He was a stranger in a strange land disliked by the masses for being a foreigner, and yet welcomed with thankfulness by the majority, "as being the only means to continue amongst us our present happy settlement." George I. was the great-grandson of James I., and his accession was determined by the Act of Settlement, in order to exclude the popish person of James II.

1715 there. was a Jacobite revolt in favour of the Pretender. Parliament was engrossed with the efforts of his supporters, and declared it "would stand by and assist His Majesty at the hazard of lives and fortunes." But James, like his father was more adept at fleeing in the moment of danger than in facing it. After a defeat of his party in Scotland, the poor hero sought safety in a speedy flight across the sea. Nevertheless the danger of the movement was realised by the Protestants; and the king's speech at the opening of the next Parliament expressed the hope "that this open and flagrant attempt in favour of popery will abolish all other distinctions among us." [3]

George I. favoured the Dissenters much more than Anne had done. At his first council when declaring he would support the Churches of England and Scotland, he added: "Which I am of opinion may be effectually done without the least impairing the toleration allowed by law to Protestant Dissenters." [4] Intolerant measures against the Nonconformists were repealed in this reign, the "Conformity Act" and the "Schism Bill" being swept into oblivion. The first of these, as we have seen, required Dissenters who held places of public trust to take the Sacrament at least once. a year in the Church of England. The second, passed in Anne's reign, determined that no one might keep a school or act as tutor except by conforming to the established religion. This unjust measure was never carried, for the very day when it should have come into operation the queen died.

At the first Council of George I. a hundred Nonconformists presented themselves before the king to thank him for his tolerant declaration. There he stood a homely looking man in a dark wig, and plainly dressed in a "Snuff-coloured" suit with a blue ribbon. The party who presented themselves were in black cloaks according to the fashion of the court of those days. "Is this a funeral" asked someone. "Yes," was the retort: "it is the funeral of the Schism bill and the resurrection of liberty." [5]

Such liberty bestowed upon millions of Protestant subjects, of the king (for the Dissenters numbered about ten millions at that time) was a strength against the incessant intrigues of the popish Pretender. The following from the king's speech on this "dangerous conspiracy" expresses sentiments as true to-day as they were in 1722:

To hope to persuade a free people in the full enjoyment of all that is dear and valuable to them, to exchange freedom for slavery, the Protestant religion for popery, and to sacrifice alone the price of so much blood and treasure as have been spent in defence of our present establishments, seems an infatuation not to be accounted for.---"Let it be known that the spirit of popery, which breathes nothing but confusion to the civil and religious rights of a. Protestant church or kingdom, however abandoned some few may be in despite of all obligations divine or human, has not so far possessed my people to make them ripe for such it fatal change." [6]

It was in the reign of the next king, George II, that the Jacobite party were finally silenced and the Revolution Settlement immovably established by the defeat of "Prince Charles" (the son of James the Pretender) on Culloden Moor, near Inverness, in 1746. For a while before his fall,

the young Stuart's cause seemed to prosper. Arrayed in kilt and tartans, his manly figure, fair curly hair, and graceful words, from the hearts of the Highlanders. At Holyrood he kept festive times, the historic old palace resounding with the sound of merriment. But in England success failed him, and ultimately he was compelled to return to Scotland, meeting his final defeat at Culloden. Having wandered for some time among the hills, he fled to France, a sorry-looking figure, in ragged clothes, and with a pale emaciated face. So ended in 1746 the last effort of the Stuarts to overthrow the English Protestant throne.

During these troublous times the "Great Commoner," William Pitt, was rising to the head of affairs. We can imagine him debating with his withering sarcasm over the state of the country, oft leaning on a pair of crutches, with his swollen legs encased in flannel, for he was a victim to the gout. While Pitt was electrifying the Commons, many a Protestant was looking to the Divine ruler for a happy issue of the rebellion; great was their relief when the Jacobite rising was finally put down.

George III followed the example of his predecessors in his tolerant spirit towards the Protestant Dissenters. "The Methodists," said he, "are a quiet, good kind of people and will disturb nobody, and if I learn that any persons in my employment disturb them, they shall be immediately dismissed.[7]

In 1776, we find that a Bill was passed permitting Nonconformist ministers and schoolmasters to pursue their calling- without subscribing to the thirty-nine Articles, as they had hitherto been obliged to do.

The growth of Protestantism begot increase of liberty, which even the papists were allowed to enjoy. Very different was their position towards the close of the eighteenth century to what it had been at the beginning, when the law forbade them to hold property, and forfeited their estates for the benefit of Protestant heirs. Eighty years later they could live in peace. But the increase of liberty granted to them did not please all Protestants, and associations were formed which sought the repeal of the Act of Relief. On the banks of the Thames some sixty or seventy thousand met to protest against the freedom given to Romanists; a huge petition was sent to the House of Commons, and the excited crowds marched through London with waving banners and loud shouts of "No popery," "No popery," attacking the houses of papists.

The realisation of the days of horror when Rome ruled and persecuted, was a sufficient incentive to kindle these inflammatory protests. Our forefathers knew that Rome never changes, and that the papacy is a political as well as a religious danger to the State. We cannot, therefore, wonder at their dismay, when the fetters which bound the power of darkness seemed likely to fall off.

The most remarkable of the religious movements of the eighteenth century was that wonderful spiritual revival which began in the reign of George II. This brings us to the second part of our present chapter, viz., the change which was wrought in the spiritual and moral aspect of our land. Let us now briefly notice a few of the most prominent Lights of those times, among which we will first mention:--

GEORGE WHITEFIELD

Who was born in 1714, in Gloucester. Like many other famous people, young George had not the advantages of riches or influential circumstances to help him forward: his mother was a poor and unsuccessful inn-keeper. Whitefield's early life was irreligious and careless; his idle hours were passed at card-playing, theatre-going, novel-reading, or foolish jesting with Sabbath-

breakers. Yet the boy was fond of learning, and early showed signs of talent. At last friends became interested in the youth, and providential circumstances finally opened the way for his entrance to Oxford University. There he became acquainted with a little band of Godly-minded young men, among whom were John and Charles Wesley. They became known as "the Holy Club." For some time Whitefield appears to have been under deep conviction of sin, and, by self-denial and self-mortification, sought to find favour with God.

Out of this darkness he was gradually delivered, especially by means of reading God's Word, over which he pored and prayed with intense earnestness. "I got," he said, "more true knowledge from reading the Book of God in one month, than I could ever have acquired from all the writings of men."

Having discovered Christ, the only Saviour, Whitefield gave up all his vain efforts to save himself. When only twenty-two he was admitted to the ministry of the Church of England, and his first sermon, preached in Gloucester, was a true token that the young Evangelist was chosen for the great work of winning souls. His popularity as a preacher increased rapidly. Wherever he preached vast crowds were gathered, listening spell-bound to the extempore outpouring of a man whose soul was on fire for the salvation of souls. He preached Christ, and reasoned with his hearers, with deep pathetic earnestness, on righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. Such faithful work naturally aroused opposition. Bishops and other clergymen who tolerated Atheism, or Arianism, were roused to indignation at the man who preached the necessity of regeneration—even for the baptized. The man who was the most zealous in opposing the works of the devil was the one most snubbed and denounced by those who should have been foremost in aiding him.

Far from being discouraged, Whitefield conceived the idea of preaching in the open air. Feeling intense pity for the thousands who never attended any place of worship, he determined to go even to the highways and byways to reach them; and his first open-air sermon was preached to the colliers near Bristol, where many hearts were stirred and won for Christ, the tears running down and making-----as he called them—"white gutters" on their black cheeks.

Soon afterwards Whitefield went to London to preach for the vicar of a church there. The churchwardens demanded his license for preaching in the diocese of London. Of course he had none, but his foes were glad of the opportunity to forbid him preaching in the pulpit. Nothing

daunted, he, after the service, went into the churchyard and there addressed the people; "and," said he, "God was pleased so to assist me in preaching, and so wonderfully to affect the hearers, that I believe we could have gone on singing hymns to prison. Let not the adversaries say, I have thrust myself out of their synagogues. No; they have thrust me out." [8]



George Whitefield

From that time Whitefield became a constant field preacher, and tens of thousands flocked to hear him. Opposition from the clergy increased—the same kind of opposition which they would have given the Apostle Paul had they lived in his days. Very few would lend him their pulpits; almost the whole episcopal section looked askance at the man who was doing



A MEETING OF THE HOLY CLUB AT OXFORD
From the picture by Marshall Claxton, in the Salford Art Gallery

the work they had neglected to undertake. The fact was, the devil had lulled the church to sleep, and his rage was roused that anyone should dare to be sufficiently awake to oppose him. Nevertheless Whitefield laboured on at his grand work until the day of his death, cheered, times without number, by the thousands who were won to Christ by his untiring labour

Not England only, but in Scotland, Ireland (where the popish mob nearly murdered him), and even in American cities such as New York, Boston, Philadelphia, etc., he told forth "the everlasting Gospel." He died in harness, prematurely worn out by his incessant zeal. The day before his death, he preached in the fields to a vast crowd for two hours. He realised his end was near, and spoke with a pathetic power of the nearness of his rest. "I go, I go, to a rest prepared: my sun has given light to many, but now it is about to set--no, to rise to the zenith of immortal glory." That evening, as he was retiring to his room, mounting the stairs with the old-fashioned candlestick in his hand, he paused at the top and looked down at the friends who had assembled to meet him. He could not leave them without a word for their immortal souls. There he stood speaking till the candle had burnt to the socket, his thin, pale visage illumined with the glory he was so soon to enter. Before the next day dawned his spirit fled to be with Christ. He died 30th September, 1770, at Newbury Port, in New England.

Closely connected with Whitefield was the work of:--

LADY HUNTINGDON

---"the Elect lady," as she was called. Truly converted herself, her zeal was directed towards the salvation of others in all classes. About the middle of the eighteenth century, she was at the zenith of her influence. Crowds of titled people gathered in the spacious rooms of her London house, listening, some with eager interest, some with scornful contempt, to the Gospel preaching of such men as George Whitefield. Many anecdotes of those drawing-room meetings have come down to us. We read of the haughty Duchess of Marlborough being moved sufficiently to lament her own vain life and sinful heart; of another proud duchess abusing what she called the "impertinence" of the preachers, who had declared that the hearts of even the nobility were by nature no better than poor and sinful wretches, whom the duchess no doubt would not have touched with the tongs. We are told, too, of the Countess of Suffolk rushing from the room in indignation at the plain outspoken utterance of the faithful Whitefield. But there were others who appreciated the worthy preacher—Lora Chesterfield for example, who thanked him with courtly stateliness; Lord Bolingbroke, who invited the famous Evangelist to his house.

George III was among those who respected and admired the work of the noble countess. A bishop having complained that her ministers and students had made a "disturbance" in his diocese, the king exclaimed: "Make bishops of them, make bishops of them." Perhaps his Majesty had perceived how little "disturbance" of a soul-saving nature ever occurred among the opulent members of the episcopal bench.

The bishop concurred in the efficacy of the proposed remedy, but added dolefully: "we cannot make a bishop of Lady Huntingdon."

"It would be a lucky circumstance if you could," said the queen; and the king added:

"I wish there was a Lady Huntingdon in every diocese in my kingdom."[9]

Yet Lady Huntingdon was as much a bishop in her own "Connexion" as was the archbishop in Canterbury. In 1749, an assembly at Moorefield's Tabernacle unanimously elected the countess as their head. "A leader wanted," wrote Whitefield to her. "This however has been put upon your ladyship before men and angels, when time shall be no more.[10]

Churches were erected for the services of the "Connexion," which took the Articles of the Church of England as their standard, and her book of Common Prayer as their form of service. Brighton was then rising into note. There Whitefield preached beneath a tree near the White Lion Inn. The countess sold her jewels, and with their proceeds built a chapel in North Street. Other such buildings rose in various places.

Early in 1767, the countess founded a college at Trevacca in South Wales (afterwards removed to Cheshunt). None were admitted as students except those who were truly converted to God and dedicated fully to His service. Their education was gratis for three years, and a suit of clothes was provided freely once a year to any student in need of it.

About 1783, the countess's Connexion finally severed itself from the Established Church. This step was necessitated by the opposition carried on against the clergy who had officiated in the chapels. It was not the first time that the spiritually proud Church of England—which has retained so much of popish intolerance—had cast out her best and most useful sons and daughters. Eight years later the aged countess—a true bishop of the Christian Church—passed away, "encircled," as she expressed it, "in the arms of love and mercy." They buried her in the white silk dress in which she had opened one of her chapels.

There were many—too numerous to mention—who were contemporaries of Whitefield and the countess. For example,

JOHN WILLIAM FLETCHER

---vicar of Madeley. A Swiss by birth, he came to England about the middle of the eighteenth century. Intellectual and well educated, he was appointed tutor to a family in Shropshire. While there the great event of his life occurred--his conversion to God. When his friends saw the spiritual change which was coming over him, one of them remarked: "I shall not wonder if our tutor turns Methodist."

"Methodist," he exclaimed, "what is that?"

"The Methodists," was the contemptuous reply, "are a people that do nothing but pray—they are praying all day and all night."

"Are they?" said Fletcher; "then, by the help of God, I will find them out, if they be above ground."

Abundant prayer was undoubtedly the secret of his great success at Madeley. He found it an ignorant, degraded, and vicious parish; he left it altered for the better, as only the work of the Spirit can cleanse. He was also appointed president of Lady Huntingdon's College at Trevacca, where he laboured for a few years, leaving it because he could not hold the strict Calvinistic tenets of the "Connexion," for Fletcher was an Arminian.

HENRY VENN

(Vicar of Huddersfield and afterwards Rector of Yelling) spoke of Fletcher as a "luminary—a sun." Venn himself was one of the conspicuous Lights of the eighteenth century, and was noted for his famous book : "The complete duty of man." It was full of sound, Evangelical truth, though in these days we should consider its literary style stiff and dry. Another writer was:--

WILLIAM ROMAINE

--author of Scriptural books, and also an eloquent Gospel preacher. He was chaplain to Lady Huntingdon, and often addressed a fashionable audience in her drawing-room, or a more lowly one in her kitchen.

TOPLADY

---and his immortal hymn, "Rock of ages, cleft for me," can never be forgotten where English Christians gather to sing this song to the Lord. Other hymns—too few in number, but full of singular pathos and beauty—still voice the heart-praises of thousands. The sacred poet was converted in a strange place, when only sixteen years old—in an old barn in Ireland, where a layman held forth the Light. There was Toplady's soul illumined with eternal glory. He afterwards became a minister of the Church of England, preaching "Jesus only," with intense jealousy for the glory of his Saviour.

To all these men the Bible was their guide, and the Homilies and other Protestant writings of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries their delight. One and all of these leaders of theology were disciples of the Puritans. In the same category of spiritual giants must be mentioned one of the most remarkable of Whitefield's disciples:---

ROWLAND HILL

---who, when a boy at Eton, was wont to hold prayer-meetings in a poor woman's cottage at the other side of the college fields. At Cambridge his genuine Christianity struck many. While there he met George Whitefield, and came definitely under the good influence of that worthy man. On his father's estate, Rowland preached at an early age, his expressive countenance lighted with the glory of the Gospel messages he delivered, his clear and sonorous voice telling forth the truth with earnestness, yet not devoid of wit and humour. "I go to hear Rowland Hill," said Sheridan, "because his ideas come red-hot from the heart."

In a lovely part of Gloucestershire, amid the beauty of a fertile valley, Rowland Hill built a place of worship. Sometime before the service, the preacher might be seen watching through a telescope the approach of his scattered flocks descending the valley—some with serious mien as becoming the sacred object which brought them together, others tripping gaily, with a levity that drew many a rebuke from the watchful shepherd of the "Tabernacle."

We might mention many another luminary, but, like Paul's list of the great in faith, time would fail us.

One there was, however, who, born at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and living till within a few years of its close, saw many of these Lights kindled and rise in the firmament of the church, leaving their refulgence to brighten the world, even after their sun had set here below to rise again in the glory land, and who himself was conspicuous among the stars of the first magnitude—we mean:--

JOHN WESLEY

From an early age he had devoted himself to religious matters. As a young man at Oxford, we find him diligently studying the Greek New Testament with the small company of Godly students before referred to. The "Holy Club," as they were nick-named, met with much ridicule. At this period Wesley was not a Christian--he was worshipping, and seeking to serve, a God whom he knew not. His conversion dated from the time that he went on a missionary expedition to Georgia, in North America. Let us hear his own account of his spiritual experiences. On landing at Georgia (1736), he says:—"I asked the advice of Mr. Spangenberg, one of the German pastors, with regard to my own conduct. He said in reply: My brother, I must ask you one or two questions. Have you the witness within yourself? Does the Spirit of God bear witness with your spirit that you are a child of God? 'I was surprised, and knew not what to answer. He observed it, and asked, Do you know Jesus Christ? I paused, and said, I know He is the Saviour of the world. "True," he replied, "but do you know He has saved you?" "I hope He has died to

save me." He only added, "Do you know yourself?" I said, "I do." But I fear they were vain words."

The deep conviction of sin under which he lay, and his realisation of his lost condition during those two years spent in that American settlement, are best seen in his own words when he returned to England:—"It is now two years and almost four months since I left my native country in order to teach the Georgian Indians the nature of Christianity; but what have I learned of myself in the meanwhile? Why, what I least suspected—that I, who went to America to convert others, was myself never converted to God. I am not mad, though I thus speak; but I speak the words of truth and soberness."

Not long after this the Light dawned on his longing, seeking soul. Through reading the Scriptures, and coming in contact with some Moravians in London, who declared unto him the way of God more perfectly, Wesley found peace and joy in believing. The vain efforts by which in former times he had sought to reform himself--his self-denials, mortifications, mysticism, and high-churchism--departed, as the shadows fade away when the sun arises. From that time forward his whole life was devoted to proclaiming the true way of salvation—through Christ alone, without the works of the flesh.

England was stirred from one end to the other by the preaching of "the Methodists," as Wesley and his coadjutors were called. Like Whitefield, Wesley met with opposition, chiefly from his own Established Church; for, as we have already remarked, the Anglican Church, like the Jewish synagogue of old, has often been unable to appreciate the services of her best sons and daughters. As the Jews cast out Christ, so has she cast out some of her noblest adherents.

A few years after his conversion, Wesley visited the old home of his childhood, amidst the Lincolnshire fens. It was a long time since he had seen it, although it was endeared to him with many sacred memories, and doubly hallowed now that the body of his father, the famous rector, lay in the quiet churchyard. Wesley offered to preach in the old familiar pulpit, but was peremptorily refused by the curate, who further emphasised his dislike to the enthusiastic Evangelist by some offensive remarks against too much zeal. Everyone knew at whom these observations were hurled ; but their disappointment was soon turned into joy, when it was known that " Mr. Wesley, not being permitted to preach in the church, designs to preach in the churchyard at six o'clock."

At the appointed hour crowds gathered, and listened with breathless attention to the Gospel preacher, as he stood on his father's tombstone, telling forth the words of life.

Evening after evening they came, hailing with delight the healing beams of God's message of salvation. Wesley went everywhere, revisiting the scenes of his boyhood, and preaching the Gospel wherever he could obtain hearing. The harvest soon appeared—sinners were stricken with conviction, their groans mingling with the earnest tones of the preacher, or with the sobs of joy of those who had passed, in those memorable hours, from Darkness to Light. Thus Wesley became a field-preacher, and in spite of oppositions, has left an indelible print for good upon the religious and moral aspect of his country.

Wesley was much more of an organiser than Whitefield. The Church of his forefathers had shut him out ; but, nothing daunted, Wesley laid the foundation of a new denomination—a spacious barn, so to speak, in which the sheaves he had bound might he safely gathered in; or a sun, in which the scattered Light might be concentrated. His object was to unite his people into one band, to give his converts something to do, and to set his disciples to the work of bringing in the harvest. His work was admirably organised; and lay preachers, class leaders, circuits, watch-nights, bands, etc., made up a spiritual, Scriptural agency which, under the leadership of the great Captain of our salvation, Jesus Christ, has presented a mighty bulwark against the works of Darkness.

Wesley died at the ripe old age of eighty-eight. Among his last words was the comforting assurance: "The best of all is, God is with us." His work went on while the old century passed away, and the next---the nineteenth---dawned upon the world.

SUSANNAH WESLEY

---was the mother of the Methodist Evangelist. To her is no doubt owing, under God, a great deal of the deep, God-fearing character of John Wesley. She was a very prayerful woman, spending an hour morn and even in Private devotion. The first Book that her children learned to read was the Bible. When her son, John, was only about six years old, an event occurred which caused his mother to realise that this boy was specially spared for a great work. One night the house was set on fire by some of the wild, ruffianly parishioners among whom her husband was labouring. All the household managed to escape, except little "Jacky". His cry was heard in the nursery, but to reach him by the stairs was impossible, as they were being fast consumed in the fire. The father threw himself on his knees, and in agony prayed for the lad. Meanwhile, the little fellow had climbed to the top of a big chest that stood near the window, and his scared young face was seen by the terrified spectators in the yard. There was no time to procure a ladder, but one man was hoisted on the back of another, and by that means managed to reach the boy. He was dragged out just in time, for the next moment the burning roof fell in. The miraculous escape of this child impressed all, especially his mother, who from that day gave herself to special prayer on his behalf, feeling he had been preserved for some Divine purpose.

Mrs. Wesley cared, not only for the souls of her own family, but also for all those with whom she came in contact. Meetings were held in her house, and soon the room was crowded out by the numbers who attended. A woman-preacher, in those days, was a novelty. Perhaps there is no passage in the Bible which has been more misinterpreted by the Devil for the hindrance of the Gospel than I Cor. xiv. 34, 35. Her husband shared the then popular mistaken view on the matter, and declared his decided disapprobation of these meetings. Mrs. Wesley gave this common sense reply; "If you do, after all, think fit to dissolve this assembly, do not tell me that you desire me to do it, for that will not satisfy my conscience; but send me your positive command in such full and express terms as may absolve me from guilt and punishment for neglecting the opportunity of doing good, when you and I shall stand before the great and awful tribunal of our Lord Jesus Christ."

From that time her husband did not dare to further hinder her work. Mrs. Wesley had also more light than the majority of people then had about lay preaching. On one occasion her son, John, expressed regret that a layman of his acquaintance had "turned preacher." "John," said his aged mother—for she was an old lady by then—"take care what you do with respect to that young man, for he is as surely called of God to preach as you are. Examine what have been the fruits of his preaching, and hear him also yourself."

Wesley complied with this request, and afterwards expressed his entire satisfaction with his work as an Evangelist.

Another woman who claims our notice is:--

HANNAH MORE

---celebrated as an authoress, but not so generally known as a writer of religious tracts. For the space of three years she issued three tracts a month, published as "Cheap Repository Tracts." Amongst her private papers were found the following statement:—"Bless the Lord, O my soul, that I have been spared to accomplish this work. Do Thou, O Lord, bless and prosper it to the good of many; and if it do good, may I give to Thee the glory, and take to myself the shame of its defects. I have devoted three years to this work." Two millions of these tracts were disposed of the first year. God works by weak instruments, to show that the glory is all His own.[11]

Her example was followed by another lady, residing at Clapham, named Wilkinson, who was the means of the publication of half a million tracts. John Wesley helped considerably in the circulation of these telling Gospel messages. Others followed in the same path. The result of this united effort was the permanent formation of:--

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY

Near old St. Paul's Cross, where so many Protestant books had been committed to the flames, George Burder, of Coventry, held a meeting, and as the waning century was nearing its close, the new Society, which has been so widely used for the spread of God's Light, was established.

Among the many forms of Christian effort during the eighteenth century none can surpass the:--

SUNDAY SCHOOL MOVEMENT

---begun by Robert Raikes, of Gloucester, about 1783. He himself has told us the origin of his important undertaking. Going one morning into the poor suburbs of London, where the lowest classes lived, he was struck at seeing groups of ragged, dirty children playing in the streets. On making enquiry about them, he was informed that, on Sundays, "the streets were filled with multitudes of these wretches, who, released that day from employment, spend their time in noise and riot, playing at chuck, and cursing and swearing in a manner so horrid as to convey to any serious mind an idea of hell rather than any other place." This sad state of affairs moved Robert Raikes to start Sunday schools for the instruction of "such a set of little heathens," as he called the neglected youngsters. Four respectable women in the neighbourhood were the first teachers of those early Sunday scholars, and each woman received a shilling for her work. Gradually the movement spread--a Sunday School Society was formed, and in spite of opposition the work went forward, though organisation was very primitive and imperfect when compared with our Sunday schools of to-day. Little beyond elementary reading and writing was taught in those first years. The Bible and spiritual teaching afterwards took a prominent place, and thus was opened a new era in the religious efforts of England, and the foundation was laid of the establishment of the Sunday schools with which we are now so familiar. We can only estimate the importance of this endeavour, when we bear in mind that the future of a nation depends largely on the training of its young.

In the opening years of the next century, Joseph Lancaster, a Quaker, took up the subject very warmly. He was a soldier's son, and, when only nineteen, fitted up a room at his own expense, and there gathered together as many children as he could. His efforts attracted the notice of the king--George III. "I wish," said his Majesty, "that every poor child in my dominion could read the Bible." Lancaster for some years lectured in many parts, seeking to interest the British public in his educational plans. He also laboured in America, and his efforts extended even to Canada.

While he was seeking the lost lambs, another worker of the same denomination was endeavouring to rescue the stray sheep. The noble work of:--

ELISABETH FRY

---is well known. She was one of the Gurney family, descendants of strict Quakers, whose influence for good was famed in the old city of Norwich during the eighteenth century. In the dawn of the next century, there was a marked wane in their strict non-conformity to the world--wealth and fashionable society alluring them into paths of luxury at which their forefathers would have looked askance. Elisabeth Gurney was somewhat of a sceptic in her youth, but after her conversion became a plain "Friend." in 1800 she married Mr. Fry, a Quaker, and, some years later, was accepted as a preacher according to the rules of the Society. We can imagine her addressing her interested audiences--her tall, graceful figure, and her handsome, expressive face set off by her quaint white Quaker cap--while with a clear persuasive voice she



THE ORIGIN OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOLS - Hare Lane Gloucester, 1780.

Robert Raikes and the house where the first Sunday School was held - From painting by Robert

surpassed the lady-speakers of those days in spiritual power and pathos. We can think of her, also, as a worker among women-prisoners in the cells of Newgate and other jails. At first the poor creatures repelled her kind efforts, but in time her benevolence won the hearts of the most degraded of her sex, and many a one in those dreary places of imprisonment found cause to thank God for the gentle and unwearied ministrations of that simple Quaker lady.

In the eighteenth century, the good influence of the "Friends" was felt in many parts. William Penn, by his social position in England, and his political achievements in America during the preceding century, had considerably increased the prestige of the Society in the eyes of the world, which, glancing back through the haze of antiquity, ceased to regard the endeavours of its worthy founder—George Fox—as mere eccentricities. The Quakers were influenced by the revival of the eighteenth century—many of them gathering with delight round the famous preacher, Whitefield. They flourished especially in Norwich, where they had a large meeting-house, and there they assembled in large numbers—the men on one side in their drab coats and broad-brimmed hats—the women on the other side in their dark bonnets and dresses and white shawls. If their garb showed them to be distinct from the worldly, their lives proved them to be equally the salt of the earth.

Such, then, were some of the triumphs of the Light that can never go out during the eighteenth century. England had been shaken from end to end, yet much remained to be done ; for the social and spiritual condition of the land still left very much for the lovers of the Light to do. But in the century that followed, our land, more than any other country, became the centre of Gospel illumination, her rays stretching beyond the seas, to other climes and to other peoples.

Footnotes to Chapter 60

1. Better known to young readers as the author of "*Robinson Crusoe*."
2. Paton's "*British History and Papal Claims*," vol. i.
3. Paton's "*British History and Papal Claims*" Vol I.
4. Stoughton's "*History of Religion in England*", Vol. V.
5. Stoughton, Vol. V.
6. "*Hansard's Parliamentary History*", vol. Vii.
7. Stoughton.
8. "*The Christian Leaders of The Last Century*," by the late Bishop Ryle.
9. Stoughton's "*History of Religion in England*," Vol. V.
10. "*Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon*."
11. Stoughton, vol VI.





Chapter LXI THE VICTORIAN ERA

I.—THE WORLD'S GREATEST EMPIRE



IN the book of Daniel we read of a great Kingdom represented by "a stone cut out without hands," growing and increasing until it becomes "a great mountain" which covers the whole earth. This is no inapt picture of our own beloved Empire, which from small beginnings has expanded to the uttermost bounds of the globe. The growth of the British Empire during the Victorian era is a point which cannot be well omitted in the subject of this volume. In tracing the history of the Gospel Light in our land, we realise that the prosperity and extension of our race is a means which the Divine Ruler appears to have chosen to illumine the world: wherever the Union Jack waves, His Word finds a free course and is glorified. For this reason a brief glance at the growth of our Imperial interests may not come amiss to the reader:--

OUR VAST TERRITORIES

The accompanying map shows the British possessions marked in black. It will be observed that our Empire literally encircles the globe east and west, north and south; it covers the vast extent of more than nine millions of square miles of the earth's surface, and about a fourth part of the whole habitable globe. The British Empire is the largest Empire the world has ever seen, either in ancient or modern times. Sir Charles Dilke, M.P., in his "*Problem of Greater Britain*" says (1890):-

"The British Empire and its Protectorates, without counting its less defined spheres of influence, has an area of nine millions of square miles, or, roughly speaking, of nearly three Europes. This Empire, lying in all latitudes, produces every requirement of life and trade, with half the sea-borne commerce of the world, and revenues amounting to 210 millions sterling per annum."

OUR POPULATION

Another writer said:—"The British are not only the most increasing people in the world, but they are gradually filling continents, fringing oceans, and making the whole world their home; the demands of our ever increasing population are constantly compelling us to overflow our old boundaries, and we are, in fact, peopling the greater portion of the globe."

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, the Anglo-Saxon race numbered about 30 millions—the close of that century saw it increased to 120 millions, and now our population is doubling itself every forty years.

Mr. Axon, writing on "*The Language of the Future*," in the "*Journal of Science*" for 1873, states, after much research into the subject, that—at the present rate of increase of the various nations of the earth—the Anglo-Saxon race alone will, in the course of a century, be more numerous than all the other peoples of the globe put together, viz., about 800 millions.



British Possessions marked in black

The Yorkshire Post of May 13th, 1891, gave the substance of an address delivered by Mr. Howard Vincent, at a meeting under the auspices of the Royal Colonial Institute, on "*The Greatness of the Empire*." The speaker says: "Think of the British. Empire as fifty-two times the size of Germany, with sevenfold the population; as fifty-three times that of France, with nine times the people; as more than three and a half times the size of the United States, with over treble the population, and you can in some degree call before your mind the eleven million square miles and the 350 million people in the British Empire." [1]

OUR TRADE

The same speaker continued:

"An annual revenue, general and local, of £275,000,000 provides for the public services, while a trade amounting to £1,200,000,000 sterling a year is carried in 37,000 British ships, of an aggregate burden of ten million tons.---The total trade of the Empire within itself amounts to about ;£340,000,000, and of the whole external trade of over-sea possessions of the British Empire, three-fourths is within the Empire."

These facts show how the glory and extent of the Empire are bound up with its commerce and prosperity. Since the above statistics were given twelve years ago, how much have the territorial expansion, the dignity, and the prosperity gone on increasing.

"History will recognise its life and its destiny, not record its decline or its fall. It will say; This is a great and understanding people."[2]

OUR WEALTH

The most up-to-date figures regarding our Imperial wealth were given last September by Sir Robert Giffen, in his lecture on: "The Wealth of the Empire, and how it should be Used." The speaker gave the following statistics (which, by the way, make a nice little sum in addition for young arithmeticians!)—

AGGREGATE INCOME

United Kingdom	£1,750,000,000
Canada	270,000,000
Australasia	210,000,000
India	600,000,000
South Africa	100,000,000
Remainder of Empire	200,000,000
Total income of Empire per annum	£3,130,000,000

CAPITAL OR WEALTH

United Kingdom	£15,000,000,000
Canada	1,350,000,000
Australasia	1,100,000,000
India	3,000,000,000
South Africa	600,000,000
Remainder of Empire	1,200,000,000
Total Capital of Empire	£22,250,000,000

"It must be admitted," said Sir Robert, "that the figures are enormous, and no such economic force has ever been in the possession of a single State or Empire. An income of nearly 3,200 million, and an accumulated wealth of over 22,000 million are overwhelming and unimaginable. France and Germany have each probably not more than a third or a half of these figures. The United States alone of all modern States is comparable to the British Empire. Its aggregate income would not be far short of £3,000,000,000, and the capital or wealth appears to be officially reckoned at £18,000,000,000. It would not be going too far to say that the two Anglo-Saxon States or Empires more than outweigh in economic force the rest of the world." [3] The speaker also remarked that in less than twenty years the British capital had increased from ten to fifteen thousand millions.

Queen Victoria, during her long life, witnessed the acquisition of more than half the Empire. During her reign our trade with the colonies, and the population in our possessions, have increased to an extraordinary degree. The story of those providential dealings, which gave us our destiny as the greatest Empire of the world, is full of deepest interest to every patriotic Britisher. For example, how we acquired:--

OUR INDIAN EMPIRE

---reads like a romance. Though its conquest was not completed till the middle of the nineteenth century, yet we must go back to the close of the sixteenth century for the first page of this absorbing tale.

In the year 1593 an Englishman, named Stevens, full of the love of adventure, set out to seek new dangers and delights across the seas. He landed on the west of the Great Peninsula, and travelled inland, to discover the richness of a country of which he had hardly dreamed. A simple, inoffensive people that largely inhabited the land gave him no opposition in his search. Splendours such as he had never expected opened out to the traveller's gaze—ivory and perfumes, silk and jewels, gaily-plumed birds that clave the balmy air, and fruit hanging in luscious profusion, were among the delights of this new, enchanted land. Stevens returned to England, and described in a book the wonders he had beheld. Business men saw dazzling possibilities of making fortunes by trading in so rich a land; and so a Company was formed which in 1600 obtained a charter from Queen Elizabeth. The new undertaking—was full of promise, and in a few years the Company set up four establishments for the conduct of its business. Thus was the first stone laid in our Asiatic Empire.

The subsequent events are too well known to need description—how other countries coveted so fair a prize, France especially seeking to drive the English out, and secure the commerce for herself; and how a young man named Clive—a clerk in the service of the Company, but gifted with military genius—organised a little force of English and native troops, and conquered the French in numerous fights, till England alone held the supremacy in southern India.

Next arose conflicts with the ruler of Bengal. This territory, with others lying near it, was also conquered by the forces of Clive; so that by the time the eighteenth century was drawing to a close, the Company had reached the position of one of the governing powers of the world, with large armies, vast revenues, ruling barbaric races and nations. A Governor-General was sent out, who sought to make Britain feared for her strength, as well as trusted for her justice. Provinces, larger than France, huge territories, and powerful native princes, were subjected to our rule; but the conquests were not completed when Victoria ascended the throne. She had reigned some nineteen years before the Indian Empire saw its completion. In 1856 she witnessed our little island ruling an Asiatic territory equal in area to that of all Europe (Russia excepted), yielding a revenue of £31,000,000, and comprising about sixteen nations.

Thus we see how a little business enterprise of a few London merchants had grown into a vast Empire, more splendid than the wildest dream of fairyland.

But troubles were not over yet.

There followed that terribly dark night of the Indian Mutiny, which, with all its indescribable horrors, shook our dominion in India to its foundations, and necessitated that it should be reconquered. When at last the victory was gained by Britain and Lord Palmerston had introduced into the House of Commons a Bill vesting the government of our great and magnificent dependency in the Crown, providing that its government should henceforth be conducted by a Minister (known as Viceroy), responsible to England and her Parliament, then we realised that, by the dark pathway of rebellion and bloodshed and military conquest, we had passed into the bright era of peace and progress. About 240,000,000 is the native population (including the Tributary States) over which Protestant England rules in India.

"England has undertaken to rescue from the debasement of ages that enormous multitude of human beings. No enterprise of equal greatness was ever engaged in by any people. Generations will pass away while it is still in progress; but its final success cannot be frustrated. We who watch it in its early stage see mainly imperfections; but posterity will look upon the majestic picture of a vast and once utterly barbaric population, numbering well-nigh one-fourth of the human family, subdued, governed, educated, Christianised, and led up to the dignity of a free and self-governing nation by a handful of strangers, who came from an inconsiderable island fifteen thousand miles away." [4]

Our heathen Empire extends also to other lands—to Africa, with its millions of Kaffir, Hottentot, and African heathens ; in Australia also, in New Zealand, and the Fiji Islands, there are many thousands who own the sway of England's sovereign, and in North America there are the Red Indians. In fact, England is the only power which has a really immense heathen Empire.

Let us now look at:-

OUR COLONIES

--which are like daughters united to the Motherland, with all the attachment of children to their parents--or like "young lions," as they are sometimes called, whose fidelity to the old "British Lion" has been so strikingly proved.

Our acquisition of such enormous territories is without parallel in the history of the world. Our possessions abroad are in area sixty times larger than the Motherland.

In America we own three million and a half square miles, a million in Asia, still more in Africa, and two and a half in Australasia. These possessions have come to us chiefly within the last century.

Considering our fast increasing population, these territories beyond the seas were absolutely necessary, for the old island home has become too small for the accommodation of all our people; so providential circumstances acquired us those vast, rich lands, waiting for the plough of the farmer or the pick of the miner.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century there was very little emigration; but by the middle of the century a great number left our shores to find new homes, and set up thriving commercial interests in our Colonies. How many millions have crossed to these climes during the Victorian era!

Some have gone to Australia—the largest island in the world. It was discovered by Captain Cook in the eighteenth century, and explored a few years later by some adventurous young men, who have left their names upon the map—Bass and Flinders. The whole of the beautiful island was not won for us till the Victorian era. North, south, east and west of the vast, sea-girt land became ours one by one. In the late queen's reign the acquisition became complete—Victoria in 1837, North Australia the following year, Queensland in 1859. About the middle of the century its priceless gold-fields were discovered, and which drew a great rush of emigrants. The two islands of New Zealand were in the same reign recognised as a British colony.

Canada, the largest of our colonial possessions, is destined to become a chief point of attraction to the emigrant. Immense tracts of land, of an area greater than that of all Europe, invite our surplus population. In 1867 Upper and Lower Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick were united, and the next year Hudson Bay Company territory was also annexed to the Dominion.

Africa• has been attracting so much attention lately that it is needless to say much about it. Cape Colony, finally secured to us from the Dutch at the beginning of the nineteenth century, is the maritime key to India and the gate to the East.

Space fails us to refer to our other possessions in any detail—our "islands of the seas," or our Protectorate over Egypt, etc. We think of Great Britain; but we should remember that we are Greater Britain. Other great Empires have come and gone. There was once a Greater Spain, a Greater Portugal, a Greater Holland. But their Imperial glory has departed; Greater Britain alone remains "the single monument of a state of the world which has almost passed away"—"the sole survivor of a whole family of Empires"[5]--a nation and a company of nations constituting a great part of the Divine plan for the illumination of the world. And let us never forget that the

world's greatest Empire is a Protestant one, with an open Bible, a Protestant throne, and religious and civil liberty which national Protestantism bestows. Truly the good hand of our God has been upon Protestant England! "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thee be the glory."

Footnotes to Chapter 61

1. A Comparative Chart of the Nations of the World,"compiled from a design by S. W. Mowbray of Port Elizabeth (1899), estimates the population of the British Empire at about 500,000,000.
2. The foregoing extracts are taken from "*The Destiny of the British Race*," by A. K. Robinson.
3. Report of Sir Robert Giffen's lecture before the British Association in Daily Mail, Sept. 12th, 1903.
4. Mackenzie's "*History of the Nineteenth Century*," Book II.
5. Seeley's "*Expansion of England*."





Chapter LXII THE VICTORIAN ERA

I--ENGLAND'S LIGHT ACROSS THE SEAS



THE vastness and mightiness of our Imperial destiny (briefly described in our last chapter) was, in a measure, realised by English folk: When they read the account of the voyage of the "Ophir" in 1901. The Duke and Duchess of York (now prince and Princess of Wales) left Portsmouth, not many weeks after the death of the great and beloved Queen, to make an Imperial tour to Australia, Canada, etc. Such a royal trip is unparalleled in the history of our globe; and when then Royal Highnesses returned, they were---as the Duke expressed it in his speech in the Guildhall "profoundly touched and gratified by the loyalty, affection, enthusiasm, which invariably characterised the welcome extended to us throughout our long and memorable tour. It may interest you to know that we travelled over 45,000 miles, of which 33,000 were by sea; and I think it is a matter of which all may feel proud, that, with the exception of Port Said, we never set foot on any land where the Union Jack did not fly---If I were asked to specify any particular impressions derived from our journey, should unhesitatingly place before all others that of loyalty to the crown and of attachment to the old country---and with this loyalty were unmistakable evidences of the consciousness of strength, a consciousness of a hue and living membership in the Empire, and a consciousness of power and readiness to share the burden and responsibility of that membership." [1]

The thoughtful Christian will realise how vast is the responsibility laid upon us as the greatest Empire of the world, and will ask, How far have we carried out the sacred charge of spreading the Gospel light beyond the seas to those who sit in the darkness of false creeds and practices? In answer to this query we will enquire, first, what was the State of missionary enterprise when Queen Victoria ascended the throne? and, second, what progress has it made during her long reign?

In the year 1698, and during the reign of William III., of "glorious memory," the "Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge" was formed, and in 1701 the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts," [2] under whose auspices John Wesley went to Georgia. The wonderful revival of spiritual religion which took place, like a second Pentecost, during the eighteenth century was a preparation for speeding the Light to other climes.

WILLIAM CAREY

---the chosen instrument for a widespread missionary revival, was born in 1761. He appears to have been of a strong will and character, and was devoted to study, delving into the secrets of

birds, insects, and plants, and into the deeper mysteries of Latin, Hebrew, and Greek. Only a shoemaker by trade, he passed through some seasons of protracted ill-health and consequent poverty and was far on towards manhood before his whole spiritual being was roused to the urgency of a life of full consecration to God's service. Shortly afterwards he became pastor of a Baptist church, upon a salary of £15 a year; so that teaching and cobbling were added to his occupations in order to eke out a living. From boyhood, history books of travel had been his delight; and now his attention was directed towards the religious condition of mankind. As he sat in his little shop mending shoes he would often lift his eyes to see a rudely sketched map of the world which was hanging on his wall, and sighed as he thought of the un-reached millions in heathen darkness, and breathed at prayer that the Gospel message might yet reach them.

At a meeting which Carey attended he was asked to name a subject for discussion; and when he propounded the following: "whether the command given to the Apostles to teach all nations was not obligatory on all ministers, to the end of the world," an aged member bade him sit down, calling him a miserable enthusiast."

Nothing daunted, however, Carey prepared a pamphlet setting forth the needs of the heathen world, but owing to the lack of funds it was six years before it could be printed. On 31st May, 1792, an ever memorable day in the annals of missions, Carey preached his famous sermon. "Expect great things **from** God": said the preacher, "and attempt great things for God." In that never-to-be-forgotten hour hearts were stirred and sympathy aroused.

A little later we see him with eleven others in the back parlour of Widow Beebe Wallis, forming the new society: Particular Baptist Society for Propagating the Gospel among the Heathens." Very insignificant as the world judges--was that little band, and very poor in this world's goods, and yet over £12 were Collected among---£12 to convert the uncounted host of heathen lying far beyond the realm of sight, or even of realisation, in un-trodden lands! What sublime faith!

Carey volunteered to go out, provided one other would accompany him. John Thomas a. surgeon in the employ of the East Indian Company, was then in London, endeavouring to raise money for evangelising the Hindus. So the two set out for their long journey of 15,000 miles, to where missionaries were not even tolerated. For fourteen months the praying band in England waited anxiously for news of the two travellers; and when at last their letter came, new life was infused, the missionary flame sprang up many a heart, and attempts were at once made to organise. a society on a larger basis. Great meetings were held in London, and large donations were received towards the work, Christians of all denominations sinking. minor differences and standing shoulder to shoulder in the grand enterprise.

The heavenly flame thus kindled in London spread all over Britain. We read of even little children in a boarding-school giving their mite unasked.[3] At last a ship called "The Duff" was purchased, and sailed with its precious freight of missionaries bearing the Gospel news to foreign shores.

Before the close of the eighteenth century "The London Missionary Society" was formed; and before the new century dawned, "The Church Missionary Society" came into being. So we see how great a matter that little fire—kindled in William Carey's heart—was the means of setting ablaze. To the London Missionary Society must be accorded the honour of sending the first missionary to China--Robert Morrison, who arrived in Canton in 1807. He laboured on alone for six years and was then joined by William Milne. At the Society's expense Morrison prepared his great Chinese Dictionary, costing £15,000. Their first convert was baptized in 1814. Twenty-six years of patient work were spent in preparation for a harvest in that difficult field of labour.

One other Society claims our attention, whose deeply interesting history must attract all—"The British and Foreign Bible Society." The story of:-

MARY JONES

--is too well known to need recapitulation. No doubt we have all heard of the Welsh maiden who saved her small earnings for six years, until she had enough to purchase a Bible; and how she walked barefoot over the hills to Bala, where Mr. Charles had the books on sale, and how great was her disappointment when told that all he had were already purchased or promised. But sorrow was turned to joy, when, touched by her sobs and overwhelming grief, the good man managed to spare her the prize for which she had longed so ardently. With tears wiped away, with a happy face bright as the summer sky after rain, and bearing her treasure, Mary hastened homewards across the hills, having thus accomplished fifty miles on foot all out of love to the Word of God. A thrill of sympathy was felt by all when the young girl's heroic deed was made known, and people realised, as they never did before, how Wales thirsted for the Water of Life.

At a meeting of the Religious Tract Society the pathetic story of Mary Jones was told by Mr. Charles, and his hearers were stirred and quickened; and when he appealed for Bibles for Wales, Mr. Joseph Hughes, one of the Society's secretaries, arose, saying: "Mr. Charles, surely a society might be formed for the purpose? and if for Wales, why not for the whole world?"

Two years later, in March, 1804; this proposal was carried into effect—the British and Foreign Bible Society was founded, having for its object the enlightenment of the world. Not long afterwards, doors in:--

INDIA

---were opened for the entrance of the Light. The East India Company had hindered the progress of missionary work; but when the time came for renewing the Company's Charter the subject was discussed by the English Parliament. Lord Erskine's words on that occasion should be noted:

"Do not forget, my lords, that this country holds her Indian provinces by the sole tenure of Christianity; and if she neglect to impart its blessings, which we enjoy in a superior degree, she may lose them: that tremendous storm which has burst upon Europe, from which we have mercifully escaped that we might propagate the Christian faith, may cross the Channel and fall on our own guilty heads." [4]

The "tremendous storm" alluded to by the speaker was the terrible revolution in France, when the king and Marie Antoinette and many nobles were guillotined, a republic proclaimed, and France—once the eldest daughter of the Church—suffered the fierceness of Divine retribution. She who had massacred thousands and tens of thousands of God's people was now given "blood to drink;" while Protestant England, whom Louis XIV. a century previously in vain had sought to crush, was experiencing Pentecostal blessing instead of Divine judgment, and times of refreshing instead of the horrors of infidelity and bloodshed.

There are three other names which must be mentioned, whose work prepared the way for the glorious period of the Victorian Era.

MOFFAT

---a year or two before Queen Victoria was born, had begun his labours in Africa; and when our late gracious sovereign ascended the throne, he returned to England to tell, amid the breathless silence of thousands, what he had seen of the transforming power of the Gospel in heathen lives, amongst the most degraded and ignorant of the human race. Moffat combined exploration with the proclamation of the Gospel, in order to carry the good news into unknown lands and the regions beyond.

Next followed:-

LIVINGSTONE

He was a cotton-spinner's boy, busy at his work from six in the morning till eight at night, yet finding time to learn Latin, and make small voyages of discovery among the rocks and woods of his native Clydesdale. This love of discovery was turned to a holy use in later years. We have all read of his travels, and of his discoveries of African deserts and lakes, and how Stanley found him at Ujiji in 1871. Livingstone believed that "the end of geographical discovery is the beginning of missionary enterprise."

The name also of:--

WILBERFORCE

--must be inscribed with honour. In 1787 he brought forward a Bill in the House of Commons (being member for York) for the abolition of the slave trade. In spite of the indifference or opposition which the motion received, the philanthropist clung to his life desire with noble perseverance; but it was not till the vexed question was forty-six years old that his closing days were brightened by seeing the Bill finally passed in 1833—England paying £20,000,000 to buy the freedom of the slaves from the slave owners. They were not entirely set free at once, being bound to serve their masters as apprentices for a term of seven years; but this period was shortened by two years, so that a year after Victoria came to the throne, 800,000 slaves had received their freedom.

Such then, very briefly, was the condition of Protestant England's Light when our greatest Queen began to reign. And how unparalleled has been its effulgent progress during the more than sixty years of her long and glorious sovereignty! When Her Majesty held her Diamond Jubilee, magnificent was the outward display of pageantry and pomp, dazzling were the jewels and wealth of the dusky princes and rulers who came to pay her homage—reminding us again of our unique destiny as the mightiest Empire of the world; but far grander and nobler were the trophies of Divine grace won during those sixty years in various parts of the dark places of the earth.

Here is a bird's-eye view:—

Carey's Missionary Society, when Her Majesty was crowned, had only thirty-five missionaries at work; at the Diamond Jubilee the number had risen to 146. In 1837 this Society had only three mission stations and an income of £14,715; in 1896 it had seven missions and an income of £74,816, while its baptized members numbered 53,870.

In 1842 the treaty ports of:-

CHINA

--were opened to the foreigner; and though mission work in that vast Empire is always dangerous, it is not now so great as sixty years ago, when the missionary had not even ordinary protection.

The China Inland Mission was founded in 1866, and its progress and development have been truly wonderful; while the genuineness of its work has been fully tested and found true by the martyrs' lives laid down, with which pathetic story we are all no doubt familiar.

JAPAN

---was opened in 1854, and religious freedom was granted in 1877; the national superstition was disestablished in 1884, and freedom given to other religions; and a native Christian Church is now growing up, having its own selected pastors.



LIVINGSTONE'S LAST JOURNEY

AFRICA

--has given many trophies of Divine grace during the past sixty years. The story of Uganda has been written in blood, but not in vain ; and among the cannibals of the South Seas, among the savage Aborigines of New Guinea, and in the wilds along the banks of the Congo river, Miracles of saving grace have been wrought, and the Light has illuminated many a .dark heart. To East and to West of that great continent was the message carried. Bishop Hannington was murdered while on his way to Uganda. But the blood of the martyr is the seed of the Church; and the tens of thousands who have listened, and the thousands who have received the message, prove that the self-denying efforts of missionaries are already reaping a golden harvest.

The income of the Church Missionary Society, which in 1837 was about £71,000, increased in the sixty years to £268,500.

The London Missionary Society has pushed the Light to:-

MADAGASCAR

---and other parts. At the time of the accession of Queen Victoria the religious outlook there was very gloomy; the profession of Christianity having been forbidden, the Christian converts were compelled to read the Bible in secret, hiding the Books in dens and caves of the earth, and bitter were the persecutions of those who adhered to Christianity. But in 1869 a brighter day dawned. The Queen of Madagascar and her Prime Minister were baptized; the nation's idols were destroyed, and the fullest religious liberty proclaimed. Some hundreds of thousands have professed to have forsaken paganism; but the good work has been, and is being, continually checked by the intrigues of the Jesuits since France took possession of the country. We need to bear up this island in our prayers.

The Wesleyan Church has also some important missions. Among the barbarous people of:-

FIJI

--a great work has been effected. This island, once the scene of every crime, and of religious orgies of surpassing horror, has, during the Victorian Era, changed in its whole aspect for the better. In 1874 the Fiji King ceded the whole island to England, which is now governed by a Minister appointed by the Crown.

But time fails to tell of many others—of the story of James Gilmour, who held up the Light amid those degraded people of Mongolia, feeling, as he said, as if "the superstitions are like towns walled up to Heaven" (what but the Gospel of Christ can change these darkened souls; of Dr. Paton and his marvellous work among the New Hebrides, where the triumph of the Light of the Eternal Word fills us with adoring praise; of the labours of Dr. G. Guinness' band of missionaries; or of the vast work of the British and Foreign Bible Society' and similar agencies, which have translated the Word into hundreds of tongues, and have sent out millions of Scriptures during the glorious Victorian Era.[5]

And yet, alas! how much land remains to be possessed! The following figures but dimly help us to realise how vast is the domain of Darkness, which has not yet yielded to the forces of Light:-

Protestants -	137,000,000.
Romanists -	216,000,000.
Greeks, Armenians, and Abyssinians	95,000,000
Jews	7,000,000
Mohammedans	200,000,000
Buddhists and Brahmins	672,000,000.

Other Heathen	125,000,000
Total population	1,452,000,000[6]

How few of those who are called "Christians" are really "Children of the Light," and how comparatively few—even of those who walk in the Light—discharge the responsibility of sending the Gospel to those in Darkness! "Is it because they do not care for us, or because they do not love Jesus very much?" asked a Mohammedan woman.

Footnotes to Chapter 62

1. See "*The web of the Empire a Diary of the Imperial tour of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York in 1901*," by Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, assistant private secretary to his Royal Highness during the tour.

2. All Protestants regret the deterioration of this Society. The S. P. G. has several of its standing committee, continental chaplains, and many missionaries, as members of one or more of the various ritualistic societies (see Church Association Tract, N. 268).

3. "*A Hundred Years of Missions*," by Rev. Delavan Leonard.

4. "*History of Religion in England*," Stoughton, vol. Vii

5. A list of the chief Missionary Societies, with the date of their formation, is given by R. Lovett, M A., in "A Primer of Modern Missions" (R. T. S.).

6. From Whitaker's Almanac for 1898.





Chapter LXIII THE VICTORIAN ERA

III.—HOW QUEEN VICTORIA UPHELD THE LIGHT



I **WILL BE GOOD,"** was the exclamation of Victoria when she learned of the probability of her succession to the throne. She was then but twelve years old. A genealogical table had been placed in a book she was studying. When the princess opened it, and noticed the document, she said: "I never saw that before."

"It was not thought necessary that you should, princess," was the reply.

Examining the paper, the young girl said, "I see I am nearer the throne than I thought." After a few minutes' grave consideration, she continued lifting her forefinger: "Now many a child would boast; but they don't know the difficulty. There is much splendour, but more responsibility." Then giving her small hand to her governess, Baroness Lehzen, she resumed: "I will be good. I understand now why you wanted me so much to learn Latin. My cousins, Augusta and Mary, never did; but you told me Latin is the foundation of English Grammar and all elegant expressions, and I learned it, as you wished it. But I understand all better now. I will be good."

When at last, William IV. died, the first act of the young Queen on hearing the news was to pray. We can imagine her, just wakened out of her sleep, and suddenly summoned to the presence of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain, dressed "in a loose white nightgown and shawl, her night-cap thrown off, and her hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers, and tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified."

"I ask your prayers on my behalf," were the first words of the young sovereign. So the three knelt down to seek the Divine blessing. It must have been a pathetic sight—the early dawn stealing across the scene, and falling on the kneeling trio, while the fervent prayer and the bowed hearts were a fit prelude to the glorious Victorian era, when the "Light that can never go out" was destined to shine with greater effulgence than it had ever done before.

A good foundation in the early training of the princess had been laid, Every day the Duchess of Kent had led her to read a portion of the Bible, and to pray as if speaking to her best Friend and only Saviour. Very simple had been the childhood days of the great queen. We can picture the fair, bright fare, as she sat at a little table by her mother's side, in the warm spring morning, taking breakfast on the lawn at Kensington Palace, or riding on her donkey, with its gay rosettes of blue ribbon, or playing with childlike glee and merry laughter on the sands by the sea-side. Later on we find her visiting places of historical fame about England, also entering factories, and taking a keen and intelligent interest in the various processes of manufacture. Thus was formed that bond of sympathy between Victoria and her people, which time strengthened and increased.

We must bear in mind that Victoria the Great was a Protestant Queen. At her first Privy Council on 21st June 1837, she read a Declaration, saying: "It will be my increasing duty to maintain the Reformed Religion as by law established, securing at the same time to all the full enjoyment of religious liberty." The law passed in the reign of William III. made it illegal for any but a Protestant to hold the English sceptre. Scotland also required the sovereign to take an oath to "inviolably maintain and preserve the settlement of the true Protestant religion, with the Government, Worship, Discipline, Rights and Privileges of the Church of Scotland." At the opening of her first Parliament on 20th November, 1837, the Queen read the royal Declaration, which we should do well to note:

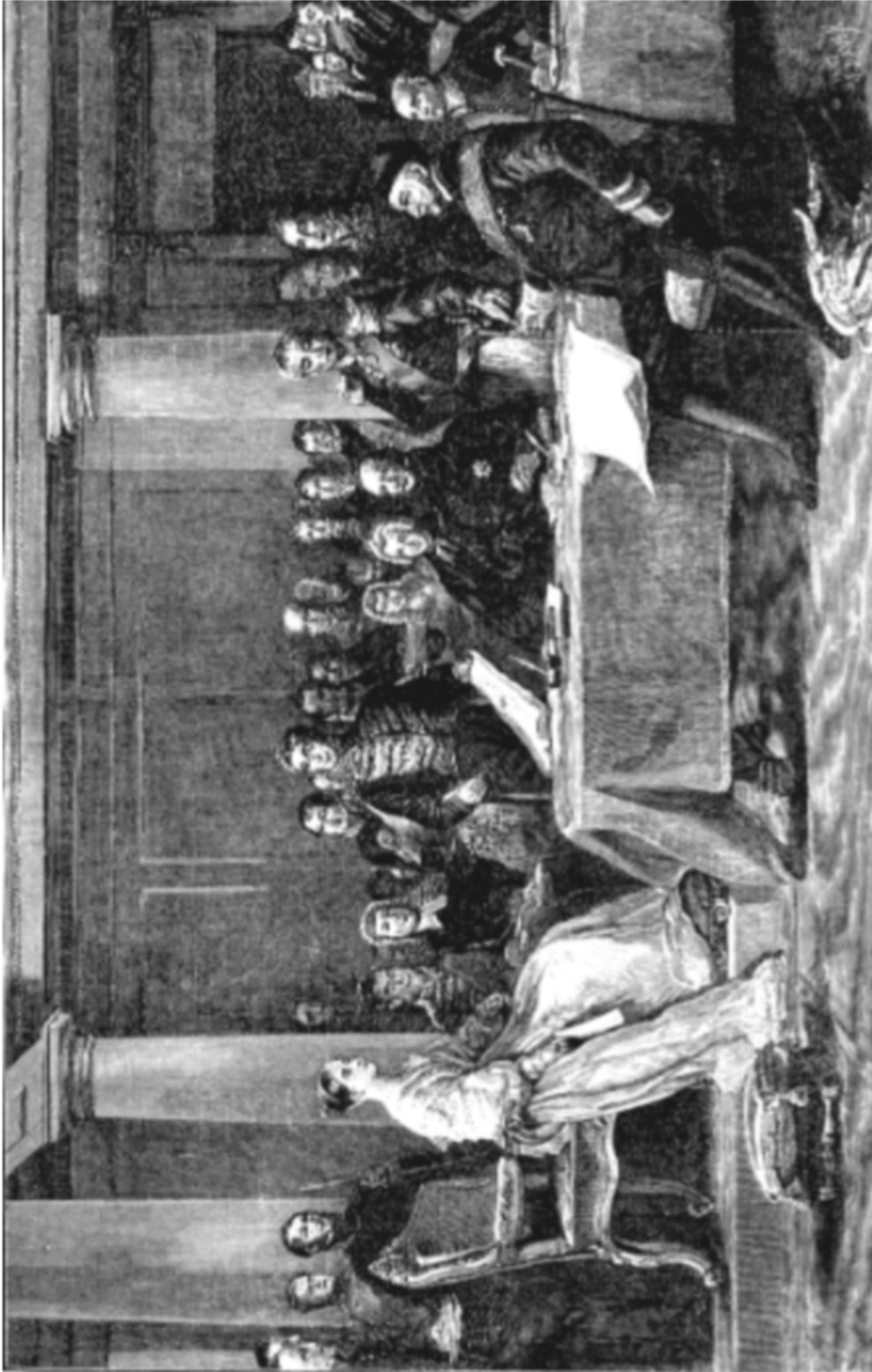
"I DO, SOLEMNLY AND SINCERELY, IN THE PRESENCE OF GOD, PROFESS AND TESTIFY, AND DECLARE THAT I DO BELIEVE THAT IN THE SACRAMENT OF THE LORD'S SUPPER THERE IS NOT ANY TRANSUBSTANTIATION OF THE ELEMENTS OF BREAD AND WINE INTO THE BODY AND BLOOD OF CHRIST, AT OR AFTER THE CONSECRATION THEREOF BY ANY PERSON WHATSOEVER, AND THAT THE INVOCATION OR ADORATION OF THE VIRGIN MARY OR ANY OTHER SAINT, AND THE SACRIFICE OF THE MASS, AS THEY ARE NOW USED IN THE CHURCH OF ROME, ARE SUPERSTITIOUS AND IDOLATROUS. AND I DO SOLEMNLY, IN THE: PRESENCE OF GOD, PROFESS, TESTIFY AND DECLARE THAT I DO MAKE THIS DECLARATION AND EVERY PART THEREOF IN THE PLAIN AND ORDINARY SENSE OF THE WORDS READ UNTO ME, AS THEY ARE COMMONLY UNDERSTOOD BY **ENGLISH PROTESTANTS**, WITHOUT ANY EVASION, EQUIVOCATION, OR MENTAL RESERVATION WITHOUT ANY DISPENSATION ALREADY GRANTED ME FOR THIS PURPOSE BY POPE, OR ANY OTHER AUTHORITY OR PERSON WHATSOEVER, OR WITHOUT ANY HOPE OF ANY SUCH DISPENSATION FROM ANY PERSON OR AUTHORITY WHATSOEVER, OR WITHOUT THINKING THAT I AM OR CAN BE ACQUITTED BEFORE GOD OR MAN, OR ABSOLVED OF THIS DECLARATION OR ANY PART THEREOF, ALTHOUGH THE POPE OR ANY OTHER SUCH PERSON OR PERSONS OR POWER WHATSOEVER SHALL DISPENSE WITH OR ANNUL THE SAME, OR DECLARE. THAT IT WAS NULL OR VOID FROM ITS BEGINNING."

This same Declaration, when taken by Edward VII. nearly sixty-four years later, caused an immense hubbub in the ranks of the Romanists. It is significant of the growth of papal influence during the last half-century that while Queen Victoria made the Declaration without raising any ostensible agitation among the members of the system it repudiated, Edward VII read the same words amid a storm of indignation from Papists and their allies, the Ritualists—not so much because they disliked the Declaration, as because it effectually prevents a Romanist from ascending the English throne. Hence the inestimable value of this Declaration, and the deep importance of maintaining it inviolate. To do away or even modify it would, as the Roman Catholic Tablet expressed it, "be to them (the Protestants) the hauling down of their flag on a fortress which has been their point of vantage." [1] If we are as wide awake as our opponents to the importance! Of this "point of vantage," we shall never suffer this triumphant flag of rights and liberties to be taken away.

The Coronation Oath by itself is not a sufficient safeguard to our Protestant throne, although it is of great importance, and should be highly valued by all Protestants.

On 28th June, 1838, Queen Victoria went in state to Westminster, amid the tumultuous cheers and exuberant shouts of her subjects, and was anointed queen upon the long-famed "Coronation Chair".

"Will you to the utmost of your power," asked the archbishop. of the queen, "maintain the laws of God, the profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant Reformed Religion established by law? And will you maintain and preserve inviolably the settlement of the united Church of England and Ireland, and the doctrine, worship, discipline and government thereof as by law established



QUEEN VICTORIA'S FIRST COUNCIL

within England and Ireland, and to the churches there committed to their charge, all such rights and privileges, as by law do or shall appertain to them, or any of them?" The queen replied, "All this I promise to do." Then, placing her right hand on the Bible, she took the following solemn oath:—

"The things which I have here before promised, I will perform and keep. So help me God."

The Bible forms a conspicuous object in the coronation of English sovereigns. A copy was presented to her with these words: "Our gracious queen, we present you with this Book, the most valuable thing that this world affords. Here is wisdom; this is the Royal Law; these are the lively oracles of God. Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this Book, that keep and do the things in it. For these are the words of Eternal Life, able to make you wise and happy in this world, nay, wise unto salvation, and so happy for evermore, through faith which is in Christ Jesus, to Whom be glory for ever. Amen."

Not only does the Act of Settlement exclude a Romanist from the English throne, but it also enacts that the sovereign shall marry only a Protestant. Hence when the unfounded rumour was heard that Prince Albert, to whom Her Majesty was affianced, was a Romanist, she wrote to him on the subject. His reply was all that could be desired. He had prepared a historical sketch of his ancestors, showing how His House had upheld Luther and his cause triumphantly; that the Elector, Frederick the Wise of Saxony, was the first Protestant ruler that ever lived.

Bearing this in mind, how wonderful are the ways of Divine Omnipotence, that the son of Queen Victoria, Edward VII., is a descendant of the first Protestant prince who supported the Reformation! As Luther waged war with Henry VIII., how little did he know that between three and four hundred years later, a descendant of his own Protestant prince and champion would ascend the English throne, as a "Defender of the Faith" of Protestant Reformers and Martyrs, and reign over the mightiest Empire that the world has ever seen—and that Empire a Protestant one. How true it is that "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform; He plants His footsteps in the sea, And rides upon the storm."

Let us now note a few striking characteristics in the Queen, whose life and example did so much towards the exaltation of the Light of God in our land, especially her Protestantism.



Portrait of Queen Victoria in 1877

She had no sympathy with the Tractarian, alias Puseyite, alias Ritualistic, movement. Her Majesty's Christian spirit of toleration sometimes led to the idea that she favoured Romanism. On one occasion an Italian prince had a lengthy interview with the Crown Prince, desiring leave to present a little book to the queen, which he thought might remove every objection to Romanism in her mind. Prince Albert, however, gave him so clearly to understand the Queen's and his own opinions on the matter, that his vain efforts at perversion soon came to an end. When an Address was presented to her—signed by over a hundred members of Parliament, sixty-three peers, and over 300,000 lay members of the Church of England—calling her

attention to the spread of sacerdotalism, and requesting her to rise in defence of the Anglican

Church, she directed the archbishop to "uphold the purity and simplicity of the faith and worship of our Reformed Church."

Her Majesty loved a simple form of worship, and had a strong leaning towards Presbyterianism. Every preacher, whatever his rank, was required to wear the black gown in the pulpit—that now rare link with the Evangelical past. Her impressions on one or two sermons to which she listened in Scotland are recorded in her "*Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands*," where we read : "We went to Kirk, as usual, at twelve o'clock. The service was performed by the Rev. Norman McLeod, of Glasgow, and anything finer I have never heard. The sermon, entirely extempore, was quite admirable; so simple, and yet so eloquent, and so beautifully argued and put. The text was from the account of the coming of Nicodemus to Christ by night. Mr. McLeod showed in the sermon how we all tried to please self, and live for that, and in so doing found no rest. Christ had come, not only to die for us, but to show how we were to live."

Later on, in 1871, the Queen gives her thoughts about the Communion Service at Crathie Kirk. She describes how simply the Lord's Supper was taken there, and adds: "It would be, indeed, impossible to say how deeply we were impressed with the grand simplicity of the service. It was all so truly earnest, and no description can do justice to the perfect devotion of the whole assemblage. It was most touching, and I longed much to join in it. To see all these simple, good people in their nice, plain dresses (including an old woman in her mutch)—so many of whom I knew, and some of whom had walked far, old as they were, in the deep snow, was very striking."

In a footnote the royal writer added: "Since 1873 I have regularly partaken of the Communion at Crathie every autumn, it being always given at that time." [2]

It was an impressive sight to see the queen sitting at the Communion Table in the Kirk, by the side of her tenants and servants. She realised that spiritually there was no difference between her and her lowliest subjects, and her heart, in unison with all her Christian fellow-communicants, longed for close fellowship with the one Father and Saviour of all. After her death, the preacher in St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, said :—"Prayer was the strength of her life. The throne of Divine grace was where she sought guidance. It is recorded how, when she first came to the throne, she asked permission of her mother to spend the day in prayer and meditation on her position. From that hour to its close her life was reverent and devout. She never was absent from the public worship of God. She attended it, not as a formal duty, but because it helped her and refreshed her soul. To see her at Crathie, side by side with the poorest in the glen, taking with them the symbols of our common redemption, was a sight which those who witnessed can never forget. The world to come, the life beyond the grave, was always near her. She felt its power."

With true prayer is always linked a true devotion to the study of the Bible. That Book, from early childhood, all through her life, to the days of her hoary head, was her constant guide. How charming it is to think of Her Majesty conducting a Bible class for her servants in the palace! Think of her with open Bible, explaining a passage verse by verse to the parents and their children; or imagine her visiting the poor in their cottages, "not as a Queen, but as a Christian woman," reading the Eternal Words from the Immortal Book. Among the numerous blessings bestowed on this favoured land, not least among them was a Godly queen. [3]

The Victorian Era was great in many respects. We have briefly noticed the shining of the Light across the seas. It is not less brilliant at home. Space does not permit us to notice at any length the various Evangelical Associations for all sorts and conditions of men, women and children. The sailor at sea, the toiling fisherman on the stormy deep, the soldier in the barrack, or on the veldt, or amid the din of battle, the dingy abodes of the dwellers in the slums (a disgrace to England), and the "street crabs," the factory girls, the shop women, the navvies, the postmen, and even the policemen, the blind and the sick—all are being cared for, in one way or another, by the "Father of Lights," Who has commanded His "children of Light" to "feed His sheep."

One of the noblest traits of the Victorian Era is the growth of organised voluntary effort to relieve the suffering and to raise the fallen. In some of these efforts the Queen took a keen interest. For example, we find her writing to the General of the Salvation Army (1897), in reply to the Army's message of loyal congratulations:— "The Queen wishes to express to all the members of the Salvation Army now assembled for their Triennial Congress her heartfelt thanks for their touching message of loyal congratulations and earnest good wishes. Her Majesty fully recognises the great and varied works so courageously undertaken by the Army on behalf of so many of their fellow-creatures in different parts of her Empire. The Queen fervently trusts that Divine guidance and blessing may accompany all future efforts of the Army."

In the work of Lord Shaftesbury she always took a delight. We find him at Osborne, advising the Queen how to deal with the condition of the poor. "Very considerate for the poor," he wrote of her in his diary. Soon afterwards the Prince Consort was in the chair, presiding over a meeting of the "Labourers' Friend Society." In 1886 the London Missionary Society was allowed to hold an influential meeting in the gardens of Kensington Palace. In foreign mission work the Queen also took a deep interest. At the Jubilee of the Church Missionary Society, Her Majesty by a donation of £100 became a Life Governor of the Society.

There are other incidents in the life of the great Queen we would rather have seen omitted. For example, the precedence given to Cardinal Manning, the visit of the Papal Envoy and his reception by Her Majesty, when he presented her with a costly mosaic set in a handsome gilt frame, surrounded by the English and Papal arms—the pope's Jubilee gift to the Protestant Queen of England. The Queen's gifts to the pope were a Vulgate Bible, and a gold jug and ewer. The latter was used by Leo XIII in a manner never anticipated by the Queen, viz., for washing his hands at the Jubilee Mass. The occasion caused exultation among the enemies of Protestantism, but a deep feeling of sorrow among Her Majesty's most loyal subjects, who remembered that the sovereign of Great Britain is not legally allowed to have communion with the Pope of Rome. It was examples such as this that probably encouraged our present gracious king to pay a visit to the late pope—a visit not permissible to any British sovereign under the Bill of Rights. The infringement of that famous provision is the forfeiture of the crown.

Notwithstanding the Queen's tolerance towards papists, they did not hesitate to insult the aged sovereign when she lay on her death-bed. At the annual dinner of a Roman Catholic Association, the Earl of Denbigh, who presided, proposed the toast of "His Holiness the Pope and Her Majesty the Queen." Three cheers were then heartily given for the "Pope-King." Had the name of the Czar of Russia or the Emperor of Germany been placed before that of the Queen, great would have been the uproar in England. But the pope—England's bitterest foe—may be toasted before the Queen, and the Earl Marshal lifts not a finger to reprove the insult! Evidently Rome cannot be killed by kindness!

The appointments of Romanising men to fill the important offices of bishops of the Protestant Church of England—men who aided, rather than checked, the purposes of error—is yet another blot on the glorious page of the Victorian Era. No doubt in such matters the Queen was over-ruled by her Ministers of State; yet we would fain have seen a little more of that determined spirit displayed by Her Majesty in early years, when she said to her Prime Minister, when he asked her to sign a document because it was "expedient:" "I have been taught, my lord, to judge between what is right and what is wrong ; but expediency is a word I neither wish to hear nor to understand.

There are times when the imperious independence of a Queen Bess would not come amiss to check the inroads of England's greatest foe. If they are not checked, the people, as well as their sovereign, must suffer the penalty. The Jews crucified Christ because they feared the Romans would come and take away their nation (John xi. 43) ; but their wickedness, instead of turning away the evil, brought it with a hundred-fold increase upon them. Let us bear that in mind when we hear that it will be politic or expedient to encourage popery. Such a method of averting

danger will only intensify it a hundred-fold. Was not the Boer War a Divine judgment against the present apostasy of this favoured nation? and was not our late beloved Queen one of its keenest sufferers?

Footnotes to Chapter 63

1. See "A Defence of the King's Protestant Declaration," by W. Walsh
2. "*More Leaves from the Journal of a Life in the Highlands*," p. 107.
3. Space fails to add fuller details. See MT. Walsh's "*Religious Life of Queen Victoria*."





Chapter LXIV THE VICTORIAN ERA

IV.-A GREAT CONSPIRACY



ON 6th August, 1859, the late Cardinal Manning, in his address to the third Provincial Council of the Arch-diocese of Westminster, frankly declared that: "It is yours, Right Reverend Father, to subjugate and subdue the will of an Imperial race---You have a great commission to fulfil, and great is the prize for which you strive. Surely a soldier's eye and a soldier's heart would choose by intuition this field of England for the warfare of the man.---It is the head of Protestantism, the centre of its movements, and the stronghold of its powers. Weakened in England it is paralysed everywhere.

Conquered in England it is conquered throughout the world. Once overthrown here, all is but a war of detail. All the roads of the whole world meet in one point, and this point reached, the whole World is open to the church's will. England is the key of the whole position of modern error."

How is this work of subjugating and overthrowing our Protestant Empire being carried out?

In order to answer this important question we must bear in mind that the papacy is a political as well as a religious system. Therefore we must expect to find that its intrigues have a political and a religious phase; that it aims at subduing Church and State, religion and government, body and soul.

First, let us review the political phase of this vast conspiracy.

The first step to prepare the way was taken in 1829, when the "Catholic Emancipation" Bill was passed, allowing Romanists to become members of Parliament. The exclusion of papists from our Legislature was a safeguard erected by our forefathers, who realised that popery was a foreign power, which had no jurisdiction in England, and that its adherents were the subjects of a foreign potentate—the pope, and, therefore, were not entitled to assist in the government of a Protestant country which their master and ruler--the pope—considered his foe.

As Dr. Wylie has expressed it, "The men of the Romish communion are in no proper sense citizens of this country. They are subjects of a foreign prince, to whom, without concealment, their allegiance is given and by whom their conscience is absolutely ruled. Every bishop takes a feudal oath to obey the pope in all things, and fight against his enemies; and that obligation

runs down through the priest to the humblest member of their community, linking them into a great feudal confederacy whose throne is the Vatican, and whose country is the church."

If any readers doubt the statement that British Romanists are not good citizens, not loyal subjects to England's sovereign, let them weigh the following words from a well-known Romish newspaper:-

"A Catholic should never attach himself to any political party composed of heretics (i.e., Protestants). No one who is a thorough and complete Catholic can give his entire adhesion to a Protestant leader, be he Whig or Tory ; for in so doing he divides his allegiance—and in some instances destroys it altogether—which he owes to the church" ("*The Universe*," 28th March, 1868).

Our forefathers realised these facts far more keenly than we can possibly do, and the exclusion of Romanists from the Protestant British Parliament was a safeguard erected by them at the time of the Revolution Settlement (1688) for the purpose of guarding our blood-bought liberties and our Constitutional rights. They considered also that men who professed to believe in Transubstantiation could not be competent to legislate for our Empire. Either they believed the fable—that the wafer is changed into Almighty God—or they did not. If they believed it, their judgment must have become so perverted and their reason so beclouded that they could not be trusted to make sensible laws for our Imperial benefit. If they merely professed a belief in the dogma, without actually accepting it as true (which is the case with many reasoning papists), their word on matters of State could not be relied upon: those who lie in matters of religion cannot be depended on in secular affairs. Besides, as we have seen in a former chapter, the teachings of the Jesuits are so absolutely dishonest that those who imbibe their instructions cannot be true men.

However, the Test Act of Charles II., requiring all holding civil or military offices of trust to take the Sacrament according to the rite of the Church of England, and to make a Declaration against Transubstantiation, was abolished in 1828, and the next year Romanists, who professed to believe in the "blasphemous fable and dangerous deceit," were re-admitted to Parliament and were placed on the same political footing as Protestants. On that occasion Lord Eldon spoke as follows in the House of Lords:

"Those with whom we have to deal are much too wary to apprise us, by any immediate conduct, of our danger, but that they will triumph—not to-day, nor to-morrow, but when I shall have been consigned to the urns and sepulchres of mortality—I have no more doubt than that I now stand here. I, therefore, my Lords, pray to God that those evils may be averted which I foresee."[1]

Since those words were spoken, concession after concession has been made to the papal agitators, and the conspiracy against Church and State has assumed a wider and bolder character. In 1850 the pope (Pius IX.) actually partitioned England into twelve provinces or dioceses, with a papal prefect over each, authorising him to hold courts, issue edicts, and bring the Canon Law to the door and conscience of every Romanist in England.

"This papal aggression," says Dr. Wylie, "was not an affair of mere titles, or the question of a score or more of papal officials, or of twelve dioceses ; it was a far more serious matter. From the hour it commenced there were two codes and two sovereigns in the country, and, by consequence, two obediences and two allegiances: one obedience to the queen and the other to the pope.---Pause, and reflect on the vast change the establishment of the hierarchy and the introduction of the Canon Law were calculated to work in the Roman Catholic population. They created in them a state of mind hostile to the civil order of the country."[2]

What is this "Canon Law"?

It is the law by which the pope governs, and consists of thousands of briefs, bulls, etc., which have been issued by various popes for over a thousand years. These laws bind kings and their subjects, nations and the individual in body and soul. Here are a few of its numerous leading provisos:

"All human power is evil and must therefore be standing under the pope."

The church is empowered to grant, or to take away, any temporal possession."

"The pope has the right to give countries and nations which are non-Catholic to Catholic regents, who can reduce them to slavery."

"The pope can make slaves of those Christian subjects whose prince or ruling power is interdicted by the pope."

"The pope has the right to annul state laws, treaties, constitutions, etc."

"The pope possesses the right of admonishing—and, if needs be, of punishing—the temporal rulers, emperors, and kings, as well as of drawing them before the spiritual forum in any case in which a mortal sin occurs."

"The pope can release from every obligation, oath, vow, either before or after being made."

"The execution of papal commands for the persecution of heretics causes remission of sins."

"He who kills one that is excommunicated is no murderer in a legal sense." [3].

From the foregoing we see that the pope's supposed "almightiness" has no limit—except that of his own supreme will. Past history shows how often he has exercised the prerogatives he claims, and which should remind us that the object of the present conspiracy is to restore to the papacy the power of re-assuming world-wide authority and control; and this cannot be till Protestantism is conquered. Hence the increasing efforts "to efface from the European dictionary the fatal word Protestantism." In order to do this work of effacing Protestantism, "Providence," said the same writer, "is engaged in raising an army in Europe." [4]

What is this "army"?

It consists of various societies, as, for example, the "Society of the Sacred Heart," whose members are numbered by millions, and of whom we are informed: "Every novice admitted into the association shall swear to combat to the death the enemies of humanity (i.e., of Rome). His every day, his every hour, shall be consecrated to the development of Christian civilisation (i.e., of Romanism). He has sworn eternal hatred to the genius of evil (Protestantism), and has promised absolute and unreserved submission to our holy father the pope and to the command of the hierarchical superiors of the association. The Director, on his admission, has ejaculated, We have one soldier more." On this La Siécle remarked: "We are therefore warned, a crusade is organised, it has its secret chiefs, its avowed purpose, its trained soldiers."

The most important of all organisations in the papacy is that of the Jesuits, and their schemes are rendered the more dangerous because they now work under the names of numerous new orders. They have their various "affiliated orders," many of which are labouring in England for the purpose of our country's destruction. Their methods and their aims are fully dealt with in Chapter xlv.

Sometimes they pretend to be ardent Protestants in order that they may obtain important official positions. "Let all courts," is the instruction given them, "and particularly those of heretic

princes, be provided with some of our most vigilant sentinels, who must be wholly ours—although belonging in appearance to the Protestant sect—in order that nothing may escape us, whether to our profit or to our disadvantage, of all that passes in the Cabinet and Consistory. We must hesitate at no cost when it imports us to the possession of a secret." [5] They have crept into the Press, and doubtless have their agents on the staff of many London newspapers.

They seek also to ingratiate themselves by flattery or false pretences into the favour of influential people. "We ought," they say, "by every possible means, to secure the aid of modern thinkers, whatever be the nature of their opinions. If they can be induced to write at all in our favour, let us pay them well, either in money or in laudation" ("*Jesuit Conspiracy*," p. 102). Hence the numberless reviews praising books which favour Romish ceremonials or practices, and deprecate Protestantism.

To capture the young is, of course, one of their chief aims. Hence the falsification of History. "Nothing," said the late Archbishop. W. Whately, "could exceed the unblushing audacity of its falsehoods, except the atrocity of its principles. The perversion of its morals is still worse than the perversion of facts." "Few things can better illustrate the complete success of this policy of secret war than the astounding extent to which History has been travestied in popular school books where Jesuit action has not been suspected" ("*Modern Avernus*," p. 112). In the "*Contemporary Review*" (September, 1898) attention was called to the falsified Histories written by Messrs. Wakeman and Nye (professed Protestants). These books, with the facts of History perverted, have been largely circulated throughout the schools of England, by which means children are being taught to admire the doings of popery (for black is made to appear white), and to despise the Puritanism of their forefathers.[6]

"Our chief concern," say the Jesuits, "must be to mould the people to our purpose. Doubtless the first generation will not be wholly ours, but the second will nearly belong to us, and the third entirely" ("*Jesuit Conspiracy*," p. 97).

Not in England only, but in Ireland also, the Jesuit wire pullers have been hard at work. Why have the Irish agitated for Home Rule and separation from England? Not because she enjoys less civil or religious freedom than we do. No, but because the spirit of sedition is sown and fostered among the people by the priesthood, whose aim is to separate Ireland from England, in order that it may become a base of operations for the enemies of Protestant Great Britain. "Rome rule" is what the Jesuits want there—"Rome rule" for the destruction of England. For this they have toiled, for this they are still sowing and waiting. "Were the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin, and the Archbishop of Westminster to say the word, about a million Irish would rise as Fenians within the week" (The "*Tablet*," 24th April, 1869).

The wide-spread spirit of sedition, so often manifested in Ireland, is largely due to the State-endowed College of Maynooth. This seminary was erected in 1796 for the training of Irish priests in Ultramontaniam, i.e., the style of popery which teaches extreme views of the pope's supremacy—that he is, in fact, the world's supreme ruler, and his Canon Law the world's infallible code.

It was not extraordinary that Rome should open such a college; but it is beyond all comprehension that the very kingdom and government it intends to destroy should pay it for this work of destruction. The English Parliament supported it by an annual grant of £10,000, which in 1845 was raised to £30,000. It is now permanently and munificently endowed by England for the object of her own defeat. Before Maynooth was erected the Irish priests were trained in France. They were then gentlemen in birth and manners, and had imbibed the liberal views prevalent there. Their few exalted ideas of the pope's supremacy were subordinate to their loyal allegiance to the British government. Now all that is changed. The priests of Maynooth recognise but one authority—that of the pope; they have but one interest—the overthrow of Protestantism and the spread of popery; and they train their people in this direction, doing all they can to keep their

flocks in ignorance and barbarism, and to foster a chronic distrust and fatal antagonism between tenants and landlords.

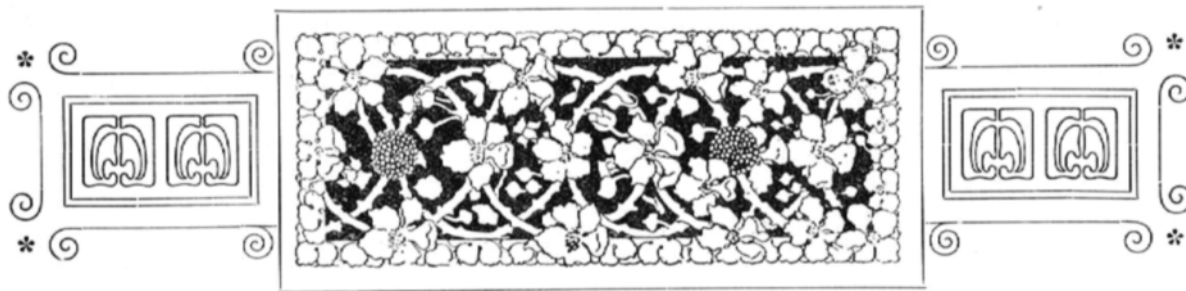
In the foregoing we have only given a brief outline of some of the most apparent methods which Rome is adopting to ruin our prosperity and usefulness. Rome is still plotting against us, and will strike a fiercer blow before very long.

In our next chapter we will consider the spiritual phase of the "Great Conspiracy."

Footnotes to Chapter 64

1. Hansard's "*Parliamentary Debates*," vol. xxxi., p. 639.
2. "*Which Sovereign: Queen Victoria or the pope?*" by J. A. Wylie, LL.D.
3. See "*Power of the Roman popes over princes, countries, nations, and individuals*," by Dr. Von Schulte, Professor of Canonical Law at Prague.
4. "Journal des Debats," 21st February, 1884.
5. "*The Jesuit Conspiracy*," p. 127.
6. Ibid.





Chapter LXV THE VICTORIAN ERA

V.—THE PROTESTANT WATCHTOWER

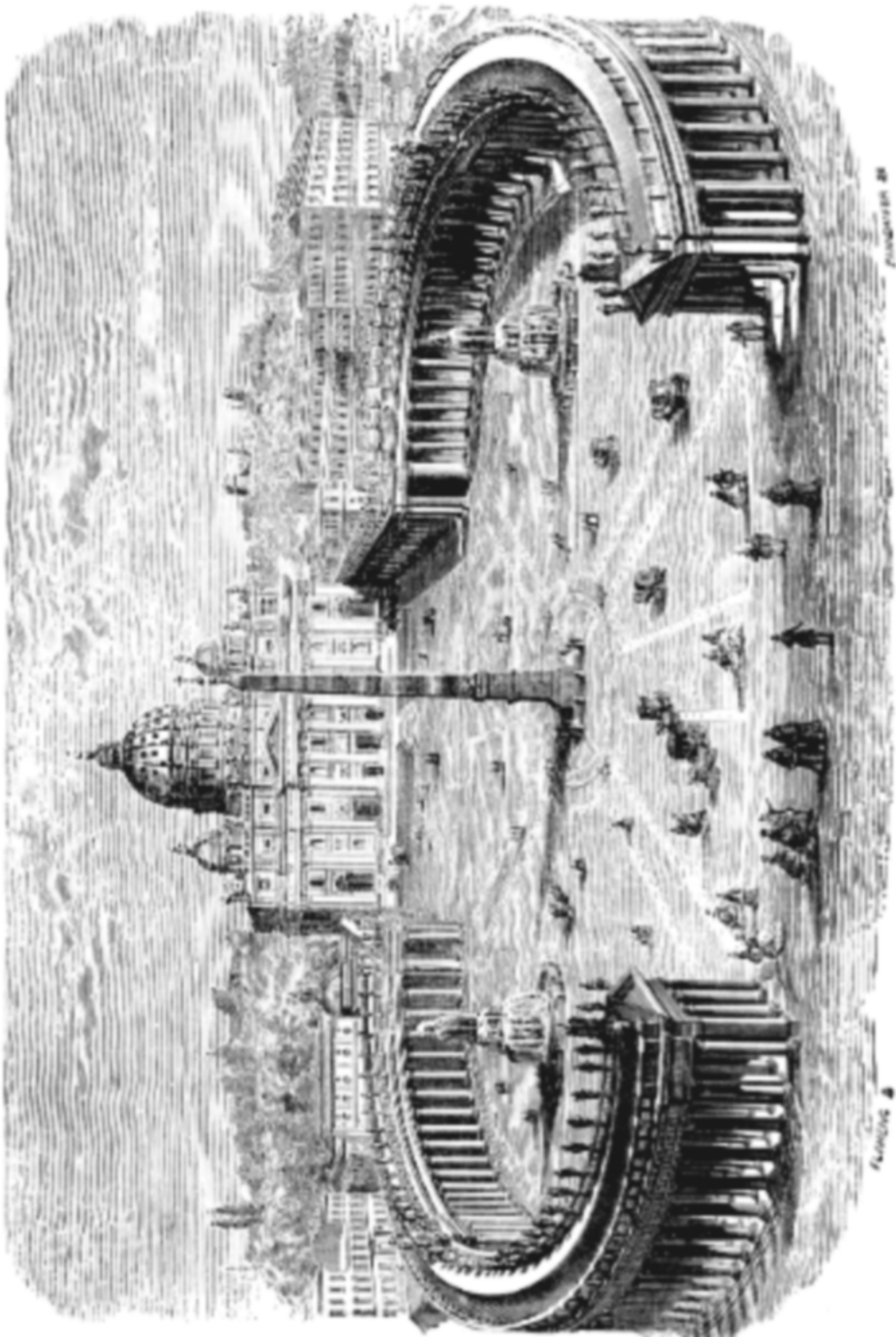


THOSE who were observing the signs of the times in 1870 saw a strange sight. An eye-witness gave his account as follows :—"When I went down to St. Peter's (Rome) the very doors of heaven seemed to have been opened, and we were nearly washed out of our carriages. Yesterday, too, instead of a bright Roman sky and brilliant burning sun, we had what may be called the storm of the season. Thus the opening and closing of the Council—the closing at least for the present—were marked by a violent revolution of the elements.

"The reading of the Dogma (Papal Infallibility) was followed by the roll call of the fathers, and *placet* after *placet* followed, though not in very quick succession. They were uttered in louder and bolder tones than on former occasions, and amid the utterances there was a loud peal of thunder. The storm which had been threatening all the morning burst now with the utmost violence. And so the *placets* of the fathers struggled through the storm, while the thunder pealed above, and the lightning flashed in at every window, and down through the dome and every smaller cupola, dividing—if not absorbing—the attention of the crowd. *Placet* shouted His Eminence or His Grace, and a loud clap of thunder followed in response; and then the lightning darted about the baldachino, and every part of the church and council hall, as if announcing the response. The storm was at its height when the result of the voting was taken up to the pope, and the darkness was so thick that a huge taper was necessarily brought and placed by his side as he read the words which invested him with Divine powers:—*Nosque, sacro approbante Concilio, ita decernimus statuimus atque sancimus*. And again the lightning flickered around the hall, and the thunder pealed.

"I was standing at the moment in the south transept, trying to penetrate the darkness which surrounded the pope, when the sound of a mighty rushing something—I could not tell what—caused me to start violently, and look about me and above me. It might be a storm of hail. Such for an instant was my impression; and it grew and swelled, and then the mystery was revealed by a cloud of white handkerchiefs waving above me. The signal had been given by the fathers themselves with the clapping of hands."[1]

The above was a description of an important hour in the history of the papacy, when the head of the Roman system was declared "Infallible." From that hour the pope (or succession of popes) was regarded (and is still regarded) by Romanists as unable to make a mistake in faith or morals when speaking with authority from the chair of St. Peter, and all those who do not hold this monstrous dogma are considered by the Church of Rome as being under a curse. Why was this novel doctrine added to the creed of Rome, and why was the addition delayed till 1870? The answer is not far to seek. We have seen how contrary to Scripture are the various man-invented



St. Peter's and the Vatican, Rome

doctrines of Rome. But the popes have claimed through many centuries to be above Scripture, and think themselves authorised to change or add to it as they will. Nevertheless, when the Protestant Reformers and martyrs opened the Bible, and circulated it among the people in their own tongue, it was searched and studied by thousands and millions during the centuries which followed the glorious Reformation, with the result that the power of the popedom became weaker and weaker as Bible-lovers discovered by the Light of God's Word that the religion of Rome was one of Darkness.

Rome, alarmed at the spread of the Light of the Holy Scriptures, invented this new dogma of the pope's infallibility for her own protection. It was her last refuge from the blaze of Light which threatened to expose her falsehood to the whole world. To conquer and subdue the British Empire, to rule once more over the whole globe, was her proud ambition. But how could her "Great Conspiracy" succeed if people continued more and more to study the Bible, to search into its hidden riches, only to find out that the doctrines of Rome were absolutely contrary to its Divine teaching, and that therefore the Roman Church could not be the true Zion founded by Christ, but was, after all, merely "Babylon the Great," set up by the devil?

Rome could not close the Bible; it had been opened by an Almighty decree, and could never be shut again. But she could lead men's minds to look elsewhere for their rule of faith, which was absolutely essential if her efforts after universal power and dominion were to succeed. So the pope hit upon the plan of declaring himself infallible—more infallible than the Word of God, and that what he said when speaking ex-cathedra was of more weight than what the Bible taught.[2] So men's eyes were drawn to look at the pope rather than at Jesus Christ for guidance, and were led to trust in the word of man, instead of in the only Divine rule of faith—the Word of God.

That terrible storm which broke over the city, and the darkness which enwrapped St. Peter's, was not the only signal of the Divine displeasure. His wrath was manifested in a yet more striking manner. The very next day after the promulgation of this papal blasphemy (19th July, 1870) war was declared by France against Prussia, which resulted in the humiliation of France, Rome's chief protector. The troops which were stationed in Rome had to be withdrawn to join the fight, and thus the papal city was left open to the forces of Victor Emmanuel. "Long live Victor Emmanuel!" shouted the crowd; and their glad cheers resounded through the air, telling that victory was come for liberty, for progress, for emancipation from popish bondage. Which should it be—king or pope? When the votes were taken up in Rome, it was found that only 46 had voted for the pope, while 40,785 were on the side of the king!

So the temporal power of the papacy passed away for ever. But if its temporal power has gone, its spiritual assumptions have not abated. The self-made god on the seven-hilled city still, like Daniel's "Little Horn," "has a mouth speaking great things," and does not hesitate to claim every spiritual prerogative under the guise of a zeal for Jesus Christ.

The British Empire, as we have seen in our last chapter, is the centre of the Pope's operations. To regain his temporal power, to be the world's god in all the magnificence of mediæval splendour, is still his wildest dream. Once Caesar reigned in ancient Rome; but the sceptre departed: Cæsar fell, and then the pope took his place—"the ghost of the deceased Roman Empire, sitting crowned upon the grave thereof." But now the scene is reversed—the pope has fallen from his temporal sovereignty, and the King of Italy reigns. Need we wonder that the pope so ardently desires his fallen crown? "There is a fixed purpose among the secret inspirers of Roman policy---the favourite project of re-erecting the terrestrial throne of the poppadom." [3] In our last chapter we have seen the political schemes advanced to gain this object through the subjugation of England ; let us now glance at the spiritual or religious phase of this vast conspiracy.

On the 14th July, 1833, Keble preached the Assize sermon in the University of Oxford. It was published under the title of "National Apostasy." This date was considered by Cardinal Newman as the start of the Tractarian movement, which has resulted indeed in a wide apostasy among the nation. Cardinal Newman was the early leader of the ritualistic campaign, and was the first to issue the well-known Tracts, which were flaunted like a banner of Darkness proclaiming war against the Light. "The grand scheme," as Newman called the plot for Romanising the Church of England, was begun by a band of conspirators, who carried on their evil counsels in a secret, underhand manner. One of the party acknowledged that the new "Association of the Friends of the Church" was established for the purpose of disseminating High Church principles ; but this object was revealed only to the initiated, while the general public were kept in ignorance.[4]

The Tracts followed each other without regularity or uniformity. Some were poor, some learned, some dull, some lively ; but all had the same goal in view—to lead people to follow Church authority rather than private judgment, and to overthrow the belief that the Bible alone is the rule of faith; while sacraments and "Apostolical succession" were pushed forward, to the gradual exclusion of justification by faith only, without the works' of the law. It was, and is, a great conspiracy to lead the soul away from the Creator to trust in an arm of flesh.

The general excitement and alarm caused by these publications reached their climax after the issue of Tract xc. in 1841. This dealt with the Thirty-nine Articles, and strove to show that those very Protestant Articles were not so Protestant as had been supposed, and did not condemn important errors of the Church of Rome. The fact was, these Articles are so very Protestant that the Romanisers found them a decided barrier to their work. They could not get rid. of them, so their only step was an effort to misinterpret them. Newman was the author of Tract xc.

Thus a basis—though it was but of sand—was laid, and the superstructure of Ritualism quickly rose upon it. It was intended to be a "via media"—a middle course between Anglicanism and Romanist, a half-way house to Rome. Among the early promoters of the conspiracy are the well-known names of Newman, Pusey, Keble, Faber, and even Mr. Gladstone,

Newman established a monastery at Littlemore under the name of "Parsonage House." The strictest rules of the Romish religious Orders were observed there—fastings, penances, etc., till the physician declared they would "all die in a few years." Rome was Newman's model, and his heart was given to the apostasy long before he declared himself a papist. It was a happy day for the Church of England when this disloyal man finally went over to Rome. Like another traitor, "he went to his own place"; but not, unfortunately, before he had infected many with his own spiritual corruption.

As to Pusey, one cannot read his history without pitying him.

"I am a great coward," he wrote to Keble, his father confessor, "about inflicting pain on myself, partly, I hope, from a derangement of my nervous system. Hair cloth I know not how to make pain: it is only symbolical, except when worn to an extent which seemed to wear me out. I have it on again, by God's mercy. I would try to get some sharper sort; lying hard I like best, unless it is such to take away sleep, and that seems to unfit me for duties. Real fasting, i.e., going without food, was very little discomfort, except in the head, when the hour of the meal was over; and Dr. Wootten said, and says, It was shortening my life. Praying with my arms in the form of a cross seemed to distract me, and act upon my head, from this same miserable nervousness. I think I should like to be bid to use the Discipline. I cannot even smite upon my breast much, because the pressure on my lungs seemed bad. In short, you see, I am a mass of infirmities."[5]

He certainly was "a mass of infirmities"—mentally and spiritually, as well as bodily. To such fanatics—men diseased in mind and soul—we owe the present fashionable craze of Ritualism. It would have been better if Pusey had restricted the infliction of cruelty to himself alone; but it is much worse to know that he extended it to others, and absolutely outrageous that he should

have exercised his eccentricities on weak and helpless women. His Sisterhood for enclosed nuns was nothing more than a prison, and perhaps to many of its miserable inmates a veritable madhouse. Miss Sellon, a selfish, tyrannical woman, was the "Mother Superior" of Dr. Pusey's nunnery. Let us take a slight peep into Pusey's Sisterhood, which contained enclosed nuns of "The Sacred Heart."

"The relatives of an Anglican are to think of the Sister as in the grave ; it is esteemed a falling away from the rule for a recluse to desire even to see one so near and dear to her as a mother. An aged lady has for years been trying every means to obtain, as she says, only one word ' from a beloved daughter at Miss Sellon's, but without success. She has written most imploringly to Miss Sellon, and has begged the interference of the Bishop of Exeter, who declares himself powerless in the matter; yet there is nothing to forbid the meeting except the rule of the Order to which the daughter has devoted herself." [6]

What a pathetic picture! Think of that fond parent, worn with age and sorrow, unable to obtain so much as even one "God bless you, mother," from that child so clearly loved—unable even once again to catch even a glimpse of the dear one's face. Had she been confined in a criminal's gaol or lunatic asylum, an interview could have been obtained, and the sorrowing mother would at least have been accorded the comfort that her daughter was alive, and treated as well as could be expected under the circumstances. But having become "an enclosed nun," the poor victim may die or go mad, and the parent's heart be broken ; but Rome—the relentless persecutor of God's saints, or her handmaid, Ritualism—will not undo the door to save either one or the other.

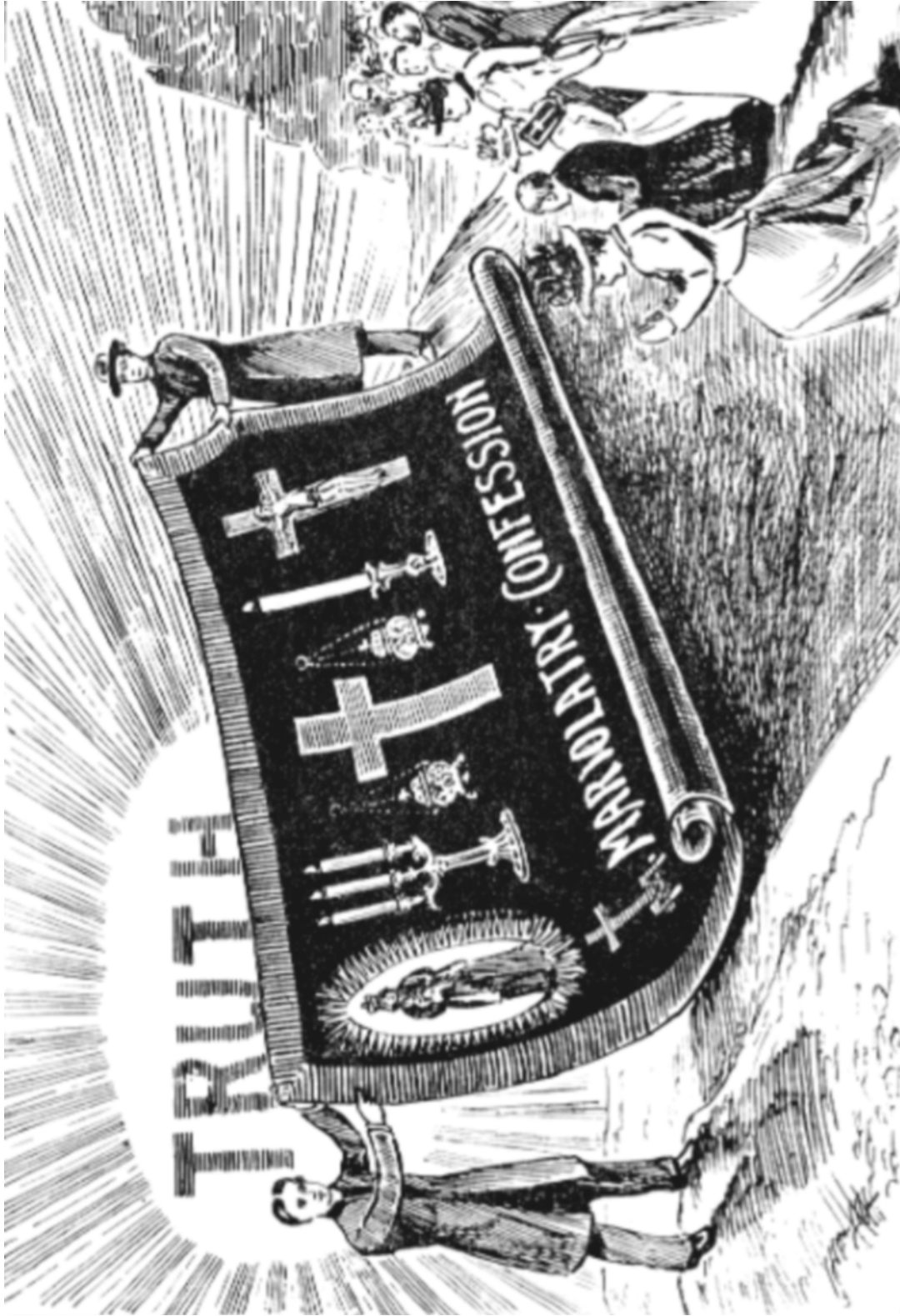
Here is an example of the kind of punishment inflicted on the poor prisoners:—"A Sister who had been hasty with her tongue, and had thrown out some unguarded expression, was commanded by the Rev. Mr. Prynne, one of the Confessors of the Institution, to lie down flat on the floor, and with her tongue to describe the figure of a cross in the dirt." [7]

If we wish to know what goes on within the secret precincts of the ritualistic Sisterhood, we must consult information regarding Romish convents, for Dr. Pusey and his fellow-conspirators founded them on the model of those in the Church of Rome. One of Dr. Pusey's Mother Superiors went abroad on purpose to study the rules of Roman Catholic convents in France. She learnt the rules, she saw the outward glamour, and heard hypocritical statements of the happiness there to be found; but how much did she learn of the barbarities committed therein? Let us hear what J. Michelet says in his "*Priests, Women and Families*." "Concerning priests, it is a sad reflection to think that these men who have so little sympathy, and who are, moreover, soured by contention, should happen to have in their hands the most gentle portion of mankind—the least loving govern those who love the most.

"In order to know well what use they make of this empire over women, we must not confine ourselves to their flattering and wheedling ways with fashionable ladies, but enquire of the poor women, whom they are able to treat unceremoniously—those especially who, being in convents, are at the mercy of ecclesiastical superiors, and whom they keep under lock and key, and undertake to protect alone. We are not quite satisfied with this protection. For a long time we thought all was right ; we were even simple enough to say to ourselves that the law could see nothing amiss in this kingdom of grace. But hark! from these gentle asylums, these images of Paradise, we hear sobs and sighs."

"Is it true, I say, that a Carmelite nun, within sixty leagues of Paris, was kept chained for several months in her convent, and afterwards shut up for nine years in a madhouse? Is it true that a Benedictine nun was put into a sort of in pace, and afterwards into a room full of mad women, where nothing was heard but the horrible cries, howlings and impure language of ruined women?

"The helpful interposition of magistrates to look into conventual institutions had too long been repelled from the threshold of the convents by their crafty words. What are you going to do?



THE ECLIPSE OF TRUTH - What Romanism and Ritualism are doing in England

Should you enter here, you would disturb the peace of these quiet asylums, and startle these timid virgins. Why! They themselves call for our assistance we heard their shrieks from the streets.

"All of us laymen, of whatever denomination, whether magistrates, politicians, authors, or solitary thinkers, ought to take up the cause of women more seriously than we have hitherto done. We cannot leave them where they are now, in hands so harsh and unfeeling. Nothing can be more worthy of uniting us together—it is the most holy of all causes.

* * * * *

"Strange! There are in our country houses that are not in England; this street, for instance, this is England, but cross that threshold and you are in a strange country—Rome---a country which laughs at all your laws. 'What are their laws? That is not known. What we do certainly know—what is not attempted to be disguised—is this: that the barbarous discipline of the Middle Ages still reigns, and is still practised there.'"[8]

Here is an example of nineteenth century barbarity, recorded by the Paris correspondent to *The Times* (May, 1871):—"In the Rue de Picpus, near Mazas prison, stand two large buildings, each surrounded by high walls, above which may be seen green trees at intervals. The one is an establishment of the Jesuits, the other the Convent of the White Nuns. The Jesuit Brothers escaped at the first sign of approaching danger; but the Sisters held their own until forced into cabs, and conveyed to the cells of St. Lazare, there to await the results of a judicial enquiry into certain matters that are deemed suspicious. The two buildings communicate one with the other, by means of an old door, which still exists at the back of a stable, as well as by other apertures in the garden wall, which show signs of having been recently closed up. The Jesuits' garden is a most beautiful one. Through the old door above mentioned we passed into the Sisters' garden, equally large and beautiful.---At the extreme end of the garden, however, are the three little conical huts, side by side, resembling white ants' nests, which have been the prime cause of so much excitement and judicial enquiry. When the convent was occupied by the National Guards, these little huts were tenanted each by an old woman, enclosed in a wooden cage, like a chicken's pen, the three buildings being similar in size and construction, six feet square by seven in height, with a slate roof through which daylight was visible, while the three old women were all of them hopeless idiots. The Lady Superior has kept her lips resolutely closed up to the present time; but admitted, when first questioned, that the three sufferers had lived in their hideous prison for nine years, in an atmosphere of stifling heat throughout the summer, and half frozen with cold throughout the winter; but,' she added, they were idiots when they came.' The conductor of the enquiry replied that if such were the case, it was illegal to have admitted them to the convent at all, and that even supposing them to have been admitted, the place where they were found was not fit for a dog. At the end of the nuns' garden stands an isolated building, in which. were found mattresses furnished with straps and buckles, also two iron corsets, an iron skull-cap, and a species of rack turned by a cog-wheel, evidently intended for bending back the body with force.---Arrived at the entrance gate, our guide nudged me, telling me in whispers to look at an old woman who was wandering about, followed by a younger one, stooping from time to time, to pick up a leaf, or rub her hands with sand or gravel. "That is Soeur Bernardine, he said, one of the prisoners of the three wooden cages.---I passed close to her, and she looked up—a soft, pale face, with sunken eyes, shaded by the frills of a great cap. She looked at me dazedly, without taking any notice, and stooping again, filled her hands with refuse coffee-grounds, which she put into her mouth, until prevented by her companion."[9]

Let us not forget that Rome is the same everywhere, and that these conventual cruelties practised in France are going on wherever convents or monasteries exist. We boast of our freedom, and of our righteous constitutional laws. Are we free when thousands of our sisters are incarcerated within those gloomy walls, where their cries for succour cannot reach us? And if they did we should have no power to help them. Are our laws righteous when they do not allow us to aid our

countrywomen, nor even to exchange a word with any dear one within those ecclesiastical prisons? If convents are abodes of holiness, Romanists and Ritualists should welcome public inspection; but the fact that every effort to have them inspected has been strenuously opposed by Romanisers is proof enough—even if no other were forthcoming—that they are places of darkness, where deeds of darkness thrive ; and the victims of priest craft and of a revived pagan system grope in vain for the light and liberty which the injustice of British laws, and the apathy of British statesmen and people, withhold from the poor women, by not compelling the immediate and strict inspection of these haunts of secret wickedness and hidden barbarities.

How much the evil has grown during the Victorian Era is seen by some figures given by the St. James' Gazette. When Queen Victoria came to the throne, there were only sixteen religious communities of women in England. In 1900 there were 838 of these houses for men and women. Now (1903) there are 918. If the increase goes on at this rate, the danger to the country in a few years will be serious, especially in face of the present invasion of England by foreign monks, nuns and Jesuits—these moles and bats of the dark ages, who bring the night of papal bondage, of a yet more ancient system of paganism wherever they go.

Such are the results of Puseyite efforts—such the growth of the vast Satanic conspiracy against our blood-bought Faith. Especially is it directed towards capturing the children. There are many "***Manuals of Confession***," and other such books, distributed amongst children, which teach Roman error, and aim at training the rising generation for Rome, in order that the future men and women of England might be servants of the pope.

Parents should be warned against entrusting the education of their children to Ritualistic tutors or governesses. They should take care that boys and girls at college or boarding schools attend only Evangelical places of worship, where the church is without images or idolatrous adornments, and where the teaching is strictly Scriptural. Especially should they avoid, as if they were poison, all convent schools. Even if there be no open efforts to proselytism, the very influence and companionship which surround the children will be as poison to their souls, though the evil may not be discovered till too late." [10]

Time would fail us to refer at any length to the network of secret organisations which are panoplied against the Light. As the Protestant gazes from his Watch-tower he sees the whole Empire honey-combed by disciplined contingents of Rome's secret forces. Their names are varied, their methods to the uninitiated may seem somewhat dissimilar, but they are all working towards the same goal, they are all leagued for the same object—the destruction of our Imperial Protestantism. 9000 clergy are supporters of the Romeward movement, many of whom (including several bishops) are members of Rome's forces of Darkness.

E.C.U. (English Church Union), founded in 1859, labours for the restoration of heathenish incense, Babylonian vestments, etc., and seeks the union of the English reformed Church with the apostate Church of Rome.

S.S.C. (Society of Holy Cross) is yet older, and is responsible for the publication of the "Priest in Absolution," an infamous manual for "father confessors," and which the late Archbishop Tait described as a "disgrace to the community." The S.S.C. admits only "priests" [11] as members, or those who are candidates for the "priesthood," and whose names are kept as secret as possible.

C.B.S. (Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament) is also a secret society whose aim is to increase a belief in that masterpiece of Satan—the sacrifice of the Mass.

O.C.R. (Order of Corporate Reunion) is strictly secret. Its governors are "bishops" (who are clergymen of the English church). The pope of Rome is their "patriarch," and their ambitions tend towards union with Rome.

G.A.S. (Guild of All Souls) has for its object the offering of prayers for the dead ; of course it propagates a belief in the fiction of Purgatory.

S.S.J.E. (Society of St. John the Evangelist), otherwise the "Cowley Fathers," who seek to introduce the confessional into parishes under the guise of holding "missions." The "Fathers" take vows of perpetual celibacy.

C.S.J. (Companions of St. John) is a net for catching Dissenters as well as Evangelical churchmen, all of whom are admitted as members, who are required to practise fasting and abstinence on Fridays.

The Kilburn Sisterhood (alias Church Extension Society, alias The Church Sunday School Union) has orphanages for children, who have been confined separately in "spiked iron cages," and are taught the chief errors of Rome.

There are other Societies,[12] but mention of the above will suffice to help us to realise how wide and deep is the "Great Conspiracy" against our Protestant faith. We need only point to the "ritualism" in the thousands of churches throughout our land to prove how vastly the evil has spread.

The conspiracy is against the **Light**. The Protestant Watchman from his Tower observation would be discouraged indeed if he did not know that the Light can "never go out," and that the threefold forces of popery, priest craft, and atheism, are but what the Almighty Defender of the Light has foretold shall come to pass before the victory is finally gained for His Protestant people at that great battle of Armageddon, to which we are drawing yearly nearer, and of which the Boer War was probably the precursor, and the distant mutterings, as it were, of the approaching storm –

"And I saw three unclean spirits like frogs come out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet."

"For they are the spirits of devils, working miracles, which go forth unto the kings of the earth and of the whole world, to gather them to the battle of that great day of God Almighty."

"And He gathered them together into a place called in the Hebrew tongue Armageddon" (Rev. xvi. 13, 14, 16).

Footnotes to Chapter 65

1. "*Is not the Church of Rome the Babylon of the Book of Revelation?*" by C. Wordsworth, D.D., p. 94 (note).

2. There was a party in the Roman Church who did not accept the dogma. They were called "Old Catholics."

3 Gladstone's "*Vatican. Decrees*"

4. "*The Secret History of the Oxford Movement*," p. 4

5. "*Secret History of the Oxford Movement*."

6. Ibid.

. "*Secret History of the Oxford Movement*."

8. See "*Walled-up Nuns, and Nuns Walled in*," by W. Lancelot Holland, M.A.

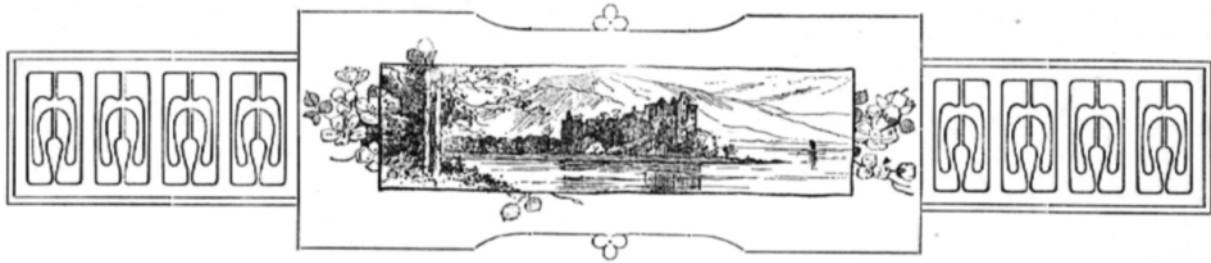
9. Ibid

10 When touring in Wales I met the pupils of a convent school, and was informed by one of the girls that all of them, except herself and her sister, had become Roman Catholics, though the parents in most cases were not aware of this secret -perversion of their children. She added that her sister also was expected soon to go over. My young informant bravely said she had quite made up her mind to remain a Protestant—but what temptations surround her!

11. Both Roman and ritualistic "priests" consider themselves "sacrificing priests." Whence do they get their orders? From Judaism? No, that has passed away for ever. From Christ? No, He is a Priest in Heaven. "For if He were on earth, He should not be a Priest" (Heb. viii. 4). From Baal? Yes! Roman or ritualistic sacrificing priests are the successors of the priests of :Babylon.

12. For fuller information see W. Walsh's "*Secret History of the Oxford Movement*".





Chapter LXVI "THY KINGDOM COME"



IN the previous pages we have but briefly indicated the course of conflict in our own beloved country between the darkness and the Light. The darkness of Rome darkening the mind of the individual, confusing the councils of the State, and the light of the Gospel bringing in its train not only spiritual but mental and national freedom. Now to-day, as the Protestant gazes from his Watchtower, he beholds not only the forces of darkness leagued against the Light, but also the forces of Light panoplied against the darkness.

It is not necessary to detail the various agencies of Evangelical Protestantism which are marshalled in England and her Empire at the present moment, but the keen observer from his Watchtower can see, through the telescope of Faith, innumerable hosts and countless armies and chariots and horsemen of fire surrounding the bands of fighting Protestants, for with and above them all he beholds the Captain of his Salvation Who assures him that the Divinely taught prayer, "Thy kingdom come," will find a speedy and victorious fulfilment; "and the Lamb shall overcome them: for He is Lord of lords and King of kings: and they that are with him are called, and chosen, and faithful " (Rev. xvii. 14).

But there can be no victory without the battle. "These shall make war with the Lamb." And we who are still in the fight anticipate a yet fiercer and closer contact with the foe before the victory comes to us. Rome is unchanged. Her murderous spirit, her undying hatred to Protestantism, her ways for pushing her own ends, are just the same as they were in the dark ages. Of this fact we have had an example in the martyrdom of John Kensit. She could not relight the fires of Smithfield, but she could use the hand of the assassin to remove one whose reforming work was an obstacle to her schemes. The fact that the whole nation was moved by the tragic event showed that the anti-popish feeling inherent in the British race is still strong and only needs a crisis to make it burst forth in over-whelming force against popery and priest craft. That the murder should be laid at Rome's door we doubt not; but let us also bear in mind that the foe cannot lift a finger against us without the permission of the Captain of our Salvation, and that if He permitted the trial it was for a purpose. What was the purpose to the Protestant hosts generally? Was it to lead them to deeper self-abasement and to more reliance on the strong arm of the mighty God of Jacob? More looking to Him alone and less honouring of the human instruments He is pleased to use may avert the need of such calamity in the future.

"THY KINGDOM COME."

Such are the words the church for nineteen long centuries has breathed in anticipation of the coming of that kingdom. Only three words, but how much they signify! They tell us that there are other kingdoms on earth beside the Father's, and consequently remind us also that conflicts must arise between His kingdom and those of this world, while at the same time they comfort us with the assurance that, in the end, victory is destined for the Kingdom for whose coming we

are bidden to watch and pray, even for the kingdom of Light, "The Light which can never go out."

In the meanwhile in trumpet tones the Scriptures of Truth call upon us to "Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues."

"Thy Kingdom come." Yes! the familiar prayer has a deep significance when we realise what it means, viz., that it foretells infallibly the total destruction of all the foes of God's Church and chiefly that of the great false church of Rome with all her vast offspring of infidelity, impurity, bloodshed, and cruelty, etc.; for the Word of God describes her as "the Mother of the abominations of the earth."

At the present day Rome is using all her wits and putting forth all her strength to regain the power she lost at the Reformation. The British Empire, as we have seen, is the centre of her gigantic conspiracy. We are living in perilous times. Her schemes are apparently gaining ground and year by year we are drawing nearer, nearer, that final conflict which Rome hopes will end in the absolute subjugation and annihilation of our Protestant Empire, and the world-wide restoration of the pope's power.

But Rome has counted without our God, Whose sure Word of prophecy tells us that Rome is reserved for complete destruction and His witnesses for perfect victory.

May God grant that all readers of these pages may be led into and established in the Kingdom of Light until they reach that beauteous city which has "no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it : for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the Light thereof (Rev. xxi. 23).



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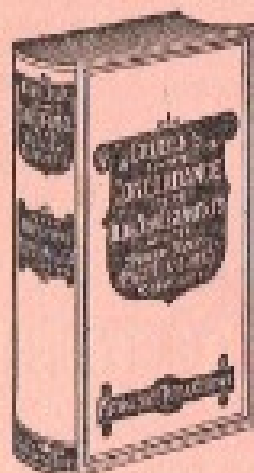
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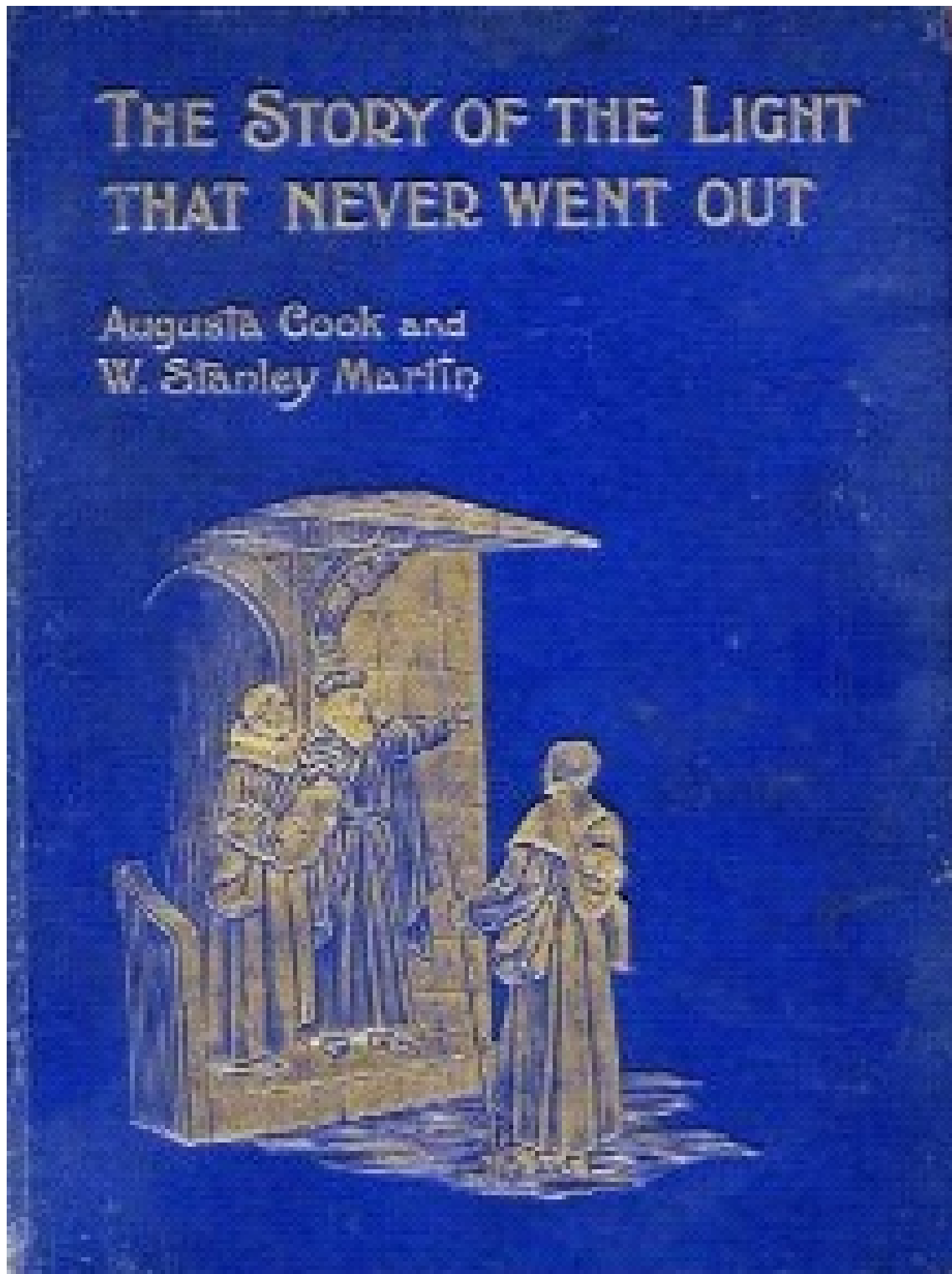
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and the Word of the Lord from
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