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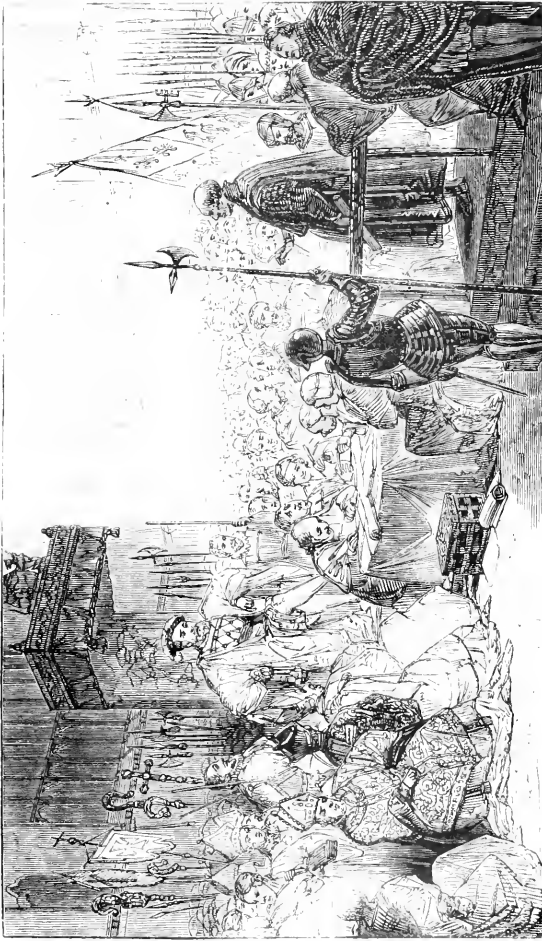












LAMBERT BEFORE HENRY THE EIGHTH.

To face Title, Vol. I.



THE  
ENGLISH MARTYROLOGY

ABRIDGED FROM FOX,

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

“HERE IS THE PATIENCE AND FAITH OF THE SAINTS.”

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS work is not mine; it is that of a man whose name lives enshrined in the hearts of English Protestants—of JOHN FOX, who himself, through the mercy of God, escaped the flames of martyrdom, that he might become the faithful chronicler of events which it was his lot to witness. The beacon-light, kindled to consume the bodies of our blessed martyrs, was destined never to go out: and to Fox was the privilege granted, of instrumentally perpetuating those sacred fires.

The exigency of these trying times has called for a republication of the original work: but the voluminous work of Fox being scarcely suited to very general reading, it was deemed right to furnish the female and the youthful portion of our people with this abstract of what it especially concerns us, as a Protestant church, universally to know.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

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## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THE Editor of the Christian's Family Library has real satisfaction in introducing to his Readers this edition of the English Martyrology. It is very gratifying to him to see that precious monument of the spirit, labours, and sufferings of the Reformers, Foxe's Acts and Monuments of the Martyrs, brought again and again in various forms before the Protestant churches, and especially in that complete and perfected edition now sending forth by the publishers of this work; believing, as he does, that it must be attended with great spiritual advantage to many.

By far the largest class of readers, however, cannot afford either the purchase-money or the time required to read the whole work; and to this class such a lively, striking, and attractive selection of the chief spiritual and historical facts as the present volumes contain, will be inestimably valuable.

The excellent friend to whom the reader is indebted for this work, was indeed, as is often the case where there are real qualifications for a duty, exceedingly backward to undertake it, fearing the charge of undue assumption; and hence she declined it repeatedly. The mode in which it is performed will be a more than sufficient justification to intelligent and candid readers. When the complete work above alluded to was announced, her scruples were overcome, and she was persuaded to prepare this and a succeeding volume for family reading; and it is really hoped that hereby the all-important facts which it brings before the reader, may thus become diffused

in very many places, which would otherwise never have been refreshed by them.

The facts which Foxe's English Martyrology record, should never be forgotten by British families. The blood of the saints shed by Rome, will assuredly at the appointed time, bring down the vengeance of the Most High, (Rev. vi. 10, 11.) on those continuing to adhere to that Mystery of Iniquity. But so subtle and hidden are its snares, so seductive are its temptations; so soothing and quieting are its falsehoods, that we need every security against the fascinations of the Roman charmer. The natural heart cannot bear the humbling, self-abasing, holy, and heavenly doctrines of the gospel, and therefore welcomes a seemingly safe refuge of apparent sanctity, in which an outward show may be substituted for an inward reality of holiness. Its tyranny, oppression, and cruelty; its secret indulgences of iniquity; and the way in which its acts correspond to the description of the departure from the faith in the latter times, (1 Tim. iv. 1—4,)—to the mystery of iniquity, (2 Thess. ii. 3—10,)—and to the Babylon of Revelation, (chap. xiii. and xvii.) furnish a guard and a scriptural security to the Christian; and such a book as Foxe's Martyrs is a most full and merciful development of those facts which establish this correspondence.

I do therefore heartily recommend all Christians to acquire an extensive knowledge of these facts, as a safeguard against many temptations now abroad.

There is a spiritual aspect which such a work has, which I would gladly bring before the reader, in the hope that it may be a profitable spring of holy and edifying thoughts and affections. We know the power of familiarity, without a spiritual mind in constant exercise, to deaden the impression of truth. The Holy Land was the theatre of God's providence;—the scene in which patriarchs, and prophets, and the Son of God, lived and laboured:—every spot was hallowed by these associations; and yet to those who now reside there, how weak is the impression made by the fact, that God has walked there with men;

and how frequently is that circumstance made the occasion of the grossest superstitions! The same deadening effect of familiarity is still stronger in the scenes around us. From this cause a prophet has no honour in his own country. Hence we may be beset with scenes and causes of wonder and interest, and yet be unmoved.

Thus in our own land we may be forgetful altogether in daily life of the past mysteries of Providence here, and the wonderful dealings of God with our country. But we should remember and *look to the rock whence we are hewn, and to the hole of the pit whence we are digged*, and to the blessing and increase which our God has bestowed upon us. Very similar have been his dealings with us to those of his people of old. How many scenes of Druidical rites has our land in former ages witnessed! It is interesting to observe that the same historian, Tacitus, who records the fall of Jerusalem, records also the rise of London and the Roman conquests in Britain: it is interesting too, to know that the Lord had ever fully in his view both the fall of the Jews and the conversion to Christ of the Britons, and the blessings he designed for us, and through us for others.

Perhaps apostles preached here; if not, their immediate successors undoubtedly did; and amidst all the changing scenes of British history, the gospel here maintained its ground. Even by the pilgrimage to Jerusalem and the crusades, the interest in the Holy Land and the word of God was kept alive, and gradually our land was filled with churches, and the outward visible form of the church of Christ.

And especially have we cause to be grateful to God that our country, by being made the scene of the birth, education, and sufferings of our martyrs, became a holy land in the eye of God our Father. His eyes are on the scenes of his people's history; as it is remarkably expressed respecting Canaan:—"It is a land which the Lord thy God careth for; the eyes of the Lord thy God are always upon it, from the beginning of the year even unto the end of the

year." As Mahanaim had its name from the two camps of angels which Jacob there saw, Gen. xxxii. 1, 2, so may we be assured that as the angels are *ministering spirits, ministering to the heirs of salvation*, each spot where their unseen care was extended over the saints now with God, is hallowed. Let their memory and remains be precious to us, as Elijah's mantle was to Elisha.

We may also gather an assurance of God's continued care; his mercies are to a thousand generations of them that love him; his providence is unceasing; his eyes are upon the very tombs of the righteous; and for their sakes his love preserves their children. They have brought down, as it were, heaven to earth. We cannot be caught up to paradise, but did we realize the mysterious actings of God's grace in every scene around us, we might almost walk in paradise here below, and it might be said of England as of Tyre of old,—“Thou hast been in Eden, the mount of God.”

Let us then connect our local associations with the history of our martyrs. The Author gives a list,\* gathered by Cotton, in his “Mirror of the Martyrs,”

\* List of places in England where the Martyrs suffered.

St. Albans.	Ely.	Malden.
Ashford.	Exeter.	Mayfield.
Barnet.	St. George's Fields.	Newbury.
Beccles.	Gloucester.	Northampton.
Brentford.	Grinstead.	Norwich, (9.)
Braintree.	Hadleigh.	Oxford.
Bristol.	Hornden.	Rayleigh.
Brentwood.	Harwich.	Rochester.
Bury, Suffolk.	Hereford.	Rochford.
Cambridge.	Ipswich.	Saffron Walden.
Canterbury, (35.)	Islington.	Salisbury.
Cardiff.	Laxfield.	Smithfield, (36.)
Carmarthen.	Lewes, (10.)	Trowbridge.
Chelmsford.	Lichfield.	Thetford.
Chichester.	Maidstone.	Walsingham.
Colchester, (20.)	Manningtree.	West Chester.
Coventry.	St. Margaret's in	Wooton-under-edge.
Coggeshall.	Westminster.	Yoxford.
Derby.		

The figures after each show the number of Martyrs who suffered at that place.

from Foxe, which may help in forming such associations. LET EACH PLACE WHERE THE MARTYRS SUFFERED RAISE A LASTING MEMORIAL to show their children, and lead them to inquire into the principles and actions of those to whom, under God, we are so deeply indebted for our present privileges and blessings: an Ebenezer of help which may strengthen us in holding fast the lively truths of God's word.

It is high time for us to awake out of the torpor and indifference into which we were sinking. The address of our Lord Jesus Christ to the church of Sardis, Rev. iii. 1—6, appears to me to be specially suitable to the general state of the Protestant Church of Britain at this time. May its plain descriptions, weighty exhortations, and solemn sanctions be a subject of deep meditation throughout our land! May our God indeed enable the British Churches to *strengthen the things which remain, which are ready to die*; and thus prepared by his grace for all that in His wise, and holy, and gracious providence may now be before us, we shall be as salt, preserving its savour,—as a light, burning brightly, that cannot be hid, and thus become abundantly *the salt of the earth, and the light of the world*.

There are two classes of persons among the professedly religious, who show, at the present moment, their disapprobation of such productions as the present,—or, indeed, of the republication, in any way, of the records of those days when the church of Rome possessed the ascendancy, and was able to manifest, fully, “what manner of spirit she was of.” These two classes may be thus described:—

The first consists of certain men of learning, and their numerous followers, who have pursued the study of the early Fathers with such zeal, and have become so attached to their writings and authority, as to be carried away by the love of antiquity, and of an orderly succession of ministers, and hence made unwilling to admit that the successors of the Fathers in the church of Rome were guilty of more than the bringing in of some errors and unwarranted prac-

tices. They disavow the term “Protestant;” in their view, no *Protest* was needed against the church of Rome; and they prefer designating the Church of England a *reformed* church; plainly avowing that if the Romanists would themselves effect a reformation of their own church, in a few points, they themselves would willingly and gladly rejoin her communion. To all such as these, the records of the doings of the church of Rome in the days of her supremacy, are most unwelcome; for they plainly exhibit her, not as they would desire to do,—as “an erring sister,”—but as she actually was, and still is, the cruel and relentless foe of all real scriptural truth and godliness.

But there is a second class, which is free from all suspicion of desiring a reunion with Rome, or of undervaluing the extent of her delinquencies. This class consists of various amiable and pious individuals, whose kindly feelings and tenderness of spirit lead them, without denying the necessity of divine influence, not only to desire, but even to hope for and expect, the gradual and entire uprooting of all errors, even the greatest, by increased intelligence, improved systems of education, and a free circulation of the written word. The importance of all these is fully admitted, and the good that may be done by them is incalculable. But it is wrong to ascribe to them an efficiency which they can never possess, or to allow a constitutional amiability of mind to seduce us into unfounded expectations. The persons, however, of whom we are now speaking, seem to carry their natural repugnance to consider any *individuals* as implacable and irreclaimable foes to God, so far as to reach even to the *system* itself, the apostate church, to which those individuals belong. For popery even, therefore, they entertain some hope. The present is indeed a day of grace for all, Papists or Protestants, but for popery itself no favour is shown by the Lord or must be shown by us.

To each of these classes there is but one answer:—  
“To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not



according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." Do not both these parties forget or overlook the plain instructions of God's word, and prefer to listen to the inventions of their own minds, or the unfounded hopes of their own imaginations?

What says the Scripture, of Popery,—of its real character; of its obdurate and unchangeable bent and determination; and of its certain and irrevocable doom? Are there not many plain declarations in God's word, which are altogether irreconcilable, either with the idea of the Romish church's being considered as "an erring sister," or with the hope of her ultimately being peaceably subdued, by the conversion of all her individual members, and their amalgamation into the various Protestant churches?

There will surely be few among Protestants to dispute the fact, that Popery is predicted as anti-christian and destructive of souls, or that it is that which is described by St. Paul, as "*that* WICKED, whom the Lord shall consume." It is not as an "erring sister,"—as a church which has been deformed by a few corruptions,—that the apostle goes on to portray her,—but in these awful words,—“Whose coming is after the working of Satan, with all power and signs and lying wonders, and with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish;—because they received not the love of the truth, that they might be saved.”

Nor does the fact rest upon the testimony of a single apostle, nor is the identity of Rome with this fore-doomed abomination allowed to remain in any doubt. St. John enforces and enlarges the warnings and predictions of St. Paul, in language as strong and as pointed as any in the whole compass of holy writ. “I saw a woman sit upon a scarlet-coloured beast, full of names of blasphemy, having seven heads and ten horns. And the woman was arrayed in purple and scarlet colour, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls, having a golden cup in her hand, full of abominations and filthiness of her fornication; and upon her forehead was a name

written, *Mystery, Babylon the great, the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth.* And I saw the woman drunken with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus: and when I saw her, I wondered with great admiration." (Rev. xvii. 3—6.) And lest the least room for hesitation should remain, as to the power denoted by this dreadful description, the interpreting angel adds, "The woman which thou sawest is that great city, which reigneth over the kings of the earth." And so far from a hope being left, of her gradual improvement or return to the faith, the declaration of the next chapter is, "Therefore shall her plagues come in ONE DAY, death and mourning and famine; and she shall be UTTERLY BURNED WITH FIRE, for strong is the Lord God who judgeth her."

But if these things be so, then is our path only obscured by the intervention of human hopes or desires, indulged in through neglect or forgetfulness both of the clear manifestation of God's will, in his written word; and in equal neglect of all the lessons of past experience. And I am more and more satisfied and convinced of the great duty and absolute necessity of bringing back again to the recollection of the present day, the bitter trials and sufferings through which our Reformers passed, by the re-publication of such works as Foxe's Martyrology. Popery is unalterably bad: it has fettered itself for ever in the evil principles of its infallibility and unchangeableness, and thus is fast bound in its errors. It will not be amended: it is reserved for destruction, not for amelioration. Popery, and all adhering to it, will be visibly and suddenly overthrown by Almighty power. We have greatly lost our hold of that sure light, the word of prophecy: nothing can be more express than its testimony: "The Lord shall consume that wicked, with the spirit of his mouth, and shall destroy him with the brightness of his coming." 1 Thess. ii. 3. "A mighty angel took a stone like a great millstone, and cast it into the sea, saying, Thus WITH VIOLENCE shall that great city, Babylon, be thrown down, and

shall be found no more at all." Rev. xviii. 21. On the word of God then I stand, and with all ardour of love, and with all the tenderness of Christian compassion, I feel it my duty to warn Protestants of their danger, and to call to those who are under the delusions of Babylon, "Come out of her! my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues!"

It is a most grievous mistake to think that Popery will die a natural death, and that kind treatment and increasing intelligence will gradually put an end to it. Kind treatment is indeed most justly due to every human being, and especially to those most diseased with error. But that is a *mistaken kindness*, which leaves the patient to perish under a disease, rather than undertake the self-denying and distressing duty of applying a painful remedy. God's kindness to those he loves is of a different character; it is a *kind severity*, even in his severest reproofs and punishments, producing thereby enduring good; and this is the kindness which we should copy.

Increasing intelligence, unsanctified and unaccompanied by the light of God's truth, and the believing reception of his holy love, may only be increasing the means of wickedness. The father of lies is full of subtilty and intelligence.

It is painful, indeed, to see that beloved Christian brethren can be so far misled by the amiableness of their natural disposition, and the kindness of their affection, as to rejoice in the outward splendour and increase of Roman Catholic places of worship; and to think that as this prosperity indicates wealth, and wealth brings education, education must destroy priestcraft. Surely a simple faith in the word of prophecy would preserve us from this snare! Read the 18th chapter of Revelation: mark the description of her merchandize, (v. 12, 13.) what extraordinary wealth precedes her destruction! what priestcraft! when *souls of men* are numbered among her merchandize!

Let us be faithful to our God and Saviour, and

faithful to the souls of men, though we have to go through obloquy and reproach, and are charged with a bitter and an hostile spirit, even when our hearts are fullest of love. God's servants will soon learn to distinguish between true, faithful, and zealous love, and a mere party spirit, either of this world's politics or of zealotry and proselytism. And should all men condemn, the period is at hand which will make our just dealing as clear as the noonday.

EDWARD BICKERSTETH.

WATTON RECTORY, HERTS.

*May 9, 1837.*

# ENGLISH MARTYROLOGY.

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## CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION—PROGRESS OF POPERY—ADRIAN'S BULL—WALDENSIAN PROTEST—PAPAL ARROGANCE—JOHN—THE INTERDICT—GROSTHEAD—VARIOUS TESTIMONIES AGAINST THE ROMISH CHURCH—PRAYER OF THE PLOUGHMAN.

Who does not love, at the calm still hour of evening, to pace around some venerable church, marking the dents and fissures in its old grey stone-work, which tell how many an age it has withstood the shocks of time; to gaze upon the outline of its antique tower, or tapering spire, as they rise towards heaven—a lively type of hope resting on faith's foundation—and then to glance upon the neighbouring yew or elm, coeval in date with its hallowed companion? There is that in the fashion of our old churches, and the scenery generally surrounding them, which appeals alike to devotional and national feeling; and could we withdraw from these venerable piles the oblivious veil cast over their history by the supine thanklessness of successive generations, we should view in each of them an emphatic memorial, a victorious trophy of the war waged by popery against the Lamb: of the might whereby He who is King of kings and Lord of lords overcame his blasphemous assailant; and of the deeds of his called, and chosen, and faithful followers, whose voice from within those walls sent forth the sound of the gospel trumpet, through the length and breadth of the land. They watched, perchance, the young growth of those trees, with prayerful aspirations that they might wave, as now they do, over a remote generation of peaceful worshippers. From these very trees, it may be, a sprouting twig was snatched, to serve as a torch for kindling the flames of their martyrdom.

The Bible sets before us a system, delineated with marvellous exactness: now presented to us in the person of its

chief ruler, as “The man of Sin, the son of Perdition”—“That Wicked:” then in the character of its soul-destroying doctrines, as “Antichrist:” and again in the fearful plenitude of its wily, treacherous, and sanguinary usurpation, assuming to be the Church, the immaculate Spouse of Christ, yet drunken with the blood of his saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus:—a woman gorgeously arrayed, bearing on her forehead the awful inscription, “MYSTERY, BABYLON THE GREAT; THE MOTHER OF HARLOTS AND ABOMINATIONS OF THE EARTH.” Our fathers studied the word of God; they compared these declarations with the character and conduct of the Romish church, then practising and prospering around them: they believed the testimony; saw its fulfilment; denounced that church as the branded enemy of Christ and his gospel, and were slain by her cruel hand, in further confirmation of the truth which they had proclaimed concerning her.

The English church had maintained a perfect independence of Rome, until the establishment of Augustine and his mission in 597. Fiercely persecuted by the Saxons, it had been driven into the mountain fastnesses of Wales, and there subsisted in considerable strength; two thousand ecclesiastics finding refuge in the monastery of Bangor. One half of these were slaughtered by Ethelfrid, king of Northumberland, and Augustine has been accused of instigating this savage massacre. No other grounds appear for the charge than the warm dissensions occurring between him and the British bishops, who long and firmly resisted the inroads of the foreign delegate on their national independence, refusing submission to the Romish see: though the Mystery of iniquity was still far from having revealed itself in the full proportions of its antichristian deformity. Like a coiled serpent, it lay; fold after fold being cautiously developed, in gradual progression. Six Italians had indeed successively occupied the see of Canterbury, but it was not until about A. D. 673, when Theodore arrived from Rome to assume the metropolitan mitre, that Britain beheld a popish ecclesiastic playing the king on her shores, fully exercising the delegated prerogatives of the sovereign pontiff, placing and displacing bishops at his pleasure, and lording it over God’s heritage after the genuine pattern of the Man of Sin.

Image-worship, and clerical celibacy, being firmly established at Rome, the first was readily received in England,

but the latter gave rise to a long and vehement contention. The crowning heresy of transubstantiation was as yet little recognized, nor had it been authoritatively adopted or enforced by the Roman see. About the year 946, monkery began to flourish in this country under the famous Dunstan, who, as abbot of Glastonbury, became so noted as to be unquestionably the most influential man in the kingdom, long before his elevation to the archbishopric of Canterbury. The tissue of gross frauds, and incredible miracles, by which this crafty monk attained to more than regal power, shows to what a depth of superstitious ignorance the church had fallen in his day. Patronized by him, the ecclesiastics of his own order, called monks, or regulars, acquired considerable predominance over the seculars, or ordinary parish priests; which they maintained during more than two centuries. The minds of the people then became alienated from them, through their luxurious and scandalous abuse of the enormous wealth which their power had enabled them to amass. The papacy, observant of their declining influence, and ever watchful to retain its own sure footing in the land, then planted another and far more mischievous engine of destruction, to further its evil devices: for, about A. D. 1220, the two great orders of mendicant friars, Franciscan and Dominican, came hither; prepared, as in other countries, to destroy the people of God, who were for a long season delivered into their unrighteous hands.

By this time the skeleton, which had been slowly filling up with muscle, flesh, and artery, was become a perfect body: every feature was complete, every limb instinct with life. Babylon the Great, the Mother of harlots, stood forth, grasping the golden cup of her abominations, and already reeling under the intoxication of sanguinary power. The measure of doctrinal iniquity appeared full; the attributes of Deity were unblushingly usurped. Authority to crown, to depose, and to degrade the sovereigns of earth had been wrested from Him by whom kings reign. Marriage was forbidden to that class concerning whom the Holy Ghost, by the mouth of Paul, had directed that each should be the husband of one wife: a cake of dough had been invested with the incommunicable glories of Jehovah, and it was death to withhold from it the homage of idolatrous prostration. The divine prerogative of forgiving sins, and remitting the punishment of iniquity both in this world and in

that which is to come, was not only assumed, but exercised in a manner the most outraging to every pious feeling. Thus complete, the enemy of God received the predicted power over all kindreds and nations, and tongues; and to that enemy it was given to make war with the saints, and to overcome them.

Simultaneously, in different places, a spirit of holy resistance appears to have manifested itself, as the requirements of the dominant church became more glaringly antichristian. Those who were not only "called" to an outward profession of Christ, but "chosen" to receive the truth in the love of it, and to bear witness to that truth, were found "faithful," in refusing to dishonour the holy name which they bore, by participating in these abominations. The consequence was inevitable:—a fiery persecution at the hand of those who had alike the will and the power to enforce implicit obedience to their unlawful commands. So early as 1017, thirteen persons were burned alive at Orleans, of whom no particulars are known beyond the fact of their willingness to suffer death for doctrines opposed to the reigning superstitions.

When the Norman William ascended England's throne, expediency, that pole-star of monarchs and statesmen, led him to exclude, as far as possible, the natives of the land from power and station, and to fill every important post with foreigners. At the council held in Winchester, A. D. 1070, divers bishops, abbots, and priors were, by the king's means, deposed, for no evident reason, save that his Normans might be preferred to the rule of the church, as his knights had been to that of the state. Stigard, an Englishman, was unjustly ejected from the see of Canterbury, and Lanfranc, an Italian, appointed in his room. The court of Rome was a manifest gainer by these proceedings, tending as they did to depress the national spirit of independence in ecclesiastical matters, and to promote the growth of foreign notions and predilections among the higher clergy. Lanfranc was succeeded by Anselm, another Italian, who certainly manifested a more conscientious and single-eyed zeal in promoting the interests of what he supposed to be truth, than any who had preceded him. But the light within him was darkness: his peculiar work was to enforce the predicted injunction—"forbidding to marry;" and he bitterly persecuted such of the clergy as dared, in this matter, to obey God rather than man; compelling



them either to repudiate their wives, or to resign their benefices.

In 1154, Henry II. mounted the throne, and in the very first year of his reign proceeded to the enterprise of subjugating Ireland. Unable to invent any better pretext for carrying bloodshed and desolation into a country which had never molested him or his, he applied to the reigning pope, Adrian, to sanction this iniquitous proceeding: alleging that his object was to reduce the Irish people to that obedience claimed by the papal see, and never yet fully yielded by them; promising to establish popery, and to ensure a yearly tribute from the conquered country to the well-filled coffers of the Vatican. To within four years of this time, all ecclesiastical authority had been exercised by the native prelates of Ireland; nor had the doctrines or discipline of their church accorded with that of Rome. Cardinal Paparon had, however, in the year 1152, obtained admission among them as legate, persuaded the four archbishops to receive palls from Rome, and induced them to celebrate Easter according to the time observed by the Latin church, and to admit the celibacy of the clergy; securing by various canons the privileges of that order. Not contented, however, with these beginnings, and dreading the independent spirit always manifested by the Irish clergy, pope Adrian, by a most impious and infamous bull, and in virtue of an assumed authority that never existed, delivered them and their country into the hands of Henry, to be converted *en masse*, by fire and sword, to the true faith. Thus sanctioned, and invested with a ring as rightful sovereign of Ireland, Henry invaded the land. How well he succeeded in his fatal project of permanently establishing popery there, we need no other memorial than that which, written in English and Protestant blood, continues to receive an almost daily accession, in the names of fresh victims. The wind was sown by our fathers, and we are reaping the whirlwind.

Thomas a'Becket having been placed about the king by archbishop Theobald, succeeded his patron in the metropolitan chair. Rome never boasted a more sturdy and stubborn champion of her vaunted ascendancy. Defying alike the regal and ecclesiastical authority of his native land, he maintained the supreme power of the pope, excommunicated his brother prelates for their loyalty, and brought Henry into such straits by his contumacious proceedings,

openly backed by the Romish pontiff and French king, that the over zeal of some knightly followers, acting upon a passionate expression of their embarrassed monarch, led them to rid the realm of such a troubler, by slaying him on the steps of the altar, in his own minster church of Canterbury. Canonized, of course, by the pope, Becket became immediately an object of worship to the superstitious people; miracles without number were attributed to him; his shrine was enriched, and his name honoured as the most illustrious of martyrs. Henry himself, being so weak as to perform a very degrading pilgrimage, and offer abject homage at the tomb of his disloyal subject, increased its sanctity and fame. All these things being after the working of Satan, with power, and signs, and lying wonders, rivetted the strong delusion of men's minds, and strengthened the dominion of Antichrist within the realm.

About the same period, shone out the pure light of truth among the Waldenses; whose scriptural confession of faith may be considered as the first public **PROTEST** against the apostasy, now become complete in all its parts, and calling forth, according to the sure word of God, the counter testimony of his witnesses, appointed to prophecy in sackcloth. At this time also was Babylon of the Chaldees taken by Almaine, king of Jerusalem, and utterly overthrown with a final destruction. This ancient queen of cities, and stronghold of idolatry, disappeared from the world's map, that her spiritual antitype might stand forth in the broader individuality, laying unquestioned claim to every scriptural denunciation yet unfulfilled against Babylon the Great.

The last years of Henry's reign, and the first of his son Richard's, were marked by a violent contest between Baldwin archbishop of Canterbury and the monks. Baldwin showed himself of as stubborn a spirit as Becket; but his pertinacity took a different direction, being, in fact, secretly encouraged by the royal sanction; and this protracted turmoil ended in a sort of compromise. Fox gives a long history of what he, nevertheless, pronounces scarcely worth the rehearsal, "that posterity now may see how little kings could do in their own realm for the pope." The following description of the emperor Henry's coronation by pope Celestine, graphically shows the "Man of sin," that "servant of the servants of God," as he officially styles himself, in the height of his presumptuous usurpation of the divine prerogative.

“ Then pope Celestine, standing upon the stairs before the church-door of St. Peter, received an oath of the said Henricus king of the Almain, (his army waiting without), that he should defend the church of God and all the liberties thereof, and maintain justice; also that he should again restore the patrimony of St. Peter full and whole, whatsoever hath been diminished thereof; and finally, that he should surrender to the church of Rome again the city of Jerusalem, &c. Upon these conditions and grants, the pope then took him to the church, and there anointed him for emperor, and his wife for empress; who, there, sitting in his chair pontifical, held the crown of gold between his feet, and so the emperor bowing down his head to the pope’s feet, received the crown, and in like manner the empress also. The crown thus being set upon the emperor’s head, the pope eftsoons with his foot struck it off from his head unto the ground, declaring thereby that he had power to depose him again, in case he so deserved. Then the cardinals, taking up the crown, set it upon his head again.”

This pope had for his legate in England the notorious Longchamp, bishop of Ely, who by excess of riot, and surpassing extravagance of pride and luxury, degraded the office of lord high-chancellor and chief justice, during the absence of Richard Cœur-de-lion, embroiling the church, and resisting royal authority, under the zealous patronage of Celestine.

The troublous reign of John succeeded, who seems at the outset to have made a more kingly stand against the usurpations of the Romish see within his dominions, than might by any means be endured at the Vatican. He opposed, with becoming spirit, the appointment of Stephen Langton to the primacy, a well-known adherent of the French king, recommended by the pope, in defiance alike of the monarch, the monks, and the bishops of England; saving the monks of Canterbury, who, ever alive to the work of opposing their prince and vexing the church, cheerfully acquiesced in the election of one who was sure to annoy both. King John maintaining his rightful prerogative, the kingdom was forthwith laid under an interdict, the churches closed up, not only with bolts and bars, but with bricks and mortar, and all the heavy consequences of that tyrannical proceeding entailed on the land. John, to whose conduct in this instance historians have not done justice, withstood with unshaken courage what all his predecessors

had quailed under, and by so doing exasperated the pope, who, moved with fiery wrath, despatched two legates to menace the refractory monarch with the terrors of excommunication; "Holy Church," as Pandolph insolently told him to his face, "being ever wont to correct princes that were disobedient to her." The legate then proceeded, deliberately and in the king's presence, to absolve all his subjects from their allegiance, and to remit the sins of such as should rise against him in his own land: assuring him, moreover, that no heir of his should ever be crowned king of England.

John not submitting, but rather manifesting a bolder spirit of defiance, in proportion as the pontifical thunders rolled louder and more near, the legate returned with such a report of his temerity, as induced pope Innocent, Clementine's successor, forthwith to pronounce sentence of deposition; at the same time forbidding, on pain of the church's curse, the king's personal friends to eat, drink, or hold any converse with him, or the menials of his own household to render him any kind of service, at bed or at board, in church, hall, or stable. Finally he despatched the French king Philip, promising him full remission of all his sins, and the clear possession of the whole realm of England to him and his heirs, as a recompense for the death or expulsion of the lawful monarch. The hand of God was, however, stretched forth to stay the proud waves of this spiritual and temporal despotism; for the French navy, proceeding on the iniquitous expedition, was defeated and destroyed by the English fleet. Six years and three months did king John endure the horrors of the interdict, before he submitted to a power little accustomed to such resolute opposition, and yielded his crown to the pope's legate, engaging to pay a yearly rent of a thousand marks for the kingdoms of England and Ireland, thus avowedly held at the sovereign pleasure of the lordly bishop of Rome. This degrading act was speedily followed by the revolt of his barons, the invasion of his kingdom by the French dauphin, and incessant, harassing annoyances at the hands of a rapacious and turbulent priesthood; until his life, as it is supposed, was taken, by poison administered by a monk in Lincolnshire. Pope Innocent III. did not long survive him: his pontificate was marked by the rise of those two great rival orders of friars, the Dominican and Franciscan. About eight years before his death, he caused one hundred nobles and

others, of Alsatia, to be burned in one day, for holding that it was at all times lawful to eat meat, if done in moderation; and that the rule of priestly celibacy was unscriptural. These martyrs witnessed against two marks of the great apostasy: "forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats."

Henry III. succeeding at a very tender age to the English crown, inherited with it no small portion of his father's troubles. Papal exactions were carried to an unprecedented height; and civil wars between the king and his barons distracted the country. Towards the close of his long and unquiet reign, a noble protest was made by Robert Grosthead, bishop of Lincoln, against the antichristian spirit of popery, on occasion of Innocent appointing his son Frederick, a mere youth, to an important spiritual charge in the English church. Grosthead firmly, and on scriptural principles, resisted the nomination; leaving, on his death-bed, such a testimony against the apostate church, as proved that he was by God's grace prepared, had his life been prolonged, to stand forth, a powerful champion of the faith. William de Amore, holding chief rule in the Parisian university, had shortly before published a book so pregnant with unwelcome truths, that it was condemned to be burned.

Edward I. on coming to the throne, was fully bent on the conquest of Scotland, and boldly maintained his supposed right thereto, in the face of the pope's injunction to refrain from that enterprise. But Philip of France proceeded to much greater lengths against the reigning pontiff—the notorious Boniface VIII., who, issuing a brief and severe bull against Philip, received an answer in so rude and ludicrous a style of travestie, breathing such a spirit of careless defiance, that it seemed to rouse the clergy of France into somewhat of a similar manifestation of independence. Public protestations against the arrogant assumptions of Boniface, ended at last in a hostile expedition against his person, wherein he was taken captive, plundered of his treasures, and finally died of grief and vexation.

These proceedings being however, rather levelled at the pope than at the papacy, availed not to shake the latter, which increased in power, wealth, arrogance, and tyranny. Nowhere was the yoke more severely felt than in England. Boniface had fulminated a bull, whereby, in virtue of his high prerogative, he absolved subjects from payment of tribute to their rightful kings; and under such sanction the

English clergy were never found backward in thwarting, vexing, and insulting their monarch. Edward, experiencing much of this trouble at the hands of Pecham and Winchelsey, who successively filled the metropolitan see, withstood the impositions with considerable nerve; but puissant as he was in arms, he lacked power to contend successfully with this antichristian foe, who was then in the height of his pride, extolling himself above all princes and potentates in the world.

The miserable reign of Edward II. was marked by no event of much ecclesiastical importance in England, excepting his resistance of that papal exaction called Peter-pence; but abroad, John XXII. commenced a most iniquitous, rancorous, and uprovoked persecution against the good and gentle emperor Lewis, surpassing in bitterness and unrelenting cruelty that which had harrassed Frederic II. in the reign of our third Henry. This persecution, which was continued for the space of twenty-four years, under Benedict XII. and Clement VI. terminated only with the life of Lewis, who was murdered, after having resigned the imperial dignity; and whom Fox numbers among the innocent and blessed martyrs of Christ. The end of this German tragedy occurred in the time of Edward III. who to the warlike character of his grandfather added a like determination of resistance against the temporal encroachments of the Romish see; prosecuting also, in spite of pope Clement's remonstrance, his military enterprise in France. Many contentions this king had with the proud prelate of Rome; but far more to be dreaded than any king's opposition were the writings that now, from time to time, appeared—the work of pious witnesses, whom God had gifted with a measure of spiritual discernment, to see in somewhat of its real deformity the idol, heretofore beheld only through the dazzling medium of blind adoration. The unprincipled persecution of the emperor Lewis gave rise to some important treatises from the pen of Marsilius; one maintaining the fundamental doctrine of justification by faith alone; which the pope, of course, lost no time in condemning: while in another were exposed the manifold antiscritural errors of the papacy. William Ockam, an Englishman, wrote in the same spirit, and several others followed in their steps. A friar, named Roctaylada, or Hayabulus, boldly testifying of the Romish see that it was the very Harlot and Babylon of the Apocalypse, suffered

death. And now that precious seed, the blood of the martyrs, began evidently to strike out its roots, and to shoot forth in the sight of man; giving promise of a renovated church, that should blossom and bud, and fill the world with fruit.

In the year 1360,—Edward III. still reigning in England,—appeared a work, the author of which was never discovered, entitled “The Prayer and Complaint of the Ploughman.” It is an admirable exposure of the foul corruptions staining the apostate church: and concludes with the following apostrophe—“Therefore we simple men pray Thee that thou wouldest send us shepherds of thine own, that will feed thy flock, and go before themselves; and so write thy law in our hearts, that from the least to the greatest all may know thee. And, Lord, give our king and his nobles heart to defend thy true shepherds and thy sheep from the wolves’ mouths, and grace to know thee, who art the true Christ, the Son of thy heavenly Father, from the Antichrist that is the son of pride. And, Lord, give us, thy poor sheep, patience and strength to suffer, for thy law, the cruelty of the mischievous wolves. And, Lord, as thou hast promised, shorten these days. Lord, we ask this now, for more need was there never.”

The publishing of such sentiments, in the solemn form of a prayer to the Most High, marks an era of revival, from whence we may clearly trace the progress of divine light among the people. Shortly afterwards appeared Richard Fitz-Ralph, primate of Ireland, as a champion on behalf of the parochial clergy, against the encroachments of the mendicant orders or their privileges. It seems to have been the order of God’s providence to prepare men’s minds, by exercising them in controversial matters of small moment, for the searching out and examining of far weightier things. The spirit of inquiry once awakened—though it were but to investigate the respective claims of two opposing orders in the false church—was not to be again lulled. It became more enterprising; and having proved the rottenness of the branch, proceeded to analyze the trunk which bore, and the root which nourished, so corrupt a member, until the whole mystery of iniquity was explored and held up to public view in the light of HOLY SCRIPTURE—itself rescued from the obscurity into which it had been thrust by those who dreaded the revelations of its truth-telling page.

## CHAPTER II.

WICKLIFF—SAUTRE—BADBY—EX-OFFICIO STATUTE—LORD COBHAM.

WE now arrive at the first bright star in our English galaxy, JOHN WICKLIFF. He appeared about the year 1371, and 44th of Edward III. when darkness covered the earth, and gross ignorance of God's truth prevailed among the people: when the great doctrines of faith, consolation, the use of the law, the person and office of Christ, and of the Holy Ghost, human corruption, the strength of sin, and impotency of man in resisting it, free grace, justification by faith, and Christian liberty, were scarcely ever spoken of among nominal Christians: their hope being exclusively fixed on outward ceremonies, their faith resting on human traditions, and on the supposed omnipotence of the church. The people then, in the strong language of Fox, "were taught to worship no other thing but that which they did see; and did see almost nothing which they did not worship." Christian faith was held to consist in a knowledge that Christ once suffered on the cross; which the devils also knew: and Christian zeal was devoted to no other end than recovering the city of Jerusalem from the Turks; because that wooden cross on which the Lord suffered, was absurdly believed to be there; and was still more absurdly considered a meet object for all Christendom to worship. Without the possession of the material cross, the faith and hope of the gospel were counted for nothing. When the pope wished to separate a refractory king or emperor from his subjects, he had only to command him forth at the head of an army, to retake the holy cross and sepulchre; and this, as the Turk was too powerful and resolute to be easily vanquished, was so sure a way of crippling the strength, and draining the revenues of a state, that Rome had little to fear from occasional bursts of indignation among her crowned vassals. Her greedy church, with all its spurious and contentious spawn of monkish orders, securely ate the fat, and clad itself in the wool of the unresisting flocks which, though perhaps agreeing in no other thing, these ecclesiastics were always of one mind to scatter and to destroy.

Wickliff had long secretly mourned over these evils



clearly revealed to him of God, but for which he could discern no present remedy. However, availing himself of his place, as divinity professor in Oxford, he commenced a series of preparatory exercises for the great battle wherein he was minded, though alone, to stand forth. He first proposed questions logical and metaphysical, assailing his opponents on matters indifferent, until by subtle advances he approached the main doctrines, and touched them on the tender point of transubstantiation. This roused the monks and mendicant friars, the latter of whom were peculiarly the objects of Wickliff's just indignation. After them, he was attacked by the priests, and then deprived by the archbishop; but, to encourage him, he had evidently the favour of the king, who, though now fast sinking under the infirmities of age, had lost nothing of his inclination to bridle the rampant power of the pope. The duke of Lancaster also, and lord H. Percy, earl marshal, countenanced Wickliff so openly as to embroil them with the bishop and citizens of London: and on the accession of Richard II. still a child, the duke of Lancaster holding the regency of England, it was plainly seen that the Lord had in him raised up a friend equally able as willing to support the champion of His truth. The bishops lost no time in drawing up articles collected from Wickliff's writings, and referring them to Rome, where they were forthwith condemned by Gregory XI., who soon after the death of Henry had fulminated an angry bull, addressed to the University of Oxford, another to the archbishop, and a third to the king, all levelled against the parson of Lutterworth. It was, however, ordained that no weapon formed against him should prosper: and before Gregory's designs could be carried into effect, he died, leaving the papal chair to be contested by two rival popes, whose sanguinary domestic wars, of thirty-nine years' duration, marked by acts of appalling barbarity, left them no leisure for the work of foreign persecution. Meanwhile, William Courtney, archbishop of Canterbury, with his prelates, ceased not to disquiet and pursue whosoever was suspected of leaning towards Wickliff's doctrines. They wrought on the youthful king, in the sixth year of his reign, to promulgate a statute, empowering the clergy instantly to proceed against heretics, or those under suspicion; a privilege that the church had never exercised but as derived from the usurping tyranny of Rome. The sword of persecution was now placed in their hands by

royal mandate; and though the commons petitioned for the repeal of this law, as being informal and unconstitutional, and the king assented to their prayer, still the clergy had sufficient power and subtlety to prevent that repeal from being published. It was the charter of their persecuting freedom, and on it they acted, in wearing out the saints of the Most High.

Wickliff, notwithstanding all this, was safely kept, to finish his appointed work; he lived to a good old age, and peacefully departed in his own parish of Lutterworth: where, forty years afterwards, his bones were dug up by a decree of the council of Constance, and with great ceremony burnt; the ashes being collected and cast into the river. A notable instance of impotent malice and revenge! The effect of Wickliff's writings was daily becoming more obvious: two individuals, who had been enlightened by his means, particularly attracted attention by their public testimony. One was a layman, named Walter Brute, who wrote with great clearness and determination upon the controverted points: the other, William Swinderby, underwent much persecution; and there is reason to believe that he was ultimately burned. At Leicester, articles of a purely scriptural tendency were put forth by several persons: but these were compelled to recant, at least outwardly: and after severe penance were re-admitted into the popish communion. An Augustine friar, also, preaching in London, divulged many enormities practised by his order: and was supported by the citizens, who caused his declaration to be affixed to the door of St. Paul's, where it was read and copied of many. These things took place in 1387.

Anne, queen of Richard II., a Bohemian princess, was greatly disposed to promote the cause of truth; but her reign was short. She died in 1394, five years before the deposition of her husband. Richard certainly lent himself to the iniquitous projects of his clergy, persecuting and harassing the Lord's people: but few, if any of them actually suffered in his time; though Wickliff's works were much read, and his opinions frequently embraced among the Londoners.

Henry IV. succeeding to the throne by the unjust and treasonable deposition of his rightful king, commenced the era of open, bloody persecution, by which the land had hitherto been comparatively undefiled. Within a year after his accession, in the first year of the fifteenth century, the

work began: and foremost on the roll of martyrdom stands the name of WILLIAM SAUTRE. This good man and faithful priest, inflamed with holy zeal, petitioned the parliament that he might be heard, on matters affecting the welfare of the whole realm. The prelates having some knowledge of his design, managed that his prayer should be referred to their convocation; and Sautré was summoned to appear before these inquisitors, headed by Thomas Arundel, archbishop of Canterbury, who, after manifesting at the time of queen Anne's death a tendency to better things, had relapsed into greater hardness of heart; and while succeeding Courtney in the metropolitan chair, seemed to inherit a double portion of his malevolent bigotry.

Sautré, it was proved, had, within the preceding ten months, put forth some articles of scriptural faith, which he was induced to recant before the bishop of Norwich. The Spirit, however, though resisted and grieved, was not quenched; and he who in a momentary panic had denied the truth, as it were in a corner, now stood out, in the face of the world, to witness a good confession. His former abjuration was produced, and every means used to compel or beguile him into an acknowledgment of that chief idol of Rome, the deified wafer, but in vain. He answered mildly and briefly, as one who felt that his doom was sealed, and that no words could avail, save those which, by God's grace, he resolved not again to utter—the denial of his faith: and so, being with great ceremony, and a tedious minuteness of mockery, successively degraded from the orders of priest, deacon, sub-deacon, acolyte, exorcist, reader, and sexton, and reduced to the rank of a layman, he was given up to the secular power: these false judges, after the pattern of the inquisition abroad, while formally delivering him over to certain death, “beseeking the court aforesaid that they will receive favourably the said William, thus unto them RECOMMENDED.” The bishop at the same time urging the king to hasten his execution, it was accordingly done, by royal decree; and the flames of Smithfield were kindled, to waft, as in a fiery chariot, the soul of this martyr to the bosom of his God.

With the rebellion and sanguinary civil war that raged for some years afterwards, endangering the crown of Henry, and scourging the land, we have nothing to do, further than to remark that the odium in which the king found himself among his disloyal subjects, led him to cleave more

closely to his clergy and the court of Rome. To ingratiate himself with these, he sought out new victims from among the Lord's little flock; and, nine years after the murder of Sautré, Arundel managed to lay hands on a poor tailor, JOHN BADBY, as an acceptable offering to the great Moloch of Christendom. Transubstantiation was the groundwork of this charge. Badby had previously been examined in Worcester, by the bishop of that see, and convicted of heresy; he was now summoned to London, where a formidable array of archbishops, bishops, princes, nobles, and official personages of every degree, sat in judgment on this poor simple artificer; who, alike undaunted by their numbers and power, and unmoved by the crafty persuasions of Arundel, so held fast what he had, that no man might take his crown. The archbishop scrupled not at the daring impiety of offering to gage his soul for him in the judgment day, if he would live according to their doctrine: and pressed him with every argument he could muster, but in vain. Badby persisted in showing the impossibility of the supposed miracle of the wafer, and in declaring that he would believe the omnipotent God in trinity: whereas, he said, if every host consecrated at the altar, were the Lord's body, then there were twenty thousand gods in England: but he believed in one God omnipotent. When accused and reproached with having said that Christ, sitting at supper with his disciples had not his body in his hand to distribute among them, he confirmed it; with this addition, that he would greatly marvel if any man, having a loaf of bread and breaking the same, and giving to every man a mouthful, the same loaf should afterwards be whole. This boldness and constancy producing a visible effect on some of the spectators, the archbishop brought the matter to a close, by confirming the sentence of heresy; and, as in the former case, rendering him up to the secular power, with a hypocritical request for mercy on him. The king, totally swayed by these prelates, issued his writ the same day for instant execution: and Badby was brought to Smithfield, where it pleased God to add to this faithful witness the blessing of a marvellous victory over singular temptation.

The Prince of Wales, afterwards Henry V. being present when the martyr was placed in the pipe, or tun—a barrel, with both ends stove out, slipped over the body to keep the victim fast to the stake—and before the torch was applied to the dry wood, heaped under and around, moved

with compassion, earnestly exhorted him to forsake his dangerous opinions, mingling his entreaties with terrible threats. Meanwhile the prior of St. Bartholomew's approached, bearing the wafer under its canopy, preceded by twelve flaming torches; and exhibiting it to the poor creature at the stake, asked him how he believed in it? He replied, that he knew very well it was hallowed bread, and not God's body. On this the tun was adjusted, and fire applied; but when he cried to the Lord for mercy, Prince Henry, hoping the cry was addressed to man, commanded them to withdraw the barrel, and quench the flames: then, adding to his former persuasions the promise of a yearly stipend out of the royal treasury, he renewed his entreaty. Badby had felt the scorching torment of the fire; he was mean in rank, and poor in worldly possessions; thus in every way was his constancy assailed; but the Lord was with him, and he continued immovable. The prince then commanded them to complete the work of death: but as he could be allured by no rewards, even so was he nothing at all abashed at their torments, but as a valiant champion of Christ, he persevered invincible to the end. Not without a great and most cruel battle, but with much more and greater triumph of victory: the Spirit of Christ reigning in his members, despite the fury of the flames, and the rage and power of the whole world.

These murders were speedily followed by a statute, promulgated by the king, entitled "ex-officio," as though to prove how fearfully the kingly office can be perverted under the intoxicating effects of the great harlot's golden cup. The object of this law, like that which the tyrant Maximinus caused to be engraven on tables of brass, was to destroy the doctrine of Christ from off the face of the earth: like its pagan prototype, it caused rivers of Christian blood to flow: but, like it, was overruled to the furtherance of the gospel which it aimed to destroy. When the enemy comes in like a flood, then it is that the Spirit of the Lord fails not to lift up a standard against him. To the ex-officio promulgation before mentioned, were shortly added twelve articles, or constitutions, put forth by Arundel the archbishop, tending, as far as the wit of man could devise, and his uncontrolled power ordain, to silence the voice of truth, to bury the Holy Scriptures in darkness, and to establish, on an immovable basis, the abominations of idol worship, and the whole system of antichrist. But all proved inef-

factual to stay the progress of divine truth where it had once found entrance. A priest named W. Thorp appears to have been the means of communicating to many the light that he had received through Wickliff and his fellows: he has left on record a striking history of his examinations before Arundel, pregnant with pure gospel doctrine, but nothing certain is known concerning his end. Probably he perished in the close and noisome prison to which he was committed, by that unhappy persecutor. Even at Paul's Cross, so early as 1389, a sermon was openly preached, the scriptural tenor of which was wholly subversive of popery: and thus, doubtless, the handful of leaven continued secretly to work, long before any general manifestation of its transforming effects appeared on the surface.

Henry IV. was a submissive instrument in the hands of the popish clergy. He wrought heartily with them; but his parliament, from time to time, showed a spirit of resistance against the tyrannical rule, and shameless impositions of the Romish church. The schism continuing abroad, until two hundred thousand men had been slain in the battles of pope and anti-pope, a mediation was successfully attempted: and after a short struggle of three cotemporary representatives of St. Peter, the supremacy was again vested in one head. That this protracted war of antichrist was signally overruled to the uninterrupted spread of the kingdom of Christ among men, cannot be doubted. Wickliff's writings proved the fruitful seed of gospel truth: and these were widely spread, and took deep root, while the vigilance of the papal see was fully occupied in circumventing its rival usurper. "The wrath of man shall praise thee."

In 1413, the king of England died, and was succeeded by his son Henry V. immediately after whose coronation, Arundel convoked a general synod of all the bishops and clergy, of which the principal object was to repress the evident growth of true religion among the people, and more particularly to oppose and defeat the scriptural efforts of one who was looked up to as its principal favourer—**JOHN, LORD COBHAM.**

The charges brought against this worthy nobleman, were, first, that he maintained gospel ministers, and sent them forth to preach in the dioceses of London, Rochester, and Hereford, assisting them occasionally by force of arms; and secondly, that his belief, as to the sacrament of the altar, penance, pilgrimage, image-worship, and ecclesiasti-

cal power, was greatly opposed to the doctrines of Rome. The king, who was personally attached to Lord Cobham, offered his mediation; and, in a private interview, earnestly sought to persuade him into obedience to the church; to all which the Christian knight made this memorable reply, "You, most worthy prince," saith he, "I am always prompt and willing to obey, forasmuch as I know you a Christian king, and the appointed minister of God, bearing the sword to the punishment of evil doers, and for safeguard to them that be virtuous. Unto you (next my eternal God) owe I my whole obedience, and submit thereunto (as I have done ever) all that I have, either of fortune or nature, ready at all times to fulfil whatsoever ye shall in the Lord command me. But as touching the pope and his spirituality, I owe them neither suit nor service, forasmuch 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."

On hearing this intrepid declaration, the king abruptly quitted him.

The archbishop, being now unimpeded in his cruel design, caused citations to be affixed to the cathedral gates of Rochester, commanding Lord Cobham forthwith to appear before him, in consistory: but the people, who greatly honoured him, tore down the citations as often as they were renewed; until, being proclaimed an apostate, schismatic, heretic, troubler of the public peace, enemy of the realm, and great adversary of all holy church, while the lay-power was menaced with excommunication, if neglecting to deliver him into the hands of his accusers, he wrote down in his own vindication a confession of his faith, consisting first in a simple recitation of the Apostles' Creed, and then a brief commentary of his own thereon. Jesus Christ he averred to be the only head of the whole Christian church; which included all who were or should be saved, and was divided into three parts—those triumphant in heaven, those in purgatory, with this pithy reservation, "*if any such place be in the Scripture*," and those still militant on earth. The latter he also distinguished in three classes, priesthood, knighthood, and commons. What the first should be he thus beautifully portrays, leaving others to draw the contrast. "The priests, first of all, secluded from all worldliness, should conform their lives entirely to the example of Christ and his apostles. Ever-

more should they be occupied in preaching, and reading the Scriptures purely, and in giving wholesome examples of good living to the other two degrees of men. More modest also, more loving, gentle, and lowly in spirit should they be than any other sorts of people." The duties of knighthood he sets forth with great spirit, as one who felt and practised what he described. "These should defend God's laws, and see that the gospel were purely taught, conforming their lives to the same, and secluding all false preachers. Yea, those ought rather to hazard their lives than to suffer such wicked decrees as either blemish the eternal testament of God, or yet let the free passage thereof, whereby heresies and schisms might spring in the church. For of none other arise they, as I suppose, than of erroneous constitutions, craftily first creeping in under hypocritical lies, for advantage. They ought also to preserve God's people from oppressors, tyrants, and thieves, and to see the clergy supported so long as they teach purely, pray rightly, and minister the sacraments freely. And if they see them do otherwise, they are bound by the law or office to compel them to change their doings, and to see all things performed according to God's prescript and ordinance."

Concerning the sacraments of the altar, his view seems to have coincided with that long after held by Martin Luther: consubstantiation. To the law of God, as revealed in Scripture, he refers all men, both in faith and practice, boldly asserting that if any prelate require more, or other kind of obedience than this, "he contemneth Christ, exalting himself above God, and so becometh an open Antichrist." This noble confession of faith is wound up by an appeal to the examination of the most godly, wise, and learned men of the king's realm—"and if it be found in all points agreeing to the verity, then let it be so allowed, and I therefrom holden for none other than a true Christian: if it be proved otherwise, then let it be utterly condemned; provided always that I be taught a better belief by the word of God; and I shall at all times most reverently obey thereunto."

Henry V., whose prowess and intrepidity have been so highly extolled, had the pusillanimity to refuse this manly appeal to his royal judgment, at the hand of a gallant brother soldier and faithful subject, who meekly presented it to him in his court; and referred it to the



tyrannical prelates. Lord Cobham then desired that a hundred knights and esquires might be appointed to try him; offering, in the spirit of that rude age, to do battle after the law of arms for the faith that he held. Finally, and with chastened gentleness, protesting, in presence of the whole court, that he would refuse no manner of correction that should, after the law of God, be ministered unto him. All was vain; Henry seems to have been so blinded by the smoke of John Badby's burning, that he dared not to move but where his priests led him. Nevertheless, he granted one more private audience to Lord Cobham, who showed him a paper that he had drawn up, appealing from his personal enemy, Arundel, to the pope. It can hardly be supposed that he looked for more favour from that quarter, but probably, like Paul, he was willing to bear witness of Christ at Rome also. The king expressed much anger at this appeal; and being unable to induce him unconditionally to submit to the archbishop, and take whatever penance should be enjoined by him, he, in most unkingly manner, commanded the noble martyr to be arrested, and committed to the tower. There he prepared for his examination, drawing up an answer to the articles of indictment in duplicate, one for the archbishop, another for himself; together with copies of his aforementioned confession. He was brought before Arundel and the bishops of London and Winchester, in the chapter-house of St. Paul's, where, giving no ear to the subtle inducement of the archbishop, still to sue for absolution, he drew forth from his bosom, and read aloud, his papers, afterwards presenting a copy to Arundel.

The scriptural simplicity and unquestionable truth of his propositions sadly perplexed these judges: they could not gainsay them; they therefore betook themselves to the usual resource—demanding of him an explicit admission of their great doctrine, that, after consecration of the sacramental elements, there remaineth nothing of the material bread or wine; the former being, as they assert, wholly changed into the corporeal substance of Christ's human body, and the latter wholly changed into the corporeal substance of his human blood:—likewise, that what they call the sacrament of penance, that is, auricular confession to a priest, and the performance of whatever he may be pleased to lay upon the individual, is absolutely necessary to salvation. To these points Lord Cobham steadily refused to

yield any other answer than what was contained in his written confessions ; and, failing either to win or to terrify him into it, they were compelled to remand him to prison, and to prepare for another and public examination.

Arundel, having committed to paper the popish doctrines just stated, together with that of image-worship, and sent the writing to Lord Cobham, fixed the 25th day of the same month, September, 1413, for the final act of this mock trial. Removing his judicial seat, which Fox well describes as that of Caiaphas, to the house of the Dominican friars in Ludgate, he summoned to council his brethren of London, Winchester, and Bangor, with a number of officials and doctors of divinity, two notaries, and a host of priests, monks, canons, friars, down to the sextons and bell-ringers of their churches : all bent on mocking and scorning this persecuted servant of a crucified Master.

It had pleased God, that already in London two should suffer for the truth of his gospel : the one a learned and devout ecclesiastic, the other an ignorant and simple artisan, in both of whom He was greatly glorified. We now see a noble of the land, distinguished in birth, talent, and education, an accomplished gentleman, a gallant warrior, one high alike in kingly favour and in popular esteem ; and beautiful it is to behold him—"when Sir Robert Morley, knight, and lieutenant of the tower, brought with him the good Lord Cobham, there leaving him among them as a lamb among wolves"—counting all these, his natural and acquired gifts, as loss ; yea, doubtless counting them as dung and dross for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus his Lord.

Arundel, the archbishop, having renewed his hypocritical injunction that the accused should confess and seek absolution at his hands, then said the Lord Cobham, "Nay forsooth will I not, for I never yet trespassed against you, and therefore I will not do it." And with that he kneeled down on the pavement, holding up his hands towards heaven, and said, "I shrieve me here unto thee, my eternal living God, that in my frail youth I offended thee, O Lord, most grievously, in pride, wrath, and gluttony ; in covetousness and in uncleanness. Many men have I hurt in mine anger, and done many other horrible sins ; good Lord, I ask thee mercy !" And therewith weepingly he stood up again, and said with a mighty voice, "Lo, good people, lo ; for the breaking of God's law and his great commandments

they never yet cursed me ; but for their own laws and traditions most cruelly do they handle both me and other men. And therefore both they and their laws, by the promise of God, shall utterly be destroyed."

At this the archbishop and his company were not a little confounded ; but presently Arundel urged him on the point of his belief, to which he replied, "I believe fully and faithfully in the universal laws of God. I believe that all is truth that is contained in the Holy Sacred Scriptures of the Bible. Finally, I believe all that my Lord God would I should believe."

On the subject of the sacramental bread, he answered so warily and wisely, that they were unable to wrest his words, or to gainsay his appeals to Scripture. When asked whether the bread remaining after consecration were material bread or not, he replied, "The Scriptures make no mention of this word material, and therefore my faith hath nothing to do therewith." One of the bishops denouncing it as a heresy to call it bread, after the sacramental words were spoken, he replied, "St. Paul the apostle was, I am sure, as wise as you be now, and more godly learned, and he called it bread, writing to the Corinthians, 'the bread that we break,' saith he, 'is it not the partaking of the body of Christ?' Lo, he called it bread, and not Christ's body, but a means whereby we receive Christ's body." To this they could only object that Paul must be otherwise understood ; and when he inquired how they would prove that, they answered, because it was against the determination of holy church. After vainly disputing with him on the infallibility of that church, and the marks whereby the true members of Christ should be known among men, one of the doctors uttered a sarcasm against Wickliff, to which Lord Cobham admirably retorted, "Preposterous are your judgments evermore ; for, as the prophet Isaiah saith, Ye call evil good, and good evil ; and therefore the same prophet concludeth that your ways are not God's ways, nor God's ways your ways. And as for the virtuous man Wickliff, whose judgments ye so highly disdain, I shall say here of my part, both before God and man, that before I knew that despised doctrine of his, I never abstained from sin. But since I learned therein to fear my Lord God, it hath otherwise, I trust, been with me : so much grace could I never find in all your glorious instructions."

Speaking again to the altered aspect of their church,

through the venom shed into it, he thus severely characterized it,—“Before that time, all the bishops of Rome were martyrs in a manner; and since that time we read of very few. But indeed, since that time one hath poisoned another, one hath cursed another, and one hath slain another, and done much more mischief beside, as all the chronicles tell. And let all men consider well this, that Christ was meek, and merciful; the pope is proud, and a tyrant: Christ was poor and forgave; the pope is rich, and a malicious man-slayer, as his daily acts do prove him. Rome is the very nest of Antichrist, and out of that nest come all the disciples of him, of whom prelates, priests, and monks are the body, these piled friars are the tail.” On being reproved for the latter words, by the Augustine prior, he quoted Isaiah,—“The prophet which speaketh lies, he is the tail;” and in like manner advanced Scripture proof for every assertion that he continued to make, respecting these apostate churchmen. They then vainly endeavoured to shake his former declaration respecting the sacramental bread; nor was he less firm on the point of auricular confession, showing that God, who alone knoweth the nature and extent of our malady, is the only safe physician: admitting the propriety of going to a priest if he be a man of good life and learning, because at the hand of such are the laws of God to be required; but adding, “If he be an idiot, or a man of vicious living that is my curate, I ought rather to fly from him than to seek unto him, for sooner might I catch evil of him that is naught, than any goodness towards my soul’s health.” Being questioned on the boasted successorship to St. Peter, he said, “He that followeth Peter most nighest in pure living, is next unto him in succession. But your lordly order esteemeth not greatly the lowly behaviour of poor Peter, whatsoever ye prate of him.” When asked, “Then what do ye say of the pope?” he boldly replied, “As I said before, so I say again; that he and you together make whole the great Antichrist: of whom he is the great head; you, bishops, priests, prelates, and monks are the body, and the begging friars are the tail, for they cover the filthiness of you both with their subtil sophistry. Neither will I in conscience obey any of you all, till I see you, with Peter, follow Christ in conversation.” It was then demanded of him how he held holy church’s determination that it is meritorious to go on pilgrimage to holy places, there specially to worship the

holy relics and images of saints, apostles, martyrs, confessors, and all other saints besides, approved by the church of Rome. Lord Cobham replied, with equal truth and humour, "I owe them no service by any commandment of God, and therefore I need not to seek them for your covetousness. It were best ye swept them fair from cobwebs and dust, and so laid them up from catching of scathe; or else to bury them fair in the ground, as ye do other aged people which are God's images. It is a wonderful thing," he continued, "that saints, being now dead, should become so covetous and needy, and thereupon so bitterly beg, which all their life-time hated all covetousness and begging. But this I say unto you, and I would all the world should mark it, that with your shrines and idols, your feigned absolutions and pardons, you draw unto you the substance, wealth, and chief pleasures of all this Christian realm."

Friar Palmer then asked him whether he would not worship the cross that Christ died upon? "Where is it?" said lord Cobham. "I put you the case, sir," said the friar, "that it were even now here before you." After ridiculing the absurdity of such a hypothesis, Lord Cobham asked, what worship he should do unto it. A clerk replied, "Such worship as Paul speaketh of, and that is this, 'God forbid that I should joy, save only in the cross of Jesus Christ.'" Then Lord Cobham extending his arms, said, "This is the very cross, and so much better than your cross of wood, in that it was created of God, yet will not I seek to have it worshipped." The bishop of London remarked, "Ye wot well that he died on a material cross." "Yea," answered Lord Cobham, "and I wot also that our salvation came not by that material cross, but by him which died thereupon. And well I wot that holy St. Paul rejoiced in none other cross but in Christ's passion and death only, and in his own sufferings of like persecution with him, for the selfsame verity that he had suffered for afore."

Finding him thus immovably grounded on Scripture, the archbishop then reminded him that the day was passing; and set before him the alternative of unqualified submission, or "most deep danger." With becoming dignity he replied, "I know not to what purpose I should otherwise submit me. Much more have you offended me, than ever I offended you, in thus troubling me before this multitude." And on the threat being repeated, he firmly and finally said,

“I will none otherwise believe in these points than that I have told you here afore. Do with me what you will.”

The sentence of condemnation was then read : commencing with an awful appeal to the omniscience of Him whom they mocked by their blasphemous hypocrisy, and crucified afresh in the murder of his faithful people. Thus it runs : “Christ we take unto witness, that nothing else we seek in this our whole enterprise but his only glory :” then, with a torrent of reviling epithets, it goes on to denounce and utterly to condemn sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, decreeing that the same should be proclaimed from every pulpit in the kingdom. When the archbishop had audibly and bitterly read this flagitious document before the whole multitude, Lord Cobham said, with a most cheerful countenance, “Though ye judge my body, which is but a wretched thing, yet am I certain and sure that ye can do no harm unto my soul, no more than could Satan unto the soul of Job. He that created that, will of his infinite mercy and promise save it. I have therein no manner of doubt. And as concerning these articles before rehearsed, I will stand to them even to the very death, by the grace of my Eternal God.” And therewith he turned him to the people, casting his hands abroad, and saying, with a very loud voice, “Good Christian people, for God’s love be well aware of these men ; for else they will beguile you, and lead you blindfold into hell with themselves. For Christ saith plainly unto you, “If one blind man leadeth another, they are like both to fall into the ditch.”” After this he kneeled down, raising his hands and eyes towards heaven, and saying, “Lord God Eternal, I beseech thee of thy great mercy’s sake to forgive my pursuers, if it be thy blessed will.” And so, being again delivered to sir R. Morley, he was reconducted to the tower.

It cannot be doubted but that a powerful sensation was excited in the minds of the people by this impressive spectacle. A nobleman, universally esteemed for his upright life and conversation, a gallant soldier withal, whose prowess in that chivalrous age they could well appreciate, thus forsaken of his king, and basely delivered into the hands of men who had power utterly to cow the spirit of that famed hero of Agincourt, yet standing fearless and unabashed before them, bearing a withering testimony against their iniquitous doings, maintaining his scriptural faith by

unanswerable texts of God's word, and, in the midst of all that could rouse the aristocratical pride, and irritate the military feelings of a knight, still kept in perfect peace and self-possession, by having his mind stayed upon his God:—setting at nought the usurped authority under which the world quailed, he stood erect before its mitred Lords, and cowed monks, and god-making priests, yet publicly humbling himself into lowly prostration and tearful contrition before his God; and finally, after praying for these his murderers, while he faithfully warned the people against their deceits, was led forth as an unresisting sheep, prepared for the slaughter. All this was too strange, too touching, to fail of producing a strong effect on the public feeling. The persecuting prelates knew it well; and while the friends of Lord Cobham circulated by his direction a fair statement of the faith that he held, they sought, by all manner of slanders, to counteract it. These not succeeding, they forged an abjuration in his name, and privily spread the report of it: but the imposture was too gross to be for a moment credited. And when, after escaping from prison, and remaining at large for four years, he was treacherously betrayed into their hands again, and put to a most cruel death, no pains were spared to make it appear that he had suffered for treason against his lawful king, not for rebellion against the Roman antichrist. Volumes have been written to establish this point, and so to mar the effect of his godly confession: but two circumstances are conclusive upon it. The first that, according to parliamentary records, thanks and a reward were voted to the treacherous betrayer, Lord Powis, “for his great travail taken in the apprehension of sir John Oldcastle, knight, **HERETIC,**” and secondly, that his punishment which combined burning with hanging, was never the award of treason against the state. Lollardy, as Wickliff's doctrine was termed, had been declared treasonable, no less than heretical; and as a confirmed Lollard, in other words a consistent Christian, lord Cobham endured the extremity of that cruel martyrdom to which he had before declared his readiness to go. In the first volume of the “State Trials” may be seen some particulars of his death, not narrated by Fox, although the examinations and sentence, together with his demeanour thereon, are the same, verbatim, as given by the martyrologist. From this record it appears, that, “upon the day appointed, he was brought

out of the tower, with his arms bound behind him, having a very cheerful countenance. Then was he laid upon a hurdle, as though he had been a most heinous traitor to the crown, and so drawn forth into St. Giles' fields, where they had set up a new pair of gallows. As he was come to the place of execution, and was taken from the hurdle, he fell down devoutly upon his knees, desiring Almighty God to forgive his enemies. Then stood he up, and beheld the multitude, exhorting them in most godly manner to follow the laws of God, written in the Scriptures; and in any wise to beware of such teachers as they see contrary to Christ, in their conversation and living; with many other special counsels. When at his last hour he was urged to confess himself to a priest, whose service was offered for that purpose, he not only with a noble scorn rejected him, but openly protested, that if the apostles Peter and Paul were there, he would not confess to them, since One infinitely greater, God himself, was present: and as of him only he implored and hoped for pardon, so to him alone would he make confession of his sins. Then he was hanged up there by the middle in chains of iron, and so consumed alive in the fire, praising the name of God so long as his life lasted. In the end, he commended his soul into the hands of God, and so departed hence most Christianly, his body resolved to ashes."

Lord Cobham, however, outlived his cruel persecutor Arundel, who died very suddenly in 1414, immediately after the barbarous execution of sir Roger Acton, and a number, computed by the old chronicles at no fewer than thirty-six, who, as Lollards and traitors, were put to death, three years before the lord Cobham. Concerning these men the history is not so clear as to justify our placing them unequivocally on the list of martyrs; but the probability is strong that such they were. Arundel was succeeded in the archbishopric by Henry Chichesley, as active a persecutor as himself; who, as the word of God daily grew and multiplied, quickened the vigilance of his inquisitors, and sharpened the sword that was drawn against the flock, while the king founded new monasteries on either side of the Thames, to augment the communities of monks and nuns, already swarming throughout the land.



## CHAPTER III.

CLAYDON—TAYLOR—PERSECUTIONS—INVENTION OF PRINTING—VARIOUS MARTYRS—NEW HERESY OF THE FRANCISCANS—HUNNE—PERSECUTION IN LINCOLN—LUTHER—HAMILTON—TINDAL'S TRANSLATION—BILNEY.

THE first sufferer under the hand of Chichesley was an humble artisan, a currier, of London, JOHN CLAYDON. He had been suspected in the former reign, and suffered three years' imprisonment, after which he renounced and abjured the doctrines of the gospel. Subsequently to this, he caused several godly treatises in the English language, to be written out and bound at his expense; which, as he could not read, he employed others to read to him; and had, by frequent hearing, committed a part of the contents to memory. These books being seized by the mayor of London, were found to contain truths most pointedly opposed to popery, and as Claydon avowed his belief that such truths were both profitable, good, and healthful to his soul, he was condemned as a relapsed heretic, his books burned, and himself also committed to the flames in Smithfield. The case of this poor man illustrates the manner in which the truth, as set forth in Wickliff's writings, and scriptural works, was promulgated. The art of printing being still undiscovered, books were only to be copied by laborious penmanship; and, from the heavy expense attending it, they were rarely to be found, save in the libraries of the learned and the wealthy. Here, however, we see a man in the humbler walks of life, himself unable to read, devoting the fruits of his daily labour to the acquisition of a spiritual store, although unable to peruse the pages he had accumulated. Truth was thus brought before the eyes, and frequently, no doubt, found entrance into the hearts, not only of those who, by God's providence, were engaged to transcribe, but also of those who were prevailed on to read the sacred hoard, for the benefit of others less capable than themselves. Considering that no less than certain death was the consequence of a discovery, unless by open abjuration and heavy penance the offenders saved themselves, that thirst after the word of God must have been strong and divinely implanted, which led men to brave such perils for its gratification. A great number were seized, and com-

pelled outwardly to abjure their opinions; while others, avoiding their persecutors, were forced into exile. Examples of constancy like that of the poor carrier, were still comparatively rare; but whatever effect they might produce in terrifying the timid into a seeming recantation, it cannot be doubted that they wrought extensively for good, by exhibiting in its more sanguinary colour the cruel persecuting system of Rome.

The case of WILLIAM TAYLOR, a priest, who suffered in the first year of Henry VI., shows upon how slender a pretext of dissent from popery, the life of any man might be taken. He had been charged with heresy, under Arundel, and abjured; but was again summoned before Chichesley, and again recanted, with due penance enjoined. The sole charge that could be brought, when once more he was indicted, was that of holding that prayer should be directed to God alone, creature-worship being idolatrous. Even on this point, he appeared to differ but little from the Romish doctrine, admitting much of their subtle distinctions; but being adjudged a heretic by four orders of friars, to whom the case was referred, he was first degraded, and then burned in Smithfield; evincing a courage and constancy that affords ground to hope he had received a broader revelation of the truth, before he so cheerfully laid down his life on its behalf.

In the diocese of Norwich, the good leaven seems to have worked extensively at this time; but the greater number of those who were cited for heresy were forced into an external abjuration; enduring great barbarities, under the name of penance. Among these was William White, a priest, who had taken a wife, and maintained doctrines utterly opposed to popery: he was overcome, like others, for a time, and renounced them; but repenting his apostasy, he made a bolder stand than before, and was burned at Norwich, A. D. 1424; his widow suffering much trouble and persecution, at the hands of the bishop. The penances inflicted on those who recanted were most severe: public exposure, scourging, and long imprisonment—sometimes for seven years, sometimes for life, were the terms on which the Romish church re-admitted her penitents. By such means was her dominion upheld, even against the preached word of gospel verity, occasionally heard: her eyes were too vigilant, her subtilty too deep, and her power too despotic to fail of detecting and silencing God's wit-

nesses. Well might she then sit as a queen, saying, I shall see no sorrow: but a blow was about to be struck that she could neither foresee nor parry; for it pleased the Lord, in the year 1450, to guide the mind of a German artisan to the glorious invention of printing—a gift worthy to be compared with that of tongues, being, indeed, of the same nature, in that it makes known to myriads those saving truths which otherwise they could not hear. Men were hereby brought to see the Scriptures, to examine the ancient writings of learned men, to compare times, to discern truth, and detect falsehood. The pope, through his might had lately stopped the mouths of John Huss, and Jerome of Prague, that they might not preach against his kingdom: but instead of these, God opened the press to preach, whose voice the pope could not silence, with all the puissance of his triple crown. For, by this printing, as a singular organ of the Holy Ghost, the doctrine of the gospel sounds to all nations and countries under the heaven; what God reveals to one man, is dispersed to many; and what is known to one nation, is opened to all.

The press was the forerunner of the reformation: by its means the pens of Luther, Erasmus, and their fellows, had such free course, that the bishop of Rome might understand the counsel and purpose of the Lord was to work against him, every printing-press in the world being as a battering-ram planted before his high fortress: and the triple crown thereby set so awry upon his head, that all the powers of earth, with Satan combined, have been unable to right it again.

In 1457, REYNOLD PECCOCK, bishop of Chichester, was cited for heresy, before Bursehere, archbishop of Canterbury; and compelled to a public abjuration of the gospel, which he preached: notwithstanding which he was afterwards committed to prison, where there is every reason to conclude that he was privily murdered.

In 1461 king Henry, having been defeated in battle, by the house of York, was compelled to relinquish the crown to Edward IV., who again losing it, and once more recovering, rendered the kingdom a scene of civil war and bloodshed to the end of his reign and life, in 1483. Ten years before his death, a godly man, named John Goose, endured the flames of martyrdom on Tower-hill, for the faith of Christ; displaying a cheerful alacrity, that bespoke not only the peace but the joy that he had in believing.

After the nominal reign of Edward V., and the usurpation of Richard III., the kingdom once more became tranquil, under Henry VII., who ascended the throne A. D. 1485. At this time, the host of Christ's people, which had been greatly augmented in Germany, began to multiply in England, arousing, of course, the spirit of persecution into vigorous action. A very aged gentlewoman, named Joan Boughton, was burnt in Smithfield, 1494, after so stoutly maintaining eight out of Wickliff's ten opinions, that all the doctors in London were unable to shake her on any one of them. She suffered with great heroism, and her ashes were eagerly gathered up, as precious relics, by the many who loved that faith in which she died. A priest at Canterbury withstood all the arguments of the popish divines; but the king personally communing with him, persuaded him to recant, and then, immediately, caused him to be burned.

Among the martyrdoms that took place in this reign, one is remarkable, for the signal judgment attending it. A faithful woman, whose name is not on record, was burned at Sudbury, under the personal superintendency of her persecutor, Dr. Whittington, chancellor of the diocese. The cruel spectacle being ended, as the people were returning from the spot, a bull just escaped from the uplifted axe of the butcher, and maddened by pain, made towards them. The multitude divided, forming a sort of lane, through which the infuriated animal passed at full speed, offering no injury to any one; until coming to where the chancellor was lingering with the hindmost, as loth to quit the scene of his wolfish feast on a poor weak lamb of Christ's fold, the bull made at him, goring him through and through, and galloping away from the mangled carcase, with the entrails on his horns, through the streets of the town.

Henry VIII. ascended the throne of England in 1509, in which year also began a most absurd and impious controversy between the two great orders of mendicant friars, Franciscan and Dominican, of whom the former propounded, as a new article of faith, that the Virgin Mary was, alike in her conception and nature, perfectly free from all taint of sin. In support of this blasphemous fable they distinctly asserted that she suffered the griefs and adversities of life, not as a consequence of original sin, but in voluntary conformity to the pattern of Christ: that she had no need of remission of sins: that whereas her body was subject to

death, and died, it was not for any penalty due to sin, but either in imitation of Christ, or else because her body was elemental, like that of our first parents; who, if they had not tasted the forbidden fruit, would have been preserved from death, not by nature, but by grace and strength of other fruits and meats in paradise; which meats, because Mary had not, but did eat our common meats, therefore she died:—that she was exempted from the general proposition of St. Paul, that God hath concluded all under sin: that she was not justified by Christ, but just from her beginning, by preservation:—that Christ was no otherwise her Saviour, but as sustaining her from falling: that her thanksgivings unto God, were not for pardon of sins, but for conservation from sinning: that neither did she pray to God for remission of her sins, but for the sins of others she prayed off, and counted them for her's:—finally, that had she died before her Son, God would have reposed her soul neither with the patriarchs nor the just, but in the same most pleasant part of paradise where Adam and Eve were before they transgressed.

This raving nonsense was solemnly recognized by the pope, as most orthodox doctrine; set forth in a confirmatory bull; and appointed to be celebrated by feasts, indulgences, and an additional clause to the “ave.” The Dominicans, however, stoutly resisted this new article of catholic belief; and forasmuch as that unhappy church must needs turn the very truths which they hold into a lie, the opposers, instead of combatting with the fair weapons of reason and Scripture, contrived an image of the virgin, so managed by internal machinery, as to move, to weep, groan, complain, and give audible answers to those who addressed it. This, with a bleeding host, and other like inventions, wrought so effectually on the people's minds, that in the city of Berne, where it took place, the Franciscan doctrine, and the pope's bull, were set at nought, in virtue of the virgin's miraculous attestations against them; until, the Dominican contrivers being detected, they were burnt for heresy, leaving the church to enjoy its newly-discovered article of faith. This dispute was the occasion of bitter hostility and much bloodshed; and it is worthy of being recorded, as furnishing, among many other things, a proof how little claim the church of Rome can advance to that boasted unity which she ranks among the chiefest marks of her infallible truth.

In the second year of Henry's reign, two poor men were burned in Smithfield, who had, with many more, been charged with heresy, were compelled to recant, severely punished and sentenced to wear a faggot printed on their sleeve. This disgraceful badge they had ventured to lay aside, at the command of employers in whose service they earned their bread. For so doing they were committed to the flames. Two years after, a man named John Brown, of Ashford, entering into conversation with a priest in a Gravesend barge put some questions which the latter could not answer. Three days after, Brown was seized, violently taken to Canterbury, and kept in prison for some weeks, and having been tortured by placing his feet on burning coals, to make him deny the truth, which he would in no wise do, he was carried back to Ashford, placed in the stocks all night, and burnt at the stake the following day.

RICHARD HUNNE, having given offence to a priest by resisting an illegal demand, and maintaining his just rights by law, was indicted of heresy, imprisoned in Lollard's tower, St. Paul's, and there first murdered, then hanged. By means, however, of that invaluable institution the coroner's inquest, all was brought to light; and the deep-laid plot by which Hunne was to appear a suicide, was fully unravelled and exposed. The bishop of London, Fitzjames, a cruel persecutor, sat in spiritual judgment on the poor body; and having condemned it as a heretic, caused it to be publicly burned, sixteen days after it had been murdered; while by the influence of Wolsey, the three assassins, one of whom was chancellor of the diocese of London, escaped the consequences of their conviction.

Although of those who received the truth, the greater number were compelled to abjure, yet instances now multiplied of such persons again rendering themselves obnoxious to the ecclesiastical power, and yielding their bodies to the flames. As yet, the name of Luther had not been mentioned in England; but the spread of evangelical doctrine, drawn from the same source that supplied the mighty reformer with irresistible weapons, produced the like results wherever it became known; and in the diocese of Lincoln a fiery persecution, under Longland the bishop, tried the patience and faith of the saints, while it proved how greatly their numbers increased. The title by which they were distinguished, before that of Protestant was adopted, was *known men*, or *just-fust men*. The matters registered con-

cerning the Lincolnshire inquisition, almost surpass belief. Parents and children, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, were compulsorily brought before the court, and being solemnly sworn, were then by virtue of that oath obliged to declare whatever they knew concerning their nearest connexions, whereon to found a charge of heresy. Among the cases thus discovered and indicted, are many for reading, repeating, or hearing small portions of the Holy Scriptures in English. One woman is proved to have recited two verses from our Lord's sermon on the mount: another, to have heard read the epistle of St. James: a third, to have in her house the ten commandments: one poor creature, near her confinement, for venturing to take the support of a little food before going to mass. A party of eleven simple people were convicted of having, on the occasion of a marriage, assembled in a barn, heard an epistle of St. Paul read, and commended it. Several were accused of having doubted as to the reality of Christ's bodily presence in the wafer which they swallowed, and not confessing their doubts to their ghostly father. Hundreds are named, who, in this diocese alone, for these and similar enormities, were condemned to cruel penance, of which a part was "once to bear a faggot at the burning of a heretic." Shocking as is the last clause, it sinks into nothing in comparison with the awful fact that the nearest and dearest connexions of the martyrs were frequently compelled to light the flame. At Coventry, about this time, seven martyrs were burned in one day.

And now, like morning spread upon the mountains, had the clear dawn of the blessed reformation dispersed the light of truth over Germany:—not yet brightened into perfect day; but breaking the thick clouds, chasing the shadows, and giving promise that the Sun of Righteousness should ere long arise to lighten the whole papal earth with his glory. Martin Luther, whose name cannot be written without a thrill of joyous emotion, nor ought to be read without an aspiration of praise to Him who divinely commissioned him—Martin Luther had prevailed with Frederick, elector of Saxony, to abolish throughout his dominions the popish mass: and at Wittenberg was the idol first dethroned by royal sanction. A revolution so mighty, though confined in the first instance to a petty state of Germany, was a thunder-clap to Europe; and all the batteries of Rome were at once opened—all the briars and thorns

set in array, to stop the progress of that which cannot be stayed. The Lord had arisen; he willed to work, and who could let it?

The truth, as we have seen, had taken root in England, where, "as a tender plant out of a dry ground," it grew; often bent beneath the tread of its haughty foes, and hiding its head in dust; but still living, still growing, in despite of all. In Scotland it had not yet appeared: but in 1527, Patrick Hamilton, a young man of high birth, distinguished learning, and rare accomplishments, returning from the university of Marpurg, fully enlightened with saving knowledge, and a remarkably clear apprehension of the gospel, was privileged to become the proto-martyr of his native land. He published a treatise, in which the doctrines of free grace are set forth with a boldness, breadth, and perspicuity, worthy of Luther himself: and when cited by James Beaton, archbishop of St. Andrews, to appear before the ecclesiastics of that university, to answer for his heretical opinions, Hamilton not only obeyed the citation, but was in waiting long before the appointed hour, burning with zeal to declare the gospel of Christ. The disputation ended as might be expected, in the condemnation of Hamilton, who was forthwith, before that day's sun had set, committed to the flames. An evil day it was, for the adversaries of God's truth in Scotland: the seed of that martyr's blood yielding them most bitter fruit in the sequel.

In 1529, Tindal having published his first translation of the New Testament in the English tongue, Tonsal, bishop of London, conspired with Sir Thomas More, to destroy what they rightly considered as the most formidable weapon that could be brandished against popery. The bishop, being at Antwerp, applied to a tradesman named Packington, who, disguising his regard for Tindal, appeared a ready instrument in promoting his design. It was agreed between them that Tonsal should, by Packington's agency, buy up all the copies of this English Testament, of which the bishop was minded to make a public conflagration at Paul's cross. Packington declared the matter to Tindal, who, having discovered some errors in the edition, that he was anxious to correct, gladly delivered all the copies to his friend, who carried them to his employer; so the bishop had the books, Packington the thanks, and Tindal the money. Having carefully corrected all that was amiss, the translator went to press again, enabled by



this fund to multiply his copies, sending them in threefold abundance into England, to the great discomfiture of the bishop, who complained thereof to his agent, reminding him of his engagement to buy them all up. "Surely," said Packington, "I bought all that were to be had; but I perceive they have printed more since. I see it will never be better, so long as they have letters and stamps: wherefore you were best to buy the stamps too, and so you shall be sure."

About this time, a certain treatise called the Supplication of Beggars, written by Simon Fish, to expose the abuses of the clergy, appeared, which was subsequently conveyed to the hands of the king, by Anne Boleyn, and appeared to excite no small interest in his mind: for he sent for the author, who had been obliged to fly the realm, on some offence given to Wolsey, and after much communing, gave him his royal signet, as a token that no proceedings should be taken against him. Within half a year, Fish died of the plague; and his widow married Bainham, who was destined to the crown of martyrdom. It cannot be doubted that the mind of Henry was much shaken at this period: he had recently distinguished himself by writing against Luther, and for so doing received from the pope the title of Defender of the Faith: but private pique and political expediency began to excite in his vindictive and peremptory character a spirit hostile to the papacy, which God overruled to the furtherance of his own great cause, of which, it is too evident, the king made no account. However, Tonstal procured at this juncture a royal decree, confirming his own diocesan prohibition of certain heretical books; among which the **NEW TESTAMENT** stands third on the list. This proclamation was the signal for a more vigorous pursuit and persecution of the Lord's people: among whom we now come to record the name of **THOMAS BILNEY**. He was brought up at Cambridge, where he had applied himself to the acquirement of all scientific knowledge; becoming expert in both branches of law. Meeting with Erasmus' edition of the New Testament, which he read for the elegance of the Latin language, not for spiritual profit, he was attracted by St. Paul's expression, "This is a true saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." The effect he thus beautifully describes. "This one sentence, through God's instruction and inward working, which I did not then per-

ceive, did so exhilarate my heart, being before wounded with the guilt of my sins, and being almost in despair, that immediately I felt a marvellous comfort and quietness, insomuch that my bruised bones leaped for joy."

Having embraced the grand doctrine of justification by faith, independent of all that man can do or devise, Bilney forsook his former pursuits, for that of imparting to others the gift that he had received. Latimer was one among the many whom he, instrumentally, guided to the truth. Cardinal Wolsey, taking cognizance of Bilney's proceedings, summoned him to Westminster, in presence of many episcopal and other ecclesiastics, and doctors of civil law, to answer the charge of promulgating Luther's tenets in the university. It is evident from many documents, from Bilney's letters to the bishop of London, his disputation with friar Bursierd at Ipswich, and various other testimonials, that his mind was greatly enlightened on those points of doctrine, wherein the Romish system most fatally errs, with the exception of one. He does not appear to have been very clear on that of the sacrament of the altar, as they call it: but where Luther himself came short, it cannot be marvelled at, that some darkness should linger on the minds of men, whose lot it was to live when the dawn had but newly broke. Bilney was repeatedly urged, by the bishop of London, to recant; and several times was he remanded, after conviction, to give room for working on his feelings. He stood fast for some space; but at length, won by the solicitation of friends who were brought around him for that purpose, he yielded, and gave in his submission, on the 7th December, 1527.

The effects produced on his mind by this act are thus recorded by Latimer. "When the same Bilney came to Cambridge again, a whole year after, he was in such anguish and agony, that nothing did him good; neither eating nor drinking, nor even any communication of God's word: for he thought that all the whole Scriptures were against him, and sounded to his condemnation. So that I, many a time, communed with him, for I was familiarly acquainted with him. But all things whatsoever any man could allege to his comfort, seemed to him to make against him. As for the comfortable places of Scripture, to bring them unto him was as though a man should run him through the heart with a sword." In this wretched state, Bilney continued for nearly two years; when, having been

enabled by divine grace to resolve on giving his life for the truths which he had outwardly abjured, he suddenly recovered his serenity of mind and countenance; and telling his companions that he would go up to Jerusalem, he left Trinity Hall, at ten o'clock at night, journeying into Norfolk, where, after privily exhorting his own family, and immediate friends, confirming them in the faith of Christ, he proceeded to preach openly, in the fields, the doctrine that he had abjured to be very truth, lamenting his apostasy, and holding it up as an example to others, never to take counsel of worldly friends in matters pertaining to their souls. He had been the means of converting an anchoress of Norwich, whom he again visited, presenting her with Tindal's New Testament, and another proscribed book: and so, according to his intention, being apprehended for preaching Christ crucified, he was cast into prison, there to abide the sentence of Nix, then bishop of the diocese. Two doctors, the one provincial of the grey friars, the other an Augustine, were sent to remain there with him, labouring to retain the prey just escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler. Instead of succeeding, the former of them, named Call, was silenced, and nearly convinced, by Bilney. A superior of the white, and another of the black friars, were also commissioned to assail the constancy of the martyr; but the iron of an accusing conscience had before entered too deeply into his soul to be again endured, and they utterly failed.

The final condemnation was speedily pronounced, and degradation performed by the bishop's suffragan, after which he was committed to the custody of sheriff Necton to be burned. The sheriff was Bilney's friend, and gladly would have declined to accept the dreadful charge; but the absolute power of the ecclesiastics rendered such refusal impossible. He had, however, the consolation of indulging Bilney with greater comforts than he would otherwise have enjoyed; and avoided attending him to the stake. On the eve of his execution, some of Bilney's friends, sitting with him, and rejoicing in the cheerful state of his mind, remarked to him, that though the fire in which, on the morrow, he was to suffer would be of great heat unto his body, yet the comfort of God's Spirit should cool it to his everlasting refreshment. "Oh!" replied the martyr, advancing his hand to the candle, until his finger touched the flame, "I feel by experience, and have known it

long by philosophy, that fire, by God's ordinance, is naturally hot; but yet I am persuaded by God's holy word, and by the experience of some spoken of in the same, that in the flame they felt no heat, and in the fire they felt no consumption. And I constantly believe, howsoever that the stubble of my body shall be wasted by it, yet my soul and spirit shall be purged thereby: a pain for the time, whereon, notwithstanding, followeth joy unspeakable." He then recited in Latin, and commented on, the sublime words of Scripture, Isaiah xliii. 1, 2. "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." So sweet was his speech, and so glorious his dying testimony, that his friends recorded in tablets the discourse of that evening: and from some of them the comfort thereof was never taken away, to their dying day.

The next morning they led him to "The Lollard's pit." This is a low valley, or hollow, just beyond the bridge of Bishopsgate, in Norwich, under St. Leonard's hill, surrounded by higher eminences, where the people might commodiously sit, to behold the slaughter of Christ's sheep. To this day the spot is marked, and retains its name: a living reproach to some nominal protestants, whose delight it is to foster and encourage popery in that place, where, without the gate, Bilney, like his Master, went forth to suffer. As he left the prison-door, one of his friends beseeching him, in God's name, to be constant, and take his death patiently, he answered, with a mild and quiet countenance, "Ye see when the mariner is entered his ship, to sail on the troublous sea, how he, for a while, is tossed on the billows of the same; but yet, in hope that he shall once come to the quiet haven, he beareth, in better comfort, the perils which he feeleth. So am I now, towards this sailing; and whatsoever storms I shall feel, yet shortly after shall my ship be in the haven, as I doubt not thereof by the grace of God; desiring you to help me with your prayers to the same effect."

How strikingly does this contrast with his recent condition, as described by Latimer! Then, he had been released from prison, delivered from all bodily fear, re-admitted to his former privileges, and allowed to return to the scene of

his honourable achievements in learning, where, if the Spirit of Truth had permitted to do evil that good might ensue, he could privily have disseminated the truths which, outwardly alone, he had abjured. Yet was he tortured beyond the power of language to express : and the very sweets of God's own word became insupportable bitterness to his unfaithful lip. Now, stripped of all honour, degraded, and of man accursed, blaspheming crowds around, and a death of lingering agony immediately before him ; while Satan, no doubt, was close at hand, to terrify him with the phantom of his past denial, how calm, how sweet, yea, even how elegant the language that flows from his heart, rejoicing in hope of the glory of God ! The past night's discourse reveals the secret of his divine composure : he had received upon his soul the seal of adoption—" I have called thee by thy name : thou art mine." The effect of this was peace : and the fruit of such peace is " quietness and assurance for ever."

As he passed through the streets, he distributed alms to the poor people, who came to look upon his calamity ; and a piteous spectacle he appeared ;—his low and slender person, habited in a layman's gown, the sleeves hanging over his shoulders, and his hair mangled by the preposterous zeal of the priests, in erasing the tonsure on the head of their victim, to which they attached far more virtue than to the image of Christ in his soul. Coming to the stake, he craved permission to address a few words to the multitude, while the murderous preparations were completed. This granted, he rehearsed the apostles' creed, as a confession of his dying faith, after elevating his eyes and hands towards heaven. In the article of Christ's incarnation, he lingered, as delighting inwardly to meditate long on the precious truth : and at the word *crucified*, he humbly bowed himself, and made great reverence ; realizing, no doubt, in the richest fulness of adoring gratitude, the appropriation of that amazing sacrifice ; and blessing God who had made him resolve to know nothing but Jesus Christ, and him crucified. On professing to believe the holy catholic church, he paused, and made this acknowledgment : " Good people, I must here confess to have offended the church, in preaching once against the prohibition of the same, at a poor cure, belonging to Trinity Hall, in Cambridge, where I was fellow ; earnestly entreated thereto by the curate and other good people of the parish, showing they had no

sermon there of long time before; and so, in my conscience moved, I did make a poor collation unto them, and thereby ran into the disobedience of certain authority in the church, by whom I was prohibited. However, I trust at the general day, charity, that moved me to this act, shall bear me out at the judgment-seat of God." To this act of holy disobedience might well be applied the apostles' words, "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye."

Bilney then put off his gown and went to the stake, where was a little ledge prepared for him to stand on, that he might be the more easily seen of the people. Upon this ledge he kneeled, making much earnest prayer, with lifted eyes and hand, and concluding his private devotions by audibly reciting the 143d Psalm; thrice repeating, with deep meditation, the verse, "And enter not into judgment with thy servant; for in thy sight shall no man living be justified." He then turned to the officers, asking if they were ready: and being answered in the affirmative, he threw off his hose and doublet, mounted the ledge, and quietly stood while the chain was fastened around him. His friend, Dr. Warner, now approached, weeping bitterly, to receive his last farewell; to whom Bilney, gently smiling on him, and inclining his body to speak, addressed these parting words: "O master doctor, feed your flock, feed your flock, that when the Lord cometh he may find you so doing: and farewell, good master doctor, and pray for me." Warner departed without being able to utter a word, for sobbing and weeping. Then there came to him certain friars, and other popish doctors, who had assisted at his degradation, beseeching him to remove from the minds of the spectators the impression that it was they who had brought him to this cruel end; lest they should withdraw their alms from them. Bilney, in the divine spirit of charity, readily assented, and raising his voice to a loud pitch, said, "I pray you, good people, be never the worse to these men for my sake, as though they should be the authors of my death: it was not they."

The reeds and faggots were then put near him, and the former being first ignited, sent up a high and crackling blaze, which scorched and disfigured his countenance; he, all the while, striking his hands on his breast, only uttering "Jesus," and "I believe," alternately. A very high wind then prevailing, which did much damage to the sur-

rounding country, had blown the flame into his face: and now shifting, completely wasted it away, leaving his blackened visage and quiet form exposed, until the more substantial wood had kindled, and, by the intensity of its fire, set free the captive spirit from its burnt and shrivelled body, which fell bending over the chain, until an officer, with his halbert, struck out the staple behind, and then the corpse sank down, and, being covered with fresh wood, mingled in the whitening pile of ashes. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints!"

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## CHAPTER IV.

BAYFIELD—REFLECTIONS—TEWKESBURY—BAINHAM—FRITH.

RICHARD BAYFIELD. The same diocese of Norwich furnished also the next martyr, who suffered in Smithfield, in the month of November following Bilney's murder. Bayfield was a Benedictine monk, at Bury St. Edmunds, whither Dr. Barnes and other godly men resorted to visit a Dr. Ruffam, who had studied with Barnes at Louvaine. By the good providence of God, it was so ordered that Bayfield was chamberlain of the abbey at a time when Barnes, accompanied by two pious friends from London, arrived there. His part being to provide accommodations for strangers, and attend to their comfort, he was thus brought within hearing of much discourse, which so interested him, that the doctor, perceiving it, gave him the New Testament in Latin, to which the other two men added Tindal's English translation, and other small works. For two years Bayfield studied them; and with such manifest profit, that he was judged worthy, by his superiors, to be imprisoned, whipped, and gagged; and then placed in the stocks for the space of nine months, until, by means of Dr. Barnes and his friend Ruffam, he was delivered, and sent with the former to Cambridge. Here he greatly improved himself, both in human learning and divine; and instead of returning to his abbey, repaired to London, where Dr. Barnes was already in the Fleet prison, for the testimony of God's word. It does not appear exactly at what period of the

foregoing story he was brought before Tonsal, bishop of London, and compelled to recant; but such was the case in 1528. His two friends, who had been instrumental to his conversion, secreted him for a while, after this; and finally sent him beyond sea.

Here Bayfield became eminently useful to Tindal and Frith; for he carried some property abroad, which he devoted to the cause of God, and himself also; becoming their principal agent in circulating books, both in England and France: while his own growth in grace and knowledge was manifest to all. Coming at length, secretly, to London, on this service, he was betrayed, and being traced to his book-binder's, in Mark Lane, was there seized and thrown into Lollard's tower. Here he found a priest, named Patmore, who for some contempt of the church was laid in durance; and to him Bayfield was made so useful in the doctrine of Christ, that, to silence his missionary zeal, he was removed to a lonely and noisome dungeon, called the bishop's coal-house. Here he was most cruelly treated, being fastened to the damp wall, in an upright position, by iron chains, passed round his neck, middle, and legs: with frequent aggravations of his torment, to force from him the names of those who had bought his books. He betrayed no one; but, by divine grace, stood firm and steadfast in the faith of the gospel; until, wearied by their fruitless efforts, his persecutors brought him to trial.

Thirteen articles were objected against him, to all of which he fully and temperately replied; and then the sentence was passed. The form of that sentence, so frequently given against the Lord's faithful people, exhibits in so deep colours the malignant hypocrisy of that iniquitous tribunal, that it may be well here to give a literal copy of it.

“In the name of God, amen. We, John, by the permission of God, bishop of London, rightfully and lawfully proceeding on this behalf, do dismiss thee, Richard Bayfield, alias Somersam, being pronounced by us a relapsed heretic, and degraded by us from all ecclesiastical privilege, out of the ecclesiastical court, pronouncing that the secular power here present should receive thee under their jurisdiction; earnestly requiring and desiring in the bowels of Jesus Christ, that the execution of this worthy punishment to be done upon thee, and against thee, in this behalf, may be so moderated, that there be neither overmuch cruelty, neither too much favourable gentleness, but that it



may be to the health and salvation of thy soul, and to the extirpation, fear, terror, and conversion of all other heretics unto the unity of the Catholic Faith. This our final decree, by this our sentence definitive, we have caused to be published in form aforesaid."

While the bishop of London was still questioning and seeking to entrap his victim into some crimination of others, Bayfield, like Stephen of old, was suddenly moved to a burst of indignation, vehemently exclaiming, "The life of you of the spirituality is so evil, that ye be heretics: and ye do not only live evil, but do maintain evil living; and also do let (hinder) that what true living is may not be known. Your living is against Christ's gospel; and your belief was never received of Christ's church."

The bishop having pronounced sentence of degradation, delivered him to the secular power; which being present in the persons of the mayor and sheriffs of London, forthwith received him, without the accustomed formality of a legal writ, but solely by virtue of the ex-officio statute of Henry IV., now first acted upon, by the bishop taking into his own hands the administration of capital punishment, independent of the civil authorities. On the Monday following this committal, he was brought up to St. Paul's, by the sheriffs, at the bishop's command; and there, in presence of a large assemblage of all classes, he suffered the last act of degradation. He was taken to the vestry, and fully robed in all the garniture of Romish pomp and pride: then, being led forward, the bishop, with his assistant abbots, and others, despoiled him thereof. With their accustomed antics, they took from him successively the various insignia of his ecclesiastical offices; while he, kneeling on the highest step of their altar, patiently submitted to the tedious process. This done, Tostal, in the true spirit of his church, took up his crosier staff, and struck the poor defenceless victim so savage a blow on the breast, that it hurled him backwards, down the steps, breaking his head in the fall, and rendering him for some time insensible. Recovering, he fervently thanked God that he was delivered from the malignant church of antichrist, and was come into the true sincere church of Jesus Christ, militant here on earth; adding: "And I trust anon to be in heaven with Jesus Christ, and the church triumphant, for ever." From thence he was conducted back to the neighbouring prison of Newgate, and rested for one hour engaged in prayer: and then to Smith-

field, where, all being prepared, he went, as one who could not brook the delay of undressing, apparelled as he was, into the fire, with a joyful aspect. But the pile was ill kindled; the flame burnt slowly, and for half an hour he lived in it. Such was his state, that on his using his right arm to rub the left, the latter fell from his body! Yet he continued a while longer, calm and immovable, praying unto God, until his soul was borne away to praise him for evermore.

Here let us pause, to inquire in what way our minds are affected by these horrifying details: for many such are yet to come; and it behoves us in so sacred a matter, to take heed how we hear. The movement of the natural heart is one of loathing detestation against the perpetrators of such fearful deeds, embracing as they do, the deepest practical blasphemy against the Most High. In all their official instruments appeal is made to the Lord Jesus Christ; he is held forth as sanctioning, yea, commanding what they with feigned reluctance carry into effect—the cruel butchery of his people. Man rarely succeeds in rightly distinguishing the sinner from his sin: that “hatred” which is a natural work of the flesh, often finds excuse to indulge itself under the guise of virtuous and holy indignation against guilt; and when we read of a fellow creature condemned for what seems but a mere difference of opinion on religious matters, to be roasted in a slow fire, until the flesh dries from his bones, and the limbs drop from his still breathing trunk, the most unbridled wrath of man, if directed against the murderers, appears almost a righteous fruit of the Spirit. But it is not the mind of him who wept over Jerusalem, even when applying to it the same awful character of religious persecution—“O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that stonest the prophets and slayest them that are sent unto thee!” He who shed those pitying tears, looked not only on the past but on the future; he beheld his own approaching agonies, the blood of his apostles and saints shed like water on every side: he saw the martyrdom of Stephen, and all that was to follow, until, the measure of their iniquity filled up, that wretched people should wring out the very dregs of his cup of wrath. Did the Lord Jesus thus weep, with exclamations of tender compassion over persecuting Jerusalem, and shall we be conscious only of burning indignation while looking upon persecuting Rome? Rather let us draw from each succeeding tale of horror fresh encouragement to pity—to pray,—to labour with all the power given

unto us, for the deliverance of souls from such a demonizing yoke. Who made the praying martyr in the flames to differ from the mitred savage who smote him, and the blinded bigot who kindled the pile, and the surrounding dupes who deemed that they were performing *an act of faith* while assisting in the murder? He was once even as they, as deluded, as bigoted, perchance as cruel: but the light of truth shone upon his mind,—he believed: not of himself, it was the gift of God; and receiving power from on high to endure as seeing him who is invisible, he counted the cost; weighed heaven against earth, a momentary pain against everlasting burnings; and so passed, by a short though bitter conflict, through the baffled hosts of the king of terrors, overcoming them by the blood of the Lamb; and went to sit down with Christ upon his throne, even as he also overcame, and is set down with the Father on his throne.

Popery, not papists, is that whereon the shafts of our keenest indignation should be spent. Popery! as it was from the beginning, an Antichrist opposing and exalting itself above him whom it professes to worship; enslaving men's minds, searing their consciences, hardening their hearts, and folding them in the iron-wove meshes of destruction! A liar from the beginning! seducing souls from Christ, by the proffer of selling them for money that which is not bread, and exacting their labour for that which satisfieth not: taking away the keys of the kingdom of heaven, in the forged name of the King of heaven, who has commanded that its gates be not shut! A murderer from the beginning! slaying the bodies of such as reject its false props, and the souls of such as lean upon them. Popery triumphed, not over the martyr at the stake, but over the wretched beings who bound him there: and oh that we, the children of those martyrs, may avenge their blood by sending forth on every side the call, the loving, pleading, beseeching call, to the poor unconscious victims of Satan, now wrapped in that most deadly spell, that they may come to the true light of God's pure word, and by its beams unclasp the perplexing fetter, and go free! The very reading of these records involves a responsibility from which none may shrink; and every indignant thrill of our bosoms, when dwelling on the atrocities of papal Rome, bears witness against us, if we resolve not in the strength of the Lord, and according to our several stations and opportuni-

ties, to follow up the work of the martyrs by rescuing victims from their merciless destroyer.

That among the immediate perpetrators of these barbarities there were many who verily believed they were doing God service, cannot be doubted. It is one mark of the souls willingly subjecting themselves to this iniquitous system, rejecting the truth, and having pleasure in unrighteousness, that God, judicially, visits them with strong delusion, that they should BELIEVE a lie. But others there were, and those in the highest ranks of popish domination, to whom we cannot even concede the credit of this unhappy sincerity. God and his glory appear not to have been in all their thoughts: their own wealth, power, privileges, were the gods to whom they did service. It is manifestly seen in the sequel of our history, how these men could chop about with every wind of preferment. While the pope was lord paramount, none so forward to rebel against their king, and go all lengths for the see of Rome: when the monarch successfully laid a curbing hand on the gigantic power of that apostate bishop, none more ready to the loyal task of preaching down the supremacy of his Holiness, than these zealous popish prelates. They slaughtered God's heritage, not under a blind devotion to his supposed will, but because their lucrative craft of darkness and delusion was manifestly endangered by the entrance of light and truth. On them and their deeds we can but look back and shudder. They formed an integral part of popery; of the system itself: and theirs it is yet to abide that awful hour described in Rev. xix. 1—3.

The next on the list of martyrs, who suffered at this time, is a leather-seller of London, JOHN TEWKESBURY. He was converted by means of the New Testament, as translated by Tindal, and another prohibited book called "The Wicked Mammon," which was made eminently useful to many. He also possessed the Bible in manuscript. Being brought before Tonsal, the bishop, in 1529, he boldly disputed with him, the bishop of St. Asaph, and other learned men, for the space of a week, maintaining the doctrine of justification by faith, and all other orthodox points out of the Scriptures, with so much power and heavenly wisdom, that the great divines were utterly ashamed to be so silenced by a poor leather-seller. When pressed to acknowledge that his books were erroneous, he answered, "I pray God that the condemnation of the gospel, and

translation of the Testament be not to your shame, and that you be not in peril for it; for the condemnation of it and of the other is all one." He added, that he had studied the Holy Scriptures for the space of seventeen years; and as he might see the spots on his face in the glass, so, in reading the Scriptures, he could discern the faults of his soul. Certain articles being selected from "The Wicked Mammon," as grossly heretical, and recited to him, he heartily assented to them all. On the bishop enquiring whether he would recant his errors, he could get no other reply from the intrepid poor man, but "I pray you, reform yourself; and if there be any error in the book, let it be reformed; I think it is good enough." Nine days after, he was again brought forth, and further articles alleged out of the treatise; to all of which he gave the same assent as before, observing that he found no fault throughout the book, but that all the book was good, and had given him great comfort and light in his conscience. The bishop, unable to move Tewkesbury, remanded him until the next session, to give him time, as he said, to determine what he would do: and so successfully did they practise against the prisoner, that in the following month he abjured his opinions, and submitted to do penance for them. He was enjoined to carry a faggot on his shoulder, on the following Sunday, in open procession, and to stand at Paul's cross with the same. On the next Wednesday, he must carry the same faggot about Newgate-market and Cheapside; and on Friday take it again at St. Peter's, Cornhill, and carry it about the market of Leadenhall. Two faggots were to be embroidered on his sleeves, to be worn for life, unless by a special dispensation; and, finally, he should on Whitsun-eve enter the monastery of St. Bartholomew, in Smithfield, and there abide, without coming thence until released by the bishop of London, out of whose diocese and city he bound himself not to depart without the especial license of the said bishop or his successors.

Such were the precautions taken in all similar cases; often accompanied with much harsher injunctions, and imprisonment in gaol. The rigid punctuality with which all was exacted, served to prove the inflexibility of those whose part it would be, in case of relapse, to inflict capital punishment. The reign of popery ever was and ever will be, a reign of terror, inserting the iron of its despotism in the soul even where the bodies of men are hedged around by

the defences of an equal law. It appears remarkable that so many, after enjoying for a while the glorious liberty of the children of God, should again have bent their necks to the degrading yoke of Romish superstition; returning from light to darkness, and from the kingdom of God to the power of Satan; but this was doubtless permitted for a most wise and gracious purpose. Our Lord's memorable words to Peter, who already was the most loud and forward in professed allegiance to his Master, will recur to mind:—"When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." It would seem as though Peter's actual conversion did not take place, until he had been humbled before God and man, and especially in his own eyes, by the grievous apostasy into which he was then about to fall. The bitter tears that he shed after denying his Lord, were more precious than all his preceding acts and vaunts of discipleship; and undoubtedly the lesson derived from Peter's shameful fall, and subsequent establishment in faith and practice, is one of the most valuable that the church, even to this day, enjoys. We may believe that the infirmity of flesh through which many of our martyrs shrunk from the fiery trial, greatly tended to promote a holy fear and self-mistrust among their brethren; while the grace afterwards given them, whereby they rose above all, and went joyfully to death, not only manifested the mighty working of the Divine Spirit in the poor tremblers, who thus "out of weakness were made strong," but exhibited in most touching and endearing characters the tenderness of the Lord Jesus, in thus again receiving them; and the faithfulness of the Father, who so healed their backslidings, and loved them freely, ill as they had requited his former mercies.

John Tewkesbury went mourning in the bitterness of his spirit, for his participation in Peter's sin, and the Lord looked on him, even as on his penitent apostle; for when Bayfield went to the stake, that terrible spectacle of a human being consuming by inches in a slow fire, wrought, by the grace of God, the very reverse of the effect that it might naturally have been expected to produce. He returned to his former profession, from which nothing could move him; and when that bitter persecutor sir Thomas More, whose greatest delight it was to vex and make havoc of Christ's church, caused him to be apprehended again, Tewkesbury stood firm; cheerfully making the following declarations: That the abjuration, oath, and subscription

that he made before the late bishop of London, was done by compulsion: that he had the prohibited books in his custody, and had read them since his abjuration: that he suffered his embroidered faggots to be removed, as he thought he deserved not to wear them: that faith justifieth, not lacking charity: that Christ is a sufficient Mediator for us, and therefore no prayer is to be made unto saints: he knew no advocate but Christ alone: that there is no purgatory after this life; Christ our Saviour being a sufficient purgation for us: that the souls of the faithful, after this life, rest with Christ: that a priest by receiving of orders receiveth more grace, if his faith be increased; not otherwise: and, lastly, that he believed the sacrament of the flesh and blood of Christ was not the very body of Christ, in flesh and blood, as it was born of the Virgin.

On this, as might be expected, they asked him if he could show any cause why he should not be taken for a heretic fallen into his heresy again, and receive the punishment of a heretic. He replied, that he had been wronged before, and if he were condemned then, he reckoned that he should be wronged again. His articles being then read over to him, he again ratified them fully. Sentence was pronounced, by the bishop, in sir Thomas More's house, and he was delivered to the sheriffs, as Bayfield had been, on the bishop's warrant, without the king's writ, and burned in Smithfield.

**JAMES BAINHAM.**—This gentleman was a lawyer of most excellent report, learned in the languages, of very godly conversation, and virtuous living; continuing instant in prayer, and daily studying the Holy Scriptures. His delight it was to render his legal knowledge useful to the poor, the widow, and the fatherless, seeing that those in need and necessity had right, and never receiving money or reward from them. He was also most liberal to scholars, and a great maintainer of such as feared God. He married the widow of Simon Fish, of whom mention has before been made; and this, combined with his eminent piety, brought him into suspicion; so that it was not long before More's emissaries had him in custody on a charge of heresy.

He was first brought to the house of sir Thomas More, in Chelsea, where the chancellor held him in free custody, seeking to turn him away from the truth; but finding that he could not prevail, he cast him into prison, and then had

him bound to a tree in his garden, called the tree of truth, where he scourged him. This not effecting a change in his principles or language, More committed him to the tower, and stood by superintending the application of the torture, in the hope of compelling him to accuse some of his brethren in the Temple, and declare where his books were concealed. The rack lamed him, but could not move his constancy: and his wife denying that the books were in their house, she was by this inhuman inquisitor, More, committed to the Fleet, and all their goods confiscated.

Being brought, in this maimed and tortured condition, before Stokesby, who had succeeded Tonsal in the see of London, he was interrogated on points of faith, and answered admirably, very often in the precise words of Scripture. On a second examination, being hard pressed by the persuasions of the bishop, he wavered between life and death; and finally tendered a submission, in which, however, he reserved some points, as that of purgatory, wherein he could not believe. A further imprisonment, and another appearance before the bishop, wrought more upon his mind, weakened, no doubt, by the tortures inflicted on his body; and he abjured to their full satisfaction. But so much reluctance seems to have been manifested by him, that further menaces were needful to compel him into confirming it with the oath. This done, he was adjudged to pay a fine of twenty pounds to the king; to endure the open penance of the faggot, standing before the preacher at Paul's Cross on the following Sunday, with one on his shoulder, and to remain in prison until released by the bishop, which was done in little more than a week's time.

Restored to his home, a month had not passed before the anguish of self-reproach became so insupportable, that he had no rest but in bewailing to all his acquaintance his shameful fall from the profession of the gospel. A congregation was wont to assemble at a warehouse in Bow Lane, and thither he went, confessing his sin, and asking forgiveness of God and all the world, before them. The following Sunday he repaired to St. Augustine's, with the English New Testament in his hand, and another forbidden book, called the Obedience of a Christian Man, in his bosom, and there stood up publicly in his pew, with many tears declaring that he had denied God; beseeching the people to forgive him, and to beware of his weakness, and not to do as he did. "For," said he, holding forth the



New Testament, "If I should not return again to the truth, this word of God would damn me, both body and soul, at the day of judgment." He implored every one rather at once to die than to do as he had done; for he would not again feel such a hell as he had felt, for all the world's good. He also wrote to the bishop, his brother, and others, to the same effect, in consequence of which he was speedily apprehended, and committed to the tower.

Again Bainham appeared before the bishop, and in the character of a relapsed heretic, from which he by no means sought to free himself. The examination lasted two days; among other charges was one of speaking contemptuously of the virgin Mary, and another affirming that Christ was but a man, both of which he denied. To the article that taxed him with having said, that whosoever should take upon him to preach the gospel of Christ clearly, had as much power as the pope, he answered: "He that preacheth the word of God purely, whatsoever he be, and liveth thereafter, he hath the key that bindeth and looseth, both in heaven and earth. The which key is the same Scripture that is preached; and the pope hath no other power to bind and to loose, but the key of Scripture."

After this, Bainham was remanded to prison for six days, when witnesses were produced, as to his former abjuration; and sentence was given against him, as a relapsed heretic. He seems to have conducted himself with great boldness on this occasion, telling them, in reply to their admonitions to return to the church, that he trusted he was verily the child of God, which they, blind asses, could not perceive. He also challenged the diocesan chancellor, and another doctor, to prove the existence of purgatory. He was delivered to the secular power, whose extreme proceedings were mercy compared to what he had suffered in prison: for, during that period, he had been kept for a fortnight in the bishop's coal-house, in the stocks, heavily ironed about the legs; he was then taken to the chancellor More's, and chained to a post for two nights. Thence he was carried to the bishop's at Fulham, and cruelly tormented there for a fortnight; another fortnight he was kept in the tower, frequently scourged with whips, to compel a revocation of his opinions: next taken to Barking, and lastly again to Chelsea, to be condemned, and to Newgate to be burned.

After such excess of barbarity, in which the iniquity, not of his, so called, heresy, but of his former recantation, was

visited with the rod, and his sin with scourges, the Lord was pleased to show that he had not withdrawn his loving-kindness; for not only was the martyr supported in a state of unshrinking, cheerful endurance through all, but an extraordinary circumstance occurred at his burning, sufficiently well attested to be received as fact. When the fire had half consumed his arms and legs, he spake aloud from the midst of it, in that appalling state, exclaiming, "O ye papists! behold, ye look for miracles, and here now you may see a miracle; for in this fire I feel no more pain than if I were on a bed of down: it is to me as a bed of roses."

Two other martyrs are mentioned as having suffered about the same time; one a tailor, named Bent, burned at Devizes; the other, Trapnel, who suffered at Bradford. Three poor men, named King, Debnam, and Marsh, whose minds had been opened to the truth, being much grieved at the blasphemous absurdities, called miracles, related of a rood, or large crucifix at Dover court, were induced to go by night and take the idol from its shrine, kindling a fire about a quarter of a mile from the spot, into which they cast it, and there left it to be consumed. They were convicted of this felonious action, hanged, and gibbeted in chains. The custom of burning, or otherwise destroying images, for which there is abundant warrant in Scripture, began now to prevail, among other indications of the great change that was rapidly passing over men's minds. But the deepest interest at this period excited, was that called forth by the trials of an eminent servant of God, and faithful soldier of Christ, JOHN FRITH. He was a scholar of singular accomplishments, highly gifted in mind and understanding, and endowed with a sweetness of disposition, and a rare moderation of temper, that shine forth with no ordinary lustre in his writings. Having made great attainments at Cambridge, and being yet a young man, he was summoned to Oxford, by Wolsey, at that time busy in accumulating all choice things, both material and intellectual, to beautify his splendid college of Christ's Church, then in progress. Frith, with other distinguished scholars, called from Cambridge in like manner, often conferred on the abuses which had crept into the church; which being reported to the cardinal, they were forthwith cast into a dungeon, or cave, under the college, where the salt fish was stored. Here, several of the young men died; the others, including Frith, were liberated on condition of not passing

more than ten miles from Oxford. Frith, afterwards, crossed the sea; and in two years' space, came over for an exhibition at Reading, but being there apprehended as a vagabond, and being either too simple or too upright to put any false colour on his circumstances, he was placed in the stocks, and left to pine away in hunger. In this comfortless plight, he sent for the schoolmaster of the town, and began to bewail to him his captivity in such elegant Latin, that the schoolmaster was greatly taken with it: a little further conversation impressed him so mightily with the learning and wisdom of his new acquaintance, that he went with all speed to the magistrates, and inveighing against the injury done to so excellent and innocent a young man, obtained his immediate discharge.

But there was one whose watchful eye was ever on the look out, for such as dared to profess Christ's gospel, and whose unrelenting hand never ceased from the work of opposing and persecuting them. Sir Thomas More had marked Frith as an enemy of his superstition; and not content with hunting him by land and sea, set a price on his head. For a while he escaped his pursuers, by continual change of place and garments, wandering about, not daring to abide long, even with the most faithful of his friends. In the mean time he carried on the discussion with More and the bishops, writing on the two main points of their controversy, the Lord's supper and purgatory. It is not easy to decide what is most admirable in Frith's treatises, the clearness of his views, the elegant perspicuity of his style, or the meek and loving spirit that pervades them, at a period when so much of irritation was provoked by the savage barbarities of the Romish prelates, the railing accusations of the friars, and the writings no less than the acts of More against the truth.

The first occasion of Frith's writing was this: he had once held a long conversation with an old friend of his on the subject of the sacrament, as perverted by Romanism. His friend requested him to collect under a few heads, the arguments that he had used, and commit them to writing for his further consideration, and to refresh his memory. Frith knew the peril of such a proceeding, but, overcome by his friend's importunity, he wrote what was desired. A treacherous fellow, named Holt, a tailor, affecting great regard for this person, prevailed on him to give him Frith's treatise to read; which the other had no sooner done than

Holt carried it to the chancellor. More's spies were so active, that he had obtained two other copies of the work, by the same base means, through the culpable inconsideration of Frith's friend; and he immediately set about refuting the book.

But More,—although so endowed with human learning and wit, that, in blind admiration of his talent, modern protestants make light of his having fiercely persecuted the Lord Jesus in his members, and laboured to vilify the memory of the martyrs, could do nothing against the truth: his reply was such a miserable failure, that he laboured hard to prevent its being printed, lest Frith should get hold of it. A copy, however, did reach him, already in prison; and thence he answered the work, most triumphantly. With More was joined his son-in-law, Rastal, and Rochester, another furious enemy of the gospel. Frith met them on every point, confuted More and Rochester, and converted Rastal.

He was then taken to Lambeth, to answer before the archbishop, afterwards to Croydon, to the bishop of Winchester, and lastly called to appear in London, before the usual assembly who sat in judgment on God's people. Of his examination he has left an account, in his letter to his friends, an extract from which will show both his opinions and his manner of maintaining them.

“The whole matter of this my examination was comprehended in two special articles; that is to say, of purgatory, and of the substance of the sacrament. And first of all as touching purgatory, they inquired of me whether I did believe there was any place to purge the spots and filth of the soul after this life? But I said that I thought there was no such place; for man, said I, doth consist and is made only of two parts, that is to say, of the body and the soul, whereof the one is purged here in this world by the cross of Christ, which he layeth upon every child that he receiveth; as affliction, worldly oppression, persecution, imprisonment, &c. And, last of all, the reward of sin, which is death, is laid upon us: but the soul is purged with the word of God, which we receive, through faith, to the salvation both of body and soul. Now, if you can show me a third part of man beside the body and the soul, I will also grant you the third place, which ye do call purgatory. But because ye cannot do this, I must also of necessity deny unto you the bishop of Rome's purgatory. Nevertheless, I

count neither part a necessary article of our faith to be believed under pain of damnation, whether there be such a purgatory or no. Secondly, they examined me touching the sacrament of the altar, whether it was the very body of Christ or no. I answered, that I thought it was both Christ's body, and also our body, as St. Paul teacheth us in the first epistle to the Corinthians, and tenth chapter. For in that it is made one bread of many corns, it is called one body, which being divers and many members, are associated and gathered together into one fellowship or body. Likewise of the wine, which is gathered of many clusters of grapes, and is made into one liquor. But the same bread again, in that it is broken, is the body of Christ, declaring his body to be broken, and delivered unto death, to redeem us from our iniquities.

“Furthermore, in that the sacrament is distributed, it is Christ's body, signifying that as verily as the sacrament is distributed unto us, so verily is Christ's body, and the fruit of his passion distributed unto all faithful people.

“In that it is received, it is Christ's body, signifying that as verily as the outward man received the sacrament with his teeth and mouth, so verily doth the inward man, through faith, receive Christ's body and fruit of his passion, and is as sure of it as of the bread which he eateth.”

This point was further argued at great length, Frith maintaining that neither their affirmative nor his negative, as to transubstantiation, should be received as an article of saving faith. The spirit of his mind was one of such unbounded love, that, while cheerfully willing to give his own life for the verity of what he held, he seems to have been unable to pass condemnation on others, who held the contrary. But he had to do with those who were thoroughly set to make war against the Lamb; and to whom his very gifts were matter of hatred, because with them he had received the better gift of grace to consecrate all to the service of Christ and his gospel.

Frith was once more brought before the bishops of London, Winchester, and Lincoln, sitting in St. Paul's on June 20, 1533, when the answers that he had given were read over to him, and he thereto set his hand in confirmation, as follows.

“I, Frith, thus do think; and as I think, so have I said, written, taught, and affirmed, and in my books have published.”

No persuasion could alter his mind: he never wavered, but calmly, meekly, and most firmly stood to his declared principles, so that nothing remained but to pass sentence on him as a child of wickedness and darkness, infecting the Lord's flock with his heresy. Such were the words of the decree that condemned him to the flames, ending with that master-piece of hypocritical iniquity which was their wont on such occasions: "Also we pronounce and declare thee to be an heretic, to be cast out from the church, and left unto the judgment of the secular power, and now presently so do leave thee unto the secular power, and their judgment: most earnestly requiring them, in the bowels of our Lord Jesus Christ, that this execution and punishment worthily to be done upon thee, may be so moderate, that the rigour thereof be not too extreme, nor yet the gentleness too much mitigated; but that it may be to the salvation of thy soul, to the extirpation, terror, and conversion of heretics, to the unity of the catholic faith, by this our sentence definitive, or small decree, which we here promulgate in the form aforesaid."

With Frith there went to the stake another young man of twenty-four years of age, named Andrew Hewit. He was apprenticed to a tailor in Watling street, and passing one day through Fleet street, towards St. Dunstan's, he was met by Holt, the same dissembling traitor who had obtained Frith's treatise from his friend. Suspecting the principles of Hewit, this man, after a little talk with him, watched him into a bookseller's house, and then directed a party of officers where to search for him. He was found, conducted to the bishop's house, and there heavily ironed; but having had a file conveyed to him, he got rid of his fetters, and escaped. Not knowing where to hide himself, he wandered to Smithfield, and there met one Withers, a hypocrite like Holt, to whom he communicated his case. Withers, affecting much commiseration, conveyed him into the country, and kept him there for a short space; then brought him back to London, where Holt visited him, and wished the earth to open and swallow him up if he had designed any ill to him. Having thus lulled the poor young man's suspicions, they had several guests to supper, after which Holt gave some money to Hewit, embracing him with every appearance of affection. Within an hour afterwards came the bishop's chancellor, with an officer and the watch, who searched the house, and binding with ropes Hewit, another

suspected man named Tibauld, who had come to see him, and Chapman their host, carried them off to separate prisons. Chapman was imprisoned for five weeks, three of which he sat in the stocks; and was delivered at last by much suit to the chancellor. Tibauld escaped, but was obliged to sell all his possessions. Hewit suffered a long and cruel imprisonment in Lollard's tower; after which he was brought before the chancellor of London, and examined: but the charge against him being so very heinous as that of flatly denying transubstantiation, they called in the bishops of London, Lincoln, and Winchester, to deal with this poor tailor. On being asked by them what he thought touching the sacrament of the Lord's supper, he answered, "Even as John Frith doth." One of the bishops said, "Dost thou not believe that it is really the body of Christ, born of the Virgin Mary?" He replied, "So do not I believe." "Why not?" said the bishop. "Because," answered Hewit, "Christ commanded us not to give credit rashly unto all men which say, 'Behold here is Christ, and there is Christ; for many false prophets shall rise up, saith the Lord.'" At this, some of the bishops could not forbear smiling, and Stokesby of London said, "Why Frith is a heretic, already judged to be burned; and except thou revoke thine opinion thou shalt be burned also with him." "Truly," replied Hewit, "I am content therewithal." Being urged to recant, all his reply was, that he would do as Frith did. The bishops used every persuasion, but in vain: so he was taken to Frith in the prison; and on the fourth of July they went to Smithfield together being chained to the same stake.

When the martyrs were thus awaiting the fire, one Dr. Cook, a London priest, openly addressed the people, admonishing them not to pray for those men, any more than they would for a dog. Frith smiled on hearing this, and prayed the Lord to forgive them; while considerable indignation was justly excited among the spectators, many of whom, no doubt, had heard the terms of the hypocritical sentence, where the judges affected to pray that the sufferings of the victims might be to the salvation of their souls. The faggots being heaped around, Frith embraced them with a cheerful aspect, and the fire also; testifying thereby how willingly he welcomed death for Christ's sake, and gave his blood for a testimony to the truth. The wind blowing strongly, he suffered long; for after the flames had

taken him, they were borne away by it, and consumed his fellow-martyr first: whereat Frith appeared to rejoice on the other's account, whose torments were shortened by the protraction of his own. He manifested no impatience: the power and strength of Christ strove and vanquished in his saints: together with whom may He sanctify us, and direct us in all things to glorify His most holy name. Amen.

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## CHAPTER V.

BENNET—THE REFORMATION IN ENGLAND—TINDAL.

THOMAS BENNET was a native of Cambridge, and graduated at that university; he was probably also a priest. The acquaintance of Bilney, with whom he was familiar, seems to have been greatly blessed to him. Disgusted by the corruptions of the Romish religion, he married, and went into Devonshire, where he kept a school in Torrington; afterwards he removed to Exeter, where he succeeded better. He was a stranger there, of retired habits, courteous, humble, and devout. His greatest delight was in attending sermons; and all the time that he could spare from his school was entirely devoted to the study of the Scriptures; having no intercourse with any, save those whom he believed to be consistent and zealous Christians. When he heard of a Devonshire gentleman, with whom he was totally unacquainted, being cast into the bishop's prison at Exeter, on suspicion of heresy, he wrote to him encouraging and consolatory letters; and in every way approved himself a sincere disciple of the Lord Jesus.

But as his view of the idolatrous and blasphemous abominations of popery became more deep and clear, Bennet found his spirit so stirred within him, that he declared to his godly friends he could no longer endure to keep silence, but must needs utter some testimony, where, as he said, "God was dishonoured, his word contemned, and his people, whom he so dearly bought, were by blind guides carried headlong to everlasting perdition." He declared his readiness to shed his blood patiently, so far as God should give him grace, for the testimony of his conscience, and



the defence of true religion. His friends promised him their prayers, that he might be strong in the cause, and continue a faithful soldier unto the end; and then he set his house in order, distributing among them the books that he had; and very shortly after he wrote out his mind on scrolls of paper, which he privily affixed to the doors of Exeter cathedral. Their purport was, that the pope is antichrist; and that we ought to worship God, and no saints.

It may readily be imagined what a commotion was excited on the discovery of these bills: the ecclesiastics appeared stung to the quick; and while the civil officers were busily searching for the heretic, order was given that all the learned doctors in Exeter should, in daily rotation, mount the pulpit, and confute the heresy. Bennet, keeping his own secret, went to the cathedral the following Sunday; and happening to sit by two men who were employed in seeking him out, they suspected, and proposed to examine him: but his quiet reverend aspect, his devout manner, attention to the preacher, and the earnestness with which he evermore was occupied in his book, a Latin Testament, so overawed them, that they had no power to molest him, but departed, leaving him with his book.

Foiled in their attempts to discover the offender, the priests, including friars both grey and black, resolved on publicly cursing him, in order the more to terrify the people from giving heed to his bills. This they executed as follows: a priest robed in white ascended the pulpit, and, while the cross was elevated, with holy candles of wax fixed to it at all points, and the two orders of friars, with some monks of St. Nicholas, stood round about, he preached a long and violent sermon against the blasphemy of the foul and abominable heretic who had published the bills; and concluded by beseeching God, the Virgin, St. Peter, patron of that church, with all the holy company of martyrs, confessors, and virgins, to reveal the heretic, that God's people might avoid the vengeance. After this, the curse was pronounced by the bishop; and as a similar form is now in frequent use, particularly in Ireland, in cases of rebellion against priestly authority, it is here inserted. It is worth encountering the horror and disgust of reading it, to appreciate our own deliverance from bondage so degrading and so impious.

The prelate said, "By the authority of God the Father

Almighty, and of the blessed Virgin Mary, of St. Peter and Paul, and of the holy saints, we excommunicate, we utterly curse and ban, commit and deliver to the devil of hell, him or her, whatsoever he or she be, that have, in spite of God, and St. Peter whose church this is, in spite of all holy saints, and in spite of our most holy father the pope, God's vicar here on earth, and in spite of the reverend father in God, John, our diocesan, and the worshipful canons, masters, and priests, and clerks, which serve God daily in this cathedral church, fixed up with wax such cursed and heretical bills, full of blasphemy, upon the doors of this and other holy churches within this city. Excommunicate plainly be he, or she, plenally, or they, and delivered over to the devil, as perpetual malefactors and schismatics. Accursed might they be, and given body and soul to the devil. Cursed be they, he, or she, in cities and towns, in fields, in ways, in parks, in houses, out of houses, and in all other places, standing, lying, or rising, walking, running, waking, sleeping, eating, drinking, and whatsoever they do besides. We separate them, him, or her, from the threshold, and from all the good prayers of the church, from the participation of holy mass, from all sacraments, chapels, and altars, from holy bread and holy water, from all the merit of God's priests and religious men, and from all their cloisters, from all their pardons, privileges, grants, and immunities, which all the holy fathers, popes of Rome, have granted to them; and we give them over utterly to the power of the fiend, and let us quench their souls, if they be dead, this night in the pains of hell-fire, as this candle is now quenched and put out (*here he extinguished one of the candles*), and let us pray to God, if they be alive, that their eyes may be put out, as this candle light is, (*then he put out another candle.*) And let us pray to God and to our lady, and to St. Peter and Paul, and to all holy saints, that all the senses of their bodies may fail them, and that they may have no feeling, as now the light of this candle is gone, (*he quenched the third,*) except they, he, or she, come openly now and confess their blasphemy, and by repentance, as in them shall lie, make satisfaction unto God, our lady, St. Peter and the worshipful company of this cathedral church: and as this holy cross staff now falleth down, so might they, except they repent and show themselves." The cross being at the same time removed, the great staff which had supported it fell down: while the trembling peo-

ple held up their hands, and uttered a shout of terror at the denunciation of that fearful curse!

The absurdity of this monstrous demonstration of impotent malice, so overcame Bennet, that whilst others were shuddering around, he was convulsed with suppressed laughter. Some who were near him espied this, and asking him the cause, he answered "My friends, who can forbear, seeing such merry conceits and interludes played by the priests?" Immediately a great cry was raised, here is the heretic, here is the heretic! hold him fast, hold him fast!" However, for that time, it seems that he escaped and went home, where, inflamed with greater zeal by what he had heard, he renewed his bills, and sent his boy, early on the following morning, to fix them again upon the gates of the church-yard. It happened that a mass was said at five o'clock in the morning; and a person going to attend it, detected the boy thus employed: this man pulled down the bill, and bringing it, together with the boy, to the mayor, Bennet was of course, taken, and thrust into prison.

On the morrow, being examined, he said, "It was even I that put up those bills; and if it were to do, I would do it again; for in them I have written nothing but what is very truth." When asked whether he could not as well have declared his mind by word of mouth as in that way, he answered, No, for that he desired many should read them, that they might the better know the priests' blasphemy, and that their Antichrist, the pope, was that boar out of the wood, which destroyeth and throweth down the hedges of God's church. "For if," said he, "I had been heard to speak one word, I should have been clapped fast in prison, and the matter of God hidden. But now I trust more of your blasphemous doings will thereby be opened and come to light; for God so will have it; and no longer will suffer you."

On the day following he was strongly ironed, and placed in the stocks in the bishop's prison. The bishop, his chancellor, and several others of the clergy, held much disputation with him; wherein Bennet so soberly and scripturally answered them, and defended his principles, that they were compelled both to admire him and to pity his case, earnestly seeking to prevail on him to save himself by recantation. But God had chosen him to bear witness to the truth, and their labour was in vain. One Gregory Bosset, who had himself denied the faith to escape torture, and

afterwards became its bitter enemy, was so earnest in attempting to draw Bennet after him, that he remained day and night in the prison, pressing him with canons, and all possible arguments, to confess the supremacy of the Romish church; but so little fruit he had of his labour, that he afterwards openly declared there never was so obstinate a heretic. When the friars, who flocked to assist Bosset in his disputations, called him heretic, and spat upon him, the martyr prayed God to forgive them, and to give them a better mind; and then renewed his protestation against their system, taxing the pope and them with selling sacraments and remission of sins for money, telling them that theirs was the plain church of Antichrist, the harlot of whom St. John spake. When told that the whole world confessed the pope's holiness as supreme head and vicar of Christ, he made this pungent answer: "That is because they are blinded, and know not the Scriptures; but if God of his mercy would open the eyes of princes to know their office, his false supremacy would soon decay. Where they are that confess the true name of Jesus Christ, and where only Christ is the head, and under him the prince of the realm to order all bishops, ministers, and preachers, and to see them do their duties in setting forth the only glory of God, by preaching the word of God; and where it is preached that Christ is our only advocate, mediator, and patron before God his Father, making intercession for us; and where the true faith and confidence in Christ's death and passion, and his only merits and deservings are extolled, and our own depressed; where the sacrament is duly, without superstition or idolatry, administered in remembrance of his blessed passion, and only sacrifice, upon the cross once for all, and where no superstition reigneth—of that church will I be."

"Doth not the pope," said they, "confess the true gospel, and do not we all the same?" "Yes," he replied, "but ye deny the fruits thereof in every place; ye build upon the sands not upon the Rock."

When the great danger that he stood in, of many sufferings and a cruel death, was urged upon him, he answered in this strain of high and holy resolve. "I take God to record, my life is not dear to me; I am content to depart from it, for I am weary of it, seeing your detestable doings to the utter destruction of God's flock, and, for my part, I can no longer forbear; I had rather by death,

which I know is not far off, depart this life, that I may no longer be partaker of your detestable idolatries and superstitions, or be subject unto Antichrist, your pope." "Our pope," said the friar, "is the vicar of God, and our ways are the ways of God." "I pray you," said Bennet, "depart from me, and tell me not of your ways. He only is my way, which saith, 'I am the way, and the truth, and the life.' In this way will I walk: his doings shall be my example, not yours, nor your false pope's. His truth will I embrace; not the lies and falsehood of you and your pope. His everlasting life will I seek, the true reward of all faithful people. Away from me, I pray you. Vex my soul no longer; ye shall not prevail. There is no good example in you, no truth in you, no life to be hoped for at your hands. Ye are all more vain than vanity itself. If I should hear and follow you in this, everlasting death should hang over me, a just reward for all them that love the life of this world. Away from me, your company liketh me not."

Night and day, for one whole week, was Bennet beset by these false teachers; but nothing could shake his constancy, or silence his scriptural arguments. His wife, who had much to suffer from the cruelty of the tyrannical party, brought him sustenance; and when she lamented his sufferings, he comforted her, giving her many godly exhortations, and beseeching her not to move him towards any submission, or appeal to his adversaries.

Despairing, as well they might, of winning him back, his persecutors now pronounced sentence of death, and delivered him to the sheriff to be burned; at which he greatly rejoiced. Being brought to execution in a place named Livery-dole, without the city of Exeter, he made his humble confession and prayer unto God, requesting the people to do the like for him. He also addressed them with great gravity and sobriety, exhorting them to seek the true knowledge of God, and to honour him, leaving the devices and fancies of man's invention. Not only were all the hearers and beholders moved to admire him greatly, but, among others, the scribe who wrote out his sentence of condemnation pronounced him to be God's servant, and a good man.

Nevertheless, there wanted not bigots whose hearts were impenetrable alike to truth and to mercy: two of these gentlemen standing near the stake, importuned him, first with fair speeches and promises, then with threats, to re-

nounce his errors, and to call upon our lady and the saints; to which he meekly answered, "No, no; it is God only upon whose name we must call; and we have no other advocate unto him but only Jesus Christ, who died for us, and now sitteth at the right hand of the Father to be an advocate for us; and by him must we offer and make our prayers to God, if we will have them to take place and be heard." On this one of them, named Barnehouse, stuck a furze-bush on the point of a pike; and having lighted it, thrust the blazing thorns into the martyr's face, exclaiming, "Ah, vile heretic, pray to our lady, and say, Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis, or I will make thee do it," swearing a dreadful oath. Bennet, with a meek and humble aspect, patiently answered, "Alas, sir, trouble me not," and holding up his hands, he said, in Latin, "Father, forgive them." The wood was then ignited, by command of these gentlemen, and Bennet, with lifted hands and eyes commending his spirit unto God, quietly endured the slow torment of the flame, until the Lord released him. Such was the blindness of the deluded people, notwithstanding the momentary effect produced by his address, that happy was he, or she, who could bring a stick, or bunch of furze, to augment the flame of his martyrdom. Bennet appears to have had a singularly bright zeal for the glory of God: inasmuch that his life was rendered wearisome, and his righteous soul vexed from day to day, in beholding the dishonour done to the Lord's name and worship. He is resting now before the throne of the Lamb.

But the set time had arrived for the Lord to arise and favour his Zion. An event, of all others the farthest beyond what his suffering people dared to have looked for, was close at hand, and he who is wonderful in counsel, and mighty in operation, willed to effect it by means of one who had lent the strenuous support, not merely of his royal authority, but of his literary ability, to the maintenance of papal ascendancy at home and abroad. King Henry, moved either by a real scruple of conscience, or, what his subsequent conduct renders far more probable, by his roving inclinations, resolved on procuring a divorce from Queen Katherine, who had formerly been his brother's wife. To effect this, he had intended to elevate Wolsey to the popedom; assured of his assent, in that character, to whatever he might demand; and had his project succeeded, the Romish yoke would, no doubt, have been doubly rivetted

on the neck of protestant England. The Lord, however, defeated the plan, through the steady opposition of the German emperor, who succeeded in nominating one of his own choice to the papal chair; and the pope, of course, espoused the cause of Katherine, the emperor's aunt. Foiled in his earnest efforts to obtain the pontiff's sanction, the impetuous and arbitrary Henry, by one bold stroke, did what none of his predecessors would have dared even to project; he declared by his own royal authority, himself and his kingdom independent of the bishop of Rome, absolved his clergy from the oath whereby they acknowledged the pope's supremacy, and, as temporal head of the church, in his own dominions, exacted a similar bond of recognition and fealty towards himself. As Fox quaintly remarks, "Seeing this Gordian knot would not be loosed at Rome, he was driven, against his will, as God would, to play the noble Alexander himself, and with the sword of his princely authority knapped the knot at one stroke clean asunder; loosing, as it were, with one solution infinite questions. For where the doctors and canonists had long disputed, and yet could never thoroughly discuss the largeness and fulness of the pope's two swords, both temporal and spiritual, the king with one sword did so cut off both his swords, that he dispatched them both clean out of England." Thus remarkably were the words of Bennet verified, that, "If God would of his mercy open the eyes of princes to know their office, his false supremacy would soon decay."

The progress of this mighty reformation has been too fully treated of by historians of every sort, to need enlargement here: but the hand of God is not sufficiently recognized by those who look to second causes, and busy themselves to account for events which can only be referred to the overruling providence of Him who has taught us in his holy word that the hearts of kings are in his rule and governance, and that he doth dispose and turn them as seemeth best to his Godly wisdom. In this instance, not only the royal will, but the mind of the whole nation was changed as that of one man; and a revolution effected, without noise, tumult, or contention, which none would have dared to suppose possible, but at the expense of hoards of treasure, rivers of blood, and a long, fierce struggle of mighty opponents, embroiling all Christendom in the con-

flict: It was the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.

No sooner had king Henry declared himself independent of the pope, than forth came, as the most ready assailant of papal supremacy, Stephen Gardiner, bishop of Winchester, thereafter to appear in a far different character, as one of the bitterest persecutors of those who should continue to hold what he then taught. He was followed by Bonner, by Tostal, late of London, then of Durham, by Stokesby, who had recently sent Frith to the flames, and others of like sincerity. Two, however, spurned at even the semblance of defection from the anti-christian church: Fisher, of Rochester, and Sir Thomas More, than whom no man had more deeply embued his hands in the blood of God's saints. These were beheaded for treason; the sentence was cruel and unreasonable, on the part of Henry, who had encouraged them in far worse treason against the supreme Majesty of heaven, so long as it suited his views and purposes, but could not brook the show of opposition to his own violent and changeable will. As a matter of divine retribution, it was striking, for More had abused his high office to the most cruel persecution and murder of all whom he could convict of following the dictates of an enlightened conscience. He went to prison in the same light, jesting mood wherein he used to taunt and mock the afflicted servants of God: and with a jest he laid his head upon the block—an impressive contrast to those who, under his iron tyranny, had died praying for their murderers.

The sudden and violent change thus wrought in the nation was not unstained with other blood. A crazy nun, of Kent, and several idle people who could not keep silence under it, nor refrain from meddling, were barbarously and needlessly put to death, to the shame of those who perpetrated it; but not to the just reproach of vital protestantism, of which these political changelings knew nothing. Their principle, however overruled for good to the church of Christ, was merely that of expediency, and self-aggrandizement. We turn from them and their doings, to record the acts and sufferings of one whose name must ever be dear to every right-hearted English protestant, WILLIAM TINDAL. This apostle of England, as he well deserves to be called, was honoured of God above all others, be the means of pouring a flood of gospel light on his benighted



country. He was born somewhere about the borders of Wales, but brought up from childhood at Oxford, where he early distinguished himself at Magdalen Hall, being particularly skilled in the knowledge of languages, and in that of the Holy Scriptures. The latter he made it his practice to expound, at stated times, to some of his fellow students; his manners and conversation being every way accordant with the sacred truths which he delighted to teach.

Having greatly advanced himself in learning, and in the degrees of the schools, he removed to Cambridge: where he ripened yet farther in the knowledge of God's word; and after a while proceeding into Gloucestershire, he became tutor in the family of a knight, named Welch. This gentleman keeping an excellent table, his house was much frequented by the superior clergy around him. Abbots, deans, archdeacons, and other great doctors assembled there, frequently holding controversies with Tindal, who never spared to show them his opinion; always referring to the Scriptures, which he laid open before them, for confirmation of all that he advanced.

At length the priests grew weary of continual defeat, and began to manifest feelings of envy and dislike against their opponent. Inviting on one occasion Welch and his wife to a banquet, they took that opportunity to revile the absent disputant, so that their guests, returning home, called Tindal, and remonstrated with him on his alleged errors. He answered by Scripture, maintained the truth, and reproved their false opinions. "Well," said lady Welch, "there was such a doctor which may dispense an hundred pounds, and another two hundred, and another three hundred pounds; and were it reason, think you, that we should believe you before them?" The poor tutor, well knowing the unanswerable nature of such an argument, remained silent, and for some time appeared more reserved in discoursing on such matters: but he was then privately engaged in translating a work of Erasmus, which, being finished, he delivered to his master and lady. They perused it attentively, and showed its effect on their minds by giving so cool a reception to the popish doctors, that they, feeling the change, were obliged at first to diminish the frequency of their visits, and shortly after to withdraw themselves entirely from the house. Of course, all the credit of this repulse was given to Tindal; and there was not an ale-house within their reach where they did not clus-

ter in knots to rail and storm against him. Then gathering together what they could recollect of his former sayings, and adding thereto many things that he had never uttered, they laid an information against him before the bishop's chancellor, who soon after summoned all the priests to appear before him, and Tindal likewise.

The bold champion of God's truth obeyed the citation: crying mightily to the Lord by the way for strength to stand fast to the truth of his word. The matter was commenced by the chancellor reviling him bitterly, and laying many things to his charge which no accuser could be found to substantiate, though all the priests were present; so for that time Tindal escaped, and returned home. He had a neighbour, and familiar friend who had formerly been a diocesan chancellor, and to whom he frequently opened his mind, on various points of Scripture. This old doctor said to him, "Do you not know that the pope is very anti-christ, whom the Scripture speaketh of? But beware what you say; for if you be perceived to be of that opinion it will cost you your life:" adding moreover, "I have been an officer of his, but I have given it up, and defy him and all his works."

Not long after, Tindal being in company with another learned divine, so pressed him with Scripture that he burst out into these blasphemous words: "We were better to be without God's laws than the pope's." Whereat Tindal, full of godly zeal, retorted, "I defy the pope, and all his laws:" and added this declaration, "If God spares me life, ere many years are gone, I will cause a boy that driveth the plough to know more of the Scriptures than you do." A promise which, by God's grace, he fulfilled.

The priests, as may be supposed, waxed hotter than ever against him after this, denouncing him as "a heretic in sophistry, a heretic in logic, and a heretic in divinity:" complaining also of his bold bearing among the gentlemen of the country. To which Tindal, in the spirit of godly independence, replied, that he was contented they should bring him into any county in all England, giving him ten pounds a year to live on, and binding him to no more but to teach children, and to preach. However, perceiving that the odium in which he was held of the priests might work some peril against his kind entertainers, who would have lacked power, though not the will to protect him from their vengeance, he took an affectionate leave of them, and

repaired to London, where he preached, as also at Bristol and its environs. Being then, providentially no doubt, disappointed in an expectation of obtaining some situation in the household of Tonstal, he abode in London for a year, attentively marking the course of events, and the conduct of the ecclesiastics, until he was convinced that all England would not afford him a secure spot for the commencement of the great work which lay so near his heart—the translation of the Holy Scriptures. Being bountifully aided by sir Humfrey Monmouth and other good men, with means to travel, he departed into Germany, resolving to devote himself to his glorious task; having no rest in his spirit until his countrymen should enjoy that taste and understanding of God's blessed truth which ministered such infinite light and comfort to himself. Consulting with John Frith, he had come to the conclusion that it was impossible to establish the laity in the truth, unless the book of God were so plainly laid before them in their mother tongue, that they might see the process, order, and meaning of the whole text; for otherwise, whatsoever portion should be taught them, the enemies of the truth would quench again with plausible reasons, subtle sophistry, and traditions of their own invention, unauthorized by Scripture: or else they would so juggle and confound the text, by their artful handling, as to pervert Scripture, in a way that it were impossible to do, if the whole word was seen in such its right process, order, and meaning. From this we may gather what would have been Tindal's estimation of the modern plan of giving a mutilated Bible to the simple ones of the flock.

It was about the year 1527 that Tindal first translated into English the New Testament. This was followed by rendering in the same tongue the Pentateuch, with prefatory remarks, excellently adapted to the need of the time. He also wrote some treatises, two of which, *The Obedience of a Christian Man*, and *The Wicked Mammon*, were found in the hands of almost every one who forsook popery in England. So much were these works dreaded by the persecuting party, that the bare suspicion of possessing or even of having heard them read, was enough to fix on any man a charge of heresy. The entrance of Tindal's works into England was indeed a memorable epoch: such was their effect, that it may be said of the reigning authorities, as at the birth of Christ, "Herod was troubled, and all

Jerusalem with him." Satan mightily opposed the work, and, as far as was permitted, he "hindered" the zealous teacher, as he did Paul of old: for Tindal suffered shipwreck on his passage to Hamburgh, where he intended to print the books of Moses, and lost all his manuscripts, a sum of money provided to cover the expense, and every thing but his life. Taking passage in another vessel, he arrived at Hamburgh, where Myles Coverdale, by appointment, met him, and together they again translated the Pentateuch, in the space of seven or eight months. Tindal had conferred with Luther before commencing his blessed work; and it may well be supposed that the spirit of each was richly refreshed by such communion. We, who sit peacefully under the vine and fig-tree planted by their privileged hands; in a soil then bringing forth only briars and thorns, too little appreciate the travail and the toil of our commissioned benefactors, while, hunted from place to place, beset by a thousand perils, in hunger and weariness, in painfulness and watchings, yea, in bonds and imprisonment, they counted not their lives dear unto them, so they might finish, and hand down to us, their testimony of the Lord Jesus.

When Tindal published his English version of the New Testament, he subjoined an invitation to the learned to search and point out whatever might be found amiss therein. Instead of so examining, the popish clergy, of course, cried out against it *in toto*, as a mass of heresies, not to be corrected but utterly suppressed. Some declared that Holy Scripture could not possibly be rendered into English: others denounced as unlawful the reading of it by the laity in their own tongue—it would make them all heretics, and stir up the whole realm in rebellion against the king. These things Tindal has recited, in his prologue to the books of Moses; and added, that it would have cost them less labour to have translated most part of the Bible themselves, than they bestowed in criticising his work; so narrowly, he said, did they scan it, that if there was an *i* therein lacking a dot over its head, it was noted, and exhibited to the ignorant people as a heresy.

It has already been related how Cuthbert Tonstal, by buying up, for the flames, the first and rather imperfect edition, furnished Tindal with the means to print a corrected and enlarged one. All this having been done, it was the Lord's good pleasure to add to this faithful servant the

bright crown of martyrdom. The manner in which, by wicked hands, this was accomplished, exhibits in hateful colours the artful and cowardly treachery of those whom the great enemy stirred up to the work.

Tindal was dwelling quietly at Antwerp, in the house of an Englishman named Poyntz; and it was the custom of sir Thomas More and the bishops, whenever they had any poor man under examination who had been there, to put close questions respecting Tindal, his personal appearance, usual habit, place of abode, chief companions, customary resorts, and all the minutiae, by knowledge of which they might spread a net in his daily path. Thus furnished, they prepared the snare, and despatched an emissary, named Henry Philips, in the character of an independent gentleman. Poyntz kept a house much resorted to by English merchants, among whom Tindal was greatly respected, and very often invited to dine or sup with them. By this means Philips ingratiated himself, first into the acquaintance, then the confidence of the unsuspecting Christian, who frequently brought him to his abode, and even induced Poyntz, who was a worthy man, to receive him also as a lodger. So far was he from thinking evil of this traitor, that he showed him his books, and made many communications to him.

After sounding Poyntz, as to whether he might be bribed to conspire against Tindal, but so cautiously that the honest man did not at the time suspect his purpose, Philips proceeded to Brussels, appearing there as a partisan of queen Katherine, the emperor's aunt, and a rebel against his own king; and so wrought on the authorities that he brought a principal attorney of the emperor's, with other officers, back to Antwerp; where having watched until Poyntz should go on some business of his own, to a place eighteen miles distant, intending to stay there some weeks, Philips came to the house, and pretended to make arrangements with the wife of Poyntz for giving a dinner, to provide for which, as it appeared, he went forth again: but in reality so to station the officers about the house, that his prey should not escape. Returning once more, he crowned his villainy by borrowing of Tindal a sum of money, under pretence of having just lost his purse: and having thus plundered him, he engaged Tindal to accompany him forth, in order to be his guest at dinner.

A long passage, so narrow that two could not walk

abreast, formed the entry of the house; and there Philips, under a show of respectful courtesy, obliged Tindal to take the lead. Philips was a tall, portly man, Tindal of low stature; and when they approached the door, where on either side was seated one of the officers, watching for their prey, Philips silently lifted his hand, and pointed downwards to the head of his innocent companion as a signal that it was he whom they should seize. This was instantly done; and these very men in relating the circumstances afterwards to Poyntz, said, that *they pitied to see his simplicity when they took him*. So well had this Judas played his part, and so totally unsuspecting was the martyr, that it would appear he did not even comprehend the very act of his own capture. He was taken to the emperor's official, while the house of Poyntz was searched, and all his books and other effects seized. After this, he was conducted to the castle of Filford, eight miles from Antwerp, and there imprisoned.

The English merchants, roused by this cruel outrage on the person of their countryman, immediately wrote to Brussels, and also to England, on his behalf. Poyntz undertook to be the active messenger of mercy, and travelled with indefatigable perseverance, with letters and replies, from city to city, and even to London and back: obtaining, after painful delays, such despatches from the court of England to that of Brussels, that Tindal must needs have been delivered up to him, had not the artifice of Philips circumvented him, by implicating him also in the charges against Tindal: so that the zealous intercessor, when on the very point of delivering his friend, was himself arrested and cast into prison; where by vexatious and harassing processes, he was kept constantly employed in defending himself against the accusations of Philips, until he managed to escape, and fled from their hands.

But no escape was in reserve for Tindal; no flight, save to the bosom of his Saviour, whom he had so glorified on earth, and who now prepared to receive him unto himself. When the causeless persecution drew to a close, the enemies offered him the services of an advocate and a proctor; but Tindal declined them, saying that he would answer for himself. He did so; but as there was no tenable ground for any charge against him, so was all reason and justice disregarded in his case. By virtue of the emperor's decree, fulfilling the bloody will of revengeful Rome, he was

condemned to suffer death. At the town of Filford, he was tied to the stake, and there strangled by the hangman, fervently and loudly exclaiming, with his last gasp, "Lord, open the king of England's eyes!" He was then consumed with fire.

Such was the power of this godly martyr's doctrine, that, during the eighteen months of his imprisonment, he was the means of converting his gaoler, with his daughter and others of his household, to the faith. It was the general remark of those in the castle, that if Tindal were not a good Christian man, they knew not whom they should trust: and even the emperor's prosecutor-general, who was mainly employed in his destruction, left this testimony concerning him, that "he was a learned, a good, and a godly man." It is also believed, that during his captivity he held an important disputation with the University of Louvaine, bringing the authority and testimonies of Scripture to bear on them so forcibly, that it kept the whole college fully employed to answer his arguments. But the character wherein Tindal shines forth most brightly is that of a Christian patriot. To the service of his country—to the promotion of her best interests—he devoted a laborious life; and in the very act of dying a violent death in a foreign land, he uttered his heart's desire in words alike brief and comprehensive, loyal and patriotic. Beholding in his king the appointed minister of Him from whom all kingly power is derived, he asked for the monarch that divine illumination which, first shining on the throne, would doubtless be reflected on every corner of the land;—"when the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice." The dying words of Tindal afford us an impressive lesson, to which may we all give heed!

With regard to the heartless and merciless traitor, Philips, who, even in the very hour of betraying his innocent friend to death, had coolly imposed on his unsuspecting generosity to plunder him of the little money he carried about him, it is recorded that he was not long permitted to enjoy the price of blood. He died a wretched and loathsome death, his flesh being consumed by vermin, ere the soul forsook its polluted dwelling.

We will conclude with the noble testimony which Tindal himself has left, in a letter to John Frith, as to the singleness of his act and purpose in translating the blessed Scriptures. "I call God to record, against the day we shall

appear before our Lord Jesus, to give a reckoning of our doings, that I never uttered one syllable of God's word against my conscience; nor would do this day, if all that is in earth, whether it be honour, pleasure, or riches, might be given me."

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## CHAPTER VI.

### HENRY DEFIES THE POPE—LAMBERT—OTHER MARTYRS.

THE next year after Tindal's martyrdom, his last prayer was in this answered, that the pope calling a general council at Mantua, and peremptorily commanding all kings and princes to be there, either personally or by fitting ambassadors, to consult for the suppression of heresy, the restoration of the church, the destruction of the Turk, &c., the king of England's eyes were so far opened, that instead of obeying the papal mandate, he, in his own name, and those of the clergy of his realm, flatly refused to recognize the pope's authority, and in a lengthened protestation set at nought both him and his summons, concluding with these pithy words, "Certainly, come who will to these shops of deceits, to these fairs of frauds, we will lose no part of our right, in coming at his call, that ought to be called, and not to call. We will neither come to Mantua, nor send thither, for this matter."

In the preceding year, the gentle, the pious, and virtuous queen Anna Boleyn had fallen a victim to a most infamous conspiracy; and on her death, the enemies of the truth took some courage, hoping their case might not prove so desperate: for well they knew her to have been, under God, the great pillar of the reformation in England. However, in three days after her murder, for such it assuredly was, the unfeeling king married Lady Jane Seymour; and from her they had little to hope, as an individual; much indeed to dread, could they have foreseen in her the mother of young Edward, "as great an enemy," says Fox, "to God's enemy, the pope, as ever his father was; and greater too." Indeed, it is impossible to give Henry credit for any motive better than that of selfish policy in promoting the



nominal reformation which, while it established his rightful authority at the expense of the pope's unwarrantable usurpation, still left untouched the worst doctrinal errors of Romanism. He suppressed the monasteries, because by their enormous wealth his treasury was enriched: but how unsound were his principles, we may but too surely conclude, from the lamentable proof given in the case of one whose life was barbarously taken in the very cause of those soul-destroying delusions, which form the marrow and kernel of that whereof the nominal supremacy of Rome is but the husk and shell—JOHN LAMBERT.

This eminently learned and devout man was a native of Norfolk; and was converted through the teaching of his friend Bilney, at Cambridge. Having greatly accomplished himself at the university, and translated numerous works from the Latin and Greek into English, he was constrained, by the violence of the times, to fly beyond sea, where, with Tindal and Frith, he enjoyed liberty of conscience; acting for a year and a half as chaplain to the godly English, at Antwerp. Sir Thomas More then caused him to be seized, and conveyed to London, where forty-five articles, or interrogatories, being prepared against him, he was brought to examination, before Wareham, archbishop of Canterbury, and other adversaries of the truth. To these articles Lambert replied at great length, with consummate ability, learning, and judgment. While resting his confessions mainly on the sure ground of Holy Scripture, he adduced also such declarations and admissions from the early writers, or fathers as they are called, and so soberly argued every point, that had not the minds of men been perverted beyond the reach of conviction, they must have yielded assent to his doctrine. In this admirable answer, Lambert avowed and defended his belief in many things repugnant to popery; among which were the lawfulness of priests' marriage, the needlessness of auricular confession, and incompetency of man to forgive sins; the all-sufficiency of Holy Scripture; the non-existence of purgatory; the impropriety of saint-worship; indifference of fasting; the liberty of all Christians to preach the gospel; the bounden duty of all rulers and pastors to give unto those under them the word of God; and the fallacy as well of Peter's supremacy as of the pope's successorship to him.

It would probably have fared ill for Lambert at this time, but, providentially, Wareham died; Cranmer succeeded to

the archbishopric, in 1533; and partly by this, partly through the favourable influence exercised by Anna Boleyn on the affairs of the church, Lambert escaped. He then employed himself in teaching Latin and Greek; and resigned his priesthood, intending to marry. But God, who disposes all men's purposes after the secret pleasure of his own will, intercepted both his marriage and his freedom, and married him to Christ, in the flames of a glorious martyrdom.

For, in 1538, Dr. Taylor, who was afterwards bishop of London, and enabled also to give his life for the truth's sake, having preached a sermon which did not quite satisfy Lambert, he went to him, and entered into a friendly discussion on the subject of transubstantiation. The doctor, being somewhat busy, excused himself from farther talk, desiring Lambert to write his mind out, and come again at a more leisure time. Lambert obeyed, and in ten arguments set forth his opinion, which was wholly opposed to the extravagant fiction of the mass, and very forcibly sustained. Taylor, willing to satisfy his mind on the point, wherein he himself was yet in the bondage of popery, conferred with Dr. Barnes, who, fearing the spread of such doctrine, persuaded him to refer Lambert's ten arguments to Cranmer: and thus it became much talked of, Lambert having, on the archbishop's summons, defended, in open court, his propositions; and finding no favour with the bishops, he appealed from them to the king.

Henry was at this time rather in a strait; he had cruelly beheaded his innocent queen, had thereby so deeply offended the German princes that they had broke their league with him; and also greatly alienated the affections of his best subjects at home; while the worse sort had made insurrection in Lincolnshire and Yorkshire, on the ground of his shaking off the papal yoke, and suppressing the monasteries; acts that highly displeased the great mass of the still priest-ridden people. Stephen Gardiner, bishop of Winchester, who appears, from the first, to have been an incarnation of all evil, unrelieved even by a gleam of any thing good, was ever on the watch for occasion to hinder the gospel; he did not possess much of Henry's confidence; but now, with the promptitude of a bold bad man, he repaired to the king, ingratiated himself by assuming zeal for the royal cause; and representing how greatly the tide of popular feeling, now clearly setting in against him, would

be turned in his favour, and the good will of his former allies conciliated, if he would avail himself of this opportunity thus afforded; and by proceeding against Lambert, make it evident to them all, that, stoutly as he had resisted the political power of Rome, in his realm, he was no less stoutly opposed to all heresy in doctrine; thus ridding himself of the growing suspicion that he was a favourer of new sects and opinions.

This atrocious counsel was well received by the king; who immediately issued a general commission, summoning all the nobles and prelates of the realm to repair instantly to London, and assist the king against the heretics and heresies, whereon he himself intended to sit in judgment. A day was appointed, and most imposing was the spectacle presented to the immense multitudes assembled to behold it. The king, as supreme judge, came attended by a royal guard, clothed in white, and took his seat on a magnificent throne. On his right hand sat the bishops, robed in the gorgeous vestments of Babylonian pride; behind them, all the famous lawyers of the land, officially habited in purple gowns. On his left were ranged the whole aristocracy of England, and the judges; and in their rear the gentlemen of the king's privy chamber. The countenance of Henry, never prepossessing, was on this day terrific: his brows, contracted into a portentous frown, and every feature expressing the relentless cruelty of his purpose. Scaffoldings were erected all around, and every bench occupied by eager and awe-struck spectators: then, in the presence of this mighty assembly was the meek lamb of Christ's fold led forth to meet the gaze of every eye, to bear the brunt of every tongue; and, hardest of all to a loyal conscientious subject, to endure the withering sternness of his monarch's look, which for some moments was fixed on him in silent indignation. Turning to his counsellors, Henry then commanded Day, bishop of Chichester, to declare unto the people the causes of this present assembly and judgment.

The bishop's oration set forth his majesty's desire that no man should conceive so unfavourable an opinion of him as that, now the authority and name of the bishop of Rome were abolished in the realm, the king would also subvert religion, or permit heretics unpunished to trouble the church whereof he was the head. Moreover, that they were not met for disputation, but that he and the other

bishops might refute the heresies of that man, and of such like heretics, and condemn them.

The king then arose, and leaning on a cushion of white tissue, turned upon Lambert his stern and menacing countenance, exclaiming, "Ho, my good fellow, what is thy name?" The meek confessor, humbly bending the knee, answered, "My name is John Nicholson, though of many I be called Lambert." "What," said the king, "have you two names? I would not trust you, having two names, though you were my brother." "Oh, most noble prince," answered Lambert, "your bishops forced me of necessity to change my name." After some further explanation, the king commanded him to proceed to the matter of the accusation; and Lambert, after the custom of the time, commenced with an address to his majesty, giving God thanks that he had so inclined the king's heart that he should not disdain to hear and understand religious controversies: since it had happened, through the cruelty of the bishops, that many good and innocent men had heretofore in divers places, been privily murdered without the royal sanction. The high and eternal King of kings, in whose hand are the hearts of princes, had now, he hoped, inspired his majesty's mind himself to examine into the causes of his subjects: and since God of his great goodness had gifted him with judgment and knowledge, he trusted that he would bring forth some great thing, by him, to the glory of his name. Here Henry rudely and angrily, interrupting him, said, "I came not hither to hear my own praises thus pointed out in my presence, but briefly to go to the matter."

Disconcerted and abashed by the haughty looks and words of the despot, Lambert stood for a while silent, when Henry still more fiercely and vehemently ejaculated, "Why standest thou still? Answer as touching the sacrament of the altar, whether dost thou say, that it is the body of Christ, or wilt deny it?" And naming it, the king lifted up his cap from his head. Lambert replied, "I answer, with St. Augustine, that it is the body of Christ, after a certain manner."

Henry, in Latin, rejoined, "Answer me not out of St. Augustine, or any other; but tell me plainly, whether thou sayest it is the body of Christ or not." "Then I deny it to be the body of Christ," said Lambert. The king, after quoting our Lord's words, "This is my body," called on

Cranmer to refute the martyr's assertion, who, in mild and brotherly phrase, invited Lambert to the discussion, promising that if he could prove his point by Scripture, he would himself embrace the same opinion. Cranmer's argument, maintaining that the body of Christ could be in two places at once, cited his appearing to Saul, on the journey to Damascus. This was easily parried by Lambert showing there was no necessity for the Lord, on that occasion, to have quitted his seat in heaven; whence he might audibly speak to Saul, who, with those around him saw a great light, and heard the voice; but it is not stated that they beheld any body. He so answered, that the king appeared moved with his reasons, Cranmer completely entangled, and all the audience amazed, until Winchester came to the archbishop's assistance, citing another passage, from the Corinthians, of which Lambert disposed as well as of the former; so that they were fain to silence him with rebukes and taunts, in place of arguments and texts.

Next came Tonstal of Durham, magnifying Christ's omnipotency, as fully able, according to his own word, to transform bread into his body: but Lambert replied that Christ had no where said he would do so, neither existed there any necessity that he should, more than that, in innumerable instances, the figurative expression should become the thing signified by it: as that circumcision should become literally the covenant, the lamb the passover, and so on. This excited a fresh burst of rage, so that Lambert was fain to hold his peace, since to return railing for railing was not his part. Next appeared Stokesly, bishop of London, who afterwards, when at the point of death, rejoiced in the boast of having in his lifetime burned fifty heretics. He brought up a sort of chemical type, arguing from the transmutation of boiling water into a different element, which nevertheless retained its original property of moisture, that the supposed miracle of the altar was by no means dissonant from other natural transmutations. In this philosophical discovery the surrounding ecclesiastics appeared greatly to exult; and proportionate to their anticipated triumph was the outbreak of royal and priestly rage, when Lambert disproved it as conclusively as he had overturned all its predecessors.

Lambert's arguments, delivered to Taylor, were ten in number; these were successively taken up by the king and nine of his bishops, with so little reason and so much viru-

lence, that the martyr, pressed at once by their vexatious taunts, with the grandeur of the imposing assemblage, headed by the monarch, and wearied by standing from twelve at noon until five in the evening, baited in such wise without a hope of producing any good effect on judges so prejudiced and acrimonious, at length held his peace altogether. He had spoken of God's testimonies before kings, and was not ashamed; it was now his part, like his blessed Master, to become dumb, as a sheep before his shearers. Only as the bishops proceeded in their talk, he now and then alleged a short passage from Augustine. Evening beginning to close, and torches being lighted, the king resolved to break up this pretended disputation, asking Lambert if he was not yet satisfied to recant his opinions, and whether he would live or die. He replied, that he yielded and submitted himself wholly unto his majesty's will. Then said the king, "Commit thyself unto the hands of God, and not unto mine."

"I commend my soul unto the hands of God," answered Lambert: "but my body I wholly yield and submit unto your clemency." To which Henry rejoined, "then you must die; for I will not be a patron to heretics." So, turning to Cromwell, he commanded him to read the sentence of condemnation. Cromwell was the best friend of God's people, and a bitter task it was to him to pronounce this wicked sentence; but Satan, who delights to injure the Lord's children by means of their brethren, had, by the help of his prime agent, Stephen Gardiner, brought Cromwell, Cranmer, Taylor, and Barnes, all of whom subsequently suffered for the truth, to take prominent parts in this flagitious proceeding against Christ, in the person of his faithful witness.

This condemnation was ordered to be published, and also to be affixed to the church porches, and read four times in the year throughout the realm, for the better establishing of bread-worship among the people. And so the king dissolved his assembly, and left the royal seat—so awfully perverted from its right use, as a throne of judgment for the poor, and mercy for the oppressed, to be the instrument of distressing and persecuting unto death a simple, loyal, godly subject, whom it had been his brightest glory to have shielded from the rage of those hovering vultures, instead of encouraging them to their sanguinary repast. The whole transaction brands the name of Henry

with a stain of indelible dye; and shows to what a length the godless principle of expediency may carry men of the world in seeming championship of that truth which in their hearts they hate and contemn. "Thus," says Fox, "was John Lambert in this bloody session by the king judged and condemned to death; whose judgment now remaineth with the Lord against that day, when before the tribunal-seat of that great Judge, both princes and subjects shall stand and appear, not to judge, but to be judged, according as they have done and deserved."

Upon the day appointed for this blessed martyr of God to suffer, he was brought from prison, at eight o'clock, to the house of Lord Cromwell, who besought his forgiveness for what he had done. Being informed that the hour of his death was at hand, Lambert exhibited the appearance of being greatly comforted and cheered by the tidings; and, coming from the chamber to the hall, he courteously saluted the gentlemen there, sitting down to partake of their breakfast, without any semblance of sadness or fear. Immediately after, he was conducted to Smithfield, to be offered up, a willing and acceptable sacrifice unto his Saviour, who is glorified in his saints.

The manner of his death was, to flesh and blood, most dreadful; and we have need, when dwelling on it, to fortify our minds with the sweet assurance of that unmixed joy which he is even now partaking in the presence of Christ, where those who suffered with their Lord on earth, reign with him for ever. They chained him to the stake, and when the flames had consumed his legs, those infatuated instruments of satanic cruelty withdrew the fire from about him, leaving only a few coals; and then two halberdiers, plunging their pikes into his sides, raised the mutilated body as far as the chain would admit, to the gaze of the wretched people. It was in this state, too terrible for thought to dwell on, that he lifted up his hands, each finger emitting a flame of fire, and uttered before them all that triumphant ejaculation: **NONE BUT CHRIST; NONE BUT CHRIST!** and while the music of that name refreshed his soul in death, his baffled tormentors allowed the form to drop into the flames, more merciful than they; and the spirit rose to experience the fulness of gladness and joy, where sorrow and sighing have no place; where the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne feeds him, and leads him

to living fountains of waters ; and God has wiped away all tears from his eyes.

The next exploit performed by these deluded man-slayers, was the assassination of a worthy and pious man, named Richard Packington, brother to him who helped bishop Tonsal to buy the incorrect edition of Tindal's Testament. He was shot, when in the act of crossing Cheapside, on his way to early prayers, which he invariably attended every morning at five o'clock. For a long time the murderer was unsuspected ; but at length Dr. Incent, dean of St. Paul's, on his death-bed confessed the crime, having hired an Italian to shoot his victim, whose only offence was the courage with which he, as a burgess in parliament, had spoken his mind on the covetousness and cruelty of the popish clergy ; and that he was suspected of having some influence with the king.

Although this cannot be reckoned as a martyrdom, it evinces the fearful spirit of the persecuting party ; to which another murder, more openly perpetrated about the same time, adds a shocking testimony. A gentleman named Collins, a lawyer, had a wife of extraordinary beauty, who proved unfaithful, and forsook him for another man. This affliction was too much for his reason, and he became deranged. One day the poor maniac wandered into a church, just when the priest was saying mass : as he elevated the host, holding up the wafer above his head for the people to worship, Collins, with the childish mimicry peculiar to his idiotic state, caught up his little dog, and held him in like manner, by the legs, in sight of the people. He was immediately seized, and put on his trial for heresy ; and notwithstanding the irrefragable proof of his being in a state of sheer madness, he was condemned, and actually burned in Smithfield, together with his poor little dog, the unconscious partner of his crime ! Perhaps the annals of papal butchery cannot furnish a more striking instance of the madness of that harlot's rage, who is represented by the Spirit of God as making rulers " drunk with the wine of the *wrath* of her fornication," than this, of judicially condemning to a torturing death a senseless idiot and a dumb brute, for alleged contempt of her idolatry ! Poor Collins, thus broken-hearted, deprived of his senses through domestic calamity, and of his life by antichristian cruelty, was perhaps chosen in the furnace of affliction ; a saved



one of the Lord's little flock, enabled to glorify him in the fires, on the spot where Lambert had just before, with all the powers of mind and spirit, exceedingly magnified Christ's glorious name.

Another poor madman named Cowbridge was, in the following year, burned at Oxford, on the ground of some articles that exhibited only the ravings of a distempered mind. Concerning him and Collins, Fox beautifully says, "they rather should have been pitied, and all ways convenient sought, how to reduce the silly wretches into their right minds again, according as the true pastors of Israel be commanded by the Spirit of God to seek again the things that be lost, and to bind up the things that be broken, and not so extremely to burst the things that be bruised before." Concerning Cowbridge, however, there is this happy testimony given, that in the midst of the flames his right senses appeared to be restored; while lifting up his head to heaven, he soberly and calmly called on the blessed name of Jesus, and with that name on his lips expired.

One Puttedew, and another named Leiton, were both, about this time, burned. The first in Suffolk, for laughingly saying to the priest that when he had drunk up all the wine himself, he afterwards blessed the hungry people with the empty chalice; the latter in Norwich for uttering some words of contempt concerning an idol which they carried in procession, and for holding that the sacrament should be administered in both kinds.

It was in Suffolk also that a man named Peke was burnt, at Ipswich, under circumstances of aggravated cruelty; for being fastened to the stake, he was first scorched with blazing furze-bushes, until his face and body were black as coal: then one Dr. Reading struck him on the shoulder with a long wand, exclaiming, "Peke! recant; and believe that the sacrament of the altar is the very body of Christ, flesh, blood, and bone, after the priest hath spoken the words of consecration over it;" showing him a scroll of paper, by which he declared he had authority to absolve him for his unbelief. The martyr, whose veins had burst internally through the fierceness of the fire, and extremity of his anguish, cast a stream of blood from his mouth, while answering, "I defy it, and thee also." Whereon the doctor, turning to the spectators, said, "To as many as shall cast a stick to the burning of this heretic, is granted forty days of pardon, by my lord bishop of Norwich." To the

shame of their knighthood it is recorded, that on hearing this, the baron Curzon, Sir John Audley and others, rose from their seats, and with their swords cutting down boughs from the surrounding trees, cast them into the fire. A cheap mode of purchasing remission for nearly six weeks' guilt!



## CHAPTER VII.

THE SIX ARTICLES—CROMWELL—BARNES—GARRET—HIEROME.

THE lady Jane Seymour having survived the birth of prince Edward only a day or two, the king remained in a state of widowhood for two years; after which by the judicious advice of Cromwell, earl of Essex, he contracted a marriage with the princess Ann of Cleves. This union would greatly have tended to the establishment of protestantism in England, by confirming the amicable relationship between Henry and the German princes, who were fully bent to extinguish the papal power: but the wily Gardiner, who possessed too much of the royal ear, was ever at hand to thwart all that promised well for true religion; and now he wrought on the fickle king, under pretence of strengthening his authority by maintaining an outward zeal for the religion of which he had declared himself the head, to strike a deadly blow at the root of the reformation. Under this evil influence, the king summoning his parliament, with a convocation of all the prelates and learned clergy of the realm, in April, 1540, they jointly decreed and promulgated the celebrated act of the Six Articles, more aptly termed "the scourge with six strings," which proved as sanguinary a gift as any country ever received from its legislators.

As reference is so often to be made to this wicked act, it may be well to state its provisions: they were as follows:—

I. That in the most blessed sacrifice of the altar, by the strength and efficacy of Christ's mighty word, it being spoken by the priest, is present really, under the form of bread and wine, the natural body and blood of our Saviour

Jesus Christ, conceived of the Virgin Mary; and that after the consecration there remaineth no substance of bread and wine, or any other substance, but the substance of Christ, God and man.

II. That the communion in both kinds is not necessary to salvation, by the law of God, to all persons: and that it is to be believed, and not doubted of, but that in the flesh, under form of bread, is the very blood, and with the blood under form of wine is the very flesh, as well apart as they were both together.

III. That priests, after the order of priesthood received as afore, may not marry, by the law of God.

IV. That vows of chastity or widowhood, by man or woman made to God advisedly, ought to be observed by the law of God; and that it exempteth them from other liberties of Christian people, which without they might enjoy.

V. That it is meet and necessary, that private masses be continued in this English church and congregation; as whereby good Christian people, ordering themselves, accordingly, do receive both godly and goodly consolations and benefits: and it is agreeable also to God's law.

VI. That auricular confession is expedient and necessary to be retained and continued, used and frequented in the church of God.

The prelates, who had agreed upon these antiscrptural articles, perceiving that, amid the extending light of gospel truth they would never be consented to by the people, unless under the compulsion of severe and bloody penalties, induced the king and parliament to enact that any one who should publish, preach, teach, say, affirm, declare, dispute, argue, or hold any opinion contrary to the first article—which, in the broadest terms, sets forth the dogma of transubstantiation,—together with their aiders, comforters, counsellors, consenters, and abettors therein, should be deemed heretics, and suffer death by burning, without any abjuration, or benefit of the clergy or sanctuary, forfeiting also the whole of their property to the king, as in cases of high treason: that any person who should teach or hold any thing contrary to the remaining five, should, for the first offence, suffer imprisonment at the king's pleasure, with like forfeiture of goods: and for the second be put to death as a felon. To complete the matter, an inquisition was appointed, of which the archbishop, bishop,

his chancellor or his commissary, was always to be one, to sit at least four times in the year, with full powers to try and adjudge the cases of suspected heresy or contumacy.

In the enactment of this dreadful law, one man alone was found to make an open protest against the proceeding: and that man was archbishop Cranmer. He made his allegations against the articles with so much modesty, humility, and loyal respect for the king, repeatedly declaring that the cause which he advocated was not his own but that of Almighty God, that even Henry could not take offence; nor did the power of his reasoning admit of any attempt at refutation, on the part of his unworthy brethren. The king only requested him to retire from the council chamber, that, in his absence, the act might be passed: but this Cranmer, with humble firmness, refused to do: and maintained his protest to the last. The king judging how much he must be afflicted at the deed, afterwards sent Cromwell and all the barons to him, at Lambeth, to signify the royal approval of his conscientious course, to commend his learning and zeal, and to comfort him under his defeat. To which Cranmer, while suitably acknowledging the honour put upon him, also added, he hoped in God that, hereafter, his allegations and authorities should prevail, to the glory of God, and commodity of the realm.

The enemies of God's truth having thus far triumphed, their next step was to remove its most powerful upholder. Cranmer was beyond their reach, neither could they then fear much from him; but lord Cromwell, who, by his singular talents and admirable conduct had risen from an humble walk of life to be earl of Essex, lord high chamberlain, and the king's bosom-friend and counsellor, was known as the fast and fearless patron of such as loved the gospel; ever using his interest with the monarch to promote the cause. His fall was contrived by Winchester and others, who too well understood the weak points in Henry's unhappy character; and on a false charge of treason this upright nobleman was suddenly arrested, condemned, and beheaded.

Yet a more formidable foe than Cromwell remained, by all means to be put out of the way: this was the Bible, which under his patronage had been translated by Coverdale, with the help of Tindal's version. The bishops made great complaints to the king of the translation, particularly

of the preface; and, under the pretence of emendating it, they obtained an order to stay its sale. Grafton, the printer, was committed to the Fleet for six weeks, and only liberated on binding himself, under a penalty of three hundred pounds, an enormous sum in those days, not to sell or to print any more Bibles, until the king and clergy should have agreed on a translation:—a thing that never came to pass in Henry's reign.

Stephen Gardiner was now free, as far as the Lord would permit, to pursue his career of persecution; nor was he slack in availing himself thereof. The first victims of any note, were three who suffered together: and whose story we proceed to relate: BARNES—GARRET—HIEROME. Dr. Robert Barnes has already been mentioned, as holding the truth, and being made profitable to Bayfield. He was educated at Louvaine; and on his return became prior of the Augustine convent at Cambridge, where he soon introduced letters to a far greater extent than they were then known at the university, many of the students of which came to him for better teaching than they could get at college. All this human learning he made subservient to the great end of encouraging the study of Holy Scripture, in which he mightily excelled; yet he saw not the abominable idolatry of the Romish church, until, by means of good Bilney, he was converted to Christ.

His preaching soon showed the change in his sentiments, and many flocked to hear him: until the matter coming to the ears of the vice chancellor, and great efforts being fruitlessly made to induce his recantation, a serjeant at arms was sent down from London, who arrested him openly in the convocation house, for the better intimidation of others, and then proceeded to search the chambers of his friends for Luther's books; but these, by timely warning, had been safely conveyed away, and the captors took nothing back to cardinal Wolsey but his person.

Wolsey questioned and reasoned with him, somewhat in a strain of good humour; but finding him very steadfast, committed him to safe custody, for further examination. Barnes held out a while; but through the importunate persuasions of friends, who savoured more of the things of this world than of the things of God, he was at last induced to recant, and to do penance with others who had abjured, before the cardinal and a vast multitude, at St. Paul's. He was then confined in the Fleet for half a year, and after-

wards left more at large, though still a prisoner at the Austin friars': where, being entrapped by his artful keepers, and again complained of to the cardinal, he was condemned to be burnt at Northampton. However, he providentially made his escape, under the appearance of having drowned himself, and repairing to Antwerp, thence to Luther, fully studied the great question in dispute, and published a book against his adversaries.

Intimate with the glorious reformers of Germany, he became highly favoured both by the elector of Saxony and the king of Denmark; the latter of whom sent him attached to an embassy to the court of England, where sir Thomas More would gladly have laid hands on him; but through the friendship of Cromwell, the king was too well disposed towards him to suffer it. Having again visited Luther, and published his books at Wittemberg, he came, in the beginning of Anna Boleyn's reign, to London; where he preached boldly and faithfully; until, after the death of Jane Seymour, Henry sent him to the duke of Cleves, to negotiate his marriage with the lady Anna. But shortly afterwards Stephen Gardiner came into power, and thenceforth evil prospered in the land. Dr. Barnes was arrested, and examined before the king at Hampton Court. Henry, evidently anxious to befriend him, strove to accommodate matters between him and Winchester, but through the malice of the latter, and the firmness of Barnes, little was done towards it. Garret and Hierome were his companions in tribulation, lying under the same charge; and for the clearance of themselves from it, they were appointed to preach three sermons on the Easter following at the Spital.

This was in 1541. Gardiner, anxious to forestal the preachers, lest their doctrine might touch the people, craved permission to preach on the third Sunday before Barnes; and took for his text the temptation of our Lord. Some of his remarks are worth recording, to show what was esteemed heresy in those days. Speaking on the abuse of Scripture by Satan, in persuading our Lord to cast himself down, he said, "Now-a-days the devil tempteth the world, and biddeth them to cast themselves backward. There is no forward in the new teaching, but all backward. Now the devil teacheth, Come back from fasting, come back from praying, come back from confession, come back from weeping for thy sins; and all is backward: insomuch that

men must now learn to say their pater noster backward. For where we said, Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors, now it is, As thou forgavest our debts, so will I forgive my debtors; and so God must forgive first, and all, I say, is turned backward." Moreover, alluding to the suppression of the monkish orders, he said, "Now that the devil perceiveth it can no longer be borne to buy and sell heaven by the friars, he has excogitate to offer heaven without works for it, so freely, that men shall not need for heaven to work at all, whatsoever opportunity they have to work; many, if they will have any higher place in heaven, will leave no work unrewarded; but as to being in heaven, it needs no works at all, but only belief, only, only, and nothing else." Thus faithfully did Winchester proclaim the gospel while denouncing it as a heresy!

When the day came for Barnes to preach, he took the same text that the bishop had done, setting forth the truth no less vehemently therefrom, than Gardiner had promulgated his errors; playing, according to the quaint fashion of those times, on his opponent's name; declaring what evil herbs this gardener had set in the garden of God's Scripture; and observing that if he had answered him in the schools as unlearnedly as he had preached at the cross, he would have bestowed some stripes on him. This so moved Gardiner, that he carried a heavy complaint to the king; who, giving too much heed to him, severely rebuked Barnes. When the latter submitted himself to his Majesty, "Nay," said the king, "yield thee not to me, I am a mortal man." Then rising, he turned to where the wafer was placed, in its little box or tabernacle, and doffing his bonnet, added, "Yonder is the Master of us all, the Author of Truth, yield in truth to him, and that truth will I defend, and otherwise yield thee not to me." It was finally agreed that Barnes should dispute with Winchester on the grand and vital question, "Whether a man could do any thing good or acceptable before the grace of justification, or not?" Barnes maintained the negative: it was the Lord's good pleasure that he should yield his life in defence of the doctrine which Martin Luther has justly called the test of a standing or falling church—justification by faith, irrespective of human merit. The king had willed that Barnes should go to the bishop's house to be trained and directed by him: but after two days' attendance, he got so weary of the unprofitable talk that he heard there, as to give it over, and come no

more. This grievously offended the king, who peremptorily commanded him and his companions, in their ensuing sermons at the Spital, openly in writing to revoke the doctrine that they had taught; Stephen Gardiner being present to witness that recantation. Barnes, in compliance with his promise to the king, formally read the paper of abjuration: then, after extorting from Winchester an unwilling sign and token of his personal forgiveness, by holding up his hand before the people, he proceeded to his sermon, openly and forcibly preaching to the very point of those truths which he had been constrained to recant. So unequivocally did he set them forth, that at the conclusion of his sermon, the mayor, sitting next to Winchester, inquired of him, whether he should send him straight from the pulpit to prison, to be forthcoming for his daring act, in preaching contrary to his recantation.

The friends of the gospel greatly exulted in this bold device, whereby Barnes and his two fellow-sufferers, by satisfying the negligent persons sent to overlook them, with the mere reading of a form of words, obtained freedom to preach fully the doctrine of Christ, without hinderance, to a multitude of attentive hearers. That by so doing they sealed their own doom, they could not doubt: and their immediate committal to the tower, until, two days after the execution of Cromwell, they were brought to the stake, was the only sequel to which they could have looked. Barnes was no ordinary character: nor had he moved in an obscure sphere. He had been the accredited representative of crowned heads; enjoying both in his civil and ecclesiastical capacity a warrant to treat Gardiner with an unceremonious plainness, that under other circumstances might appear unseemly. He did vast service to the cause of truth in his life, and magnified it in his willing death.

THOMAS GARRET was a curate in Honey lane, London; who, about the year 1526 removed to Oxford, taking with him several scriptural treatises in Latin, with the first edition of Tindal's English Testament, which he sold to several of the students. This was known to cardinal Wolsey and the bishop of London, who, in their zeal for the suppression of heresy, despatched trusty messengers to Oxford, to make private search, and burn every book they could lay hold of, belonging to Garret's store: intending the same fate for himself, if they succeeded in apprehending him. In the latter instance they failed for the time, as Garret



escaped his pursuers by flight and concealment, until, at the same time with Dr. Barnes, he was taken, and with him sentenced to the fire.

WILLIAM HIEROME, vicar of Stepney, was a diligent preacher of God's word, seeking to remove from the minds of the people those idle dreams and unscriptural fancies, with which it was the policy of the Romish priests to confuse them, supplanting these weeds by the wholesome grain of gospel truth. On the fourth Sunday in Lent, in this year, he had taken for his text the epistle for the day, from Gal. iv. setting forth the two covenants as typified by Hagar and Sarah, which he expounded according to the words of St. Paul, showing that all who were spiritual Isaacs, born of the free-woman, Sarah, were freely justified; whereas the children of the bond-woman were bound under the law, and could not so be justified. It may be marvelled how any man could fix the brand of erroneous doctrine on declarations so accordant with the very letter of Scripture: but the charge was this, that he had spoken of free justification absolutely, without the condition either of baptism or penance, or any of the adjuncts insisted on by the church of Rome. No doubt, if St. Paul himself had then been at Paul's cross, and had preached the same words to Englishmen which he wrote to the Galatians, he had been apprehended as a heretic, for preaching against the sacraments of baptism and penance. Another accusation against Hierome was for teaching that magistrates could not make laws binding on the inferior people, unless by the commandment and authority of the prince, to whom alone the power belonged. Also, that if the prince make laws accordant with the law of God, we are bound to obey him: if, on the contrary, his laws be repugnant to God's law, and he be an evil and wicked prince, we are bound humbly to suffer, and not violently to resist him. When Dr. Wilson, disputing with him, asserted that good works justified before God, being necessary and available to salvation, Hierome replied, That all works, whatever they might be, were nothing worth, nor any part of salvation of themselves, but only referred to the mercy and love of God, which directed the workers thereof; the same mercy and goodness accepting them. This his opponent could not deny. It was clearly the privilege of Hierome, as of Barnes, to die for that vital doctrine—free justification by faith.

The sermons preached by these three confessors at Paul's

cross, have already been alluded to. All pursued the same plan, using the occasion to set forth Christ crucified, with great power, before a large concourse of people; and this being reported at court, they were of course again arrested, and thrown into the tower, where they were kept from Easter until 30th of July following, two days after the unjust execution of Cromwell, when they were brought to Smithfield, to swell the noble army of martyrs already before the throne of the Lamb. Barnes made a striking protestation of his faith, at considerable length, wherein he thus expressed himself concerning faith and works. After confessing the Lord Jesus Christ in his incarnation and sufferings, he continued, "And I believe that this his death and passion was the sufficient ransom for the sin of all the world. And I believe that through his death he overcame sin, death, and hell, and that there is none other satisfaction unto the Father, but this his death and passion only, and that no work of man can deserve any thing of God, but only his passion, as touching our justification; for I know the best work that ever I did is impure and imperfect." Here he cast abroad his hands, and desired God to forgive him his trespasses: then continued, addressing the people, "For although perchance you know nothing by me, yet do I confess that my thoughts and cogitations be innumerable; wherefore, I beseech thee, O Lord, not to enter into judgment with me, according to the saying of the prophet, 'Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord;' and in another place, 'Lord, if thou strictly mark our iniquities, who is able to abide thy judgment?' Wherefore I trust in no good work that ever I did, but only in the death of Christ. I do not doubt but through him to inherit the kingdom of heaven. Take me not here that I speak against good works, for they are to be done; and verily they that do them not shall never come into the kingdom of God. We must do them, because they are commanded us of God, to show and set forth our profession, not to deserve or merit; for that is only the death of Christ." After speaking with due honour of the Virgin Mary and the saints, rejecting as unscriptural the custom of praying to them, he thus most beautifully concluded; "Notwithstanding, if they pray for us or no, that I refer to God. And if saints do pray for us, then I trust to pray for you within this half hour, Mr. Sheriff, and for every Christian man living in the faith of Christ, and dying in the same, as a saint. Wherefore, if

the dead may pray for the quick, I will surely pray for you."

It is impossible not to pause upon these words, to render thanks to the Most High God for the great grace thus vouchsafed to his faithful witness. Before him was the stake to which he and his two brethren were to be bound, and the faggots that should scorch the flesh from their bones, in a lingering, cruel death: around him the men whose office it was to light the flames and those who came to mock at the calamity of God's servants. Beside him stood the officer, the immediate superintendent of these barbarous inflictions, armed with a power which he was about to exercise for the consummation of the awful crime. To pray for his murderers he could not fail, while walking so closely in the footsteps of his persecuted Master; but the turn so gracefully, so delicately, so tenderly given to a point in that very controversy wherein he was about to suffer the tortures of a fiery death, bespeaks a mind so composed, elevated, and kept in perfect peace by being stayed upon the Lord—so full of Christ's constraining love, and universal charity for the souls of men, that it may well be recorded as one of the brightest among the beams of divine light reflected on our glorified martyrs, and shining out to us, with an impressive injunction to follow them, as they followed Christ.

After this Dr. Barnes calmly inquired whether there were any other articles against him for which he was condemned. The sheriff answered, No; he turned to the people, asking, "Is there any man else that knoweth wherefore I die, or that by my preaching hath taken any error? Let them now speak, and I will make them answer." All were silent. He then meekly remarking that he was condemned by act of parliament, belike for heresy, prayed forgiveness for those who caused his death. "And Dr. Stephen, bishop of Winchester that now is," continued the heavenly-minded martyr, "if he have sought or wrought this my death, either by word or deed, I pray God forgive him, as heartily, as freely, as charitably, and without feigning, as even Christ forgave them that put him to death."

He next besought the sheriff to convey to the king five dying requests from him. "First, that when his grace hath received into his hands all the goods and substance of the abbey"—here the sheriff intreated him to stop, but he said, "Mr. Sheriff, I warrant you I will speak no harm,

for I know it is well done that all such superstition be clear taken away, and the king's grace hath well done in taking it away. But his grace is made a whole king, and obeyed in this whole realm as a king—which neither his father nor grandfather, neither his ancestors that reigned before him ever had—and *that through the preaching of us, and such other wretches as we are, which always have applied our whole studies, and given ourselves to the setting forth of the same, and this is now our reward.* Well, it maketh no matter; now he reigneth among you, I pray God he may long live and reign among you. Would to God it may please his grace to bestow the said goods, or some of them, to the comfort of his poor subjects, which surely have great need of them." The second request was for the greater honouring of matrimony, and checking of unjust divorces and profligacy. The third for the punishment and repression of swearing: and then he turned to a gentleman near, requesting him to commend him to a Mr. Edgar, and to desire him for the dear blood of Jesus Christ, that he would leave that abominable swearing which he used; for surely except he did forsake it, he would come to some mischievous end. The fourth petition was, that the king would set forth Christ's true religion, and go on in what he had begun; for though much had been done, much more remained to do. Also, that the king would himself study God's word. Here he asked how many requests he had spoken of: the people said, Four. He remarked those four would suffice; again commending his entreaty to the king, that he would take heed of false teachers: and so, having prayed forgiveness of any whom he might have offended, and called them to bear witness that he died in the faith of Jesus Christ, and entreated them all to pray for him, he quietly put off his clothes, making ready for the fire, patiently there to take his death.

In like manner Hierome made an explicit and orthodox confession of his faith, exhorting the people to brotherly love, to patience in suffering, to an earnest cleaving to Christ, and to holiness of life. He concluded thus: "Now, therefore, let all Christians put no confidence in their works, but in the blood of Christ, to whom I commit my soul to guide, beseeching you all to pray to God for me, and for my brethren here present with me, that our souls, leaving these wretched carcasses, may constantly depart in the true faith of Christ."

Garret's confession and exhortation, delivered in a like spirit, ended thus: "And thus now I yield my soul up to Almighty God, trusting and believing that he, of his infinite mercy, for the promise made in the blood of his Son, our most merciful Saviour Jesus Christ, will take it, and pardon me of all my sins, whereby I have most grievously from my youth offended his majesty: wherefore I ask him mercy, desiring you all to pray with me and for me, that I may patiently suffer this pain, and die steadfastly in true faith, perfect hope, and charity."

Having together prayed to the Lord Jesus to be their comfort in this their affliction, and to establish them with perfect faith, constancy, and patience, through the Holy Ghost, they took each other by the hands and kissing each other, quietly and humbly offered themselves to the tormentors, with heavenly alacrity and cheerfulness, ready to abide whatsoever it pleased the Lord to lay upon them; and having witnessed a good confession before men, they obeyed the voice that called them into the presence of their glorified Redeemer.

At the same time, and in the same place, while these three godly ministers of the gospel, after long preaching Christ from their respective pulpits, more eloquently preached him in the flames, three miserable men, named Powel, Featherstone, and Abel, were hanged for denying the king's supremacy. In Smithfield, at the very same hour, were three burned for protestantism and three hanged for popery. Nay, they were drawn together to the place of execution on three hurdles, each conveying a papist and a protestant! Such was the fruit of a divided council, headed by a captious tyrannical prince, neither the one or the other rightly knowing what he believed or whereof he affirmed, as is manifest from their agreeing in nothing but putting to death all who differed from them as they differed from each other. It is a fearful spectacle to contemplate, and one that should send home to our hearts the apostolic injunction to make supplication "for kings, and for all that are in authority, that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life, in all godliness and honesty."

## CHAPTER VIII.

PERSECUTIONS—PLAIN PREACHING—PORTER—SOMMERS—TESTWOOD—  
FILMER—PEARSON—DAMLIP—KERBY AND CLARKE—ANNE ASKEW.

KING Henry having issued severe commissions to the officers ecclesiastical and civil throughout England, for searching out and punishing all suspected heretics under the six articles' act, Bonner commenced his work in London by burning a boy of fifteen, named Mekins, after an obstinate refusal on the part of the jury to return any indictment against the child. Thereon followed so general a persecution, that all the prisons in the metropolis were insufficient to hold the accused persons, and many were confined in the halls; until, by the intercession of Lord Audley, the king was induced to let them become sureties for one another for an appearance to which they were not called—so they escaped. One of these was Alexander Seton, a minister, afterwards compelled to recant, who had preached free justification with a boldness and clearness truly admirable. As a specimen of the style used in those days, when the preacher's chief aim was to make his discourse comprehensible to the most unlettered of his flock, we subjoin a quaint and striking illustration, from the sermon for which Seton was called to account.

“I say that neither thy good works, nor any thing that thou canst do, can be one jot or tittle towards thy justification. For if they be, then is not Christ a full justifier, and that will I prove by a familiar example. Be it in case I have two servants, the one called John and the other Robert, and I promise to send you such a day £20. by John, my servant, and at my day, I send you by John, my servant, £19. 19s. 11<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>d. and there lacketh but one farthing, which Robert doth bring thee, and so thou hast thy twenty pounds, every penny and farthing. Yet will I ask, if I be true to my promise or no, and thou must say nay. And why? because I promised to send thee that whole twenty pound by John, and did not, for there lacked a farthing, which Robert brought. Wherefore, I say, if thy works do merit or bring one little jot or tittle towards thy justification, then is Christ false of his promise, which said he would do all together.”

Again, "Men say we deny good works, and fasting, and prayer. They lie on us; we deny nothing but popish works, and popish fasting, and popish prayer: and he that preacheth that works do merit, or fasting doth merit, or prayer doth merit, doth preach a popish doctrine." "If you ask, if good works shall be rewarded, I say yea, with no less than eternal glory, but for no merit that they deserve, for they deserve nothing; but only because God hath promised; not for the merit of the work, but for his promise sake, and he will not break his promise."

While thus after the apostolic model, our reformers used great plainness of speech, we cannot marvel that the common people heard them gladly, and acquired, under the divine influence, a clear apprehension of heavenly truths. Soon after followed a most cruel and dreadful martyrdom; the victim being a young man named JOHN PORTER. When Bonner was ambassador at Paris, in the days of lord Cromwell, he had promoted the publishing of the large Bible, declaring he would have six of them set up in St. Paul's church, for the people to read. This was done, by royal proclamation, six Bibles being chained to as many antique desks, and left for the public inspection. Under this sanction, many well disposed persons flocked to avail themselves of the blessed privilege, and when one could be found to read in an audible voice, he never lacked a throng of attentive listeners. John Porter was a tall, powerful young man, with an excellent voice, who, by diligent study of the Scriptures, and hearing godly sermons, had become very expert in this exercise. He often took his station at one of the desks, while multitudes attracted by his superior reading, crowded to hear. But now the world began again to frown on the followers of Christ's gospel, and Bonner, of course, changed his countenance with it. He sent for Porter, rebuking him sharply for his public readings; to which the young man replied, that he trusted he had done nothing contrary to the law, nor to the printed advertisements fixed over every Bible.

Bonner then charged him with expounding the text, and gathering multitudes about him to make tumults; which, Porter said, he trusted could not be proved against him. He was, however, sent to Newgate by the bishop, and fettered both in the legs and arms, with an iron collar about his neck, fastened to the wall of his dungeon. A kinsman, hearing of his cruel case, interceded; and, by friendship

and money, prevailed to have him released from his irons, and removed to the felon's quarter, where murderers and other criminals awaited the sentence of the law. Porter, witnessing their blasphemy and other wickedness, exhorted them to amendment of life, giving them the instructions that he had learned from the Holy Scriptures. For this he was complained of, and carried down to the deepest dungeon of all, where he lay, oppressed with bolts and fetters, and within six days after was found dead.

There was an instrument of torture called "the devil on the neck," so contrived as to wrest and strain the neck and legs together, every movement of the sufferer so increasing the pressure, that in the course of a few hours the back and body of a strong man would be crushed and broken to pieces by it. In this horrible machine it is supposed that John Porter was put; for on the last night of his life, those who slept near his dungeon heard the most piteous moans and cries proceeding from it, during such time as he would probably have survived, under this dreadful torment. The fact was never fully proved: it will be revealed in the great day, when he and his murderers meet before the throne of judgment.

A merchant named Thomas Sommers also died in prison, where he lay for the following cause. He was convicted, with others, of having Luther's books, and through good interest, was only condemned with some others to ride from the Tower to Cheapside with the said books about his neck,—there to burn them. When it came to the turn of the New Testament to be consumed, Sommers contrived to throw it over the fire; but being detected, it was brought back to him, with a command to cast it into the flames. He again flung it through and beyond them, for which, while the holy volume was rescued by a bystander, the man who so revered it was recommitted to the Tower, and there died. By what means is not known. The infamous six articles continued to fill the gaols, and crowd the courts with denounced heretics. Thomas Bernard and James Morton were burned together, by the bishop of Lincoln, the one for teaching the Lord's prayer in English, the other for possessing St. James' Epistle in the same tongue.

The king having put away Anne of Cleves, married Katherine Howard, in 1541; and the next year beheaded her. The evil effects of Winchester's unholy influence, contrasted with the faithful counsels of the murdered Crom-



well, now appeared to be felt by the unhappy monarch, and he set himself once more to check the abuses of the popish system. Pilgrimages and idolatry were the principal objects of this fit of reformation; but while he thus amused himself, the lives of his subjects continued to be taken, at the will of every malignant enemy who could forge an accusation. Of this, a lamentable instance was given, in the year 1544, in the martyrdom of three persons at Windsor, whose story comes next in course.

ROBERT TESTWOOD, a citizen of London, was so celebrated for his skill in music, that the choir of Windsor desired to secure his assistance, and although he was suspected of being a gospeller, they settled him among them. He was, however, a man of bold spirit, and lively temper, and soon gave the popish canons an occasion against him; which they would have used to his destruction, on the ground of his denying the pope's supremacy, but on the very day when the charge should have been entered on, came the unexpected intelligence that the parliament in London had abolished that supremacy, whereby, of course the mouths of Testwood's adversaries were stopped. On several other occasions he proved his enlightened abhorrence of the idolatrous tenets of Rome; but nothing could be done against him, until a cruel bigot, Dr. London, being appointed a prebendary of Windsor, and exceedingly mad against the gospel, by his crafty devices, entrapped Testwood into a declaration of his faith in one Mediator, even Christ, and marked him for destruction.

HENRY FILMER was a churchwarden of Windsor, in 1541, a godly man; he had an inveterate enemy named Simons, a lawyer in the same town, who having been foiled in a base attempt to injure Filmer with the bishop, constantly vowed revenge, and availed himself of the ready help of Dr. London, on his arrival.

ANTHONY PEARSON was a priest, frequently preaching at Windsor, whose scriptural views offended this Simons, who noted both the contents of his discourses and the names of his auditors, ultimately tending to the death of many. When the new prebendary came down, he was soon apprised that Testwood, Filmer, and Pearson were meet fuel for the flames of popish intolerance, and lost no time in reporting them to Stephen Gardiner, who making a plausible complaint to the king, obtained his sanction to a search for prohibited books, and the punishment of such as should

be proved heretics and troublers of the public peace. On this ground, Pearson, Testwood, Filmer, and two others, named Marbeck and Bennet, who escaped the fire, were apprehended, and about the time of Henry's marriage with Katherine Parr, they were brought up for trial before a packed court and jury of merciless persecutors.

The charges against Pearson were for denying transubstantiation, and for asserting that the bread of life is the word of God. He replied by appealing to the Lord, to the Scriptures, and to the true church of Christ, as to whether his doctrine was heresy or no; adding, "So long as I preached the bishop of Rome, and his filthy traditions, I was never troubled; but since I have taken upon me to preach Christ and his gospel, ye have always sought my life. But it maketh no matter, for when ye have taken your pleasure of my body, I trust it shall not be in your power to hurt my soul."

Testwood was accused of mocking at the elevation of the wafer, which he denied: that when the sacrament was lifted up over the priest's head, he, instead of paying it adoration, looked down on his book, or some other way. "I beseech you, my lord," said Testwood, "whereon did he look that marked me so well?"

Against Filmer his own brother was, by the vile treachery of Simons, and the crafty management of London, suborned as an evidence, that he had denied the miracle of transubstantiation, and offered to read him a chapter in the Bible, in preference to attending mass; which Filmer denied, although, had it been true, he would not have shrunk from confessing it. On these pretences were they all three adjudged to death; and in the prospect of suffering on the morrow they comforted one another during the night with such heavenly talk in the prison, that the sheriff and other gentlemen, who kept watch without, and overheard them, were constrained to shed tears abundantly. They drew their comfort from the death of their Master, Christ, who had led the way before them, trusting that the same Lord who had counted them worthy to suffer so far for his sake, would not now withdraw his strength from them, but give them steadfast faith and power to overcome those fiery torments; and of his free mercy and goodness, without their deserts for his promise' sake, receive their souls. Then praying earnestly for their persecutors, that God would pardon their blind zeal, and turn their hearts to the love

and knowledge of his holy word, they all fell into a deep and quiet sleep, until roused to prepare for the stake. They did not, however, die that day; a respite occurring, in order to the pardoning of their companion, Marbeck.

After some conference with Romish priests, they were led forth, desiring the people to pray for them, to stand fast in the faith of the gospel, and not to be moved at their afflictions, for it was the happiest thing that ever came to them. Two canons riding beside them, strove to persuade them back into the popish church, to whom Pearson exclaimed, "Away with your Romish doctrine, and all your trumpery, for we will no more of it," and being come to the stake, he, with a cheerful countenance, embraced the post; and kissing it, said, "Now welcome mine own sweet wife; for this day shalt thou and I be married together in the love and peace of God."

In the same happy spirit they all went to the fire, accepting the offer of some beer from a young friend, and pledging one another in the name of the Lord. With such cheerfulness, such humility and steadfastness did they endure to the last, that many who saw their patient sufferings, confessed that they could at the moment have found in their hearts to die with them.

By the providence of God, the base conspiracy was detected, and reported to the king, at that time in good humour at his recent marriage: and he, withdrawing still more his countenance from Winchester, caused London, Simons, and an accomplice of theirs, to be publicly disgraced and pilloried as perjured accusers.

A severe persecution had commenced in the town of Calais, against a number of English subjects, who, shortly before the Lord Cromwell's death, were brought to London on a charge of heresy, and after a long imprisonment, variously disposed of: some recanting, others at length fully pardoned of the king. One, however, a converted priest, named Adam Damlip, who had preached with great acceptance in Calais, and against whom Winchester was particularly bent, escaped by flight, at the private suggestion of Cranmer. He was afterwards retaken, and after a long captivity in the tower, most wickedly adjudged to suffer as a traitor, merely because the king's free pardon, lately extended to the accused, prevented his being burned for heresy. He was taken back to Calais, and there hanged, drawn and quartered, receiving the crown of martyrdom in

the like spirit with his companions in tribulation at home. Two others were burned in the same town within a year afterwards, for the faith of the gospel.

In 1545 some qualification of the six articles was agreed to in parliament, which a little further mitigated the merciless rigour of the original act; already somewhat softened in the preceding year, by permitting the impugners of transubstantiation to recant: whereas, before, inevitable death was the penalty. But enough of the original venom was left to render it a meet instrument of destruction in the hands of a persecuting clergy; or of malignant private foes, who willed to compass the death of Christ's flock. It pleased God to glorify himself again in Suffolk, in the martyrdom of two simple men, named Kerby and Clarke, who, early in the following year, were arraigned before Lord Wentworth, sitting in commission at Ipswich, on the accustomed charges. The night before their trial, a young gentleman named Wingfield, tried, by all persuasion, to avert the consequences by inducing them to recant. "Remember," he said to Kerby, "the fire is hot; take heed of thy enterprise, that thou take no more upon thee than thou shalt be able to perform. The terror is great, the pain will be extreme, and life is sweet. Better it were betime to stick to mercy, while there is hope of life, than rashly to begin, and then to shrink:" with other words of persuasion. To whom the poor man answered, "Ah, master Wingfield, be at my burning, and you shall say, there standeth a Christian soldier in the fire: for I know that fire and water, sword and all other things, are in the hands of God, and he will suffer no more to be laid upon us than he will give strength to bear."

They were tried by virtue of the ex-officio statute, the bishop's commissary sitting on the bench with lord Wentworth. When brought forward, Kerby and Clarke lifted up their eyes and hands to heaven, with great devotion, continuing for some minutes in secret prayer. The law was then declared to them, and they were asked whether they believed that after the words of consecration spoken by the priest, there were not the very body and blood of Christ, flesh, blood, and bone, as he was born of the Virgin Mary, and no bread after.

No, they answered, "they did not so believe: but they believed the sacrament, instituted by Jesus Christ at his last supper, was only to put all men in remembrance of his

precious death and blood-shedding for the remission of sins; and that there was neither flesh nor blood to be eaten with the teeth, but bread and wine, and yet more than bread and wine, for it is consecrated to a holy use." Much persuasion, many threats, arguments, and exhortations were resorted to, in order to remove these simple men from their point of sound doctrine; but nothing availed. They preferred to die in defence of their faith, rather than to live by denying it. Kerby was sentenced to be burned in that town on the following day, which was Saturday; and Clarke, at Bury, on the Monday after. On hearing his sentence, Kerby lifted up his hands, and reverently bowing, ejaculated, "Praised be Almighty God!" then remained silent and still. As they were conveyed away to their several destinations, Clarke broke out in a loud voice and with great vehemence, addressing the papists, and alluding to their idol of the mass, "Fight for your god, for he hath not long to continue."

At ten o'clock next morning, Kerby was brought forth into the market place of Ipswich, and while they fastened him to the stake with irons, heaping wood, broom, and straw about him—the justices, with lord Wentworth, being in a gallery just by, and at least two thousand people assembled round him—one Dr. Rugham, who had been a monk of Bury, standing by lord Wentworth in the gallery, entered upon a discourse from John vi., to which Kerby attentively listened. So long as the preacher departed not from the right meaning of Scripture, Kerby told the people that he said true, and bade them believe him: but whenever he uttered any erroneous interpretation, the intrepid martyr, at the stake, called out, "You say not true; believe him not, good people:" the populace evidently abiding by his word, rather than the priest's. Having finished, the doctor asked Kerby if he would not believe as they did concerning the sacrament; to which he boldly answered, "I do not so believe:" and repeated his former declaration, as made in court.

The sheriff asked him if he had more to say, he replied, "Yea, sir, if you will give me leave," and being bid to say on, he took off a night-cap that he had on his head, first placing it under his arm, as if for future service; but recollecting himself he cast it away, and lifting up his hands, aloud recited the Te Deum, the creed, and other prayers in English: lord Wentworth, the while, hid himself behind

one of the posts of the gallery, and wept; as did several others. Kerby then said, "I have done: you may execute your office, good Mr. Sheriff." Then fire was set to the wood, and with a loud voice he called upon God, striking on his breast and holding up his hands, while his senses lasted. While thus he ended his life, the people with loud shouts gave glory to God, in wonder and admiration of his constancy, being so poor and unlettered a man. But he was one of the poor of this world, chosen of God, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom of heaven.

Roger Clarke was brought from the gaol, at Bury, to the south gate of the town, on the Monday following. As he passed along, the procession met him, bearing the host, but instead of bowing, cap or knee, to the wafer, he rebuked their idolatry with words of such vehemency as greatly offended the officers. At the stake he kneeled down, and repeated the *magnificat*, in English, paraphrasing it as he went on; declaring how the blessed Virgin Mary, who might as well rejoice in her purity as any other, yet humbled herself to our Saviour. "And what sayest thou, John Baptist," said he, "the greatest among men's children? 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.'" Thus, with a loud voice, he continued to testify unto the people, while the officers hastened to commence the work of death. His sufferings were dreadful; nearly suffocated by the smoke of green wood, and tortured by the heated pitch adhering to the barrel where he was placed, until one, perchance unable longer to endure the sight, took up a faggot stick, and so smashed his head, that he fell lifeless on one side, and was dissolved in the slow fire.

Hitherto the principal sufferers had been men: we are now to contemplate the excellency of the power of God, as manifested not only in an earthen vessel, but in the weaker of earthen vessels. ANNE ASKEW, a gentlewoman of good family and circumstances, well learned in the Scriptures, was accused on the six articles; and extraordinary pains were taken to win her from the profession of the truth, in defence of which the Lord willed her to suffer beyond the common lot of his martyrs. She underwent various examinations before the pitiless inquisitors; and evidently enjoyed the fulfilment of her Saviour's promise, "I will give you a mouth and wisdom which all your adversaries shall not be able to gainsay or resist."

The examinations that she passed are recorded by her own hand. First, she was summoned before the inquisition at Sadler's Hall, where Christopher Dare asked her whether she did not believe that the sacrament hanging over the altar was the very body of Christ. She replied by asking him, Why Stephen was stoned to death? He said he could not tell. "No more," said she, "will I assoil your vain question." Being charged with reading from a book that God dwelleth not in temples made with hands, she showed the seventh and seventeenth chapters of the Acts. She was asked why she had said that she would rather read five lines in the Bible than hear five masses? She confessed having said it, because the one did greatly edify her, and the other did not at all; citing I Cor. xiv. "If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself for the battle?" Denying that she had ever said, If an ill priest ministered the sacrament to her, it was the devil and not God, she declared her saying to have been, "Whosoever he were that administered unto me, his ill conditions could not hurt my faith, but in spirit I received, nevertheless, the body and blood of Christ."

On her next examination, before the lord mayor, she relates, "Then the bishop's chancellor rebuked me, and said that I was much to blame for uttering the Scriptures. 'For St. Paul,' he said, 'forbade women to speak, or to talk of the word of God.' I answered him that I knew Paul's meaning as well as he, which is in I Cor. xiv. that a woman ought not to speak in the congregation, by the way of teaching. And then I asked him how many women he had seen go into the pulpit and preach? He said he never saw any. Then I said he ought to find no fault in poor women, except they offended against the law."

She was sent to the Compter, where a crafty priest came, under pretence of offering to shrive and counsel, but really to spy out her opinions, for further accusation: but he fared no better than the public examiners. "He asked me," she says, "if the host should fall, and a beast did eat it, whether the beast receive God, or no?" I answered, "Seeing that you have taken the pains to put the question, I desire you also to solve it yourself: for I will not do it, because I perceive you come to tempt me." And he said it was against the order of schools, that he which asked the question should answer it. I told him, I was but a woman, and knew not the course of schools." Thus, with the wis-

dom of the serpent, and harmlessness of the dove, did she baffle their wiles; so that Bonner was obliged to try his own skill. He appointed three o'clock for her examination, but sent for her at one, to a private conference, where affecting great concern and friendship, he intreated her fully to open her mind to him, pledging himself that whatsoever she might say, under his roof, none should take any advantage of her words. She respectfully, but firmly, declined saying any thing until the arrival of her friends, and witnesses. Again and again did he urge her, both before and after their arrival, to unburden her conscience to him; bringing forth what she justly calls this unsavoury similitude, that if a man had a wound, no wise surgeon would minister help unto it, before he had seen it uncovered. "In like case," said he, "can I give you no good counsel, unless I know wherewith your conscience is burdened." She answered, "My conscience is clear in all things; and to lay a plaster on the whole skin, it might appear much folly."

Finding it impossible to beguile her into any self-crimination, he commenced on the articles already drawn up against her, to all which she replied with the same spirit and discretion as before. The bishop, embarrassed by her caution, asked her, Why she had so few words? She answered, "God hath given me the gift of knowledge, but not of utterance: and Solomon saith, 'A woman of few words is the gift of God.'" After a long time passed in these fruitless efforts, they perpetrated as foul a deception as could well have been devised; for after reading to her a short form of confession of faith, and requiring her signature thereto, which she affixed, with this cautious reservation, "I, Anne Askew, do believe all manner of things contained in the faith of the Catholic church:" they substituted for it a totally different document, ready prepared, setting forth minutely the whole abomination of the mass, against which she ceased not to testify, with all other disputed points; and having thereto forged her signature, without any addition, they placed it before those who had seen her sign the former paper, they obtained the attestation of all present, and registered the shameless fabrication. It seems to have been done, by Bonner, expressing great anger at her manner of guarding her confession, flinging into an adjoining room with the paper in his hand; and being persuaded to return, he brought back with him the other. The circum-



stance serves to illustrate the deep "deceivableness of unrighteousness," with which even the most open barbarities of the apostate church are further polluted. After much opposition she was at last suffered to go at large, on heavy recognizance; but in the following year, 1546, she was again arrested, and laid in Newgate, whence she addressed the following admirable letter to a friend. It must be remembered that the charges against her were for disbelieving the corporal presence in the sacrament, and for asserting that God dwelleth not in temples made with hands.

"I do perceive, dear friend in the Lord, that thou art not yet persuaded thoroughly in the truth concerning the Lord's supper, because Christ said unto his disciples, 'Take, eat, this is my body which is given for you.' In giving forth the bread as an outward sign or token to be received with the mouth, he minded them in perfect belief to receive that body of his which should die for the people, and to think the death thereof to be the only health and salvation of their souls. The bread and the wine were left us for a sacramental communion, or a mutual participation of the inestimable benefits of his most precious death and bloodshedding, and that we should in the end thereof be thankful together for that most necessary grace of our redemption. For in the closing up thereof he said, 'This do ye, in remembrance of me.' Yea, 'so oft as ye shall eat or drink it,' Luke xi. and I Cor. xi. else should we have been forgetful of that we ought to have in daily remembrance, and also have been altogether unthankful for it; therefore it is meet that in our prayers we call unto God to graft in our foreheads the true meaning of the Holy Ghost concerning the communion. For St. Paul saith, 'The letter slayeth; the Spirit is it only that giveth life.' 2 Cor. iii. Mark well the sixth chapter of John, where all is applied unto faith; note also the fourth chapter of St. Paul's second epistle to the Corinthians, and in the end thereof ye shall find, that 'the things which are seen are temporal; but they that are not seen are everlasting.' Yea, look in the third chapter to the Hebrews, and ye shall see that Christ as a Son, and no servant, ruleth over his house; 'whose house are we,' and not the dead temple, 'if we hold fast the confidence and rejoicing of that hope unto the end.' Wherefore, as said the Holy Ghost, 'To-day, if ye shall hear his voice, harden not your hearts,' &c. Psalm xciv."

Thus boldly and zealously did Anne Askew, from her

prison-walls, exhort a wavering believer to the full assurance and profession of that which would, in all probability, bring him into the like affliction. Her next citation was before the king's council, at Greenwich, where she was told it was the king's pleasure that she should open the whole matter to them. She refused so to do, but offered to show the truth unto the king himself. They said it was not meet for his majesty to be troubled with her: to which she replied, Solomon was reckoned the wisest king that ever lived, yet misliked he not to hear two poor common women; much more his grace a simple woman and a faithful subject. The lord chancellor questioned her concerning the sacrament: she distinctly avowed her belief, as before. Winchester strove to extort a yet more explicit confession. She told him she would not sing a new song of the Lord in a strange land. During five hours they continued the examination, and it is probable they heard more Scripture that day than ever in their lives before: for she seems to have been so thoroughly armed with it, that, say what they would, her answer came from the blessed book of God.

The next day after a repetition of these vain attempts to make her speak unadvisedly, lord Lisle, lord Essex, and the bishop of Winchester, came to persuade her to recant: instead of which she rebuked the former for counselling her contrary to their own convictions. The bishop said, he would speak familiarly with her. "So did Judas, when he unfriendly betrayed Christ," was her answer. Still Gardiner desired to speak to her alone; she refused, giving as a reason, that "in the mouth of two or three witnesses every matter should stand, after Christ's and Paul's doctrine," referring them to Matt. xviii. and 2 Cor. xiii.

When the chancellor began to examine her again on the sacrament, she asked him how long he would halt on both sides. He inquired where she found that saying? She answered, "In the Scripture; 1 Kings xviii." upon which he went away, put to flight, it would seem, by the sword of the Spirit. The bishop then threatened her with fire. "I have searched all the Scriptures," said she "yet could I never find that either Christ or his apostles put any creature to death;" adding, "Well, well, God will laugh all your threatenings to scorn;" and cited Psalm ii. Once more they strove to make her sign a confession of the real presence in the sacrament; but all to no purpose. She

was remanded to Newgate, in a state of such severe illness, that she expected to die, having never before been in such pain: accordingly she penned a noble confession of her scriptural faith, thus signing it: "Written by me, Anne Askew, that neither wisheth death, nor feareth his might, and as merry as one that is bound towards heaven."

As a last trial of her constancy, she was called up to Guildhall, to be condemned as a heretic if she would not recant her opinion on the sacrament. Being asked if she still denied the corporal presence, she answered, "Yea. For the same Son of God that was born of the Virgin Mary is now glorious in heaven, and will come again from thence at the latter day, like as he went up. Acts i. And as for that ye call your God, it is a piece of bread. For a more proof thereof, mark it when you list, let it but lie in the box three months, and it will be mouldy, and so turn to nothing that is good. Wherefore I am persuaded that it cannot be God." Yet once again was she permitted to repeat her faithful protest, adding thereto the apocryphal but apposite story of the idol Bel, the Scripture proofs from Acts vii. and xvii. and Matt. xxiv. Concluding with these words, "I neither wish death, nor fear his might; God have the praise thereof with thanks."

Remanded to Newgate, after condemnation, she wrote briefly and sweetly her cherished confession of the true faith, both to the chancellor and the king. Once more Rich and Bonner tried their utmost by flattery and persuasion to seduce her from it; but all being vain, they sent her to the tower. What follows is fearfully illustrative of that system under which the martyrs of Jesus bled: "by their fruits shall ye know them," said our Lord. Let popery be judged by its fruits.

Rich and one of the council came to Anne Askew, in the tower, and required her to make disclosures concerning those of her own sect. This she refused to do. Her own simple, unvarnished story will best declare what passed. "They commanded me to show how I was maintained in the Compter, and who willed me to stick to my opinion: I said that there was no creature that therein did strengthen me. And as for the help that I had in the Compter, it was by the means of my maid. For as she went abroad in the streets, she made moan to the 'prentices, and they by her did send me money; but who they were I never knew." It is sweet to think that the Lord knew, though she did

not: and that every cup of cold water thus supplied to his poor persecuted child has received a full reward.

She goes on to state some further questions of the same sort, and proceeds. "Then they did put me on the rack, because I confessed no ladies or gentlewomen to be of my opinion, and thereon they kept me a long time; and because I lay still, and did not cry, my lord chancellor and Mr. Rich took pains to rack me with their own hands till I was nigh dead.

"Then the lieutenant caused me to be loosed down from the rack; I immediately swooned, and then they recovered me again. *After that I sate two long hours, reasoning with my lord chancellor, on the bare floor,* where he, with many flattering words, persuaded me to leave my opinion. But my Lord God, I thank his everlasting goodness, gave me grace to persevere; and will do, I hope, to the very end. Then was I brought to a house and laid on a bed, with as weary and painful bones as ever had patient Job. I thank my Lord God therefore. Then my lord chancellor sent me word, if I would leave my opinion I should want nothing: if I would not, I should forthwith to Newgate, and so to be burned. I sent him again word that I would rather die than break my faith. Thus the Lord open the eyes of their blind hearts, that the truth may take place. Farewell, dear friend, and pray, pray, pray."

This story of her sufferings was confirmed and enlarged by the lieutenant of the tower, who was so shocked by the satanic cruelty of the proceeding that he refused, at the chancellor's command, to resume the torture, after he saw the state to which her tender and delicate frame was reduced. Upon which the two fiends in human form, Wrisley the chancellor, and Rich, after the former had threatened the officer with the king's vengeance for his disobedience, threw off their gowns, and took the pullies in their own hands! They first inquired of her if she were pregnant, to which the heroic martyr replied, "Ye shall not need to spare for that; but do your wills upon me." And so, quietly and patiently praying unto the Lord, she abode their tyranny, till her bones and joints were almost plucked asunder; and she was, after her two hours' subsequent reasoning with the monster Wrisley, taken up from the floor, and carried away in a chair.

Females of England! this is popery: this is the smooth and glossy serpent that, concealing its envenomed fangs, is now

seeking to glide into the bosoms of your families, to nestle in the warmth of your fostering liberality, until, with noiseless motion, it attains a vantage ground whereon to wrap you in its folds, and leave you only the alternative of Anne Askew—apostasy, or torture and death.

The lieutenant of the tower, fearing Wrisley's threats, secretly took boat, and hastened to the king, declaring the things he had witnessed. Henry seemed displeased at the excess of barbarity perpetrated, and dismissed the humane officer with assurances of his pardon; telling him to return, and see to his charge, in the tower. There all the wardens and officials anxiously waited the result; and gave God thanks for the success of his embassy.

Lascelles, one of Anne's fellow martyrs, inquiring if it were true that she had recanted, received from her this letter:—

“O friend, most dearly beloved in God, I marvel not a little what should move you to judge in me so slender a faith as to fear death, which is the end of all miseries. In the Lord I desire you not to believe of me such weakness. For I doubt it not but God will perform his work in me, like as he hath begun. I understand the council is not a little displeased, that it should be reported abroad that I was racked in the tower. They say now, that what they did there was but to fear me; whereby I perceive they are ashamed of their uncomely doings, and fear much lest the king's majesty should have information thereof; wherefore they would no man to noise it. Well, their cruelty God forgive them!

Your heart, in Christ Jesus. Farewell and pray.”

The rest of her time she employed in writing a strong denial of the foul calumny that she ever had, in any sort, recanted or swerved from the truth: with a fuller confession of her faith than any that had preceded it. Her last writing was this beautiful prayer. “O Lord, I have more enemies now than there be hairs on my head; yet, Lord, let them never overcome me with vain words, but fight thou, Lord, in my stead, for on thee cast I my care. With all the spite they can imagine, they fall on me, which am thy poor creature. Yet, sweet Lord, let me not set by them which are against me, for in thee is my whole delight. And, Lord, I heartily desire of thee, that thou wilt of thy most merciful goodness forgive them that violence which they do and have done unto me. Open also thou their

blind hearts, that they may hereafter do that thing in thy sight which is only acceptable before thee, and to set forth thy verity aright, without all vain fantasy of sinful men. So be it, O Lord, so be it."

Three Christians, Nicholas Belenian, a priest of Shropshire, John Adams, a tailor, and John Lascelles, a gentleman of Henry's court, were ordered to the flames with Anne Askew. Stakes were set in Smithfield, at three of which the men were placed; while Anne, who was unable to walk or stand, from the effects of the rack, was brought to the fourth in a chair, and fastened to it by an iron chain, which, passing round her waist, upheld her bruised and broken body. Dr. Shaxton, a wretched apostate, preached a sermon to which Anne Askew diligently gave heed; like Kerby, assenting when he spoke truth, and where he erred, detecting and exposing it. The concourse of spectators was so great, that a space was obliged to be railed in to keep off the pressure; while, under St. Bartholomew's church, on a judicial bench, sat Wrisley the tormentor, chancellor of England, the duke of Norfolk, earl Bedford, the lord mayor, and others. Guilt is ever fearful; and on hearing that some gunpowder was strewed upon the bodies of the martyrs, they exhibited no small alarm, lest the faggots might thereby be driven towards them. This being appeased by earl Bedford, all remained quiet. Then Wrisley sent to Anne Askew letters offering her the king's pardon if she would recant. She, averting her eyes, and refusing to look on them, nobly answered, that she came not thither to deny her Lord and Master. The letters were then offered to the others, who, following her example, would not look at them; whereupon the lord mayor commanded fire to be put unto them. And thus, says Fox, the good Anne Askew, with these blessed martyrs, being troubled so many ways, and having passed through so many torments, having now ended the long course of her agonies, being compassed in with flames of fire, as a blessed sacrifice unto God, slept in the Lord, A. D. 1546, leaving behind her a singular example of Christian constancy for all men to follow.

The duke of Norfolk, and Repse, bishop of Norwich, about the same time brought to the fires of Smithfield a Norfolk man, named Rogers, who for the faith of Christ suffered martyrdom, and entered also into the joy of his Lord.

## CHAPTER IX.

PERSECUTION IN SCOTLAND—DEATH OF HENRY—PROGRESS OF THE REFORMATION UNDER EDWARD VI.—TUMULTS—BONNER—FURTHER REFORMATIONS.

We must now return to the earlier period of 1540, when, after the martyrdom of Stratton and Gresly, in Scotland, the sword of persecution, wielded by Cardinal Beaton, the pope's legate, continued to seek out new victims from among the Lord's people. Sir John Borthwick, a gallant knight, fell into the hands of the Scottish inquisitors, and made a bold stand for the truth: he however afterwards escaped by leaving the country, so that they were reduced to the very unsatisfactory judicial act of burning his picture in the market-place, after outlawing the original, and confiscating his goods.

The next case was that of a canon named Thomas Forret, who was accused to his bishop by the grey friars, of "showing the mysteries of the Scriptures to the vulgar people in England, by preaching twice a-week: also that he neglected to take tribute from his flock." The bishop's address is a curious specimen: "My joy, dean Thomas," said he, "I am informed that you preach the epistle or gospel every Sunday to your parishioners, and that you take not the cow nor the uppermost cloth from them: and therefore, my joy, dean Thomas, I would that you took your cow and your uppermost cloth, as other churchmen do, or else it is too much to preach every Sunday; for in so doing you may make the people think that we should preach likewise. But it is enough for you, when you find any good epistle, or any good gospel, that setteth forth the liberty of the holy church, to preach that, and let the rest be."

Dean Thomas, as he was called, explained, concerning the cow, that his parishioners would give him any thing he asked, as he likewise would communicate to them whatsoever he had: then continued, "And whereas your lordship saith it is too much to preach every Sunday, indeed I think it is too little, and also would wish your lordship did the like. And whereas your lordship biddeth me preach when I find any good epistle or a good gospel, truly, my lord, I have read the New Testament and the Old, and all the

epistles and gospels, and among them all I could never find an evil epistle or an evil gospel; but if your lordship will show me the good epistle and the good gospel, and the evil epistle and evil gospel, then I shall preach the good, and omit the evil." Then spake my lord bishop stoutly, and said, "I thank God that I never knew what the Old and New Testament was: therefore, dean Thomas, I will know nothing but my portuise and my pontifical. Go your way, and let be all these fancies; for if you persevere in these erroneous opinions, you will repent when you may not mend it." Forret replied, "I trust my cause is just in the presence of God; and therefore I pass not much what do follow thereupon." Very shortly after this, he was summoned before Beaton and this bishop, together with seven or eight others, as heretics, and all burnt together on the Castle-hill of Edinburgh.

Five men of Perth, with the wife of one, were arraigned on various charges of holding scriptural doctrines, and condemned to die. They were cruelly treated first; and when the poor woman implored the privilege of dying with her husband, it was refused. She took leave of him at the place of his execution, with these words, "Husband, rejoice, for we have lived together many joyful days; but this day in which we must die ought to be most joyful unto us both, because we have joy for ever. Therefore I will not bid you good night; for we shall suddenly meet, with joy, in the kingdom of heaven." She was then led forth to be drowned; a little babe sucking at her breast moved no compassion in the hearts of Christ's unmerciful enemies. She commended her children to her neighbours, for God's sake; gave the little bairn into the arms of her nurse, and sealed the truth by her last breath in the suffocating waters.

George Wisehart, a gentleman of great learning and eminent piety, was summoned, in 1545, by order of the wicked cardinal, at St. Andrews, and conducted by a formidable array of armed men to the Abbey church, where he, with great power and unmoved tranquillity, in the midst of savage insults and revilings, maintained the truth that he held. The people were so evidently impressed in his favour, that it was found expedient to exclude them while sentence was passed, which was that of hanging and burning.

The gallows was erected at the west end of the castle,



near the priory, and so apprehensive was Beaton of a rescue on the part of the populace, that he ordered all the ordnance of the castle to be pointed at that spot, with gunners beside them ready to open a cannonade upon the people. Wisehart was brought out under a strong guard of soldiers, his hands tied behind him. As he proceeded, some beggars met him, supplicating alms: he replied, "I want my hands, wherewith I should give you alms; but the merciful Lord of his benignity and grace that feedeth all men, vouchsafe to give you necessaries both unto your bodies and souls." Two friars importuned him to pray to the Virgin as his mediatrix, to whom he meekly answered, "Cease, tempt me not, my brethren." An iron chain was then placed round his body, and with a rope he was led to the fire, where, having kneeled in prayer, commending his spirit into the hands of his Redeemer, he turned to the people, addressing them in the language of encouraging exhortation, not to be scared away from the true word of God by the persecutions of those who had taught it. "I suffer this day by men," said he, "not sorrowfully, but with a glad heart and mind. For this cause I was sent, that I should suffer this fire for Christ's sake. Consider and behold my visage, ye shall not see me change my colour. This grim fire I fear not. And so I pray you to do, if that any persecution come upon you for the word's sake, and not to fear them that slay the body, and afterward have no power to slay the soul. Some have said of me that I taught that the souls of men should sleep until the last day; but I know surely, and my faith is such, that my soul shall sup with my Saviour Christ this night, ere it be six hours, for whom I suffer this." He then prayed for his accusers, saying, "I beseech thee, Father of heaven, to forgive them that have of any ignorance, or else of any evil mind, forged any lies upon me. I forgive them with all my heart. I beseech Christ to forgive them that have condemned me to death this day ignorantly."

Some further good counsel he gave the people: then the executioner, kneeling, said, "Sir, I pray you forgive me, for I am not guilty of your death." He answered, "Come hither to me;" then kissed his cheek, adding, "Lo, here is a token that I forgive thee. My heart, do thine office." He was then hanged on the gibbet, and consumed to powder, amid the piteous mourning and lamentation of the

people, who bitterly complained of the innocent lamb's slaughter.

Not long afterwards, Beaton was murdered in his bed; his last words being a plea for mercy at the hands of his assassins, on the ground of being a priest. His dead body lay seven months unburied, and was then thrust into a dunghill.

Adam Wallace, a man little versed in human learning, was the next victim selected; he suffered in Edinburgh. His examination was conducted by the principals both of the civil and ecclesiastical power, and he made a good confession, bearing witness to the truth of God's word, as opposed to the senseless and blasphemous doctrines of popery. He was condemned, heavily ironed, and constantly harassed by the meddling friars, seeking his recantation. When brought to the stake, he behaved with great meekness; saying to the people, "Let it not offend you that I suffer death this day for the truth's sake; for the disciple is not above his Master." The provost being angry at his speaking, he looked up to heaven, and said, as appealing to the Lord, "They will not let me speak." The fire being lighted, he departed into his everlasting rest.

Although it be anticipating the course of our history, it may be well here to relate the case of WALTER MILLE, who suffered in 1558, and whose death was blessed to the souls of thousands: for, from his martyrdom is dated the commencement of the reformation in Scotland, so long trampled down under the feet of French intruders, a popish government, and a host of ignorant, greedy, cruel ecclesiastics. This Walter Mille had, in his youth, followed the errors of popery, and taken its unscriptural vow of celibacy; but travelling into Germany he there learned the truth as it is in Jesus; and married, soon after his return to Scotland. The bishops took him, on a charge of heresy, and vainly attempted either to seduce or bribe him into apostasy. He set at nought all their efforts, continuing steadfast in the faith. He appears to have been a man of singular energy; not unlike to Luther in the bluntness wherewith he expressed his opinions. A great company of prelates and counsellors being assembled to try him, in the metropolitan church, he was conducted thither from prison, appearing so enfeebled by age and travail that they doubted whether he would be able to speak audibly. But

when once he began, he made the whole church to ring with his powerful tones, to the no small delight of many Christians there collected, and the equal discomfiture of his foes.

Being placed in the pulpit, the usual bar for such criminals in Scotland, and kneeling in secret prayer, Andrew Oliphant, one of the bishop's priests, commanded him to rise, addressing him as Sir Walter Mille; saying he held my lord there waiting overlong. Mille, however, continued his devotions, and then rising, said, "We ought to obey God more than men: I serve one more mighty, even the Omnipotent Lord: and where ye call me sir Walter, call me Walter, and not sir Walter: I have been overlong one of the pope's knights. Now say what thou hast to say." It may be imagined what effect was produced on the astonished audience, when the feeble old man, in a stentorian voice, uttered words so bold.

"What think you of priests' marriage?" said Oliphant. He replied, "I hold it a blessed band, for Christ himself maintained it; and approved the same, and also made it free to all men:" he proceeded to utter some unwelcome truths, concerning the moral conduct of Romish priests. Oliphant resumed: "Thou sayest there be not seven sacraments." "Give me the Lord's supper and baptism," said Mille, "and take you the rest, and part them among you. For if there be seven, why have you omitted one of them, to wit, marriage, and give yourselves to slanderous and ungodly licentiousness?"

In like manner he answered every charge, both asserting the right, and shrewdly exposing the wrong doctrine. When accused of preaching secretly and privately in houses, and openly in the fields, he answered, "Yea, man, and on the sea also, sailing in a ship." "Wilt thou not recant thy erroneous opinions? If thou wilt not, I will pronounce sentence against thee."

"I am accused of my life; I know I must die once, and therefore, as Christ said to Judas, 'What thou doest, do quickly.' Ye shall know that I will not recant the truth, for I am corn, I am no chaff; I will not be blown away with the wind, nor burst with the flail; but I will abide both."

Sentence was pronounced; but when, according to the usual form, he was delivered to the temporal power, both the provost of the town, and the bishop's chamberlain, refused to act as judge. So indignant was the whole town,

that the bishop's servants could not, for any price, get a tar-barrel, or even a rope to tie him to the stake: they were obliged to cut the cords of their master's pavilion, to serve the purpose. One of these servants also volunteered for the office of a temporal judge, and in that character conducted Mille to the fire, his boldness and hardihood increasing more and more, to the great and lasting benefit of those who saw this working of divine strength in him.

All things being ready, Oliphant bade him pass to the stake. "Nay," said he, "but wilt thou put me up with thy hand, and take part in my death; thou shalt see me pass up gladly: for by the law of God I am forbidden to put hands upon myself." He did so, and the martyr ascending cheerfully to the stake, ascribing praise to God, desired leave to speak to the people; which being rudely refused, some of the bystanders uttered angry threats against both the bishop and the burners, desiring Mille to say what he pleased. He then prayed; and rising, stood on the coals, speaking to them of the truth for which he gladly suffered, and ended thus: "Therefore as ye will escape the eternal death, be no more seduced with the lies of priests, monks, friars, priors, abbots, bishops, and the rest of the sect of Antichrist; but depend only upon Jesus Christ and his merey, that ye may be delivered from condemnation." His words sunk deep into the hearts of the people, who were loudly lamenting around, at the spectacle of his courage, constancy, and faith: and so well did they obey his injunction, that he was the last to suffer the flames in Scotland for the gospel. When in the fire, he said, "Lord, have mercy on me: pray, people, while there is time;" and so died. That spot was afterwards chosen for the burning of the idols, rent from the abbey church at the reformation.

In 1547 died Henry VIII., who, while rightfully assuming that supremacy in temporal matters which the bishop of Rome had most wrongfully usurped, exercised it in a spirit as merciless, as tyrannical, and as reckless of men's lives as that of the pope. His character was indeed a fearful compound of evil qualities, not often meeting in the same individual. Fox, writing in the days, and under the patronage of Elizabeth, was constrained to show some tenderness to her father's memory; but the facts recorded by him, as regards the course of religion alone, are sufficient to brand him as a monster of cruelty, bigotry, and caprice. His attempts at a public reformation were rendered abortive

by the gross darkness of his own mind; and though he knew Stephen Gardiner to be an inveterate enemy to that which he affected to promote, Henry still retained him in his counsels, until his nefarious attempt to drag the innocent and pious Katherine Parr to the scaffold, which God in his great mercy disappointed, by changing the king's heart in the matter, made the bishop odious to him. It was a cruel season for the poor protestants, who had the Bible opened to them by royal authority, and were by the same power condemned to the flames for receiving its blessed truths. The little flock of Christ, seeing that the ancient wolf of Rome was personally banished from the fold, might reasonably have expected to dwell safely under the care of their natural protector, who had assumed the true kingly character of a nursing father to the church: but, alas! the change of visible governors had nothing bettered their condition: the wolfish spirit was yet predominant, and they were still as sheep appointed to be slain. There is however, sufficient evidence that Henry had it in contemplation to terminate this state of things, and to work a real reform, by casting out of the church the abominations that defiled it, and delivering his subjects altogether from the yoke of bondage. It was not the Lord's will to put upon him this honour: he was removed shortly after the first decided step towards it; and another placed on the throne, of whom, even at this distance of time, it is difficult to speak without catching the enthusiasm of the venerable martyrologist, with him to rejoice and weep over the bright, short course of that English Josiah, concerning whom he sorrowfully remarks, that a show or sight only of excellency he would give his people: example he could not give, in that he was so early taken away.

Edward VI. was nine years old, when the crown of England devolved on him; and six years, eight months, and eight days, was the limit of his blessed reign. Making every allowance for the fond partiality of those to whom Edward afforded a haven of peaceful rest, after struggling through the boisterous waves of Henry's reign, and before being plunged into the sea of blood by Mary, it is certain that he was not only a youth of rare kingly virtues, but also a child of God, chosen, and called and faithful: truly regenerate of the Holy Spirit, sanctified, and made meet for a far richer inheritance than that of an earthly kingdom. Had not the Lord, in mercy to his church, placed young

Edward on the throne, there was none in England more likely to have glorified him at the stake.

His assigned task it was to plant the tree of true reformation in his kingdom, destined to be richly nourished with the blood of his fellow-helpers in the work; and, rooted by the storms of persecution, which ever have been most wholesome breath to the trees of righteousness, finally to attain a great stature, and to extend a goodly shelter throughout the land. The young king found an excellent counsellor in his uncle, the lord protector, duke of Somerset, who was fully bent to promote the gospel cause; as also was Cranmer, the archbishop, the king's godfather and chosen friend. After so long dwelling on the horrors of sanguinary cruelty, and with a heavy roll of like import before us, it will be pleasant to take a brief survey of the order wherein this work of establishing a scriptural church was conducted.

First, a general visitation of all the dioceses was arranged: commissioners, wise, learned, and discreet being selected, divided into companies, and the dioceses mapped out which they were to visit. Each company was attended by one or two godly preachers, whose business it was to collect the people, wheresoever they went, and to set forth the pure gospel of Christ, earnestly dehorting them from their old idolatry and superstition. To the commissioners were delivered written injunctions, drawn out by the king's council, for their guidance; and these by the royal command were to be observed of all people.

The first injunction was for the more perfect observance of all statutes touching the abolishing of popish supremacy, and establishing the king's. All ecclesiastics were charged to repeat this in their sermons, at least four times in every year. It was also ordained that they should quarterly preach on the doctrines of faith, and against pilgrimages and other idolatrous superstitions. All images were to be taken down, and the candles, preposterously set on their altars by day, removed.

On every holiday, when there was no sermon, the Lord's prayer, creed, and ten commandments were ordered to be read in the pulpit in English, with an exhortation to the people to teach them to their children and households. Incumbents were not to leave their parishes without deputing some godly, learned, and discreet curate, who should seek the profit of the flock. A great Bible in English, and

Erasmus' paraphrase of the gospels, in the same tongue, were to be set up in some open, convenient part of every church; the people being in every way encouraged to read and hear them. Ministers were not to pass their time in alehouses, or in idle games, but in studying the holy Scriptures. They were to examine their flock at Lent in the Lord's prayer, commandments, and articles of our faith, reproving such as had neglected to study them. None were to preach without being duly licensed; and such as had taught popish errors openly to recant. Hinderers and disturbers were to be reported to the civil authorities. Beneficed persons to set apart the fortieth part of their profits for helping the poor; and such as were more wealthy, should, for every hundred pounds yearly spent on themselves, give an exhibition to some poor scholar, at the universities, or some grammar school. Each priest to have the New Testament in Latin and English, with Erasmus' paraphrase, to read, collect, and keep in memory, such parts as especially set forth the mercy and goodness of Almighty God to believing penitents, in order to comfort their flock, as necessity might be: while the bishops from time to time should examine how their clergy had profited in those studies. The mass was not yet abolished; but much of scripture in English substituted for their vain repetitions and Latin offices.

These, and other particulars appertaining to the better ordering of external things, exhibit a strong contrast to the former state of the non-descript church contrived by Henry; and in the next parliament afterwards held, all the anti-christian persecuting statutes, from the first year of Richard II. to the last of Henry VIII. were fully repealed. All who loved the gospel in the realm had their free liberty to profess it, while many learned and zealous preachers, driven into exile for the truth's sake, were not only invited home, but encouraged to exercise their functions, to the glory of God, and great edification of the people. Moreover in the same parliament it was settled that the sacrament should thenceforth be administered in both kinds, as more agreeable to the word of God: and then the most learned of the bishops and others were appointed to meet at Windsor, more fully to settle the order of religious services throughout the kingdom. This ended in the abolishing of the idolatry of the altar, and the establishment of a form of partaking in the holy communion, not much differing from

that now in use. It was in the beginning of November, 1548, that Edward, assembling his lords and commons, exhibited to them with delight an English "*Book of Common-prayer and administration of the sacraments, and other rites and ceremonies of the church, after the use of the church of England.*" This event was celebrated by a general amnesty towards all who were then in confinement for contumacious opposition to the good work. The odious law of priestly celibacy was done away with, and all men left free with regard to marriage.

Now began Bonner to show his dislike of these proceedings; insomuch that his neglect of the king's order within his diocese called down a sharp rebuke from the council, with an injunction to confine himself to his own house. In Cornwall and Devonshire, the Romish priests, ever ready in all reigns and at all times to the congenial work of stirring subjects up to sedition and rebellion against their lawful rulers, had influence sufficient to excite great tumults, at the putting down of idolatry, and banishing those vain superstitions, those refuges of lies, to which the heart of man as naturally resorts, as it naturally turns from God and spiritual religion. Oxfordshire, Yorkshire, Norfolk and Suffolk, caught the infection, and after some ineffectual attempts at military operations, the rebels sent up a string of articles, wherein they required the restoration of their darling abuses. To this an admirable reply was returned, calmly and scripturally exposing the folly of their demands, as regarded religion: and then, in most kingly style, rebuking their treason. This was tempered by a free offer of mercy and life to such as should submit themselves. Nevertheless, the southern rebels took the field, bringing with them, to ensure success, the pix and consecrated wafer in a cart, with crucifixes, banners, candlesticks, holy bread and holy water. But all proved vain: the Lord asserted his own cause, giving victory to the king, who faithfully maintained it: and they were utterly routed; the ark of their confidence being also taken, and its contents scattered in the dust. The like result occurred in other places, wheresoever the insurgents gave battle to the king's troops: and France seeking to take advantage of these commotions, lost a thousand men, with many goodly vessels, in an engagement near the channel isles.

Peace restored, the young king and his council had now to deal with the refractory Bonner, who stoutly stood to his



contumacy. One commission after another was issued to examine him, which he met with a mixture of obstinacy, craft and insolence, sorely trying to Cranmer, and his fellow-commissioners. At length, his conduct showing him to be incorrigible, sentence of deprivation was passed, Ridley was appointed his successor in the see of London, and Bonner committed to prison, where he remained until the king's death.

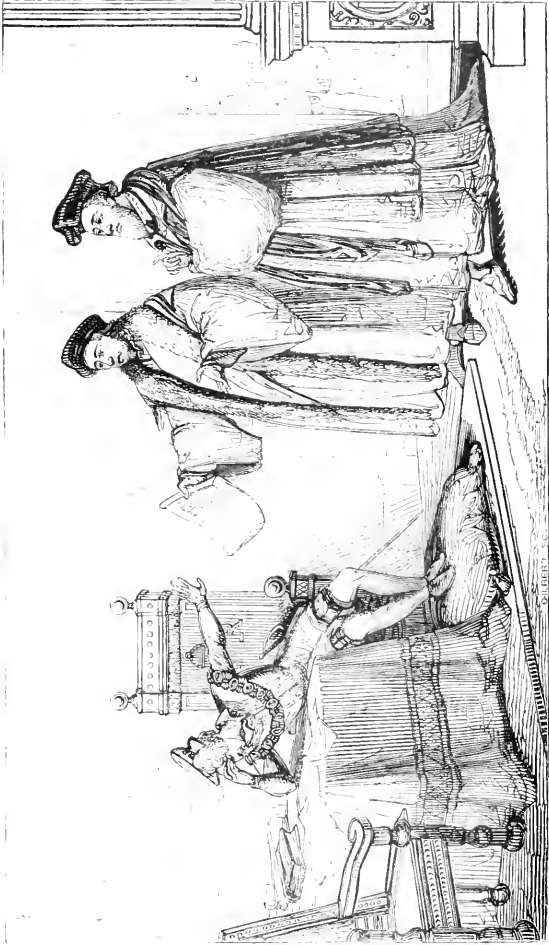
The work of reformation still proceeded, but great blindness prevailed on the subject of the Lord's Supper; and the prayer-book of Edward VI. seems to have been rather defective there. Still was the communion-table regarded as an altar, and the service as a sacrifice. The elements instead of being simply taken in commemoration of Christ's death, and as an appointed means whereby we, being brought nigh unto Christ by faith, should receive supplies of divine grace, through a spiritual feeding on his atoning body and blood, even as the natural frame is strengthened by the natural food,—those elements were supposed to undergo some inexplicable transformation, which rendered them a meet offering to the Lord himself; to whom, in that character, they were presented, like the Jewish sacrifices of old, before being eaten of the people. Such was the view taken by many who had discarded the rest of Rome's "blasphemous fables;" while, in general, the gross doctrine of transubstantiation with all its idolatrous concomitants was fully held. In 1549, however, some eminent foreign divines, whom the king had encouraged to settle in England, put their hands to the work: the chief of these was Peter Martyr, who in a long and learned disputation upheld the pure scriptural doctrine of the sacrament. At Cambridge also, great arguments were held, in which Ridley, then bishop of Rochester, showed himself to possess a most clear and orthodox apprehension of the matter under dispute. The impugnors of false doctrine embarrassed themselves by conceding to ancient writers, called the fathers, an authority little inferior to that belonging to inspired men: but, notwithstanding, they confuted triumphantly the vain sophistry of their opponents: and the issue was seen in a proclamation of the king for taking down the altars, and substituting a simple table. Much dissension ensued thereupon; but Ridley, now made bishop of London, by a judicious mixture of persuasion and authority, bore down the opposition in his own important and extensive diocese.

Fully aware that, in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, there is none but a spiritual eating of his body, and that no sacrifice whatever is there contained or contemplated, save that of praise and thanksgiving unto Him for his most precious bloodshedding, and the benefits thereby accruing to his people, this truly apostolic bishop proceeded in the spirit of Josiah, to demolish all that appertained to idolatrous worship. He broke down the wall that stood beside the altar, in St. Paul's cathedral, removed that altar, and placed in its stead a decent table, fit for the scriptural celebration of the Lord's Supper.

Next followed a warm dispute between the princess Mary and the council, on the subject of alleged right to disobey the king's order, and to enforce in her own household the idolatrous practices of Rome. It appears that, at first, there was a strong disposition on the part of the council to wink at this proceeding, and that they deputed Cranmer and Ridley to procure Edward's sanction. The story of their interview with the pious young king is so beautifully told by Fox, that it must be given in his words.

“ Charles the emperor made request to the king to permit Lady Mary, who afterwards succeeded to the crown, to have mass in her house, without prejudice of the law. And the council on a time, sitting upon matters of policy, having that in question, sent Cranmer, then archbishop of Canterbury, and Ridley, then bishop of London, to entreat the king for the same: who, coming to his grace, alleged their reasons and persuasions for the accomplishing thereof. So the king, hearing what they could say, replied his answer again out of the Scriptures, so groundedly, gravely, and full, that they were enforced to give place to his replication, and grant the same to be true. Then they, after long debating in this manner with his majesty, laboured politically in another sort; and alleged what dangers the denying thereof might bring to his grace, what breach of unity of the emperor's part, what troubles, what unkindness, and what occasions sundry ways it would enforce, &c. Unto whom the king answered, willing them to content themselves, for he would, he said, spend his life and all that he had, rather than agree to that he knew certainly to be against the truth. The which, when the bishops heard, notwithstanding they urged him still to grant, and would by no means have his nay. Then the king, seeing their importunate suits, that needs they would have his majesty





EDWARD THE SIXTH REFUSING THE LADY MARY'S MASS

to consent thereto, in the end his tender heart bursting out into bitter weeping and sobbing, he desired them to be content. Whereof the bishops themselves seeing the king's zeal and constancy, wept as fast as he, and then took leave of his grace; and coming from him, the archbishop took master Cheke, his schoolmaster, by the hand, and said, 'Ah, master Cheke, you may be glad all the days of your life that you have such a scholar; for he hath more divinity in his little finger than all we have in all our bodies.' Then the Lady Mary's mass for that time was stayed."

Touching as is the scene thus described, it derives a deeper and more thrilling interest from the consideration that the prelates who thus, on political grounds, assailed the pious constancy of their stripling king, who were silenced by his scriptural knowledge, and turned from their purpose by his tears, were themselves also chosen to wear a crown of peculiar glory—that of martyrdom. They who then pleaded for Mary's mass, subsequently gave their bodies to the flames in the cause of that truth which, in a moment of weakness, they would so far have sacrificed to the pestilent doctrine of expediency.

The princess showed a very stout spirit in her correspondence both with the council and the king. The latter she plainly advised not to interfere with spiritual concerns until he should have come to riper years: and with the former she pleaded the emperor's interposition; maintaining also her right to have mass said, by her chaplains, whensoever she might appoint them to act, in any house of hers, she being present or absent. One of her chaplains, Mallet, acting on this assumption, was, for his contumacy, committed to the tower. The obstinate bigotry of Mary, evinced in these letters, might in itself have been sufficient to justify, in the king's mind, her exclusion from the succession. They exhibit in the bud that inveterate rancour against the truth, which afterwards filled England with the bitter fruits of sanguinary persecution.

Meanwhile Stephen Gardiner had been opposing with all his might, the king's proceedings. So early as the appointment of the commission for diocesan visitations, he had wilfully and openly disobeyed the injunctions that no other prelate had ventured to resist. For this he was committed to prison, but again released on a promise of conformity, and sent back to his diocese, where he secretly armed his servants and followers, stirring up the prejudiced people to

resistance; and when godly men were sent to preach in any of his churches, he occupied the pulpit himself, openly warning the congregation to beware of new teachers, and to give no heed to their doctrine. Being again sequestered, he obtained, by fair promises, permission publicly to preach, before the king and court, in order to declare his perfect contentment with the recent changes. Instead of so doing, he made a most seditious, inflammatory sermon, which was near occasioning a great tumult: so that, in the end, it was found necessary to commit him to the tower: from which he was removed to the fleet. His business commenced before Bonner's, but his final degradation and imprisonment took place a year later than those of his friend. He wrote many bold letters to the lord Protector Somerset, who answered him again with great force of reasoning, exposing the sinful folly of those things which Gardiner contended for as essential to salvation; and also rebutting his subtle arguments, touching the peril that should accrue to the state, from innovations in religion. These particulars do not, perhaps, come within the precise bounds of a martyrology: but they are worthy to be noted, as showing how actively the popish leaven will ferment and agitate, within a circumscribed sphere, ever ready to burst its boundaries, and extend the same evil influence through undefined space. We here see the mystery of iniquity at work, which, howsoever policy may conceal for a time its operations, is never idle—always busied in preparation for what, as yet, it may lack the power to achieve. These pages in our national history are fraught with instruction to such as will read them aright: with condemnation to those who, refusing to learn wisdom by the past, become accessory to present and future evil.

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## CHAPTER X.

WILLIAM GARDINER—EDWARD'S DEATH—NATIONAL APOSTASY—LADY JANE GREY—CRANMER, RIDLEY AND LATIMER AT OXFORD.

WE must now follow a countryman to another land, where, during the peaceful days of gospel dawn in England, he was called on to suffer for the truth. His name was WILLIAM GARDINER, a native of Bristol, of character irre-

proachable, and excellent parts. Removed to Lisbon, in the discharge of his mercantile duties, he acquired the language of the Portuguese, without being defiled by their gross superstition, and its invariable attendant, vice. It came to pass that a royal marriage was celebrated between a prince of Portugal and princess of Spain, to which the whole population of Lisbon flocked; and young Gardiner, tempted by curiosity, also went to the church, where, of course, high mass was celebrated with the utmost pomp, by a cardinal. Gardiner gazed around: he saw the idol elevated, while the king, with all his royal and noble attendants, the wisest of his senators, the boldest of his captains, looked with no less awe and reverence on the paltry device, than did the meanest and most ignorant of the common people. Nothing was to be seen but kneeling, crossing, knocking on their breasts, and praying to the cake of bread. These things so moved him, that he went home in great sadness of heart, seeking solitude, and there, prostrate before God, in tears and lamentations, bewailing the dishonour done to His great and glorious name; with his own departure from duty in so far participating in the sin; devising how he might do somewhat to recal the people from their impiety and superstition.

His resolution was soon taken: he made an exact settlement of all his worldly accounts, so as not to owe any man a farthing; and then gave himself entirely to prayer and meditation over the Scriptures. He scarcely took any meat by day, and by night allowed himself but one, or at the most two hours' rest. The following Sunday there was to be a repetition of the former scene at the great church, and early in the morning William repaired thither, to secure a place as near as possible to the great altar, where he quietly remained, with a Testament in his hand, reading it, and praying. The king and court being come, the pageant commenced: the cardinal proceeded to solemnize mass, but Gardiner sat still; he consecrated, sacrificed, lifted up on high, showed his god to the people, who all did great reverence to it, but Gardiner stirred not. At length they came to that place in the mass where the host is rapidly moved round and over the chalice, in circles and other figures: and here Gardiner could no longer endure the scene, but, starting forward, he ran hastily to the cardinal, and, in the presence of the whole assembly, with one hand, snatched the cake from him, trampling it under his feet, while with the other he overthrew the chalice. After the

first moment of astonishment, all ran together upon him, and he was severely wounded on the shoulder, with a dagger; but the king loudly commanding not to kill him, he was taken without further hurt, and brought into the royal presence. The king inquired what countryman he was, and how he dared so to act? he replied, "Most noble king, I am not ashamed of my country, which am an Englishman, both by birth and religion;" and proceeded to explain his motives, protesting that he had not done it through irreverence of his majesty's presence, but in horror of the idolatry committed.

His being English led them, through the knowledge of king Edward's zeal in the same cause, to suspect that he was only the agent in an extensive conspiracy; and every effort was made to extort from him a confession of his abettors. His principal friends and fellow-lodgers were also tortured for the same purpose; and Gardiner, notwithstanding his grievous wound, likewise underwent the rack. The particulars of his sufferings are too horrible to be here repeated, but they drew from him nothing beyond his first declaration. He was then deprived of his hands, and brought to the place of execution, where, being hanged over a fire, he was let down and drawn up again, until his feet were consumed, he all the while praying. They then asked him if he did not repent, exhorting him to call upon their lady and the saints: to which he replied, that having done nothing wherof he repented, he had the less need to call upon them. Whatever variety of torments they might use, the truth, he told them, continued ever one and the same: which, as he had confessed it in his life, he could not now deny at his death. He desired them to leave off such vanities and folly, saying that when Christ should cease to be an advocate he would then pray to the virgin. He then prayed again fervently, nor could all their efforts stop him: with a loud voice he recited the forty-third Psalm, until, as they furiously pulled him up and down in the fire, the rope broke before he made an end of it, and he fell into the blazing mass below. A spark from his burning, carried by the wind, set fire to one of the king's ships in the harbour close by, and consumed it. Long did the remembrance of his martyrdom survive, and deeply was it impressed on the minds of many; among whom it is not to be doubted that some were thereby brought to know and to serve the Saviour whose mighty power so wonderfully up-



held his zealous servant through sufferings which, if they were here detailed, would harrow up the reader's soul.

In England the sky was now becoming overcast, by the fall of the duke of Somerset, who had been the steady promoter and maintainer of whatever could strengthen the cause of the reformation. In 1552 he was beheaded, the poor young king, who dearly loved his uncle, being unable to save him. He had prospered while the nobles and chief rulers were united; but Satan having prevailed to sow discord among them, the faction of Bonner and Winchester, which they had kept down so long, soon took advantage of their divisions to retrieve what they had lost. Fox observes, "As touching the success of the gospel of peace, while public peace and the gospel did join together, marvellous it was how error and popery were in themselves confounded, and ashamed almost to show their faces." A sad reverse marked the dissolution of this happy union. But it pleased God to recal to himself the spirit of that young royal saint, in whose days, as in those of Hezekiah, it would seem that evil was not suffered to come upon the nation. One of the latest events of his reign left a deep stain on the name of Cranmer: a young woman, named Joan Boucher, of good family and learning, had imbibed some wild unsound doctrine respecting the reality of our Lord's human nature, and when called to answer for it, boldly rebuked her judges with their own inconsistencies, reminding them of Anne Askew, whose friend she had been. Finding her fixed in her heretical notion, they came to the infamous determination of burning her; and it was Cranmer who applied to the king for his warrant, the whole council having failed in persuading him to sign it. Cranmer possessed Edward's affection and respect in a high degree; and was therefore employed in this matter. Edward warmly exclaimed, "What, my lord, will ye have me to send her quick to the devil in her error?" Cranmer confessed he never in his life had so much difficulty in any thing as in forcing the king to sign the warrant, which he did at last with many tears, and severe reproaches, saying that he would lay all the guilt of it on Cranmer before God. With this weight of innocent blood on his conscience, no marvel that Cranmer quailed for a time, when his own trial came. 'To the sovereign grace of God be all the glory, that he did not utterly fail!

The last days of Edward were drawing nigh at the time

of Somerset's death. He survived him only eighteen months. He had pined and faded away for some time; no doubt secretly mourning over the ills that he could not avert from his beloved people. About three hours before his death, his eyes being closed, and supposing no one to be within hearing, he breathed this prayer. "Lord God, deliver me out of this miserable and wretched life, and take me among thy chosen. Lord, I commit my spirit unto thee; O Lord, thou knowest how happy it were for me to be with thee; yet for thy chosen's sake, send me life and health, that I may truly serve thee. O my Lord God, bless thy people, and save thine inheritance. O 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."

Who does not recognize, in the seeming contradiction of this simple prayer, the feeling of Paul, "Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better: nevertheless, to abide in the flesh is more needful for you." His last words were, "I am faint; Lord have mercy on me, and take my spirit;" and so he yielded up his soul into the hands of his Redeemer. His dying prayer was granted, in the full deliverance of his realm from popery, within a few years afterwards: but not until God had deeply branded it with a fiery memento of its shame, in yielding once more to the impious sway of his great enemy. Edward, fully aware of what must ensue if his sister Mary came to the throne, had done his utmost to avert it, by transferring the succession to the Lady Jane Grey: but the will of the infatuated people not seconding his wish, the sceptre was, after a short struggle, finally grasped by Mary.

It was by the powerful aid of her protestant subjects in Suffolk, that Mary mounted the throne. She solemnly pledged her word to them, that no alteration should be made in the established religion of the country; and unaccountable is the blindness that, even to our day, has prevailed on the point which the case of John Huss might have rendered clear to all apprehensions. The church of Rome holds no doctrine more tenaciously than that of its non-obligation to keep faith with heretics: yet when, in perfect consistency with this principle, they deny the principle itself, it is deemed the height of injurious uncharitableness

to doubt their assertion. Of what avail would the rule be to them, if they could not stretch it to the extent of denying its existence? "Speaking lies in hypocrisy," is one of the indelible brands imprinted on the brow of this great apostasy by the finger of God himself: and nothing short of unbelief lies at the root of what must be called a judicial blindness falling on men who will not take the word of life for their guidance, but persist in seeking grapes on the thorn, and figs on the thistle.

In the tower of London, Mary celebrated her first great mass, as queen of England, having, of course, delivered Stephen Gardiner from durance; not only restoring him to his former bishopric of Winchester, but making him lord chancellor of England, while Bonner was reinstated in the see of London, Ridley being displaced. Other godly bishops were ejected; among those Myles Coverdale from Exeter; and Hooper was consigned from the palace of Worcester to the Fleet prison.

Ridley had preached a sermon at Paul's cross, during the transient nominal authority of the lady Jane Grey, in which he faithfully warned the people of what they must expect if Mary ascended the throne; speaking from his personal knowledge of her stubborn bigotry. Accordingly when, in Christian submission to her, as his appointed sovereign, he tendered homage at Hampton Court, she sent him at once to the tower. The next step was a proclamation, prohibiting the reading or preaching of God's word in churches; and none could now question what the new order of things would be. The people, however, were not disposed all at once to submit; and when, on Bonner's restoration, a preacher named Browne held forth before him at Paul's, commending the bishop, and dispraising the late king, the populace took it so ill that a great tumult ensued: a dagger was hurled at the preacher, who, had not Bradford and Rogers succoured him in his retreat, would have been roughly handled. After this, the royal guards attended in arms, to protect the priests in the pulpit; and when the people withdrew themselves from such false teachers, the mayor was commanded to enforce the attendance of those under his authority, lest the smallness of their congregations might discourage the preachers.

Between the 3d of August, 1553, when Mary was acknowledged queen, and the 1st of October following, when she was crowned, numbers were committed to the Tower

and Fleet, principally clergymen; among them the archbishop Cranmer, bishops Hooper, Ridley, and Latimer. On the 10th, parliament met at Westminster, and was opened with a grand high mass. Bishop Taylor of Lincoln, and Harley of Hereford, had taken their seats among the peers; but not enduring to witness the abomination before them, they withdrew. The former being examined, confessed his faith boldly, and would have been committed, but the Lord was pleased to take him by sickness. Harley being married, was forthwith deposed from his see, and excluded from parliament.

After mass, the queen being brought into the house of lords, the three estates at once agreed on repealing all the statutes of Henry VIII. for premunire; with those of Edward, for administration of the common prayer and sacraments in English; while, not to lose any time, workmen were busily employed in re-erecting the altars, and replacing all the machinery of wafer-worship. However slow, stealthy, and cautious may be the steps by which the church of Rome proceeds to recover her lost vantage-ground, yet, once restored to it, she is not slack in hurling her bolts around. Prompt as pitiless, she takes a rapid survey of all that has opposed her, and wreaks her vengeance with unsparing hand. The Lord's flock stood aghast at the rapidity with which events followed each other, and prepared to yield their throats to the knife so diligently whetted against them.

Eight days after the opening of the session, a convocation of the clergy was summoned, to discuss transubstantiation, all men having license freely to speak their minds upon it: by which plan the ascendant party were able to mark out for destruction the most powerful upholders of gospel truth. John Philpot, archdeacon of Winchester, and five more, were alone found to refuse subscription to the popish catechism set forth; and Philpot vainly endeavoured to obtain the help of Ridley, Rogers, and others, in the unequal disputation, which was adjourned from day to day. Like Stephen of old, that dauntless champion Philpot spake with a wisdom and spirit that could not be resisted otherwise than with taunts, menaces, and despotic commands to hold his peace. He sifted and exposed their futile sophistry, drove them from one refuge of lies to another, and when restrained from continuing his argument, he exclaimed, looking up to heaven, "O Lord, what a world is

this, that the truth of thy holy word may not be spoken and abidden by!" while for grief the tears trickled from his eyes. Some of the doctors insisted that he should be allowed to proceed; he resumed with great spirit his logical and scriptural proofs, until, alarmed at seeing the fabric of their idolatry shaken to its foundation, they peremptorily silenced him. Some days afterwards, however, he returned to the charge, and so perplexed them that they were glad to break up the convocation, of course claiming the victory for their own side.

Early in January, 1554, the intended marriage of Mary with Philip of Spain was made known and occasioned much angry emotion, in the evident prospect of England's subjugation to the pope. Royal's rebellion being crushed, and himself executed, a pretence was gathered from it to put the innocent LADY JANE GREY to death. Sentence being passed, a priest named Fecknam was sent to instruct her, as he said, in the true doctrine of the right faith: but Lady Jane was too well grounded and settled in the hope of the gospel to be moved from it, and after a very distinct and beautiful declaration of her faith on every point proposed, they parted, Fecknam saying he was sorry for her, as it was plain they should never meet: to which she made this candid and Christian reply, "True it is that we shall never meet, except God turn your heart. For I am assured, unless you repent and turn to God you are in an evil case; and I pray God, in the bowels of his mercy, to send you his Holy Spirit; for he has given you his great gift of utterance, if it pleased him also to open the eyes of your heart."

Lady Jane Grey was an enlightened Protestant. Her zeal for the faith once delivered to the saints resembled that of her royal cousin, Edward, whom in character she greatly resembled. Her letter to Harding, once a chaplain of her father's, who had apostatized, displays the spirit of one ready to resist even to the shedding of her blood, the enemy by whom he was overcome. "He that first framed thee, and since thy first creation and birth preserved thee," writes the indignant young reprovcr, "who nourished and kept thee, yea, and inspired thee with the spirit of knowledge (I cannot say of grace) shall he not now possess thee? Darest thou deliver up thyself to another, being not thine own but his? How canst thou, having knowledge, or how darest thou, neglect the law of the Lord, and follow the vain tra-

ditions of men, and whereas thou hast made a public profession of his name, become now a defacer of his glory?" "Let the two edged sword of God's holy word shear asunder the sinews of worldly respects, even to the very marrow of thy carnal heart, that thou mayest once again forsake thyself and embrace Christ. And like as good subjects will not refuse to hazard all in the defence of their earthly and temporal governor, so fly not a white-livered milksop from the standing wherein thy chief Captain, Christ, hath set thee in array of this life. Fight manfully, come life, come death: the quarrel is God's, and undoubtedly the victory is ours." She then sets forth most vividly, the rich promises of God to the returning penitent, inviting and beseeching him with amazing fervour and eloquence, and finishing with a couplet,

Be constant, be constant, fear not for any pain,  
Christ hath redeemed thee, and heaven is thy gain.

This lovely and gentle lamb was led to the slaughter, under circumstances too familiar to every English reader to need repetition here. She may fairly be reckoned among the martyrs, seeing her willingness to suffer for Christ's sake, and that her known constancy in the Protestant cause must have kept Mary in dread, lest the despairing people might rise in Jane's behalf in a more formidable insurrection than that recently quelled. Within a fortnight after her death, Bonner issued a commission to have the names taken down of all persons throughout his diocese who, at the ensuing Easter, should omit coming to auricular confession: and the following month, by a royal ordinance, to take effect in all the sees, the pope's supremacy was once more recognized, heretics marked for punishment, priestly celibacy enforced, the married clergymen commanded to put away their wives; processions, holidays, fasts, and all the old ceremonies restored, with Latin prayers, as aforetime; and popish schoolmasters ordered to supersede all others, that the children might be instructed "to answer the priest at the mass." This was accompanied by a pre-script addressed to the lord mayor, enjoining him to prevent the citizens from leaving London until after Easter, lest they should escape confession and the mass. Much having been done by German and other foreigners, towards establishing the reformation, they were all now warned to depart the realm. Mary then summoned the parliament to

meet at Oxford, and obtained their consent to her marriage; but when she proposed a legal recognition of the pope's supremacy, it was evaded for the time.

And now were active preparations commenced for intoxicating once more the great harlot with her favourite beverage—the blood of the saints. In the month of April, Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, were conveyed from the Tower of London, prisoners to Windsor, and thence to Oxford, to dispute on the sacramental question with the great popish doctors there, not a few of whom were shameless apostates from the scriptural confession of faith. The three questions to be discussed were these: I. Whether the natural body of Christ be really in the sacrament, after the words spoken by the priest, or no?

II. Whether in the sacrament, after the words of consecration, any other substance do remain, than the substance of the body and blood of Christ?

III. Whether in the mass be a sacrifice propitiatory for the sins of the quick and the dead?

Stephen Gardiner, lord chancellor, was, of course, the principal and official mover of all this; and by his letters was the commission empowered to act. On Saturday, April 14, at eight in the morning, the proceedings began, with masses, and other idle ceremonies; after which, the Oxford divines, with a deputation from Cambridge to back them, went in grand procession through the streets, whiling away the hours, until dinner, with such exhibitions, assisted by most of the university members and students. Having dined, they repaired to St. Mary's church, where, being seated in due form, they summoned before them Thomas Cranmer, late archbishop of Canterbury, who was ushered in by a rude company of bill-men. The venerable primate, less reverend from age than from the great and glorious part which he had taken, in delivering the church and realm of England from papal bondage, and giving therein free course to the word of God, came before these men, with meek and courteous aspect, and having saluted them with lowly respect, as the delegates of royalty, he declined the offered seat, and stood, leaning on his staff. After a pompous oration and rebuke from the prolocutor, Weston, a noted persecutor, the articles were delivered to Cranmer, who answered the prelude in a very modest, eloquent, pleasant way; and then reading over the articles several times, demanded of them their own interpretation of the

term "true and natural" in the first articles, which produced divers and contradictory replies. He then dispassionately looking on the two others, said they were all false, and against God's holy word; wherefore he could not agree to them. The following Monday being fixed for disputation, Cranmer was remanded, under the mayor's custody, to his prison. It was observed, that many who in judgment were against him were so moved at his appearance and lamb-like deportment, as to shed tears.

Next was bishop Ridley brought up, whose bearing was worthy of the character which he had long sustained, that of a bold and dauntless champion for the truth; especially as opposed to Romish falsehood. The articles being shown to him, he paused not for an instant, but at once denounced them as being all false; adding that they sprang out of a bitter and sour root. "Sharp, witty, and very earnest," his answers are described to have been. They charged him with having preached, when bishop of Rochester, in favour of transubstantiation. He utterly denied it, challenging them to produce any who heard him: but they could bring no proof. Some one asked him if he had not desired the chancellor, Winchester, to stick to the mass, to which he replied, the chancellor could say no such thing of him: if he did, he spoke falsely. To the inquiry whether he would dispute or no, he answered, that as long as God gave him life, he should not only have his heart, but also his mouth and pen to defend the truth: but he required time and books. Both were in effect denied; he was told he must be ready on the Thursday, and they would lend him books till then. He complained of not being allowed his own books, and a reasonable space for preparation. They then gave him the articles to write his mind on, that night, and so directed the mayor to take him away.

Last came old Dr. Latimer, the honest reprover of Henry, the loving counsellor of Edward, every way reverend, in age, office, character. This venerable bishop and pastor of Christ's fold, had numbered nearly seventy years, but was less bent under that burden than by the cruel usage of his gaoler in the tower, where he had well nigh perished during the winter, through cold and every species of hardship. He came forward, with a handkerchief and two or three caps on his head, his spectacles hanging at his breast, by a string, and a staff in his hand. Feeble and faint, he was placed in a chair, by the gracious sufferance of the



prolocutor! The articles were presented to him, and by him denied: when told that he must dispute on Wednesday, he alleged age, sickness, disease, and lack of books: saying that he was almost as meet to be captain of Calais as to dispute; but he would declare his mind either by writing or word, and stand to all they could lay on his back; complaining moreover that he was allowed neither pen, nor ink, nor any book but the New Testament then in his hand; which, said he, "I have read over seven times deliberately, yet could I not find the mass in it, neither the marrow-bones nor the sinews thereof." This speech mightily offended the commissioners, and Weston said he would make him grant that it had both marrow-bones and sinews in the New Testament. "That will never do, master doctor," said Latimer: and they then silenced him, to prevent his explaining as he wished, what he meant by those terms. So great was the press of people to look on the calamity of the blessed martyr, that one of the beadles fainted under it.

In the disputations that followed, the three prelates maintained their ground manfully, amid the bitter taunts, unseemly insults, and shuffling sophistry of their inquisitors. It ended, as might have been expected, by their condemnation as heretics, and delivery to the secular power. Each of them made a brief remark on the passing of this wicked decree. Cranmer said, "From your judgment and sentence I appeal to the just judgment of God Almighty, trusting to be present with him in heaven, for whose presence in the altar I am thus condemned." Ridley observed, "Although I be not of your company, yet I doubt not my name is written in another place, whither this sentence will send us sooner than we should by the course of nature have come:" and Latimer exclaimed, "I thank God most heartily, that he hath prolonged my life to this end, that I may in this case glorify God by that kind of death." On the following Saturday they had a grand procession of the mass; and in order to vex the souls of these righteous men with the sight of their unlawful deeds, they ordered that the archbishop should behold it from his prison, Bocardo; bishop Ridley from the sheriff's house, and bishop Latimer from the bailiff's. When the latter was being brought along, he supposed they were going to burn him, and requested to have a quick fire; but on discovering what it

was, he ran, as fast as his old bones would carry him, into a shop, and would not so much as look towards it.

Philip of Spain having landed at Southampton, in the month of July following, and bearing himself from the first as though the country were laid prostrate at his feet, was married to Mary within a few days; and the hunted flock had some respite, during the shows, pageantries, and progresses that engaged the court for some time afterwards. The work, however, was vigorously prosecuted, of painting old roods afresh, and carving new ones, to set up in the churches; with all the vain conceits that had been taken away, and which were now restored; while the texts of Scripture recently painted on the church walls, were obliterated, by a mandate from Bonner, who denounced them as great abuses.



## CHAPTER XI.

### THE POPE'S SUPREMACY RESTORED—ROGERS.

ON the 21st November, cardinal Pole landed at Dover; the act of attainder and banishment, passed against him in Henry's reign, having been repealed as false and slanderous, and his full restitution to all honours of blood and station confirmed. He now, coming as the pope's representative, delivered an oration to the king, queen, and parliament, where he set forth the sin of separation from the Romish see: and on their humble submission—prostrating once more their unhappy country under the papal foot—he graciously pronounced absolution in the pope's name, re-admitting England to her former privileges of spiritual and temporal vassalage. On the 3d of January, a formal act of parliament ratified the deed. As a necessary consequence, persecution began to rage more vehemently: the preachers in the tower were summoned before Winchester, and asked whether they would recant and enjoy the queen's pardon, or stand to what they had taught. They all answered that they would stand; and were committed to straiter prison than before. On the 23d January there was

a solemn procession of the host throughout London, with an immense display of idolatrous pomp, to celebrate the national conversion to popery: and the month ended with the solemn excommunication of Christ's servants then in prison.

February 4 was appointed to witness the rekindling of fires that were yet to burn more intensely for the trial and proof of that pure gold, the patience and faith of the saints. The proto-martyr of Mary's reign was JOHN ROGERS.

He was a student of Cambridge, well learned, and was afterwards invited by the English merchants at Antwerp to be their chaplain. Here, by the good providence of God, he became acquainted with Tindal and Coverdale, under whose enlightened teaching he soon cast off the yoke of popery, and diligently helped in their blessed work of translating the Scriptures. He then took a wife, and repairing to Saxony, dwelt in Wittenberg, where he profited both in Scripture language and in the knowledge of the German tongue, so that he became the pastor of a congregation there.

When God had been pleased, by the faithful labours of his chosen and dear servant, Edward VI., to banish popery from England, and to set his glorious gospel at liberty in it, Rogers, moved with zeal to help forward the work, relinquished his comfortable establishment in Saxony, and hastened home, having no other prospect but the precious privilege of preaching Christ there. After a while, Dr. Ridley, then bishop of London, gave him a prebend in the cathedral of St. Paul's, the dean and chapter also electing him as their reader in divinity, in which offices he diligently laboured, until Mary, coming to the crown, drove the gospel away, and re-instated the papal Antichrist with all his idolatries and superstitions.

Nevertheless, when next it came to Rogers' turn to preach at Paul's cross, he vehemently exhorted the people to remain in the true doctrine there confirmed by king Edward, and which he once more declared to them, warning them to beware of popery. For this he was cited before the council, to whose charges he answered boldly, pointedly, and faithfully, yet with so much wisdom, that they were unable to take hold on his words, and for that time discharged him. On the setting forth, however, of the queen's proclamation against true preaching, he was again summoned for his former discourse; and after many reproach-

es, commanded to continue a prisoner in his own house. By flight he might easily have escaped their cruel hands, and to this he might well be tempted, by seeing the hopeless case of true religion in England, while in Germany he had a flock, with full liberty to preach the gospel to them, and a peaceful home to shelter his wife and ten children. But on the other hand, he had been called to answer in Christ's cause, and thereunto he felt bound. He remained a voluntary prisoner, content to hazard his life in defence of the faith once delivered to the saints.

Bonner, however, could not long abide so honest a neighbour near him : therefore he had him removed from his own residence to Newgate, where he was lodged with felons of the worst class. All that passed between him and his Lord's adversaries is not known : but some interesting details were left by Rogers, and most providentially brought to light. Having been denied the consolation of speaking a few words to his wife, just previous to his burning, he had no means of committing these papers to the care of any friend, and could only conceal them in a corner of his dungeon. Thither his afflicted widow and one of his young sons came after his martyrdom, to enjoy the melancholy satisfaction of beholding the place where he had lain, and to seek for any paper or other thing that he might have left. His persecutors had however, so carefully searched the place, and removed whatever they could find, that they were going away disappointed, when young Daniel Rogers, casting his eyes under some stairs, espied a black object lying in a dark corner which proved to be his father's account of his examinations, enclosed in the covers of an old book for greater concealment. They bore away this treasure ; and from its pages, written in the gloom of his miserable prison, the following particulars of Rogers' appearances before his murderers are culled.

Let it be borne in mind that the relative position of the Lord's witnesses was materially changed since Henry's days. Then, they stood out from the general mass, protesting singly against what had been for ages the received and uncontradicted doctrine of the national church. Denounced as schismatics, branded as apostates, appearing as the promulgators of a new and strange heresy, while they appealed to the word of God alone against the united power and subtlety of rulers and ecclesiastics, they were made a strange gazing-stock to men, and counted as the off-scour-

ing of all things. Now, they had witnessed the triumph of pure religion, they had seen the altars overthrown, the idols cast out, the temple purged, and the law of the Most High God reverentially recognized as the national standard of faith and practice. Robed with authority, commissioned by a sanction both divine and human, the preachers had stood forth in the pulpits of the land, declaring the truth as it is in Jesus, and labouring to turn the ignorant multitude from the error of their way. The present effort of their ancient enemy was not to withhold them, as before, from struggling into light, or from singly walking in the light which they had found, but to force them back from the full blaze of day into the blackness of darkness. It was not to deter them from spreading among a deluded population a knowledge recently received: but to compel their recantation of truths officially declared, by commandment both of their heavenly and earthly king. Each shepherd knew that he was smitten, in order that his sheep might be scattered: and a responsibility of awful weight rested on him, lest by his instability offences should come. When to this is added the consideration that the faithful pastors of God's fold had lately heard and seen the very men who now sat in judgment on them as heretics, outwardly conforming to the better way, and lending their aid to establish it—for even Bonner and Winchester had been forward to preach down the pope, under Henry's sturdy hand, though they revolted against the gentle rule of Edward—we must expect to find a bolder spirit of rebuke among the indignant confessors of a faith, which had by these worthless men been hypocritically taken up, and was now sacrilegiously spurned aside. Rogers and his fellows had been, in the fullest sense of the words, "set for the defence of the gospel," and let not the earnestness with which the Lord enabled them to contend for it be counted a breach of charity: in doing otherwise they had sinned against God, against his church, and against their own souls.

Rogers was brought before the council, with Winchester presiding, who asked if he would conform to the catholic church, which in England had received the pope as supreme head; to which he replied, he knew none other Head but Christ, of his catholic church; denying any other authority to the bishop of Rome than what he might hold in common with other bishops, and by the doctrine of the old and pure catholic church, four hundred years after Christ.

“Why then,” said Winchester, “didst thou acknowledge king Henry the eighth to be the supreme head of the church, if Christ be the only Head?” Rogers replied, “I never granted him to have any supremaey in spiritual things, as are the forgiveness of sins, giving of the Holy Ghost, authority to be a judge above the word of God.” After scoffing at him, they again urged the point of popish supremacy, when he said, “My lord, without fail I cannot believe that ye yourselves do think in your hearts that he is supreme head in forgiving sins, &c. seeing you, and all the bishops of the realm have now twenty years long preached, and some of you also written to the contrary, and the parliament hath so long agoe condescended unto it”—Winchester interrupted him; “Tush, that parliament was with most great cruelty constrained to abolish and put away the primacy from the bishop of Rome.” “With cruelty?” said Rogers; “why then I perceive you take a wrong way, with cruelty to persuade men’s consciences; for it should appear, by your doings now, that the cruelty then used hath not persuaded your conscience. How would you then have our consciences persuaded with eruelty?”

After a lame attempt to shuffle off this plain appeal, Winchester hurried him, alleging that they had other prisoners to examine after him; offering him the queen’s mercy if he would recant and conform; otherwise what he was pleased to term justice. Rogers, complaining of their refusal to let him dispute either orally or in writing, again remarked, “Ye yourselves, all the bishops of the realm, brought me to the knowledge of the pretended primacy of the bishop of Rome, when I was a young man, twenty years past; and will ye now, without collation, have me to say and do the contrary? I cannot be so persuaded.”

To this Winchester had the effrontery to object that he was forbidden by St. Paul to hold conference with a heretic, after one or two monitions. “My lord,” said Rogers, “I deny that I am a heretic. Prove ye that first, and then allege the foresaid text:” but Winchester only repeated his offer of mercy, on unqualified submission to the apostate church. However Rogers entangled him in an argument on the unscriptural use of an unknown tongue in their public services, by which he proved his point. “Catholic signifieth not the Romish church; it signifieth the consent of all true-teaching churches, of all times and all ages: but how should the bishop of Rome be one of them, which

teacheth so many doctrines that are plainly and directly against the word of God? Can that bishop be the true head of the catholic church that doeth so? that is not possible." When Rogers' advantage in the dispute became apparent, the whole council put him down, by clamorous talking all together, and quickly ordered him back to prison. He thus concludes his account of the scene: "The lord chancellor bade to prison with me again; and, Away, away, said he, we have more to talk withal: if I would not be reformed (so he termed it), away, away! Then up I stood, for I had kneeled all the while. Then sir R. Southwell, who stood by in a window, said to me, Thou wilt not burn in this gear, when it cometh to the purpose; I know well that. I answered, Sir, I cannot tell; but I trust in my Lord God, yes: lifting up mine eyes unto heaven."

Some further scoffing and railing took place, on the subject of his marriage, which he defended both by the laws of God and of the land; but was forced out at the door, while striving to speak. His reflections on the subject are beautiful, lamenting that he was not suffered to contend for the faith, and desiring the prayers of all true Christians. "As also of all my brethren that are in the same case and distress, that I and they may despise all manner of threats and cruelty, and even the bitter burning fire, and the dreadful dart of death, and stick like true soldiers to our dear and loving Captain, Christ, our only Redeemer and Saviour; and also the only true Head of the church, that doth all in us all, which is the very property of an head, (and is a thing that all the bishops of Rome cannot do), and that we do not traitorously run out of his tents, or out of the plain field from him, in the most jeopardy of the battle; but that we may persevere in the fight, if he will not otherwise deliver us, till we be most cruelly slain of his enemies. For this I most heartily, and at this present, with weeping tears, most instantly and earnestly desire and beseech you all to pray. And also, if I die, to be good to my poor and honest wife, being a poor stranger, and all my little souls, hers and my children. Whom, with all the whole faithful and true catholic congregation of Christ, the Lord of life and death save, keep, and defend in all the troubles and assaults of this vain world, and bring at the last to everlasting salvation, the true and sure inheritance of all crossed Christians. Amen. Amen."

The former examination took place on the 22d of Janu-

ary: on the 28th and 29th, Rogers was again brought up: and the following are extracts from what he calls, "His second confession, made, and that should have been made, if it might have been heard:" for a great deal of what he said was entirely drowned by the indecent laughter and loud clamour of those spiritual and temporal lords of her majesty's council.

First, being asked again by Winchester, whether he would accept the mercy offered before, he replied, that, having discovered what that mercy meant, he utterly refused it; again demanding liberty to dispute for his faith, which was, as before, denied. On the bishop of Carlisle offering, with all his brethren, to bear Winchester out in his assertions, and Rogers remarking, "Yea, that I believe well," the people laughed. Hitherto the examination had been public, but after this slight testimony of the general mind concerning them, the bishops took care to admit none but their own servants and adherents.

Being questioned concerning transubstantiation, he denied it; and then was assailed with a false charge of preaching against the queen, of which he challenged proof: as also of another forged accusation of having preached contrary to command: adding, "Thus have you now against the law of God and man handled me; and never sent for me, never conferred with me, never spoke of any learning, till now that ye have gotten a whip to whip me with, and a sword to cut off my neck, if I will not condescend to your mind. This charity doth all the world understand."

After relating his many vain attempts to get a fair hearing, he goes on: "Then the clock being, as I guessed, about four, the lord chancellor said that he and the church must yet use charity with me. (What manner of charity it is, all true Christians do well understand, as to wit, the same that the fox doth with the chickens, and the wolf with the lambs) and gave me respite till to-morrow, to see whether I would remember myself well to-morrow, and whether I would return to the catholic church,—for so he called his anti-christian false church—again, and repent; and they would receive me to mercy. I said that I was never out of the true catholic church, nor would be: but into his church would I, by God's grace, never come. Well, quoth he, then is our church false and anti-christian? Yea, quoth I. And what of the doctrine of the sacrament? False, quoth I, and cast my hands abroad. Then said one,



that I was a player ; to whom I answered not, for I passed not upon his mock. Come again, quoth the lord chancellor, to-morrow, between nine and ten. I am ready to come again, whensoever ye call, quoth I. And thus was I brought up by the sheriffs to the compter in Southwark,—Mr. Hooper going before me, and a great multitude of people being present; so that we had much ado to go in the streets.”

The following day, sentence having been first passed on Hooper, Rogers was brought in, and again asked if he would submit ; to which he, as before, replied by demanding liberty to defend his opinions, but in vain. In maintaining his right to be heard, he touched the bishops so nearly on their slavish submission to every dictate of king Henry, that Winchester rose and faced him, in his bullying way; while all agreed in refusing to hear him further. They then proceeded on two articles, his affirming the Romish church to be the church of Antichrist, and his denial of their false doctrine of the sacrament, to excommunicate, degrade, and condemn him. “ Well, my Lord,” said Rogers, “ here I stand before God and you, and all this honourable audience, and take them to witness that I never wittingly or willingly taught any false doctrine ; and therefore have I a good conscience before God and all good men. I am sure that you and I shall come before a Judge that is righteous, before whom I shall be as good a man as you : and I nothing doubt but that I shall be found there a true member of the true catholic church of Christ, and everlastingly saved. And as for your false church, you need not excommunicate me forth of it. I have not been in it these twenty years, the Lord be thanked therefore ! But now ye have done what ye can, my lord, I pray you grant me one thing.” “ What is that ?” said Winchester. “ That my poor wife, being a stranger, may come and speak with me so long as I live. For she hath ten children that are hers and mine, and somewhat I would counsel her, what were best for her to do.” Winchester’s reply to this humble request, was, “ No ; she is not thy wife.” “ Yes, my lord, and hath been these eighteen years.” But the cruel spirit of these wretched men was not to be softened : they denied the validity of his marriage, recognized as it was by public law, and refused to admit of her seeing her husband. Rogers, therefore, with a severe rebuke for

the evil lives which they preferred to that of honest wedlock, desisted; and was conveyed back to his prison.

The stern unbending severity of the former inquisitorial courts, was not so revolting to humanity, as the indecent levity apparent throughout these pretended examinations of their first victim under Mary's rule. The council seem to have been of one spirit with their leader; forgetful alike of that semblance of solemnity, that mask of candour, which hitherto had been carefully preserved; and conducting themselves with the rudeness of a common rabble. Rogers afterwards wrote much in prison of what he was prevented from saying, by their noisy, taunting interruptions; and the whole came before the public, by the providential discovery already related. There was one passage in his manuscript too strikingly prophetic to be passed over; and well worthy the attentive perusal of such as in our day have had their protestantism diluted by false liberality.

“ If God look not mercifully upon England, the seeds of utter destruction are sown in it already by these hypocritical tyrants, and Antichristian prelates, popish papists, and double traitors to their natural country. And yet they speak of mercy, of blessing, of the catholic church, of unity, of power, and strengthening of the realm. This double dissimulation will show itself one day, when the plague cometh, which will undoubtedly light upon these crown-shorn captains, and that shortly, whatsoever the godly and the poor realm suffer in the meanwhile by God's good sufferance and will.

“ Spite of Nebuchadnezzar's beard, and maugre his heart, the captive, thrall, and miserable Jews must come home again; and have their city and temple builded up again, by Zerubbabel, Esdras, and Nehemiah. And the whole kingdom of Babylon must needs go to ruin, and be taken of strangers, the Persians and Medes. So shall the dispersed English flock of Christ be brought again into their former estate, or to a better, I trust in the Lord God, than it was in innocent king Edward's days; and our bloody Babylonian bishops, and the whole crown-shorn company, brought to utter shame, rebuke, ruin, decay, and destruction. For God cannot, and undoubtedly will not, suffer for ever their abominable lying, false doctrine, their hypocrisy, blood-thirst, uncleanness, idleness, their pestilent life, pampered

in all kinds of pleasure, their Thrasonical, boasting pride, their malicious, envious, and poisoned stomachs, which they bear towards his poor miserable Christians."

So confident was this martyr of the approaching change above described, that he told Day, the printer of Fox's Acts and Monuments, then in prison with him, he should live to see it; and not only left by him a cheering message to his brethren in tribulation, then scattered abroad, but suggested some useful hints for the better establishment of the gospel in parishes, when all these hinderances should be removed. Rogers was evidently as well a man of most clear mind and undaunted spirit, as of deep and solid piety. His imprisonment had lasted a year and a half, at the time of his condemnation; and during the five days that intervened between the sentence and its execution, he committed to writing much valuable matter. On the morning of Monday, the 4th of February, he was awakened from a sound sleep, by the keeper's wife, with tidings that he must prepare himself for the fire; and an injunction to make haste. He only observed, "If it be so, I need not tie my points," and was presently dressed, and taken to Bonner, for the ceremony of degradation. That being done, he craved one favour, which was to see his wife, and speak a few words with her before his burning. Being refused, he observed, "Then you declare your charity, what it is," and so proceeded to Smithfield.

Woodroffe, one of the sheriffs, first inquired if he would revoke his abominable doctrines, and his evil opinion of the sacrament of the altar: Rogers replied, "that which I have preached, I will seal with my blood." "Then," said Woodroffe, "thou art a heretic." "That shall be known," answered Rogers, "at the day of judgment." "Well," said the other, "I will never pray for thee." "But I will pray for you," was the martyr's reply. Going to the place of burning, and repeating as he went along the psalm *Miserere*, he was met by his poor wife, her ten children on foot beside her, and a little new-born infant at her breast. Yet even this sorrowful and unexpected sight of those whom he had so earnestly implored permission to embrace once more, did not shake his constancy, nor abate his cheerful courage. A great multitude of people attended him, openly rejoicing in his behalf, and praising God for the grace given him. At the stake, he exhorted them briefly, being restrained from using many words, to abide constantly in

that faith and true doctrine which he had before taught, and they had learned; and for the confirmation whereof he was not only content patiently to suffer and bear all such bitterness and cruelty as had been shown him, but also most gladly to resign up his life, and give his flesh to the consuming fire, for the testimony of the same.

His pardon was brought, and offered to him if he would recant; but he utterly refused it; and so, bound to the stake, and washing his hands in the rising flames, with wonderful patience, willingness and steadfastness, he took his death in defence of Christ's gospel, and was burnt to ashes.

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## CHAPTER XII.

LAWRENCE SAUNDERS.

ALTHOUGH Mary, in the first year of her reign, had, by open proclamation, inhibited the true preaching of God's holy word, not a few faithful ministers were found to persist in feeding their flocks according to God's ordinance, not as preachers publicly authorized, as in blessed king Edward's happy days, but as the private shepherds of particular folds. Among these was LAWRENCE SAUNDERS, a man of very good family, educated at Eton, whence he was sent to King's College, Cambridge, and during three years studied with great credit and profit to himself. Forsaking however the university, he complied with the wishes of his mother, a wealthy widow, and was entered to the mercantile profession with Sir William Chester. But though all appeared so settled for Saunders becoming a merchant, God, who had better things in store for his servant, so wrought in his bosom that he could find no satisfaction in that way of life; and while his companions were busily pursuing their occupation, he would steal away to a solitary chamber, to indulge his lamentations over what he felt to be a most unsuitable lot. His master, a good man, overhearing his apprentice thus in prayer bemoaning himself, inquired the cause; and finding that he could not be happy in any other condition than such as should allow him lei-

sure for study and spiritual contemplation, he generously wrote to his friends, giving up his indentures, and leaving him free to go in the path that God had marked out. Saunders joyfully returned to Cambridge, giving himself to the study of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; and more especially to that of God's word, to which at last he entirely confined himself, seeking to be qualified for a preacher of the everlasting gospel. In study, says Fox, he was diligent and painful; in godly life he declared the fruits of a well-exercised conscience: he prayed often with great fervour, and in his prayers, as also at other times, he had his part in spiritual exercises, which his heavy sighing to God declared; in which when any special assault did come, by prayer he felt present relief: then was his company marvellous comfortable. For, as his exercises were special teachings, so in the end they proved singular consolations: wherein he became so expert, that within a short time he was able to comfort others, which were in any affliction, by the consolation wherewith the Lord did comfort him. Thus continued he in the university, till he proceeded master of arts, and a long space after.

When, in the commencement of Edward's reign, true religion began to prosper, Saunders obtained a licence to preach; and was so well liked by those in authority as to be immediately appointed divinity lecturer in his college: where, by doctrine and life, he edified the godly, drew many of the ignorant to God's true knowledge, and stopped the mouths of adversaries. He married about that time, and in the married state led a life unblamable before all men. This college being dissolved, he was made a reader in Lichfield Cathedral, where he obtained a good report even among the enemies of the truth, for learning and godliness. His next remove was to a benefice in Leicestershire called Church Langton; and thence he was preferred to the living of Allhallows, in Bread-street, London. Conscientiously opposed to the holding of pluralities, he determined to resign his parish in Leicestershire, and went to the country for that purpose; but the dissensions that arose just then on Mary's claim to the crown, prevented its accomplishment.

Saunders, however, though placed among the open favourers of that princess, failed not, while refraining from any political interference, to preach boldly and impressively against the popish doctrine and damnable errors of Anti-

christ, which were likely, he said, to spring up again in England, as a just plague for the little love which the nation bore to the blessed word of God, which had been so plenteously offered them. This so highly displeased Mary's adherents that they imprisoned him for it: but as some of his brethren and friends were mighty helpers of the queen's cause in that place, and as no existing law was broken by his preaching, they dismissed him. Saunders, finding that he could resign neither of his livings, except into the hands of a papist, kept them both; and preached alternately at each, with all the fire of that godly zeal which had been imparted to him from above.

When the proclamation was put forth for silencing those who taught the truth, Saunders was at his country benefice, and persisted in warning his flock against false doctrine, until he was forcibly withheld from entering the pulpit. Some of his friends, perceiving the impending danger, urged him to flee the realm, which he refused to do; and finding his church closed against him, returned to London, to bear the same faithful testimony to his city flock. As he approached the metropolis he was overtaken by sir John Mordaunt, one of the queen's council, who inquired whither he went. "I have," said Saunders, "a cure in London, and now I go to instruct my people according to my duty." "If you will follow my counsel," said Mordaunt, "let them alone, and come not at them." The fearless pastor replied, "How then shall I be discharged before God, if any be sick and desire consolation; if any want good counsel and need instruction; or if any should slip into error, and receive false doctrine?" Mordaunt inquired if he had not preached in Bread-street, on a day that he named. "Yes, verily," said Saunders, "that same is my cure." "I heard you myself," observed Mordaunt; "and will you preach now there again?" "If it please you," replied Saunders, "tomorrow you may hear me again in the same place, where I will confirm by the authority of God's word all that I said then; and whatsoever before that time I taught them." Mordaunt earnestly dissuaded him from what he however acknowledged that he could not by authority forbid; and departing from him immediately went to Bonner, with a report of the intended sermon. Saunders repaired to his lodging, where a friend, perceiving him somewhat troubled, asked how he did. "In very deed," said he, "I am in

prison, till I be in prison :” meaning that his mind was unquiet until he should have preached, and that he should then have contentment, though he were imprisoned for it.

The next day, being Sunday, he addressed his congregation in the forenoon, on the text 2 Cor. xi. 2, 3,—“ I have espoused you to one husband, that I may present you as a chaste virgin to Christ. But 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.” He recited to them a summary of that true Christian doctrine through which they were coupled to Christ, to receive of him free justification through faith in his blood. The popish doctrine he compared to the serpent’s deceiving; and lest they should be deceived by it, he drew a comparison between the voice of God, and the voice of the popish serpent; plainly declaring the difference that existed between the order of church service set forth by king Edward in the English tongue, and the Romish service used in the Latin. The first, he said was good, because it was according to the word of God, (1 Cor. xiv.) and the order of the primitive church: the other he declared to be evil; and though in that evil were mingled some good Latin words, yet was it but a little honey, or milk, mingled with a great deal of poison, to make them drink up all.

In the afternoon he again repaired to his church, to give another exhortation to the people; but Bonner sent an officer, to charge him on pain of disobedience and contumacy, to come before the bishop, his master. Thus, as the apostles were brought out of the temple where they were teaching, unto the rulers of the Jewish priests, so was Lawrence Saunders brought from his church before this bishop of London, who had with him Sir John Mordaunt, and some of his chaplains. The charge laid against Saunders was treason for disobeying the queen’s proclamation, heresy and sedition for his sermon. The treason and sedition, Bonner was pleased to waive; and undertook to prove him a heretic, with all such as taught and believed that those administrations of the sacrament and orders of the church are most pure which come nighest to the order of the primitive church; which, he maintained, being then in its infancy, could not abide that perfection which was afterwards to be furnished with ceremonies! Saunders answered readily to this; and after much talk, Bonner desired him to write down his belief concerning transubstantiation. He did so,

saying at the same time, "My lord, ye do seek my blood, and ye shall have it: I pray God that ye may be so baptized in it, that hereafter ye may loathe blood-sucking, and become a better man." Bonner having secured this writing, as a sure evidence against Saunders whenever it should please him to put him to death, sent him to the lord chancellor, as Annas sent Christ to Caiaphas; and like favour found Lawrence Saunders as his Master had found before him. The chancellor not being at home, Saunders was kept standing, cap in hand, for four hours, in an outer chamber, among the retainers of the household, who were laughing and gambling; while sir John Mordaunt, who had charge of him, paced up and down. At last Winchester appeared, and after half an hour's delay caused by different suitors presenting their petitions, he was passing through the chamber when Mordaunt handed him a writing, containing the charge against Saunders; who, on being called, meekly bent his knee, making lowly reverence before the table where the chancellor sat. Winchester demanded how it happened that notwithstanding the queen's proclamation he had enterprised so to preach? Saunders replied that, forasmuch as he saw the perilous times now at hand, he did but—according as he was admonished and warned by Ezekiel the prophet—exhort his flock and parishioners to persevere and stand steadfastly in the doctrine which they had learned: adding, that he was moved and pricked forward thereunto by that text of the Apostle wherein he was commanded rather to obey God than man; and, moreover, that nothing more moved and stirred him thereunto than his own conscience. Winchester sneered at his "goodly conscience," inquiring whether it did not aim to make his queen illegitimate; to which Saunders replied, "We do not declare or say that the queen is base-born, neither go about any such matter. But for that let them care whose writings are yet in the hands of men, witnessing the same, to the great reproach and shame of the author." This just rebuke was levelled at Winchester, who, to please Henry, had published a book on True Obedience, wherein he had openly declared queen Mary to be illegitimate. Saunders proceeded, "We do only profess and teach the sincerity and purity of the word, the which, albeit it be now forbidden us to preach with our mouths, yet notwithstanding I do not doubt that our blood hereafter shall manifest the same." "Carry away this frenzied fool to prison," cried



Winchester : to whom Saunders once more answered, that he did give God thanks, which had given him at the last a place of rest and quietness, where he might pray for the bishop's conversion.

A prison companion of Saunders afterwards heard him speak of the wonderful comfort that, during this examination, he had experienced, not only in spirit but even in body; describing it as "a pleasant refreshing issuing from every part and member of the body unto the seat and place of the heart, and thence ebbing and flowing to and fro, unto all the parts again." For a whole year and three months after this committal to the Marshalsea, was he kept there, strictly confined by Winchester; to whom he wrote, calmly and firmly, questioning the legality of his imprisonment, and repeating his powerful objections against the popish doctrine, as robbing God of his due and only honour; taking away the true comfort of conscience, by obscuring, or rather burying Christ and his office of salvation; and spoiling God of his true worship and service in spirit and in truth, and driving men to a vain lip-service; casting aside God's commandments to maintain their own traditions. The following beautiful letter addressed to his wife shows the ground of his unshaken confidence, and unfailling hope.

"Grace, mercy, and peace, in Christ our Lord, entirely beloved wife, even as unto my own soul and body, so do I daily in my hearty prayer, wish unto you; for I do daily, twice at the least, in this sort remember you. And I doubt not, dear wife, but that both I and yo<sup>r</sup>, as we be written in the book of life, so we shall together enjoy the same everlastingly, through the grace and mercy of God, our dear Father, in his Son, our Christ. And for this present life, let us wholly appoint ourselves to the will of our good God, to glorify him either by life or by death; and even that same merciful Lord make us worthy to honour him either way as pleaseth him. Amen. I am merry, I thank my God and my Christ, in whom, and through whom I shall, I know, be able to fight a good fight, and finish a good course, and then receive the crown which is laid up in store for me, and all the true soldiers of Christ. Wherefore, wife, let us, in the name of our God, fight lustily to overcome the flesh, the devil, and the world. What our harness and weapons be in this kind of fight, look in the sixth chapter unto the Ephesians; and pray, pray, pray.

I would that you make no suit for me in any wise. Thank, you know whom, for putting me in remembrance of my journey whither I am passing. God send us all good speed, and a joyful meeting. I have too few such friends to further me in that journey, which is indeed the greatest friendship.

The blessing of God be with you all. Amen.

A prisoner in the Lord,

L. SAUNDERS."

Thus constantly did he contend with two mighty enemies, Antichrist and death : to neither giving place ; but by suffering their malice, getting the victory over them both. He had many contests in prison with popish assailants, whom he did not spare on the subject of their time-serving tergiversation any more than that of their deadly errors. But his delight seems to have been in pouring out the fulness of his affectionate heart, in letters to his fellow sufferers, Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, then confined in Oxford ; to bishop Farrar, Taylor, Bradford, Philpot, and other blessed confessors ; with his excellent wife, and the Christian friends who comforted both her and him. The leading characteristic of his writings is that his thoughts seem to flow naturally forth in the very phrase of Scripture. So imbued was he with the divine spirit of that holy book, that it shines through him as through a glass. The opening of his letter to the persecuted bishops at Oxford, affords a sweet specimen : thus it runs :

“ In my most humble wise I salute you most reverend fathers in Christ Jesus our Lord. Immortal thanks and everlasting praises be given unto that our Father of mercies, which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light, which hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of his beloved Son, by whom we have redemption through his blood. O most happy estate, that in an unspeakable wise our life is hid with Christ in God : but whensoever Christ, which is our life, shall show himself, then shall we also appear with him in glory. In the mean season, as our sight is but in a glass, even in a dark speaking, so we walk in faith, not after outward appearance : the which faith, although for want of outward appearances, reason reputeth but as vain, yet the chosen of God do know the effect thereof, to bring a more substantial state and

lively fruition of very felicity and perfect blessedness than reason can reach, or senses receive. By this faith we have in our possession all good things, yea, even them which the eye hath not seen, and ear hath not heard, neither have entered the heart of man. Then if hereby we do enjoy all good things, it followeth that we must needs possess, have and enjoy you, most reverend fathers, who be no small part of our joy and good things given us of God."

After richly expatiating on the abundant consolations provided for them in the word of life, he thus concludes. "We testify unto you, reverend fathers, that we draw these waters with joy out of the wells of the Saviour. And I trust we shall with you continually bless the Lord, and give thanks unto the Lord out of the wells of Israel; we trust to be merry together at that great supper of the Lamb, whose spouse we are by faith; and there to sing that song of everlasting hallelujah, Amen. Yea, come, Lord Jesus. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you, Amen."

Another letter to his wife he ends in these words. "Dear wife, riches I have none to leave behind me, wherewith to endow you after the worldly manner; but that treasure of tasting how sweet Christ is unto hungry consciences, (whereof, I thank my Christ, I do feel part, and would feel more) that I bequeath unto you, and to the rest of my beloved in Christ, to retain the same in sense of heart always. Pray, pray. I am merry, and I trust I shall be merry, maugre the teeth of all the devils in hell. I utterly refuse myself, and resign myself unto my Christ, in whom I know I shall be strong, as he seeth needful. Pray, pray, pray."

The faithful and loving wife to whom Saunders delighted thus to pour forth the fulness of those divine consolations vouchsafed to him, was forbidden with all other friends, to enter the place of his confinement. She came to the gate with her infant in her arms, to beseech admittance, but the keeper had been so straitly charged to the contrary, that he durst not grant it: however he took the little babe from her, and carried him to his father, who, on seeing him, rejoiced greatly, saying that he was more glad to have such a boy than he should be if two thousand pounds were given him. Addressing the standers by, who were praising the beauty of the child, he asked, what man, fearing God, would not lose this present life rather than, by prolonging it here, he should adjudge that boy to be illegiti-

mate, his wife an unchaste woman, and himself a libertine. "Yea," said he, "if there were no other cause for which a man of my estate should lose his life, yet who would not give it to avouch this child to be legitimate, and his marriage to be lawful and holy?"

At length, after passing a year and three months in prison, he was summoned to his examination. The substance of it he wrote down; and from his memorandum it appears that Winchester, the chancellor, after reminding him how for abominable heresies and false doctrine he had been imprisoned, continued, "we must say that we have fallen in manner all: but now we be risen again, and returned to the catholic church; you must rise with us, and come home unto it. Give us forthwith a direct answer."

To this Saunders objected the violence that would be done to his conscience, on the one hand, while on the other, life and liberty, both of which he loved, must be sacrificed. Being told that what he called conscience was but pride and arrogancy, and a love of singularity in dividing from the church, Saunders replied as to the latter, that he lived in the faith wherein he had been brought up since fourteen years of age; having been taught, even by those present, the usurpation of the bishop of Rome, and abuses springing from it. Being pressed as to whether he had received by their consent and authority his heresies respecting the sacrament, he answered that the cutting off the supremacy of the bishop of Rome, as they had done, was to the denial of any one point of his doctrine, what the cut-off of the head was to the removal of a single joint of the body. Here Bonner interposed, offering to show under Saunders' hand, his opinion against the sacrament of the altar. Saunders then assured them that if the queen would allow him and his brethren to live according to their consciences, they would be found most obedient subjects. Otherwise, he would, by God's grace, abide the utmost extremity that man could do against him. To this Winchester returned a scornful and insulting answer, telling him he was not fit to live, as he should understand within seven days; and bidding them away with him.

"Welcome be it," said the martyr, "whatsoever the will of God shall be, either life or death. And I tell you truly, I have learned to die. But I exhort you to beware of shedding of innocent blood: truly it will cry. The Spirit of God rest upon all your honours, Amen." He was then re-

moved; and while standing without, waiting for the other prisoners, addressed the officers and a great multitude of people who pressed around, freely warning them all of that which, by their falling from Christ to Antichrist, they deserved, and exhorting them therefore by repentance to rise again, and to embrace Christ with stronger faith: to confess him unto the end, in defiance of Antichrist, sin, death, and the devil. So should they retain the Lord's favour and blessing.

His account of his other examinations was seized and secreted: but it is well known that in them, as he stoutly defended Christ's cause, so he freely warned the pharisaical bishops and papists of their hypocrisy and tyranny, and fully cleared himself of their unjust charges. After being excommunicated, and delivered to the secular power, he was committed to the compter, in his own parish of Breadstreet, wherein he greatly rejoiced; both finding there a Christian companion and a comforter in his fellow-prisoner, Mr. Cardmaker; and because he could address his own flock from the prison, as from a pulpit. He sent several beautiful letters to different members of his congregation, all breathing the same spirit of tranquil rejoicing in the Lord. On the 4th of February, Bonner came to the prison to degrade him; at the close of which senseless ceremony, Saunders merely remarked, "Thank God, I am none of your church." On the following morning, he set out on the journey to Coventry, where he was to be burned; and coming that night to St. Alban's, where he met with and reprov'd a gifted but unsteady character, a Mr. Grinwald, he concluded by taking a cup and asking if he would pledge him of that cup, of which he would begin to him. Grinwald replied, "Of that cup which is in your hand I will pledge you; but of that other which you mean, I will not promise you." "Well," rejoined Saunders, "my dear Lord Jesus Christ hath begun to me of a more bitter cup than mine shall be; and shall I not pledge my most sweet Saviour? yes, I hope."

Arrived at Coventry, a poor shoemaker, whom he used to employ, came to him, exclaiming, "Oh, my good master, God strengthen and comfort you!" He replied "Graceries, good shoemaker; and I pray thee to pray for me; for I am the unmeetest man for this high office that ever was appointed to it: but my gracious God and dear Father is able to make me strong enough." He was thrust, for the night, into the common prison, where he spent most of

the hours in prayer, and in instructing the prisoners around him.

The next day, February 8, 1555, he was to suffer; and early in the morning he wrote to two beloved fellow-confessors, Robert and John Glover, as follows:

“Grace and consolation in our sweet Saviour Christ. Oh my dear brethren, whom I love in the Lord, being loved of you also in the Lord, be merry and rejoice for me, now ready to go up to that mine inheritance, which I myself indeed am most unworthy of, but my dear Christ is worthy, who hath purchased the same for me with so dear a price. Make haste, my dear brethren, to come unto me, that we may be merry, with that joy which no man shall take from us. O wretched sinner, that I am not thankful unto this my Father, who hath vouchsafed me worthy to be a vessel unto his honour. But, O Lord, now accept my thanks, though they proceed out of a not enough circumcised heart. Salute my good sisters your wives; and, good sisters, fear the Lord. Salute all others that love us in the truth. God’s blessing be with you always, Amen. Even now towards the offering of a burnt sacrifice. Oh may Christ help, or else I perish.”

Shortly after writing these lines, he was led out to the park, without the city, habited in an old gown, and a shirt which he had instructed his wife to prepare for the occasion. He was barefooted; and on his way to the place of execution, he frequently cast himself flat on the ground to pray. Coming near the place, the officer conducting him said to Mr. Saunders, that he was one of them which marred the queen’s realm with false doctrine and heresy; adding, “wherefore, thou hast deserved death; but yet if thou wilt revoke thy heresies, the queen hath pardoned thee; if not, yonder fire is prepared for thee.” Mr. Saunders answered, “It is not I, nor my fellow-preachers of God’s truth, that have hurt the queen’s realm; but it is yourself, and such as you are, which have always resisted God’s holy word; it is you which have, and do mar the queen’s realm. I do hold no heresies, but the doctrine of God, the blessed gospel of Christ; that hold I, that believe I, that have I taught, and that will I never revoke.” “Away with him!” cried the tormentor: and away went Mr. Saunders with a cheerful courage towards the fire. He fell to the ground and prayed; he rose up again, and took the stake, to which he was to be chained, in his arms, and kissed it,

saying, "Welcome the cross of Christ: welcome everlasting life."

It is hard to believe that any human beings could wilfully add needless torture to such a death; yet it is certain that green wood, and other fuel rather calculated to scorch than to burn, was used at this barbarous execution; as though the spirit of vindictive cruelty manifested by the bishops in London had pervaded the breasts of their miserable agents at Coventry. The additional pain thus occasioned was very great; and the torment of much longer duration: but the grace and most plentiful consolation of Christ, which never forsaketh his servants, gave strength and patience to the martyr, above all that his tormentors could do against him. He stood in the slow and smouldering fire, calm and quiet; and to all appearance fell into a sweet sleep in the midst of it.

An impressive lesson was given in the case of Lawrence Saunders, calculated to strengthen the feeble, and to warn the self-confident. There was a Dr. Pendleton, who in the reign of Edward had preached faithfully the gospel, in Saunders' neighbourhood. When the troubles of Mary's reign began, the two friends took counsel together what course they should pursue; when Saunders, who was weak of body, appeared also faint in spirit, and so fearful, that he was likely altogether to fall away, or at least to fly the land, rather than to face persecution. Pendleton, on the contrary, as bold in courage as he was portly and robust in person, comforted and admonished him, saying, after much godly exhortation not to flee at the wolf's approach, or to look back when he had put his hand to the plough, "What, man, there is a great deal more cause in me to be afraid, than in you; forasmuch as you see I carry a greater mass of flesh upon my back than you do; and being so laden with a heavier lump of this vile carcase, ought therefore, of nature to be more frail than you: and yet I will see the uttermost drop of this grease of mine molten away, and the last gobbet of this flesh consumed to ashes, before I will forsake God and his truth." Saunders answered but little, earnestly wishing that Almighty God would give him more strength; confessing his weakness, and faintly agreeing to go to London, and endeavour to witness for the gospel. The result, as regarded this humble, self-abasing, praying believer we have seen. Pendleton, bold in the presumption of his own steadfastness, accompanied his friend to Lon-

don; and there he failed in the hour of trial, apostatized, and preached Antichrist as zealously as Lawrence Saunders protested against him. "Wherefore," saith Fox, "let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall; and let us pray continually to Almighty God, though we have faith, that he will help and increase our faith; that in him it may be made strong, which of itself is so weak that it is soon overthrown."

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### CHAPTER XIII.

BISHOP HOOPER.

HITHERTO have we seen persons of various degrees in rank and bearing, and of different orders in society, enabled to resist unto the shedding of their blood the sin of conforming to the requirements of a church plainly denounced in Holy Scripture as idolatrous and antichristian. It now becomes our duty to record the barbarous immolation on that sanguinary shrine of one who held the high station of a chief pastor in the fold. DR. JOHN HOOPER, bishop of Worcester and Gloucester, had graduated in the university of Oxford, where he not only acquired a full share of human learning, but was, by the secret vocation of God, stirred up with fervent desire to the love and knowledge of the Scriptures. He searched them with diligence and prayer: and, by the grace of the Holy Spirit, attained to the light of true divinity. About the time of enacting the six articles, in Henry's reign, Mr. Hooper, by his evident growth in spiritual understanding, excited the displeasure of certain pharisaical doctors, who found means to drive him from the university. He then entered the household of sir Thomas Arundel, who retained him as his steward, until he discovered Hooper's religious opinions, to which he was exceedingly averse, while entertaining the utmost esteem and affection for his person. Accordingly, sir Thomas wrote a private communication to Stephen Gardiner, stating his anxiety to have Hooper convinced of his errors by the bishop; and of this letter he made him the bearer.

Winchester conferred with him for four or five days on



disputed points, but being unable to make any impression on Mr. Hooper, he sent him back to sir Thomas with commendations of his learning and wit. The failure, however, of his attempts at convincing him of error, left a resentful bitterness against him on Winchester's spirit, who never forgot or forgave any opposition to his will. Not long afterwards, information was conveyed to Mr. Hooper that danger was working against him; insomuch that he left sir Thomas Arundel's house, and after travelling in France, and being for a short time with another gentleman in England, he was again compelled to flee to France, Germany, and other places. At Zurich, where he lived on terms of great friendship with Bullinger, he also married, and diligently applied himself to the study of Hebrew.

At length when God saw good to place the pious young Edward on the throne, and so to stay the persecution against his little flock, and give them peace and rest, Mr. Hooper took leave of his German friends, and returned to help forward the Lord's work at home. It is remarkable that when his dear friend Bullinger, with an affectionate farewell, entreated to hear of his future progress, Hooper, giving a ready promise to that effect, added, "But the last news of all I shall not be able to write: for there (taking Bullinger by the hand) where I shall take most pains, there shall you hear of me to be burned to ashes; and that shall be the last news, which I shall not be able to write to you; but you shall hear of me."

Coming to London, he made it his unfailing practice to preach, generally twice, at least once, every day. His sermons were sharp; correcting sin, inveighing against the iniquity of the world, and the corrupt abuses of the church. He was very popular, the people flocking daily in such large numbers to hear his discourses, that oftentimes the church would be thronged to the very doors. In doctrine he was earnest, in tongue eloquent, in the Scriptures perfect, and in labours indefatigable. His character was singularly consistent, and his deportment always the same. Grave, even to austerity; in life so irreproachable that no slander was able to fix a stain upon his conduct; of a healthful, vigorous body, pregnant wit, sound judgment, invincible patience, and inflexibly just. Spare of diet, sparer of words, sparest of time. Neither could labour or adversity break, nor promotion elate, or dainty fare corrupt him. Liberal in hospitality, to the utmost extent of his means;

and altogether fitly answering to the apostle's description of a good bishop. Such he appeared to the young king; for having been called to preach before him, he was very soon, by his majesty's desire, appointed to the see of Gloucester; and after two years' exemplary discharge of his duties, to that of Worcester.

Dr. Hooper, however, entertained certain scruples on the subject of the episcopal vestments, which he considered as retaining too much of the vain show of the popish church, and contrary to the simplicity best becoming the preachers of Christ's gospel. He also objected to the oath usually administered to bishops at their consecration; and with characteristic honesty he stated his difficulties to the king, humbly requesting to be either discharged of his bishoprics, or excused from conforming to these customs. Edward, rather than deprive the national church of such a pillar and ornament, immediately issued his royal sanction for dispensing with all that Hooper objected against. The other bishops, however, strenuously contended for the uniformity of apparel, and of all the rites and ceremonies which were retained, as harmless and decorous, when the destructive errors of the popish church were purged away. Both parties exerted themselves as zealously as though some essential point of saving faith had been involved in the discussion, instead of a thing so immaterial. It injured the cause of the gospel, and furnished occasion to its enemies to blaspheme. In the end, Hooper was overborne, and induced to compromise the matter by consenting to appear occasionally in the vestments so uncongenial to his sober and severe taste. Those who chiefly opposed and pressed him, were afterwards made willing to tread in his steps of constant suffering, unto martyrdom. Fox concludes his account of this bitter controversy with a striking remark: admonishing the reader, "how wholesome and necessary the cross of Christ is sometimes in the church of Christ, as by the sequel hereof afterward did appear. For as in a civil governance and commonwealth, nothing is more occasion of war than overmuch peace, so in the church, and among churchmen, as nothing is more pernicious than too much quietness, so nothing more ceaseth private contentions oftentimes rising among them than the public cross of persecution." He also considers it expedient to have on record these examples: for as it appertains to our consolation to have in the Scriptures the account of Paul's fall, and Da-

vid's aggravated sin, so may it be profitable for posterity to hear the faults of these godly martyrs, that in time of infirmity, there may be the less occasion to despair.

It is certain, that as bishop Hooper carried to undue lengths his scruples against what he was afterwards induced to conform to, so did his opponents contend too stiffly for what was a small matter compared with the mighty battle in which they knew how important it was to stand together, and to present a united front to the enemy. The tumults concerning Hooper's vestments having subsided, he repaired to his diocese, and there employed his time during king Edward's reign, with such diligence as may furnish an example not only to all his successors in that see, but throughout England. Abhorring alike to labour for filthy lucre's sake, and to lord it over God's heritage, he left no pains untaken, no ways unsought, to train up his flock in the true word of salvation. Intrusted with two diocesses, he so ruled and guided them both, as though he had in charge but one family. No father in his household, no gardener in his garden, no husbandman in his fields, was more constantly occupied than bishop Hooper among the people of his charge; whom he visited in all their towns and villages, preaching the gospel. The rest of his time was devoted to hearing public causes, or to private study, prayer, and visiting schools. In nothing was he more remarkable than in the total absence of that respect of persons which would spare a rich man the rebuke wherefrom a poor man would not have escaped. He was hated by evil doers; but not one among them could make out a reproach against his life, so perfectly did it accord with the gospel that he preached. His house was the very abode of piety and peace: no idleness, no pomp, no revelling, or impropriety in word or deed, could there be discovered. One beautiful rule of this house must not be passed over. Every day, a certain number of the poor of the city were supplied with a dinner of whole and wholesome meats, in the great hall. They were entertained by four at a mess, having been previously examined by the bishop or his deputies, on the creed, the Lord's prayer, and the ten commandments: nor did this exemplary pastor sit down to table until his poor guests had been served.

But the days of the church's peace were soon numbered: king Edward went to receive a brighter crown, and with Mary came in popery again, the bitter enemy of Christ

and his gospel. The good bishop Hooper was one of the first marked out, by summons; and the charge was to be answered before Heath and Bonner, for having accepted the diocess from which the former had been expelled for popery, and for having joined in accusing the latter to king Edward, for non-conformity to the purified ritual. The bishop was counselled to flee, but declared his resolution to live and die with his flock. However, on his way to appear before Bonner and Heath, he was intercepted and forced to repair to the queen's council, where Winchester, after many opprobrious and railing words on the score of his religion, falsely charged him with a debt to the queen. Hooper fully and boldly cleared himself, but was nevertheless committed to ward for six months, on this groundless accusation.

On the 19th of March, 1554, the bishop was called to appear before the queen's commissioners, the bishops of Winchester, London, Durham, Llandaff, and Chichester, when, on his entrance, Winchester asked if he were married. "Yea, my lord," he replied, "and will not be unmarried till death unmarry me." Upon which Durham remarked that speech was enough to deprive him. They then proceeded to revile him, one bishop calling him a hypocrite, another a beast, and so forth; nor was he allowed, either by reason or scripture, to make good his cause. After much tumultuous and violent talk against him on the subject of marriage, the bishop of Durham asked him if he believed the corporeal presence in the sacrament: Dr. Hooper plainly answered that there was none; nor did he believe any such thing. Being asked, after another uproar, what authority he had for disbelieving it, he alleged the text—"Whom the heavens must receive until the latter day." Winchester denying the applicability of that passage, he would have entered further into the discussion, but was silenced with clamour and abuse; and finally they had it recorded that he should be deprived of his bishopric for refusing to be separated from his wife, and for disbelief of the corporeal presence.

The treatment of this good man in prison had been most infamous. Every indignity, every hardship, that the malice of the keeper and his wife, creatures of Winchester, could combine to afflict him with, was his portion, during the first three months when some liberty had been allowed him: but at the end of that time, they quarrelled with him

respecting the wicked mass; and reporting to Winchester his faithful testimony against it, that oppressor gave orders to put him into a ward where he had only a little pad of straw for his bed, with a filthy covering, and a few feathers in a bit of ticking, until some good people, by the Lord's mercy, were able to send him bedding. Still his chamber being placed between the common drain of the prison, and Fleet-ditch, then a dreadful nuisance, the stench affected him with many diseases. He thus relates his situation, in a memorandum written by his own hand, and adds, "During which time I have been sick; and the doors, bars, hasps and chains being all closed, and made fast upon me, I have mourned, called, and cried for help. But the warden when he hath known me many times ready to die, and when the poor men of the wards have called to help me, hath commanded the doors to be kept fast, and charged that none of his men should come at me; saying, 'Let him alone: it were a good riddance of him.' I paid always like a baron to the said warden, as well in fees as for my board, which was twenty shillings a week, besides my man's table, until I was wrongfully deprived of my bishopric; and since that time I have paid him as the best gentleman doth in his house; yet hath he used me worse and more vilely than the veriest slave that ever came to the hall commons." After remarking that the warden having found, by stripping the bishop's servant, a list of the names of some who had compassionately sent him alms, delivered it to Stephen Gardiner to ruin them also; he thus concludes his affecting statement—"I have suffered imprisonment almost eighteen months, my goods, living, friends, and comfort taken from me; the queen owing me by just account eighty pounds or more. She hath put me in prison, and given nothing to find me, neither is there suffered any one to come at me whereby I might have relief. I am with a wicked man and woman, so that I see no remedy, saving God's help, but I shall be cast away in prison before I come to judgment. But I commit my just cause to God, whose will be done, whether it be by life or death."

On the 22d of January, 1555, ten months after his first examination, the bishop of Gloucester was again brought by Babington, the cruel warden of the Fleet, before the commissioners, or rather, the inquisitors, sitting at Winchester's house. Gardiner began, by exhorting him to forsake the evil and corrupt doctrine preached in the days of

Edward VI., and to return to the unity of the catholic church, acknowledging the pope's holiness to be head of the said church; promising that as he himself, with other his brethren, had received the pope's blessing and the queen's mercy, even so mercy was ready to be showed to him, if he would arise with them, and submit to the pope's holiness.

To this he replied, that, forasmuch as the pope taught doctrine altogether contrary to the doctrine of Christ, he was not worthy to be accounted a minister of Christ's church, much less to be head thereof; wherefore he would in no wise condescend to any such usurped jurisdiction. Neither esteemed he the church whereof they call him head to be the catholic church of Christ; for the church only heareth the voice of her spouse, Christ, and fleeth the stranger. "Howbeit," said he, "if in any point, to me unknown, I have offended the queen's majesty, I shall most humbly submit myself to her mercy, if such mercy may be had with safety of conscience, and without the displeasure of God."

Answer was made, that the queen would show no mercy to the pope's enemies; and Babington was commanded to conduct him to the Fleet again, where he remained in ward six days, then was brought once more before Winchester and his fellow-inquisitors, who, after much fruitless disputation, set him aside that Rogers might be examined; and then they were together remanded to the Compter, with space given until the next morning to see if they would return to popery. On the way to Southwark, Dr. Hooper addressed his fellow-prisoner, "Come, brother Rogers, must we two take this matter first in hand, and begin to fry these fagots?" "Yea, sir," said Rogers, "by God's grace." The bishop rejoined, "Doubt not but God will give strength." So great was the press of the people, openly rejoicing in the constancy of these holy men, that they could scarcely pass along the streets.

The sheriff observing to Dr. Hooper, "I wonder that ye were so hasty and quick with my lord chancellor, and did use no more patience:" the prelate calmly answered, "Mr. Sheriff, I was nothing at all impatient, although I was earnest in my Master's cause, and it standeth me so in hand, for it goeth upon life and death; not the life of this world only, but also of the world to come." The two prisoners were lodged apart, with strict commandment that none should come near them. The next day, being finally

brought up to the commissioners, Hooper was first examined; and finding in him no change of purpose, they pronounced the order for degrading him, and read the sentence of his condemnation. Rogers having been similarly treated, both were taken away by the sheriffs to a prison not far from Winchester's house. Here they were detained until night, the persecutors fearing to bring them publicly forth. When, in the darkness of night, they prepared to lead Hooper over London-bridge, through the city to Newgate, so great was their apprehension, that officers were sent before to extinguish all lights on the costermongers' stalls; yet, in spite of all their caution, the people discovered the good bishop's approach, and coming from their houses with lights, saluted him, praising God for his constancy in the true doctrine which he had taught them, and praying that he might be strengthened in it unto the end.

As the martyr passed by, he entreated them to make their earnest prayers to God for him. Along Cornhill and Cheapside, this touching scene was continued: a bishop of Christ's church led, on foot, in the deep darkness of a winter's night, from one dungeon to another, surrounded by bill-men and guarded by a gaoler; while every twinkling light that was held up, cast its glimmer on faces pale with apprehension, moist with tears of sympathy, and raised to heaven in fervent supplication, not for his deliverance—that was hopeless, save at the price of his soul—but for such grace as should enable him to give his body to the flames, in defence of the truth. And what must the pastor's heart have felt, as he looked on the trembling sheep appointed also to be slain! Like Paul, he no doubt feared for many, lest the tempter should successfully tempt them, and their faith be in vain; while for those who should be found faithful, his own recent and bitter experience taught him that a cup was prepared from which mortal flesh could not but shrink. This is the probe whereby the matter may be searched to the bottom: men of piety and humanity could not, while writhing as Bishop Hooper then did, from the wounds and pains of a cruel captivity, and marching onward to a more cruel death, desire to encourage the poor ones and little ones of the flock to follow in so terrible a path, had they not assuredly known that a deviation from it would exile them from the kingdom of heaven.

But bishop Hooper was a man of too much note, and too highly esteemed of the people, to render it desirable that he

should set an example of faithfulness unto death. Accordingly, every possible method, was tried to bring him over to their terms. Bonner and his colleagues assailed him with arguments, persuasions, high promises of worldly aggrandizement, and fearful threats of extreme torture; but all in vain: they found him ever the same man, steadfast and unmovable. The stale device was then adopted of spreading a report, seemingly confirmed by Bonner's frequent visits to him, that he had recanted; but this, providentially, came to the bishop's ears; and he forthwith published a strong refutation of the calumny. Explaining why he admitted the bishop of London and his chaplains, he says, "Doubtless, if our brethren were as godly as I could wish them, they would think, that in case I did refuse to talk with them, (Bonner and the rest) they might have just occasion to say that I were unlearned, and durst not speak with learned men; or else proud, and disdained to speak with them. Therefore, to avoid just suspicion of both, I have and do daily speak with them when they come, not doubting but that they report that I am neither proud nor unlearned. And I would wish all men to do as I do in this point. For I fear not their arguments, neither is death terrible unto me, praying you to make true report of the same, as occasion shall serve; and that I am more confirmed in the truth which I have preached heretofore, by their coming. Therefore, ye that may send to the weak brethren, pray them that they trouble me not with such reports of recantations as they do. For I have hitherto left all things of the world, and suffered great pains and imprisonment, and I thank God I am as ready to suffer death as a mortal man may be. It were better for them to pray for us, than to credit or report such rumours that be untrue. We have enemies enow of such as know not God truly: but yet the false report of weak brethren is a double cross. I wish you eternal salvation in Jesus Christ; and also require your continual prayers, that he which hath begun in us, may continue it to the end.

"I have taught the truth with my tongue and with my pen heretofore, and hereafter shortly shall confirm the same, by God's grace, with my blood. Forth of Newgate, the second of February, anno 1554."

It is impossible not to be struck with the calm and dignified tone that breathes in the foregoing document. It bespeaks the chief pastor of a fold, admonishing, exhorting,



and exemplifying, in the spirit, and according to the pattern, of his divine Master. Two days after it was written came the wretched Bonner and his tools, to degrade this holy man; but they proceeded not as with a bishop; they accounted him only a priest, and acted accordingly. Rogers, the proto-martyr of Mary's reign, underwent the same childish ceremony at the same time; after which they were delivered to the secular power, for execution.

At night the gaoler informed bishop Hooper that he would be sent to Gloucester to suffer death, whereat he rejoiced very much, lifting up his eyes and hands to heaven, and praising God that he saw good to send him among the people over whom he was pastor, there to confirm with his death the truth which he had before taught them; not doubting but the Lord would give him strength to perform it to his glory. Immediately he sent to his servant's house for his boots, spurs, and cloak, that he might be in readiness to ride whenever summoned. Before day-break, the keeper and his men came to search the bishop, and the bed where he lay, to see if he had written anything: the sheriffs then led him near St. Dunstan's Church, in Fleet Street, where six of the queen's guard were in waiting to receive, and escort him to Gloucester. These guards brought him to the Angel-inn, where he breakfasted more heartily than for a long time he had done; and when, at break of day, they prepared to start, Dr. Hooper with cheerful alacrity leaped on horseback without assistance, and pursued his way homeward. A hood was kept over his head, to prevent his being recognized; and the guard ascertained from him where he had been accustomed to bait or lodge, that they might always halt for refreshment elsewhere.

These precautions, so expressive of the guilty fears that tormented his persecutors, were in one instance productive of singular comfort to the good bishop; for at Cirencester within his own diocese, they dined at the house of a woman notorious for her hatred of the truth, and of him who taught it: she had been accustomed to rail and speak evil against Hooper; but now with many tears she lamented his case, showed him every attention and respect, and acknowledged with shame that she had often said, if brought to such a trial he would not maintain his doctrine. The conversion of this enemy must indeed have proved a sweet cordial to her zealous and affectionate pastor.

At five o'clock, they arrived at Gloucester ; and a mile without the town, numbers of the people were assembled to receive their bishop, crying and lamenting his state so grievously, that one of the guard rode post to the town, to demand aid of the sheriffs, against a rescue. The officers repaired to the gate with an armed retinue, and ordered the people to keep their houses ; but no indication was given by any individual of any attempt at violence. The bishop was lodged at a private house, and, as he had all along done, ate his supper quietly, and slept soundly his first sleep, after which he continued in prayer to God until morning : then, requesting leave to have a chamber apart from his guards, where he might pray, and talk with his God, he bestowed the whole day in prayer ; save when at meat, he spoke a little to the men who guarded him. An affecting interview then took place. Sir Anthony Kingston, who always had seemed his hearty friend, was one of those appointed by the queen's letters to superintend his execution. Coming into the chamber, he found the bishop at prayers, and seeing him, burst into tears. Dr. Hooper at first sight did not recollect him, but on his asking whether he did not know his old friend, he replied, " Yes, master Kingston, I do now know you well, and am glad to see you in health, and do praise God for the same." " But I," said the knight, " am sorry to see you in this case ; for as I understand, you be come hither to die. But alas ! consider that life is sweet, and death is bitter. Therefore, seeing life may be had, desire to live ; for life hereafter may do good."

The bishop beautifully answered : " Indeed, it is true, master Kingston, I am come hither to end this life, and to suffer death here, because I will not gainsay the former truth that I have heretofore taught amongst you in this diocese, and elsewhere ; and I thank you for your friendly counsel, although it be not so friendly as I could have wished it. True it is, master Kingston, that death is bitter, and life is sweet : but alas ! consider that the death to come is more bitter, and the life to come is more sweet. Therefore, for the desire and love I have to the one, and the terror and fear of the other, I do not so much regret this death nor esteem this life, but have settled myself through the strength of God's Holy Spirit, patiently to pass through the torments and extremities of the fire now prepared for me, rather than to deny the truth of his word ; desiring you

and others in the mean time to commend me to God's mercy in your prayers."

"Well, my lord, then I perceive there is no remedy, and therefore, I will take my leave of you; and I thank God that ever I knew you, for God did appoint you to call me, being a lost child: and by your good instructions, where before I was living in all uncleanness, God hath brought me to the forsaking and detesting of the same."

"If you have had the grace so to do, I do highly praise God for it; and if you have not, I pray God ye may have, and that you may continually live in his fear." After many other words, they took leave of one another;—Kingston with bitter weeping; and the bishop also with tears trickling down his cheeks, and telling him that all the troubles he had sustained in prison had not caused him so much sorrow.

After this, a blind boy, by much importunity, prevailed on the guard to bring him to the bishop. This boy had lately suffered imprisonment in Gloucester, for confessing the truth. After the bishop had examined him concerning his faith and the cause of his imprisonment, he looked on him steadfastly, tears standing in his eyes, and said, "Ah, poor boy, God hath taken from thee thy outward sight, for what reason 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 thou shouldest then be blind both in body and soul."

But when a person whom he knew to be a hardened papist, and very wicked man, came with expressions of grief at his troubles, saying, "Sir, I am sorry to see you thus," the bishop replied, "To see me! why art thou sorry?" "To see you in this case," said the other; "for I hear say you are come hither to die, for the which I am sorry?" "Be sorry for thyself, man," said the bishop, "and lament thine own wickedness; for I am well, I thank God, and death to me for Christ's sake is welcome."

On that night the guards who had conducted him from London, delivered up their blessed charge to the mayor and sheriffs of Gloucester, who respectfully saluting the bishop, took him by the hand: this he acknowledged as follows: "Mr. Mayor, I give most hearty thanks to you, and to the rest of your brethren, that you have vouchsafed to take me, a prisoner and a condemned man, by the hand,

whereby to my rejoicing, it is some deal apparent that your old love and friendship towards me is not altogether extinguished; and I trust also that all the things I have taught you in times past are not utterly forgotten, when I was here, by the godly king that dead is, appointed to be your bishop and pastor. For the which most true and sincere doctrine, because I will not now account it falsehood and heresy, as many other men do, I am sent hither, as I am sure you know, by the queen's commandment, to die; and am come where I taught it, to confirm it with my blood. And now, Mr. Sheriffs, I understand by these good men and my very friends (meaning the guards) at whose hands I have found so much favour and gentleness by the way hitherward, as a prisoner could reasonably require—for the which also I most heartily thank them—that I am committed to your custody, as unto them that must see me brought to-morrow to the place of execution. My request therefore to you shall be only, that there may be a quick fire, shortly to make an end; and in the meantime I will be as obedient unto you, as yourselves would wish. If you think I do amiss in any thing, hold up your finger, and I have done. For I am not come hither as one forced or compelled to die: for it is well known, I might have had my life with worldly gains; 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 obedient subject to the queen."

Notwithstanding the beautiful spirit thus displayed by the martyr, and the effect produced on the mayor, sheriffs and aldermen to whom it was addressed, the sheriffs resolved to lodge him for that night in the common gaol. The guards, however, who were about to leave their prisoner, made earnest intercession, declaring at large how quietly, mildly, and patiently, he had conducted himself, adding that any child might keep him safely; and that they would sooner remain to watch him themselves than that he should be sent to the common prison. The rough soldiers' honest remonstrance either softened or shamed the civilians; so they permitted him to continue in Ingraham's house; the sheriffs, and a posse of officers keeping watch. Bishop Hooper desired to go to bed betimes, saying, he had many things to remember; and at five in the evening he

went to sleep, soundly. On awaking, he bestowed the rest of the night in prayer : and at early morning desired to be left alone till the hour of execution.

At eight o'clock was the victim summoned ; and seeing the sheriffs, with lord Chandois, sir John Brydges, sir Anthony Kingston, and a great band of armed men, he calmly said, " Mr. Sheriff, I am no traitor, neither needed ye have made such a business to bring me to the place where I must suffer : for if ye had willed me, I would have gone alone to the stake, and would have troubled none of you all." Seeing full seven thousand people assembled to witness his death—for the murderers had chosen to perpetrate their crime on a market-day, in the hope of intimidating many of the Lord's simple flock—he said, with much feeling, " Alas, why be these people assembled and come together ? Peradventure they think to hear something of me now, as they have in times past, but alas, speech is prohibited me. Notwithstanding the cause of my death is well known unto them. When I was appointed here to be their pastor, I preached unto them true and sincere doctrine, and that out of the word of God : and because I will not now account the same to be heresy and untruth, this kind of death is prepared for me."

Led between the two sheriffs, like a lamb to the place of slaughter, the good bishop proceeded, habited in a gown belonging to his host, his hat on his head, and leaning on a staff, from the effects of sciatica, taken during his cruel imprisonment. He had been forbidden to open his mouth, neither did he ; but beholding the bitter grief of the people, who surrounded him, he repeatedly lifted up his eyes to heaven, and then pleasantly looked at some one whom he knew in the lamenting throng. Neither had he, during his long residence among them, ever been known to wear so cheerful and ruddy a countenance as at that time. With a smiling face he beheld the stake and its fearful accompaniments, which were placed near a great elm-tree, over against the college where he used to preach. In the chamber over its gate, stood priests of that college ; while not only the houses around, but the boughs of every tree appeared crowded with spectators. Here the gentle, patient victim knelt down ; and being prohibited from speaking to any one, he repeatedly beckoned to a person whom he knew, to come and hear his prayer ; evidently that he might report it. For the space of half an hour he prayed, upon

the various portions of the creed; and it was while they saw him thus engaged, and his tears fast streaming over the shoulders and bosom of his friend, that the tempters set a stool near him, on which they placed a box with his pardon, or what they represented as a pardon from the queen, if he would recant. At sight of this he exclaimed aloud, "If you love my soul, away with it; if you love my soul, away with it!" The box was removed, and lord Chandois said, "Seeing there is no remedy, dispatch him quickly." "Good my lord," answered the bishop, "I trust your lordship will give me leave to make an end of my prayers." Chandois then said to sir E. Brydges' son, the one who had been summoned by Hooper to hear him, "Edmund, take heed that he do nothing else but pray: if he do, tell me, and I shall quickly dispatch him." Meantime some, who had stepped near unperceived, recorded the prayer of the martyr. It is a legacy of which no part of the church should be deprived; and here we give it, in his own words:—

"Lord, I am hell, but thou art heaven: I am a swill and a sink of sin, but thou art a gracious God, and a merciful Redeemer. Have mercy therefore upon me, most miserable and wretched offender, after thy great mercy, and according to thine inestimable goodness. Thou art ascended into heaven: receive me, hell, to be partaker of thy joys, where thou sittest in equal glory with thy Father. For well knowest thou, Lord, wherefore I am come hither to suffer, and why the wicked do persecute this thy poor servant; not for my sins and transgressions committed against thee, but because I will not allow their wicked doings, to the contaminating of thy blood, and to the denial of the knowledge of thy truth, wherewith it did please thee by thy Holy Spirit to instruct me; the which with as much diligence as a poor wretch might—being thereto called—I have set forth to thy glory. And well seest thou, my Lord and God, what terrible pains and cruel torments be prepared for thy creature: such, Lord, as without thy strength none is able to bear, or patiently to pass. But all things that are impossible with man are possible with thee. Therefore strengthen me with thy goodness, that in the fire I break not the rules of patience; or else assuage the terror of the pains, as shall seem most to thy glory."

No more is recorded; the mayor espied the listeners, and commanded them away. Having concluded, the martyr

divested himself of the gown, requesting the sheriffs to see it safely returned to its owner. It was his intention to be burned in his doublet, hose, and waistcoat, but the shameless rapacity of his tormentors would not submit to the loss of their perquisites, and the sheriffs, who claimed the apparel, insisted on his taking it off. He patiently submitted, and being stripped to his shirt, secured it himself, fixing a bladder containing gunpowder to his legs, and another under each arm. This was delivered to him by his guard. He then desired the people to say the Lord's Prayer with him, and to pray for him—which they did with tears during all his sufferings—and so went up to the stake. Three irons were brought, to bind him thereto by the neck, body, and legs, but he said, “Ye have no need to trouble yourselves: for I doubt not but God will give strength to abide the extremity of the fire, without bonds. Notwithstanding, suspecting the frailty and weakness of the flesh, but having assured confidence in God's strength, I am content ye do as ye shall think good.” Accordingly one iron hoop was placed round his body, which being swollen with imprisonment, and too large for the band, he compressed it with his hands, assisting to fasten it. The other two he utterly refused, saying, “I am well assured I shall not trouble you.”

Placed on a high stool, his tall figure enabled him to take an extensive view of the people; and in every corner was to be seen only sorrow and weeping. Lifting up his hands and eyes, he prayed a while secretly; and then came one, beseeching his forgiveness. He asked, why should he forgive him, seeing he knew of no offence that he had committed against him. “O sir, I am appointed to make the fire,” said the man. The bishop replied, “Therein thou dost nothing offend me: God forgive thee thy sins: and do thine office I pray thee.” The reeds being cast up about him, he received two bundles of them in his hands, kissed them, and put one under each arm; showing with his hand how the rest should be arranged, and pointing out where any were lacking.

But all these endeavours to procure a speedy issue out of his bitter affliction—a fiery trial from which flesh might innocently shrink—proved vain. Charity itself cannot hope that the employment of green fagots for such a purpose was unintentional, or unavoidable. Long after fire was applied, did the flames slowly burn towards the martyr; and

when it did reach him, the cold rough wind of a severe February morning blew it away; he was only scorched. A few dry fagots were then tardily brought, and thrown on: but the reeds were already consumed, and no more provided. This flame burned the lower parts, but was driven by the wind from above; and in the midst of these dreadful tortures he prayed, in a low, calm voice, not as of one in pain, "O Jesus, the Son of David, have mercy upon me, and receive my soul." When the second fire was spent, and he stood scorched and blackened, he wiped his eyes with his hands, and looking on the multitude, said in a moderately loud tone, "For God's love, good people, let me have more fire." All this while he was burning slowly below.

It was long ere the tender mercies of popery kindled a third fire: this blazed up more freely, and reached the gunpowder, which burst, but with little effect, owing to the great power of the wind. He now prayed in a much louder voice, "Lord Jesus have mercy upon me; Lord Jesus have mercy upon me! Lord Jesus receive my spirit!" and these were the last words he was heard to utter. When too much swollen and burnt in the mouth to articulate, his lips still moved in prayer, till they shrank away: he yet continued knocking on his breast with his hands, till one arm dropped off: and then he still knocked with the other. The picture drawn by those who witnessed it, becomes too harrowing to be proceeded in. The impious agents of a power more impious than they, quickened the fire; and the shrivelled remnant of mortality, which had been in the flames three quarters of an hour, bowing forward, yielded its glorified inhabitant to the bosom of Christ.



## CHAPTER XIV.

DR. ROWLAND TAYLOR.

AMID many varieties of character and diversities of gifts, we have seen the self-same Spirit working the same blessed effects: and nothing can more strongly manifest that unity of the Spirit than the peculiar markings of individual character, each standing out distinctly in its own lights and



shades, but each blending harmoniously with the rest of the mighty whole to which it belonged. We have seen that divine grace did not obliterate the natural characteristics of its objects, but brought them all, as humbled, self-abhorring penitents, to cling to the foot of the cross, while bravely yielding up their lives, rather than deny or conceal their scriptural faith. In Lord Cobham we recognize throughout the intrepid warrior and possessor of worldly rank: in Frith, the lover of peace, willing to sacrifice aught but divine truth to attain it. In Bennet, we have the burning zeal of one whose spirit was stirred within him at the spectacle of a city's idolatry; in Rogers, the bold controversialist; in Saunders, the meditative character of one who inwardly feasted on the deep things of God. In Dr. Hooper, we have beheld the dignified prelate, never for one moment losing sight of what best befitted his high office as a faithful chief pastor over the flock; and now we proceed to survey one of a disposition diverse from all these, whose hilarity of mind and buoyancy of spirits, combined with no small portion of rough energy, tend to place in a very striking light the fact already adverted to; "There are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit."

DR. ROWLAND TAYLOR was incumbent of Hadleigh: a town eminently favoured, in that it had been among the first in England to receive the gospel by the preaching of Bilney. The word of God took such effect there, that many, both men and women, were exceedingly well learned in the Scriptures; numbers could be found who had often read the Bible through, who could repeat many of the epistles by heart, and readily have given a goodly sentence in matters of controversy. Their children and servants were also brought up and trained so diligently in the right knowledge of God's word, that Hadleigh seemed more like a university than a town inhabited by manufacturers and labourers. To complete the commendation, they were generally such as adorned the gospel doctrine by holy living.

Dr. Rowland Taylor presided over this flock in the spirit of a true pastor. He had long dwelt in the house of Cranmer; but on being appointed to this living, he came to reside among them, as a good shepherd, resolved to watch over his flock, and to feed them with diligence. He was a learned man, had taken a doctor's degree both in the canon and civil laws, and all his gifts were devoted to the benefit of his people, whom he never failed to assemble

whenever he could, for spiritual instruction. In his life, Dr. Taylor was unblamable; so devoid of pride, that the poorest of the people could approach him as a loving father and friend; though meek as a child, he was bold and earnest in rebuking evil doers; of a joyous spirit, and very loving; yet inflexibly firm and resolute in maintaining the truth. His care for the poor and sick was remarkable: he established a fund in his parish for their relief, contributing liberally thereto from his own purse, and directing its application. His wife was a faithful helper to him in every good work; and their children were brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. As a light set on a candlestick, he shone in God's house: and as the salt of the earth he communicated the savour of true religion around him.

Thus, during the days of the blessed young king, Edward VI., continued good Dr. Taylor to govern and lead his flock; but when it pleased God to take the king into his eternal rest and joy, Hadleigh soon experienced the consequences. An obscure attorney, named Foster, who had but dissembled, like many others during that reign, conspired with a neighbour of his own mind to bring again the Romish service into the church, where Dr. Taylor strictly adhered to the reformed ritual of king Edward; faithfully preaching against the corrupt doctrines of popery. By the contrivance of Foster and Clerk, a priest was brought over from another parish, whose evil and profligate character was notorious, for the purpose of celebrating mass. With all speed they built up an altar in the church, hoping to perform their idolatrous rites on Palm Monday; but in the night their handiwork was demolished by the people. Like Dagon of old, it was soon set up again; and a strong guard placed to protect it until the next day; when the intruding priest, with all his vestments and implements was introduced, and took his station at it, surrounded by armed men, with swords drawn, and bucklers displayed. The bell was then rung, as for divine service.

Good Dr. Taylor, quietly seated in his study, with the Bible before him, heard the chime; and supposing it sounded to summon him to some pastoral duty, he repaired to the church; where all other doors being fast bolted and barred, he lifted the latch of the chancel door, and beheld, to his utter amazement, an altar built in place of his communion-table, and a Romish sacrificer, with bright, new-shaven

crown, ready to begin his desecrating rites, under the protection of a military guard. It cannot be wondered at that such a spectacle in the chancel of his own parish church, moved the faithful pastor to great indignation. "Thou devil," he exclaimed, "who made thee so bold to enter into this church of Christ, to profane and defile it with this abominable idolatry!" Foster started up, and with a furious countenance, rejoined, "Thou traitor, what doest thou here, to let and disturb the queen's proceedings?" "I am no traitor," answered Dr. Taylor, "but I am the shepherd that God my Lord Christ hath appointed to feed this his flock; wherefore I have good authority to be here: and I command thee, thou popish wolf, in the name of God, to avoid hence, and not to presume here with thine idolatry to poison Christ's flock."

Foster again accused him of opposing, with traitorous commotion, the queen's proceedings; which Taylor denied, alleging that he resisted only with God's word those idolatries which were against the word of God, and the queen's honour, and tended but to the subversion of the realm. He also charged them with a breach of their own law, which forbade the celebration of mass but at a consecrated altar. Hereat the priest was about to slink away; but Clerk bade him proceed, reminding him that he had a super-altar: this was a flat stone of a foot long, consecrated by their bishop, which the priests carried about, that they might say masses in private houses for money. Foster then, with his armed men, forcibly drove Dr. Taylor out of the church; which when his wife, who had followed him, saw, and that the house of prayer was about to be so defiled, she kneeled down, held up her hands, and with a loud voice said, "I beseech God, the righteous Judge, to avenge the injury that this popish idolator this day doeth to the blood of Christ." So zealous were our protestant progenitors to clear themselves of the least show, even of tacit acquiescence in what they well knew to be most dishonouring to their Lord! Mrs. Taylor being also thrust forth, and the door secured, the mass proceeded; but not without danger to the sacrificer, who narrowly missed being struck by some of the large stones which the people flung in through the windows.

Thus, as of old, was the antichristian work wrought, by force of arms, alike against the consciences and the will of the people. Foster and Clerk with all speed forwarded a

written complaint of Dr. Taylor's contumacy to Stephen Gardiner, who forthwith summoned the pastor of Hadleigh to appear before him, within a certain space, and answer these complaints. The meditated result was obvious; and Dr. Taylor's friends repaired to his house, earnestly entreating him by flight to escape; representing how vain it was to look for justice or favour at the hands of Gardiner, whose fierce and cruel enmity was so well known. The doctor heartily thanked them, agreeing with them that imprisonment and a cruel death were before him, but adding that truth being so strong on his side, he would, by God's grace, go and appear before them, and to their beads resist their false doing. To this they objected, that he had already done his duty, both by his godly sermons and opposing the priest; alleging the Lord's command, when persecuted in one city, to flee unto another: by doing which he should reserve himself for a time when such teachers would be much wanted. He replied, "O, what will ye have me to do? I am old, and have already lived too long, to see these terrible and wicked days. Fly you, and do as your conscience leadeth you: I am fully determined, with God's grace, to go to the bishop, and to his beard to tell him that he doth naught. God shall well hereafter raise up teachers of his people, which shall with much more diligence and fruit teach them than I have done: for God will not forsake his church, though now for a time he trieth and correcteth us, and not without a just cause. As for me, I believe before God, I shall never be able to do God so good service as I may do now, nor shall we have so glorious a calling as I now have, nor so great mercy of God proffered me, as is now at this present. For what Christian man would not gladly die against the pope and his adherents? I know that the papacy is the kingdom of Antichrist; altogether full of lies, altogether full of falsehood, so that all their doctrine, even from 'Christ's cross be my speed and St. Nicholas,' even unto the end of their apocalypse, is nothing but idolatry, superstition, error, hypocrisy, and lies. Wherefore I beseech you, and all other my friends to pray for me; and I doubt not but God will give me strength, and his Holy Spirit, that all my adversaries shall have shame of their doings."

To remonstrate further would have been inconsistent; his friends, like Paul's, wept, seeing he would not be persuaded, and submitted to the Lord's will. So, leaving his

parish in charge of a faithful old divine, named Richard Yeoman, afterwards a martyr, he set forth on his journey towards London, attended by a trusty domestic, John Hull, who by the way entreated him to fly, while yet he could; proffering his services and life, wheresoever his beloved master would go. To this the devoted old man replied, "Oh, John, shall I give place to this thy counsel and worldly persuasion, and leave my flock in this danger? Remember the good Shepherd, Christ, which not alone fed his flock, but also died for his flock. Him must I follow, and with God's grace will do. Therefore, good John, pray for me; and if thou seest me weak at any time, comfort me; and discourage me not in this my godly enterprise and purpose."

When Gardiner saw Dr. Taylor before him, he began to revile him, as was his custom, calling him knave, traitor, heretic, and casting many reproaches; which he redoubled when the doctor, observing he was come by his commandment, quietly asked the cause why his lordship had sent for him. "Art thou come, thou villain?" exclaimed the meek prelate, "How darest thou look me in the face for shame: Knowest thou not who I am?" "Yes," answered Dr. Taylor, "I know who you are: you are Stephen Gardiner, bishop of Winchester and lord chancellor, and yet but a mortal man, I trow. But if I should be afraid of your lordly looks, why fear you not God, the Lord of us all? How dare ye for shame look any Christian man in the face, seeing ye have forsaken the truth, denied our Saviour Christ and his word, and done contrary to your own oath and writing? With what countenance will ye appear before the judgment seat of Christ, and answer to your oath first made unto king Henry the eighth, of famous memory, and afterwards unto blessed king Edward the sixth, his son?"

The bishop's answer avowed a principle ever active in the church of Rome: "Tush, tush," said he "that was Herod's oath, and therefore worthy to be broken; *I have done well in breaking it*; and I thank God, I am come back again to our mother, the catholic church of Rome, and so I would thou shouldest do."

Dr. Taylor solemnly rejected this counsel, adding, "Let the pope and his, return to our Saviour Christ, and his word, and thrust out of the church such abominable idolatries as he maintaineth, and then will Christian men turn unto him.

You wrote truly against him, and were sworn against him." "I tell thee," repeated the bishop of Winchester, "it was Herod's oath, unlawful; and therefore ought to be broken, and not kept: and our holy father the pope hath discharged me of it." Dr. Taylor then said, "But you shall not be so discharged before Christ, who doubtless will require it at your hands, as a lawful oath made to our liege and sovereign lord the king, from whose obedience no man can assoil you; neither the pope nor any of his." In reply to this, Winchester called him an arrogant knave and a very fool; and after some more railing, taxed him with being married, to which he answered, yea; thanking God, and saying he had nine children, all born in lawful matrimony. A discussion on the mass followed, when Gardiner being soon answered and confuted, he called his men saying, "Have this fellow hence, and carry him to the king's bench, and charge the keeper he be straitly kept."

Then kneeled Dr. Taylor down, and holding up both his hands, said, "Good Lord, I thank thee; and from the tyranny of the bishop of Rome, and all his detestable errors, idolatries, and abominations, good Lord, deliver us. And God be praised for good king Edward." The intrepid confessor was then carried to prison, where he lay captive nearly two years.

Coming to his prison, he there found John Bradford, one of the most eminent among the blessed martyrs of this reign, and forthwith began to exhort him to faith, strength, patience, and perseverance unto the end. Bradford listened to his new companion in tribulation with no small gladness; and then thanked God for providing him such a prison-fellow. So delightful was their communion, in prayer, praise, reading, and mutual exhortation, that Taylor's warm heart overflowed with gladness; and he told the friends who came to visit him, that God had mercifully provided in sending him to that prison, where he found such an angel of God to be in his company and to comfort him.

In fact, the prisons were at that day the best churches in the land: there was no place where Christians found their knowledge so enlarged, and their faith so strengthened, as in listening to those who for the hope of the gospel, were bound with a chain. The churches were all desecrated, altars replaced, images set up again, wolves had possession of the folds, and every true shepherd was cast into prison. No wonder, then, that the poor sheep flocked to the city

gaol to be fed by their captive pastors, and many souls now in glory bless God that his innocent ministers were brought to the dungeons where they, for their crimes, were enclosed. Thieves and murderers often received, with joy, the gospel which the wretched queen and wicked prelates thrust out from every pulpit in the land. None showed more diligence than good Dr. Taylor, in the work: but his place of confinement being the Fleet, he was not lodged among the worst class of malefactors.

After a while, he was again brought to answer a citation of the ecclesiastical court, when, in Bow church, he stoutly and ably defended his marriage: and so incontrovertibly did he argue, from Scripture, from the doctors of the primitive church, and from the civil and canon laws, that they could not pronounce sentence of divorce, but deprived him of his benefice; against which decree he strongly protested.

Poor Hadleigh passed into very different hands. A year and three quarters then elapsed, during which the bishops and their allies procured the re-enactment of the ex-officio, and all the other tyrannous laws before repealed. Armed with this power, they sent for Dr. Taylor and others, on the 22d January; and proceeded to the examination. Winchester commenced in the usual way, inviting him to rise, as they had done, from the great national fall, and submit himself to the pope; else he should have judgment according to his demerits. To this Dr. Taylor replied, "So to rise should be the greatest fall that ever I could receive: for I should so fall from my dear Saviour Christ to anti-christ;"—adding that he would never forsake the religion set forth in king Edward's days, which he believed to be according to the vein of Holy Scripture. Winchester asked his opinion of a book which he had written on the mass: he replied that he thought there were many things wide from the truth of God's word in it; whereupon the prelate called him a very varlet, and a great ignorant beetle-brow. Then followed a dispute on the subject of marriage, where he again most boldly and triumphantly refuted the whole council: not only answering for himself with great spirit and courage, but stoutly rebuking the bishops for breaking their oath to king Henry, and to king Edward, his son. The latter he never named without adding, "for whom God be praised everlastingly," or some equally strong expres-

sion. It ended in his dismissal back to prison ; with threats of having judgment within a week.

On the last day of January, Dr. Taylor, with his fellow-captives, Saunders and Bradford, were brought again before Winchester, and his brothers of London, Norwich, Salisbury, and Durham ; who required a determinate answer as to whether they would recant. They all replied that they would not depart from the truth, which they had preached in king Edward's days, neither would they submit themselves to the Romish antichrist ; but they thanked God for so great mercy, that he would call them to be worthy to suffer for his word and truth. The wicked sentence was then read, which when they heard they joyfully gave God thanks, saying to the bishops, " We doubt not but God the righteous Judge will require our blood at your hands ; and the proudest of you shall repent this receiving again of antichrist, and your tyranny that ye now show against the flock of Christ."

When the keeper brought Dr. Taylor towards his prison again, the people flocking round to gaze upon him, he addressed them, " God be praised, good people, I am come away from them undefiled, and will confirm the truth with my blood." When he had been about a week in the Compter, there came bishop Bonner, with his attendants to degrade him, bringing all the usual apparatus for that ridiculous deed. Dr. Taylor being called down from his chamber, a scene ensued highly characteristic of the man, whose dauntless intrepidity was as conspicuous, and his natural humour as free, after two years' imprisonment, on the eve of a dreadful death, as when he first withstood Gardiner to the face. When he entered, Bonner accosted him, " Master doctor, I would you would remember yourself, and turn to your mother, holy church ; so you may do well enough, and I will sue for your pardon." To this he replied, " I would you and your fellows would turn to Christ. As for me, I will not turn to antichrist." " Well," said the bishop, " I am come to degrade you ; wherefore put on these vestments." " No, I will not," answered he, " Wilt thou not?" said the bishop, " I shall make thee, ere I go." " You shall not, by the grace of God," answered the dauntless Protestant. Bonner then charged him by his obedience to do it, but he paid no attention to the command. At last, by force, they put the trappings of the Romish priesthood upon him ;



and then, being perfectly robed, he placed his hands in his sides, and strutted up and down, exclaiming, "How say you, my lord, am not I a goodly fool? How say you, my masters? If I were in Cheap, should I not have boys enow to laugh at these apish toys, and toying trumpery?" The bishop then scraped his fingers and thumbs, notched his hair, and completed the rest of the childish observances; so that nothing remained but to strike him on the breast with the crosier, a deed so savagely performed by Bonner, that in one instance it had nearly killed the victim. But Dr. Taylor's looks were so unpromising, that one of the chaplains said, "My lord, strike him not, for he will surely strike again." "Yea, by St. Peter will I," said Dr. Taylor; "the cause is Christ's, and I were no good Christian if I would not fight in my Master's quarrel." Accordingly, the bishop did not venture to strike, but laid his curse on him; to which he replied, "Though you do curse me, yet God doth bless me. I have the witness of my conscience that ye have done me wrong and violence: and yet I pray God, if it be his will, to forgive you. But from the tyranny of the bishop of Rome and his detestable enormities, good Lord deliver us." And in going up to his chamber he still repeated, "God deliver me from you; God deliver me from you." When he reached his room, he told Bradford, who was also imprisoned in it, that he had made the bishop of London afraid: "for," said he laughingly, "his chaplain gave him counsel not to strike me with his crosier, for that I would strike him again; and, by my troth," added he, rubbing his hands, "I made him believe I would do so indeed."

The following night, through the kindness of the keeper, Dr. Taylor's wife, and his young son Thomas, were permitted to sup with him. It was observable how great a difference subsisted between the keepers of the king's prisons, and those of the bishops': the latter, like their masters, were always cruel, blasphemous, tyrannical men; the king's gaolers generally delighted in showing all the favour that they possibly could to their captives. Accompanied by their faithful servant, John Hull, this persecuted family enjoyed one peaceful meal together. Their first act, on meeting, was to kneel down and pray; repeating the litany. After supper, Dr. Taylor, walking up and down the room, gave God thanks for the grace that had so called him and strengthened him to abide by his holy word: then turning

to his youthful son he addressed him in the following beautiful language.—“My dear son, Almighty God bless thee, and give thee his Holy Spirit, to be a true servant of Christ, to learn his word, and constantly to stand by his truth all thy life long. And, my son, see that thou fear God always. Flee from all sin, and wicked living: be virtuous, serve God with daily prayer, and apply thy book. In any wise see that thou be obedient to thy mother, love her and serve her: be ruled by her now in thy youth, and follow her good counsel in all things. Beware of light company of young men that fear not God, but follow their lusts and vain appetites. Fly from profligacy, and hate all filthy living, remembering that I, thy father, do die in defence of holy marriage. Another day, when God shall bless thee, love and cherish the poor people, and count that thy chief riches is to be rich in alms: and when thy mother is waxed old, forsake her not; but provide for her to thy power, and see that she lack nothing: for so will God bless thee, and give thee long life upon earth, and prosperity: which I pray God to grant thee.”

Then, turning to his wife, he continued, “My dear wife, continue steadfast in the fear and love of God; keep yourself undefiled from their popish idolatries and superstitions. I have been unto you a faithful yoke-fellow, and so have you been unto me; for the which I pray God to reward you, and doubt not, dear wife, but God will reward it.” He then urged the expediency of her marrying again, after his death; adding, “doubt you not, God will provide an honest husband for you, and he will be a merciful father to you and to my children; whom I pray you to bring up in the fear of God, and in learning, to the uttermost of your power, and keep them from the Romish idolatry.” After this, they prayed together, and, weeping, kissed each other. He gave to his wife as the best parting token, a book of the liturgy, as set forth by king Edward, which he had daily used during his imprisonment. To his son he gave a Latin book, containing choice sayings of the ancient martyrs; in the end of which he had written his last testament. It so strongly speaks his sound mind and elevated faith, that we cannot withhold it.

“I say to my wife and to my children, the Lord gave you unto me, and the Lord hath taken me from you, and you from me; blessed be the name of the Lord. God careth for sparrows, and for the hairs of our heads. I have

ever found him more faithful and favourable than is any father or husband. Trust ye therefore in him, by the means of our dear Saviour Christ's merits: believe, love, fear, and obey him: pray to him for he hath promised to help. Count me not dead, for I shall certainly live, and never die. I go before, and you shall follow after to our long home. I go to the rest of my children, Susan, George, Ellen, Robert, and Zachary: I have bequeathed you to the only Omnipotent.

"I say to my dear friends in Hadleigh, and to all others that have heard me preach, that I depart hence with a quiet conscience, as touching my doctrine; for the which I pray you thank God with me. For I have, after my little talent, declared to others those lessons that I gathered out of God's book, the blessed Bible. Therefore, if I or an angel from heaven should preach to you any other gospel than that ye have received, God's great curse upon that preacher.

"Beware for God's sake that ye deny not God, neither decline from the word of faith, lest God decline from you, and so do ye everlastingly perish. For God's sake beware of popery; for though it appear to have in it unity, yet the same is vanity and antichristianity, and not in Christ's faith and verity.

"Beware of the sin against the Holy Ghost, now after such a light opened so plainly and simply, truly, throughly, and generally to all England.

"The Lord grant all men his good and Holy Spirit, increase of his wisdom, contemning the wicked world, hearty desire to be with God and the heavenly company, through Jesus Christ, our only Mediator, Advocate, Righteousness, Life, Sanctification and Hope. Amen, Amen. Pray, pray.

"ROWLAND TAYLOR, departing hence in sure hope, without all doubting of eternal salvation, I thank God my heavenly Father, through Jesus Christ, my certain Saviour. Amen.

"The Lord is my light and my salvation: whom then shall I fear? Psalm xxvii.

"God is he that justifieth: who is he that can condemn? Rom. viii.

"In thee, O Lord, have I trusted: let me never be confounded.' Psalm xxx."

It had been secretly arranged to remove Dr. Taylor in the night, after this farewell; so at two o'clock in the morning of the 6th of February, the sheriff with his offi-

cers led him forth, in total darkness, to the Woolsack inn, without Aldgate. His wife, however, suspected the intention, and kept watch from an early hour of the night in the porch of St. Botolph's church, accompanied by her little daughter Mary, and a girl named Elizabeth, about thirteen years old, whom the good doctor had through charity adopted into his large family at the age of three, and brought her up as his own. There, shivering in the bleak wind of mid-winter, stood the poor creatures, until Elizabeth discovering the approach of the party cried out, "O my dear father! Mother, mother, here is my father led away." His wife then cried out "Rowland, Rowland, where art thou?" Dr. Taylor answered, "Dear wife, I am here," and stopped. The guards would have forced him onward, but the sheriff said, "Stay a little, masters, I pray you, and let him speak to his wife."

When they were come to him, he took his little girl in his arms, and he, his wife and Elizabeth kneeling down together said the Lord's prayer. At this spectacle the sheriff wept much, as did several of the officers. Rising up, the patient martyr took his wife by the hand, kissed her, and said, "Farewell, my dear wife; be of good comfort, for I am quiet in my conscience. God shall stir up a father for my children." He then kissed little Mary, saying, "God bless thee, and make thee his servant:" in like way he gave his parting kiss and blessing to Elizabeth; adding, "I pray you all, stand strong and steadfast unto Christ and his word, and keep you from idolatry." His wife said, "God be with thee, dear Rowland: I will, with God's grace, meet thee at Hadleigh."

After this scene, so powerfully illustrating the spirit of constant endurance and uncomplaining fortitude with which God endued not only those who had the crown of martyrdom immediately before them, but the weak women and tender children who saw the beloved of their hearts led to a violent and most cruel death, Dr. Taylor was conducted to the inn, guarded by four yeomen and the sheriff's officers. On entering his chamber, he fell on his knees, and gave himself wholly to prayer. The sheriff, whose feelings had been deeply moved by the touching occurrence at St. Botolph's, seeing Mrs. Taylor watching for another glimpse of her dear husband, told her it could by no means be allowed; and with great gentleness entreated her to go to his house, and use it as her own, promising that she should

lack nothing. He also desired two of his officers to conduct her there; but she requested to be sent to her mother's, where she was then taken: and an injunction given to the old lady to keep her there till they returned. This was done to spare her the anguish of witnessing his death: and it is sweet to dwell upon such an instance, too rare, alas! of tenderness on the part of those who executed the atrocious decrees of the bishops.

At eleven o'clock the sheriff of Essex arrived to receive the prisoner; and Dr. Taylor was placed on horseback, in the inn-yard; when the gates were opened there appeared in waiting John Hull, watching with his master's son Thomas, whom when the doctor saw he said, "Come hither, my son Thomas;" Hull lifted the child up, and his father, setting him on the horse before him, took off his hat, loudly exclaiming to the bystanders, "Good people, this is mine own son, begotten in lawful matrimony. And blessed be God for lawful matrimony!" He then lifted his eyes to heaven, and prayed for his son; laid his hat on the child's head, and blessed him; and delivering him again to Hull, took the poor man by the hand, saying, "Farewell, John Hull; the faithfulest servant that ever man had."

It was the privilege of Dr. Taylor to yield up his life in defence of that divine institution of marriage, which the Romish church by her devilish doctrine of forced celibacy does gainsay; blaspheming God who commanded it. How he gloried in this honourable martyrdom may be seen from the foregoing instances.

When the party arrived near Brentwood, an old servant of Dr. Taylor's was near being made partaker of his bonds for affectionately saluting him; and then it was deemed prudent to cover his head with a large hood, having two holes for him to look through, and a slit at the mouth, to allow him breath. Armed yeomen of the royal guard, and a posse of sheriff's officers, were not considered a sufficient security for Christ's poor sheep, led to the slaughter always unresistingly; and sure to have been the first to repel any attempt at rescuing them—an attempt never made. The fact was, that not only their words, but their very looks inspired such confidence in the weakest bosom among the Lord's little ones, that it was not enough for the queen's council to menace Dr. Taylor and others with the cutting out of their tongues, if they did not give a promise not to address the people at the stake; they must also

veil their faces, because, like the face of Moses, they shone with a brightness only to be derived from communion with their God. Well might the conscience-stricken idolators shrink from beholding that brightness; and labour to conceal it from the wavering people! How, in the great and awful day, will they endure to look upon His countenance, whom they thus murderously persecuted in His saints?

In the meantime, the natural joyousness of Dr. Taylor's character was increased to a greater height than ever; while his fervent and affectionate exhortations, calling on his guards to repent and amend their lives, drew tears from many of them. Three of the yeomen used him very kindly, being often compelled to wonder and rejoice at his beautiful constancy and zeal: the fourth was a dark and malignant persecutor.

At Chelmsford, the sheriff of Suffolk met them, to take charge of the victim. The Essex sheriff, moved no doubt to sympathy by what he had seen of Taylor, most earnestly laboured, as they all supped together, to prevail on him to save his life, by recanting. Many strong arguments did he muster, many inducements, and warm assurances, no doubt perfectly sincere, of his help in procuring a full pardon. He was heartily joined by the rest; who ended by saying, "Upon that condition, master doctor, we will all drink to you."

The cup being passed to Dr. Taylor, he paused awhile, as though pondering what answer he should best give. At last he said, "Master sheriff, and my masters all, I heartily thank you for your good will; I have hearkened to your words, and marked well your counsels. And to be plain with you, I do perceive that I have been deceived myself, and am like to deceive a great many at Hadleigh of their expectation." Great was the joy of his companions on hearing these words; which the sheriff said were the comfortablest they had yet heard him speak. They continued very merry for a time, congratulating him on his wise purpose. At last, the sheriff inquired the exact meaning of his expressions, "that he had been deceived himself, and should deceive many in Hadleigh." They all seemed anxious for a fuller confirmation of good resolves, and urged him to speak out plainly.

Dr. Taylor replied, "I will tell you how I have been deceived, and, as I think, I shall deceive a great many. I

am, as you see, a man that hath a very great carcase, which I thought should have been buried in Hadleigh church-yard, if I had died in my bed, as I well hoped I should have done; but however I see I was deceived: and there are a great number of worms in Hadleigh church-yard, which should have had jolly feeding upon this carrion, which they have looked for many a-day. But now I know we be deceived, both I and they; for this carcase shall be burnt to ashes, and so shall they lose their bait and feeding, that they looked to have had of it."

The sheriff and his company could only gaze on each other in silent wonder at this speech, which, under a strain of that playfulness which was inseparable from Dr. Taylor's character, disclosed so undaunted a resolve: disclosing also, how, in the days of security and worldly prosperity, he had accustomed himself to meditate on the end of all earthly things—that he should feed worms in a grave. From Chelmsford, he was conducted by the sheriff of Suffolk to Lanham, not far from Hadleigh, where they rested for two days; a great number of gentlemen assembling there, and earnestly labouring to turn Dr. Taylor to popery. Not only pardon, but promotion, and even a bishopric, were offered him, but all were alike disregarded by the man who had built his house on Christ the immovable Rock, and could not be shaken by the utmost efforts of those who desired to save his life at the price of his soul.

After two days they resumed their journey, and being come within two miles of Hadleigh, Dr. Taylor obtaining permission to alight from his horse, gave two or three playful skips as in dancing. The sheriff asked him how he felt now? He replied, "Well, God be praised, master sheriff; never better: for now I know I am almost at home; I lack not past two stiles to go over, and I am even at my Father's house. But, master sheriff, shall we not go through Hadleigh?" "Yes," said the sheriff, "you shall." Dr. Taylor exclaimed, "O good Lord, I thank thee! I shall yet once, ere I die, see my flock, whom thou, Lord, knowest I have most heartily loved, and truly taught. Good Lord, bless them, and keep them steadfast in thy word and truth."

At the foot of Hadleigh bridge stood a poor man with five small children watching their approach. On seeing Dr. Taylor, they all fell on their knees, and held up their hands, the man crying out in a loud voice, "O good father

and dear shepherd, Dr. Taylor! God help and succour thee, as thou hast many a time favoured me and my poor children." Thus openly were the needy led to testify of his good deeds, in the presence of those who were leading him to death, as a malefactor. They sharply rebuked the poor man; but vain were their efforts to overawe the people. The streets were lined on either side with men and women, loudly lamenting, with bitter groans and cries, "Ah! good Lord! there goeth our good shepherd from us, that so faithfully hath taught us, so fatherly hath cared for us, and so godly hath governed us. O merciful God! what shall we poor scattered lambs do? what shall come of this most wicked world? Good Lord! strengthen him, comfort him!" and similar expressions were uttered in most piteous tones; while the sheriff and his fellows angrily reproved them; and Dr. Taylor repeatedly said, "I have preached to you God's word and truth; and am this day come to seal it with my blood."

And now they reached the alms-houses, the poor inmates of which stood at the doors to see their benefactor led by. It had been the custom of this blessed man to call once in every fortnight on the rich manufacturers of his parish, prevailing on them to accompany him to the dwellings of the very poor, that by actually seeing their privations they might be moved the more liberally to succour them. Most diligently did he attend to the distribution of the bounty thus obtained, adding thereto comfort, exhortation, or rebuke, as he saw needful. He had now for two years been himself sustained by the help of the charitable, in prison; and he had carefully tied up in a glove all that he could save from his own necessities, to bestow upon these, his beloved pensioners. As he passed, he threw them money; and coming to the last alms-house, not seeing the occupants at their door, he inquired whether the old blind man and woman who dwelt there were still alive. Being told that they were, he carefully tied up the glove, with the remainder of the money in it, and threw it in at their open window.

They soon reached Aldenham common, and seeing a multitude of people assembled, he inquired the reason: he was told it was the place where he should die, and the people were come to see him suffer. "Thanked be God!" he exclaimed, "I am even at home;" and alighting from his horse, he rent with both hands the hood from his head.



That venerable head had been sorely disfigured, by the hands of bishop Bonner; part of the foolery of their degradation being to notch and clip the hair, by way of erasing, as they called it, the tonsure, or regular shaving of the crown. When the people saw this, with his aged face, and long white beard, they burst into loud weeping, and cries; saying, "God save thee, good Dr. Taylor; Jesus Christ strengthen thee and keep thee. The Holy Ghost comfort thee!" with such-like pious ejaculations. He desired permission to address them, but the sheriff refused, bidding him remember his promise to the council, on which he acquiesced, saying that a promise must be kept. It was generally understood that the queen's sanguinary ministers, dreading the effect of what was spoken by the martyrs at the stake, extorted from them a promise of silence by the threat of depriving them of their tongues: to which the martyrs yielded in order that at least the people might hear them pray to the last. The reason assigned by these wicked persecutors was the apprehension of tumult and violence if the people were stirred up by the eloquence of their former teachers; but this was a false and groundless assertion; for in no instance, in England, was there the slightest manifestation of such a movement among the multitudes assembled, and if there was one thing more remarkable than others in the conduct of the sufferers, it was the pattern of perfect obedience to the magistrates and officers which they uniformly set.

Dr. Taylor finding he could not be allowed to speak to the people, sat down; and seeing one Soyce, an evil and malignant fellow, near, called to him, "Soyce, I pray thee come and pull off my boots, and take them for thy labour. Thou hast long looked for them; now take them." He then took off his clothes, to his shirt, giving them away; and being prepared, he said with a loud voice, "Good people, I have taught you nothing but God's holy word, and those lessons that I have taken out of God's blessed book, the Holy Bible; and I am come hither this day to seal it with my blood." On that, Holmes, the yeoman of the guard who had used him unkindly all the way, struck him a violent blow on the head, saying, "Is that the keeping of thy promise, thou heretic?" When the martyr kneeled down to pray, a poor woman from among the crowd, drew near, and prayed with him. They thrust her away, and threatened to trample her down with horses, but in vain:

she would not leave him. He then went to the stake, kissed it, and quietly placed himself in a pitch-barrel, where he stood upright, his hands folded together, and his eyes raised to heaven, in constant prayer.

They passed some chains around him and the stake, and then called on a butcher named Dunningham, to place the fagots, and set fire to the pile; but he, pleading lameness, refused: nor could the threat of sending him to prison induce him to act the murderer's part. Soyce, already named, and three others, then undertook to do it; and one of them, named Warwick, who had been branded for sedition in king Edward's days, had the savage cruelty to cast a fagot at the face of the venerable martyr, who, while the blood flowed fast from the wound, meekly said, "O friend, I have harm enough; what needed that?" Nor was this thought sufficient; for while Dr. Taylor, as he stood at the stake, prayed, repeating the 51st Psalm in English, sir John Skelton struck him on the lips, saying, "Thou knave, speak Latin, or I will make thee." At last the fire was applied, and the martyr having said, uplifting his folded hands, "Merciful Father of heaven, for Jesus Christ my Saviour's sake, receive my soul into thy hands," stood still in that position, neither moving nor crying out, until Soyce struck him so fiercely on the head with his halberd, that his brains came out, and the body, scarcely at all burnt, fell dead into the fire.

Thus rendered this man of God his happy spirit into the hands of his merciful and his most dear Redeemer, Jesus Christ, whom he entirely loved, faithfully and earnestly preached, obediently followed through life, and glorified in a cruel, but triumphant death.

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## CHAPTER XV.

WINCHESTER DISCOURAGED—BONNER'S ALACRITY—MYLES COVERDALE  
DELIVERED—JUDGE HALES—TOMKINS—WILLIAM HUNTER—COUSTON  
—HIGBAD—PYGOT—KNIGHT—LAURENCE.

HITHERTO Stephen Gardiner had exercised his unlimited authority in the realm, so as to strike terror into all bosoms where the perfect love of God had not cast out all slavish

fear of man. His object evidently was, by a course of dreadful severity, to crush the opposition of Christ's people, and establish the reign of popery throughout the land. He had trampled down those who were considered the leaders of protestantism; the archbishop of Canterbury, the bishops of London and Worcester, and Mr. Bradford, were under sentence of condemnation; the bishop of Gloucester, with Dr. Taylor, and those godly ministers Rogers and Saunders, had been put to death. It would seem that he and his helpers, beholding how successfully the Turk had propagated his religion by fire and sword, imagined that they might, by the same process, vanquish Christ, and exterminate the gospel. Finding the word of God to be against them, they defamed it, as an intricate obscure book, unfit to be referred to for decision in matters of faith; then, having king, queen, and pope on their side, they proceeded to enact the most bloody laws against all who should choose to obey God rather than man, and by these inhuman butcheries proved that they were prepared to act on them to the very letter. Nevertheless, within eight days after Gardiner had pronounced sentence against five innocent victims, four of whom were forthwith burned, six other good men cheerfully appeared before him, ready to yield their lives in the same holy cause. These were John Laurence, a priest; Thomas Hankes, gentleman; W. Pigot, butcher; S. Knight, barber; T. Tomkins, weaver; and W. Hunter, an apprentice. So discouraged was the iniquitous chancellor by this palpable failure of his intimidating system, that he gave up the business altogether, delegating his unrighteous office to Bonner, bishop of London; whose feet, swift to shed blood, did not linger in the congenial path thus opened to him; as will appear by the sequel.

The six above-mentioned were cited before Bonner, February 8; and on the following day he condemned them all to the flames. Some weeks, however, elapsed before they were put to death; a delay generally attributed to the earnestness with which the king's confessor, a Spanish grey friar, named Alphonso, inveighed against the barbarous proceedings of the bishops in a sermon preached before Philip on Sunday the 9th. He plainly declared that they learned it not in the Scriptures to burn a man for following his conscience; but on the contrary, that he should live and be converted. However, before the week was out, Bonner had sent the bishop of St. David's to be burned in

his own diocese; and on the same day he again set up the image of that famous traitor Thomas à Becket, over the door of the Mercer's chapel in Cheapside; as a divinity meet to be worshipped by the citizens of London.

At this time Myles Coverdale was in imminent peril of his life, being imprisoned by the unhapy queen: but God had moved the good king of Denmark so earnestly to intercede for him, that she was compelled to evade the letter, by saying that Coverdale was not in confinement for his religion, but for debt. To this the Danish king returned an answer, rejoicing at her assurance, and urging the forfeiture of his bishopric as an acquittance for what he might have owed; and so strongly, though courteously, insisting on his release, that after a demur of five months, Mary was obliged to free this faithful servant of God from his bonds, and to send him into Denmark, where, with the excellent king Christein he was safe.

Bonner, on the very day of Coverdale's deliverance, set forth a decree, announcing the wonderful grace of his lord the pope, who was about to confer the joyful benefit of absolution; or, in the blasphemous language of the proclamation, "It hath pleased the goodness of God to cast his eye of mercy and clemency upon us, and to move the pope's holiness to send his most godly messenger the most reverend father in God, the lord cardinal Pole, legate *de latere*, to bring us the glad tidings of peace and reconciliation; and to reduce and bring home to the fold the lost sheep that were gone astray." By way of preparation for this great gift, the people were commanded each to go and confess to his own pastor, before Easter-Sunday; and for the better insuring of universal obedience the clergy were commanded to publish the name of every man and woman who came for absolution. Thus, defaulters were sure to be found out by their more complying neighbours; and the stake was, of course, ready for them.

A distressing event had occurred not long before. Judge Hales, rather than take the popish oath which was administered to the other law-officers by Gardiner, had endured a long imprisonment in the Fleet; but at last, by the cunning sophistry and persuasions of the bishops and others, was led to recant; for which he sorrowed until, in an agony of despair, he attempted his own life, by inflicting many grievous wounds with a penknife in different parts of his body. He was prevented from accomplishing his purpose

by the entrance of a servant ; but the occasion taken by the great adversary, Bonner, to blaspheme the gospel through this suicidal attempt, fixed him in a more hopeless state of despair. His wounds being healed, he returned to his house, and shortly after drowned himself.

From this awful instance of one who had balanced this present world against his soul, and who left it but too probable that in preferring the former he lost both, we now turn to another of our noble army of martyrs, in the person of a poor weaver, THOMAS TOMKINS. He dwelt in Shoreditch, and was so godly and zealous, that when poor women came to him with their webs, as they did several times a day, or any neighbour called to talk with him, he would insist on commencing with prayer. To those who wished to borrow money of him, he would show the contents of his purse, bidding them take it ; and so far was he from seeking interest on his loan, that when the borrower tendered it again, he would tell him to keep it longer if he might better spare it at a future time. Thus, in his humble sphere, did he let his light shine before men, to the glory of God ; and highly was he esteemed among them. Bonner however, got hold of him as a suspected person, laid him in prison for six months, and frequently with his fists so beat him that his face was greatly swollen. Having also plucked off a piece of the poor man's beard, he compelled him to be shorn, under pretence of "making him look like a catholic ;" but in reality to remove the evidence of his own savage violence.

Bonner exceeded the cruelty even of Gardiner, in that, while equally athirst for the lives of Christ's flock, and no wise behind the bishop of Winchester in low, scurrilous language, bitter taunts, and revilings, it was his delight with his own hands to inflict every kind of torture ; scourging, buffeting, and tearing the hair, were common practices with him ; and this, no doubt, occasioned the mirthful exultation of good Rowland Taylor, when his stern look had made the bishop's ruffianism yield to the cowardice that usually accompanies cruelty. This usage of Tomkins was better suited to the darkness of a Spanish dungeon than the open day of free England ;—Free no longer, since she had once more bent her neck beneath the trampling heel of popery.

Tomkins was an unlearned and ignorant man, compared with his mitred persecutor : but so thoroughly was he

versed in the word of God, that Bonner was foiled in every argument, and thwarted in all his attempts against the weaver's faith. At last, seeing no prospect of prevailing, and enraged at his constancy, he devised how to give him a terrible foretaste of the martyrdom that awaited him. Tomkins was a prisoner in the bishop's house at Fulham; and was called into his presence, several doctors and others being by. For some time Bonner assailed the poor man with arguments, then with blows: the former were answered, the latter patiently taken. At length Bonner seized a lighted candle, with a powerful flame of three or four wicks, which he had ready for the purpose, and taking Tomkins by the fingers, held his hand over it, until the veins shrank, the sinews burst, and the water spirted in the face of Harpsfield, archdeacon of London, who, though a most bitter and malignant enemy of the truth, could no longer endure the spectacle, and dissuaded the bishop from any further outrage. Tomkins, the while, stood still and unresisting, commending himself into the Lord's hands, with many pious and humble ejaculations. He afterwards told a Christian friend that his spirit was so wrapt in communion with his God, as to render him insensible to the pain.

This martyr underwent three public examinations; the charge against him being, that he believed that in the sacrament of the altar, under the forms of bread and wine, there was not the very body and blood of our Saviour Jesus Christ in substance, but only a token and remembrance thereof; the very body and blood of Christ being only in heaven, and no where else. To this confession he readily set his hand, adhering firmly to it, and defending it as most scriptural. No promise, no threats could move him: twice was he remanded, in the hope of wearing out his constancy; and well might Bonner be ashamed, after having the poor man so long in his own special keeping, and under his daily teaching, to find himself baffled at last, by the Christian weaver preferring a fiery bed in Smithfield to his bishop's religion. On the third examination, the bishop of Bath importuned him to revoke his opinions: he answered, "My lord, I was born and brought up in ignorance until now of late years, and now I know the truth; wherein I will continue unto the death." When Bonner, after causing his articles and confessions to be read, also urged him to recant, his reply was, "My lord, I cannot see but that you would have me to forsake the truth, and to fall into error and

heresy." Sentence of condemnation was then given by Bonner, and the sheriff of London carried him to Newgate, where he remained in a most rejoicing state, without wavering or hesitating, for more than five weeks; and on the 16th of March, being conveyed to Smithfield, he sealed his faith in flaming fire, to the glory of God's most Holy Name, and the confirmation of many weak brethren.

WILLIAM HUNTER, who, at the age of nineteen, was called to the bright crown of martyrdom, exhibits a beautiful instance of the faithfulness of that promise, "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he shall not depart from it." His parents were most godly people, not only instructing him from childhood in the principles of pure religion, but enabled so to overcome the yearnings of natural affection towards a darling son, as to confirm him in upholding those principles even unto death. He had also a brother of a like spirit, who never left him while life remained, and who furnished Fox with the report which we are now about to consider.

In the first year of Mary's reign, William Hunter, then apprenticed in London, was commanded by the priest of his parish to attend mass at Easter: this he refused to do, though threatened with the vengeance of the bishop. At this his master, a silkweaver, desired him to leave his employment, lest he might himself be implicated in the danger; and William, taking leave of him, returned to his father's house at Brentwood. Five or six weeks after this, William going into the chapel, found a Bible on the desk, and read therein. One Attwell, a priest, hearing him, rebuked him for meddling with a book that he could not expound; and added, it was never merry world since the Bible came abroad in English. A dialogue ensued; William meekly but earnestly expressing his reverence for God's word, and his sense of the blessing conferred on the people by its circulation, until the priest reproached him as a heretic, promising, that if he did not turn over a new leaf he would broil for it. "God give me grace," said the youth, "that I may believe his word, and confess his name, whatever come thereof." "Confess his name!" said Attwell; "No, no; ye will go the devil all of you, and confess his name." William only remarked, "You say not well, father Attwell;" when the priest ran out in a rage, and brought the vicar over from an alehouse hard by, who accosted him with, "Sirrah, who gave thee leave to read

the Bible, and to expound it?" William replied, that he did not expound the Scriptures; he only read them for his comfort. After some more rebukes for presuming to read them at all, the vicar asked if he had not been meddling with the sixth of John; Attwell charging him with having refused to receive the popish exposition of the 53d verse: and then demanded of him whether he believed in transubstantiation so plainly proved, as he said, by that passage. William declared he found no such doctrine there; "You understand Christ's words," said he, "much like the carnal Capernaïtes, who thought that Christ would have given them his flesh to feed upon: which opinion our Saviour Christ corrected, when he said, 'The words which I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life.'" Here they cried out upon him as a convicted heretic; and when the vicar taunted him further, he said, "I would that you and I were even now fast tied to a stake, to prove whether that I or you would stand strongest to our faith." The vicar replied, it should not be so tried. "No," remarked William, "I think so: for if I might, I think I know who would soonest recant; for I durst set my foot against yours, even to the death." "That we shall see," said the vicar, and departed with the priest, after threatening the lad very severely.

The vicar went straightway to Justice Brown, who, on hearing what had passed, sent the constable for old Hunter. William had escaped, after telling his father what passed in the chapel; and when the old man was questioned, he could not tell which way his son was gone. Justice Brown first menaced him, then flattered him with fair promises, that if he would seek out the youth and bring him back, no harm should come to either of them: offering him money also, which he refused. However, to satisfy the justice, he took horse and rode about the country for two or three days, as if in search of William. Much to the poor man's dismay, he actually met the youth on the road, and with tears communicated the message on which he was sent; adding that he would return, as if unsuccessful; to this William would not agree, but accompanied his father home, and was immediately seized by the constable, who put him in the stocks for the night, and in the morning took him to Mr. Brown; who, after an angry greeting, called for a Bible, and opened it, saying, "I hear say you are a Scripture man, you can reason much of the sixth of John, and



expound as pleaseth you." He then charged him with what he had said to the vicar.

When we consider the very limited education enjoyed in those days by persons of William Hunter's rank in life, it becomes doubly interesting to trace the enlightening effect produced on their mental, no less than their spiritual understanding, by the study of God's word, which is able to make the most unlearned wise unto salvation. The justice no doubt thought he might easily silence a poor weaving apprentice from Spitalfields, by his united learning and authority; but he failed. Turning from the sixth of John to the twenty-second of Luke, he said, "Look here; Christ saith, that the bread is his body."

William answered, "The text saith, how Christ took bread, but not that he changed it into another substance, but gave that which he took, and brake that which he gave, which was bread, as is evident from the text. For else he should have had two bodies, which to affirm I see no reason."

On this, Mr. Brown, in great anger, took the Bible, turned over the leaves, then flung it down violently, exclaiming, "Thou naughty boy! wilt thou not take things as they are, but expound them as thou wilt? Doth not Christ call the bread his body plainly? and thou wilt not believe that the bread is his body after consecration! Thou goest about to make Christ a liar."

William answered, "I mean not so, sir; but rather more earnestly to search what the mind of Christ is in that holy institution, wherein he commandeth unto us the remembrance of his own death, passion, resurrection, and coming again, saying, 'This do in remembrance of me.' And also, though Christ call the bread his body, as he doth also say that he is a vine, a door, &c., yet is not his body turned into bread, no more than he is turned into a door or a vine. Wherefore, Christ called the bread his body by a figure."

The justice on this said, "Thou art a villain indeed; wilt thou make Christ a liar still?" So enraged he was, that every word spoken by his prisoner was interrupted by his scoffs and revilings, until the youth requested that "he would either suffer him to answer for himself, and hear him quietly, or else send him away." "Indeed, I will send thee to-morrow to my lord of London, and he shall have thee under examination," answered the magistrate, and immediately wrote a letter to Bonner, dispatching it and Wil-

liam forthwith by the constable. The bishop began, somewhat mildly, to talk with him, promising, that if he would at once turn to the catholic faith, what had passed should be overlooked. The youth answered, "that he was not fallen from the catholic church of Christ; but believed and confessed it with all his heart." Bonner then questioned him as to his belief in the sacrament, to which he replied, "that he understood Brown had certified his lordship of his opinion in that matter, which, by God's help, he would not recant." Bonner said, he was perhaps ashamed to bear a fagot and recant openly; but that if he would there, between themselves alone, acknowledge his error, and conform, he promised him it should go no further, and he might return home in peace. William answered, that if he might have liberty of conscience, he would go and dwell with his father, or master; and if nobody would disquiet his conscience, he would keep it to himself. The bishop agreed to this, provided he would go to the church, and outwardly observe all their superstitions; but this William declared he would not do for the worth of the world. If you will not do so," said Bonner, "I will make you, sure enough, I warrant you." "Well, you can do no more than God will permit you," said the lad. "Wilt thou not indeed recant?" asked Bonner again. "No, never, while I live, God willing!" answered William.

Upon this, by Bonner's command, the youth was placed in the stocks, in his gatehouse, where he sat for two days and nights with a crust of brown bread, and a cup of water only. At the end of this time the bishop came to him; and seeing the bread and water still untouched, he ordered his servants to take him out, and give him some breakfast. These menials, however, emulating their superiors, would not let him eat with them, but reviled him, to which he only replied, that he was as loth to be in their company as as they were to be in his.

Once more Bonner sent for him, and tried further persuasion, but as unsuccessfully as before. The bishop reproached him for denying the faith in which he was baptized: he answered, "I was baptized in the faith of the Holy Trinity: the which I will not go from, God assisting me with his grace."

Bonner then delivered him to the keeper of the felon's prison, ordering as many irons to be laid on him as he could bear, at the same time asking him how old he was;

and on his replying, nineteen years, Bonner remarked, "You will be burned before you are twenty, if you will not yield." William rejoined, "God strengthen me in his truth!" and so departed to prison, with an allowance of one half penny per day for meat and drink.

Three quarters of a year did this quiet lamb of Christ's fold remain in fetters in a miserable prison; during which space Bonner had him five times before him. At last, his condemnation was formally given, in St. Paul's, along with the other five martyrs. But Bonner ceased not to assail young Hunter, on whose apostasy he seemed thoroughly bent. The only reply he could obtain from him, with regard to the partaking of Christ's body in the sacrament was, "When I receive the holy communion rightly and worthily, I do feed upon Christ spiritually through faith, in my soul; and am made partaker of all the benefits which Christ hath brought unto all faithful believers through his precious death, burial, and resurrection; and not that the bread is his body either spiritually or corporally."

"Dost thou not think," said the bishop holding up his cap, "that for example here of my cap, thou mayest see the squareness and colour of it, and yet that not to be the substance, which thou judgest by the accidents?"

William answered, "If you can separate the accidents from the substance, and show me the substance without the accidents, I could believe." "Thou wilt not believe that God can do any thing above man's capacity," observed Bonner. "Yes," said William, "I must needs believe that; for daily experience teacheth all men that thing plainly. But our question is not what God can do, but what he will have us to learn in his holy supper."

He was then condemned to be burnt at Brentwood, and set aside, while sentence was passed on the other five; these being dismissed, the bishop made a final assault on the young martyr's constancy. "If thou wilt yet recant," said he, "I will make thee a freeman in the city, and give thee forty pound in good money to set up thy occupation withal; or I will make thee steward of my house, and set thee in office; for I like thee well, thou hast wit enough, and I will prefer thee if thou recant."

"Thank you for your great offers," answered the steadfast youth; "notwithstanding, my lord, if you cannot persuade my conscience with scriptures, I cannot find in my

heart to turn from God for the love of the world ; for I count all things worldly but loss and dung in respect of the love of Christ."

Bonner said, "If thou diest in this mind, thou art condemned for ever." What would Bonner have said to St. Paul, who made the same confession ?

William only answered, "God judgeth righteously, and justifieth them whom man condemneth unjustly."

A month longer did the condemned servants of God remain in Newgate, at the end of which William Hunter was conducted to his native home, there to glorify God in his painful death. A popish holiday occurring on the day which should have been that of his execution, it was deferred till the morrow ; giving time to his parents to visit him. Dear and precious as such a son must have been, they, instead of lamenting over him, prayed to God earnestly that he might continue to the end in that good way which he had begun. His mother told him she was glad that ever she was so happy as to bear such a child, which could find in his heart to lose his life for Christ's name's sake. He answered, "For my little pain which I shall suffer, Christ hath promised me, mother, a crown of joy ; may you not be glad of that, mother ?" With that his mother kneeled down, saying, "I pray God strengthen thee, my son, to the end. Yea, I think thee as well bestowed as any child that ever I bore."

At these words, Mr. Higbed, himself ordained to the like blessed martyrdom, embraced her, saying, "I rejoice to see you in this mind, and you have good cause to rejoice." Others said the same ; while both father and mother repeated that they were never of other mind, but prayed for him, that as he had begun to confess Christ before men, he might likewise so continue to the end. William's father said—"I was afraid of nothing, but that my son should have been killed in the prison by hunger and cold ; the bishop was so hard to him." William, however, told them, that he had been, of late, plentifully supplied with every thing ; and it would appear that Bonner's heart must have been completely set on divorcing this soul from its Saviour ; such unwonted pains did he take to bribe, when he could neither delude nor compel the victim to let go his hold on eternal life.

It was in the parlour of an inn at Brentwood that this touching interview took place. Numbers of people waited

there to see William: many to reason with him, in the hope of persuading him to save his life by recanting; while he, in return, earnestly admonished them to come away from the abomination of popish superstition and idolatry. Saturday and Sunday were thus passed; and Monday also, which was the holiday; on the Tuesday morning, William was awoke from his sleep by his friend Mr. Higbed, in consequence of the noise that he was making; and which he accounted for by relating a dream that was remarkably fulfilled in a few hours, the vehemence of his fancied rejection of an offered pardon at the stake having occasioned that noise. Soon after came the son of the sheriff, while his father was preparing all things for the burning, and throwing his arm round the young martyr, said, "William, be not afraid of these men, which are here present with bows, bills, and weapons, ready prepared to bring you to the place where you shall be burned." William answered, "I thank God, I am not afraid; for I have cast my count what it will cost me already." The other poor youth could speak no more for weeping.

The heroic young soldier of Christ then gathered up his gown, and with a glad heart stepped over the threshold, going forward most cheerfully, led on one side by the sheriff's servant, and on the other by his affectionate brother, Robert. On the road, he met his father weeping, who said, "God be with thee, son William!" "God be with you, good father;" he replied, "and be of good comfort; for I hope we shall meet again, when we shall be merry." His poor father replied, "I hope so, William;" and departed. Were not the parents of this blessed youth partakers in a special degree, of the faith of Abraham? Was it not a lovely and an acceptable sacrifice that they so meekly, so unrepiningly, yea, so thankfully offered upon the altar of their steadfast faith? Oh, that the tale may sink deep into the heart of every parent who hears it. The day may yet come that shall test them and their children even with fire.

When William Hunter came to the stake, he found all things so unprepared, that much delay might be expected; he took a wet broom fagot, and kneeling down upon it, commenced reading the fifty-first psalm—a portion especially dear to the Lord's meek martyrs. When he came to the words, "The sacrifice of God is a contrite spirit; a contrite and a broken heart, O God, thou wilt not despise," a man named Tyrrrel called out, "Thou liest; thou read-

est false; for the words are a humble spirit." William answered, "The translation saith 'a contrite heart.'" "Yea," observed the other, "the translation is false; ye translate books as ye list yourselves, like heretics." "Well, there is no great difference in the words," said the quiet youth. The sheriff then showed him a letter from the queen, offering him pardon if he would recant; if not, he should be burned immediately. "No;" said he, "I will not recant, God willing;" and rising from his devotions so inhumanly interrupted, he went to the stake and placed himself upright against it; on which the bailiff brought the chain and made it fast about him.

Justice Brown here called out, "There is not wood enough to burn a leg of him," while William said to the bystanders, "Good people, pray for me; and make speed and dispatch me quickly: and pray for me while ye see me live, good people, and I will pray for you likewise." "Pray for thee!" exclaimed Brown. "I will pray no more for thee than I will pray for a dog." William calmly said to him, "Mr. Brown, now you have that which you sought for; and I pray God it be not laid to your charge in the last day; howbeit I forgive you." "I ask no forgiveness of thee," answered the hardened persecutor. "Well," rejoined William, "if God forgive you, I shall not require my blood at your hands." Then looking up, he ejaculated, "Son of God, shine upon me!" At that moment from the sky, which was darkly overcast with clouds, shot forth so dazzling a ray of sunshine full in the young martyr's upturned face, that he was compelled, through the sudden and excessive splendour, to look another way. This incident was much remarked by the people who stood round him. Then came a Romish priest to Robert Hunter with a book to carry it to his brother, in the hope that it might induce him to recant; but Robert refusing to touch it, the priest approached the stake, holding it open before William, who, recoiling from it, exclaimed, "Away, thou false prophet! Beware of them, good people, and come away from their abominations, lest that you be partakers of their plagues." The priest said, "Look how thou burnest here, so shalt thou burn in hell." The martyr replied, "Thou liest, thou false prophet: away thou false prophet, away!"

A gentleman present praying to God to have mercy on his soul, all the people cried out, "Amen, Amen." And then the fire was applied; and William cast his psalter

right into his brother's hand, who said, "William, think on the holy passion of Christ, and be not afraid of death." "I am not afraid," said William; "Lord, Lord, Lord, receive my spirit." Then, bending down his head into the suffocating smoke, he yielded up his life for the truth; a most striking and beautiful instance of victorious faith.

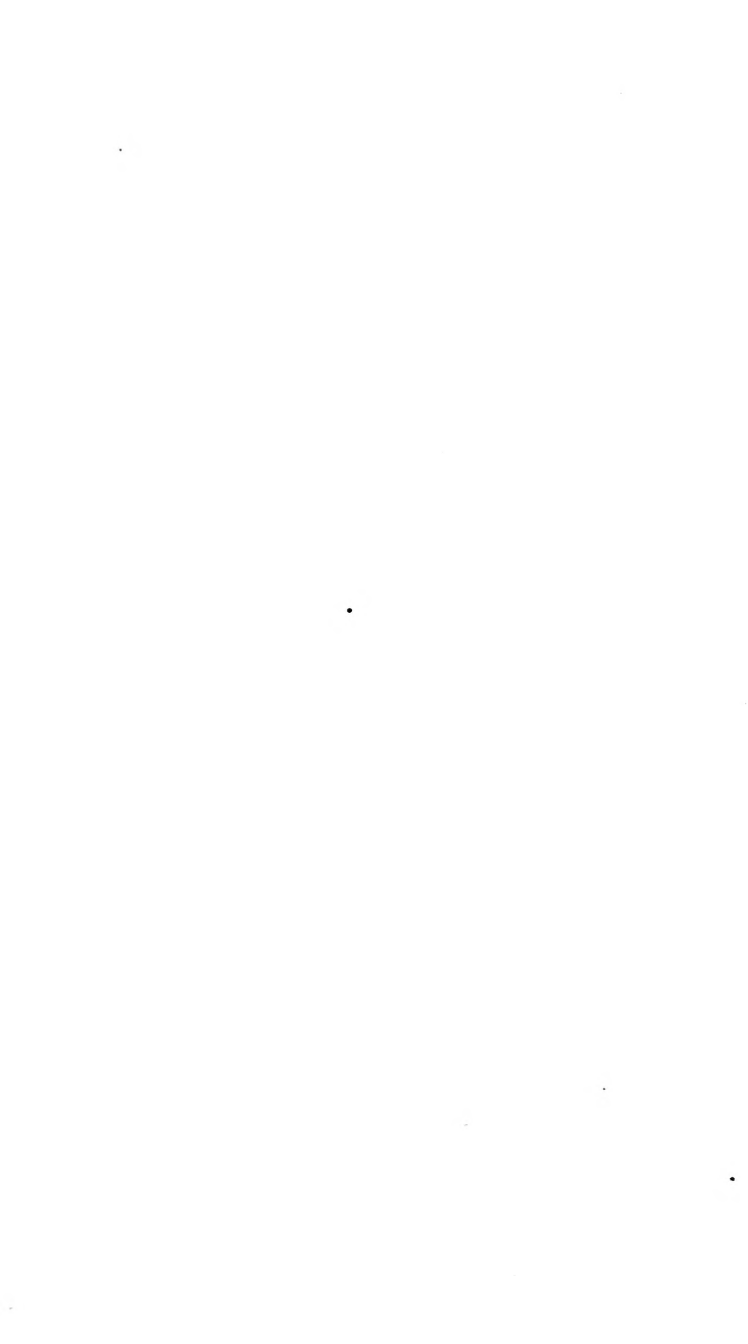
The truly fraternal part performed by Robert Hunter, in standing by, during his brother's burning, and strengthening him to the end, was, as might be expected, punished. Brown ordered him to be placed in the stocks, with a promise that if he did like William, he should be burned too. This unfeeling man, whose conscience was evidently seared with a hot iron, also said to him, "I marvel that thy brother stood so fast to his tackling." And having vainly sought to implicate William's former master in the matter, he departed to burn Mr. Higbed.

THOMAS HIGBED and THOMAS CAUSTON, were two gentlemen of Essex, of such property and estimation, that when they were reported to Bonner as holding scriptural doctrines, he apparently feared the consequences of summoning them to London, and went himself to attempt privily their perversion from the truth. Failing in this, he returned to town, taking them with him, and others, prisoners for the gospel's sake. When in London, many efforts were used by the bishop and his chaplains to persuade or terrify them into conformity with the Romish superstition, but all proving vain, Higbed and Causton were brought to a public examination, on the 17th and 18th of February, when articles were exhibited against them: the principal charges of which were, that the accused had departed from the faith in which they were brought up, had commended and praised the martyrs who were already burned, with those yet under condemnation; and disbelieved the dogma of transubstantiation. On the 1st of March their answers were given in, justifying their separation from the Romish church, and confirming the rest. A week afterwards, Bonner again tried to draw them from their profession; but they both replied that they would not abjure; warning him that such measure as he meted them with, he should be measured with the same at God's hands. They also drew up a full confession of their faith, showing wherein the Romish church differed from the church of Christ; with great boldness and constancy maintaining their doctrine against Bonner and Harpsfield; and Causton finding that their confes-

sion was not answered in any point, in this mock disputation, appealed to the cardinal. No notice was taken of that appeal: they were remanded to Newgate, and a fortnight afterwards conveyed into Essex, tied, like the vilest malefactors, on a cart, and there burned.

Mention was made of PYGOT, KNIGHT, and LAURENCE, as being condemned together with Tomkins and Hunter; their examinations were framed upon certain articles, propounded by Bonner, which are well worthy of an attentive perusal, as exhibiting the manner of trying the natural feelings, perplexing the mind, and seemingly compromising the principle of loyalty to the sovereign, and obedience to ecclesiastical authority, which was resorted to by these cunning persecutors. Briefly recapitulated, the articles and answers were as follows.—I. Whether they believed transubstantiation to be a catholic, faithful, Christian and true doctrine? *Ans.* It is not agreeable to scripture.—II. Did they believe their parents, kinsfolks, friends, and acquaintance, both aforesaid and since their birth, holding this faith, to have been true Christian people or no? *Ans.* They consider their parents and others so believing to have been deceived.—III. Whether they believed their godfathers and godmothers, professing these doctrines, to have been Christian people or no? *Ans.* As before.—IV. Did they not, since they came to years of discretion, themselves hold and profess the same faith? *Ans.* Yes; but they do not so believe now.—V. Whether they thought the king, queen, nobility, clergy, and laity of the realm, thus believing in transubstantiation, had a Christian faith or not? *Ans.* If they so believe, they are deceived.—VI. Whether they thought and believed that our Saviour Christ and his Holy Spirit had been, were, and ever should be with the true catholic church to the end of the world, governing, ruling, and preserving it from error? *Ans.* They believe this to be true.—VII. Whether they had not been for a good space in the bishop's house, receiving instruction from his chaplains; and from bishops, deans, archdeacons and doctors, admonishing them to believe this doctrine of transubstantiation; and had they not, up to that time, refused to believe it? *Ans.* It is true.—VIII. Whether they could now find in their heart and conscience to conform themselves to the said doctrine, believing as the king, queen, nobility, and the others, before-named, believed? *Ans.* They can no whit conform themselves to the faith and doctrine here specified,







CHILDREN AT LAWRENCE'S MARTYRDOM.

until it be proved by scripture.—IX. What ground had they to maintain this opinion; who was of the same opinion with them; what conference had they with any thereupon; what comfort and relief therein by any of them; and what were their names, surnames, and dwelling-places? *Ans.* They have no ground to maintain their said opinions but the truth; which has been persuaded by learned men, as Dr. Taylor of Hadleigh, and such other.

Here then, we have the gist of what the Romish church could urge upon these simple men; consisting of the blindness of their parents, kinsfolk, and sponsors, together with a multitude doing evil; the question begged, that the church of Rome was the catholic church, and therefore kept by the power of God in the truth; the pompous authority of bishops and other dignitaries; the example of royalty, aristocracy, and priesthood, leading the kingdom into error: and, lastly, a cunning snare whereby to entrap such as should have instructed or confirmed these martyrs in the faith of the gospel. To every article they answered wisely and truly; admirably parrying the last, by referring to those teachers who had already yielded their lives for the faith of Christ.

The prisoners were remanded until next day, when the bishop sent for Pygot and Knight to his own chamber, probably thinking he could by flattery, sophistry or menaces, prevail with a butcher and a barber: but his efforts proved fruitless, through the constancy of their faith. Laurence being a priest, he communed with him separately, on the doctrine of the sacrament, and priests' marriage. Laurence declared himself to have been a priest eighteen years; and though not yet wedded, he was betrothed. Transubstantiation he utterly repudiated; and after one more general attempt to shake their steadfast minds, sentence was passed on them the same afternoon; Laurence being degraded, and all condemned to the flames, in Essex. Pygot was burned at Braintree, Knight at Maldon, and Laurence at Colchester. The latter was so debilitated by his privations in Newgate, and his legs so crippled by the heavy irons that fettered him, as to oblige the manslayers to carry him in a chair, and in that posture to fasten him to the stake, where he joyfully yielded his life. While sitting in the midst of the burning flames, a number of very young children gathered around, weeping, and exclaiming as well as they could articulate,—“Lord, strengthen thy servant and keep

thy promise! Lord, strengthen thy servant, and keep thy promise!" A striking instance both of the spirit of their parents, who had thus taught and thus ventured their little ones: and of the courage with which the Lord inspired these babes, to testify, under circumstances so appalling, their faith in the God of the martyrs.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

BISHOP FARRAR—RAWLINS WHITE—MARSH—FLOWER.

ROBERT FARRAR, bishop of St. David's, was promoted to that dignity by the discerning favour of the lord protector Somerset, early in king Edward's reign. After the death of his patron, he underwent great persecution, through the malice of some enemies, who laid to his charge sundry abuses of authority, and connivance at various irregularities; all of which he disproved, together with some articles of ludicrous absurdity, likewise alleged, such as that he whistled to his child, and so forth. However, by the persevering spite of a few unprincipled individuals, among whom was a chaunter of his cathedral, afterwards promoted to be archbishop of York, Dr. Farrar was made to endure much trouble; and was actually detained in prison from the duke of Somerset's death to the accession of Mary. This event, instead of restoring him to his diocese, brought him under new tribulation; for he was well known to hold the pure doctrines of protestantism; and was accordingly brought before Winchester as a heretic, along with bishop Hooper, Rogers, Saunders, and the rest. His condemnation was deferred at the pleasure of the persecutors, until the month of February, when he was again examined before them. The particulars preserved, are scanty; but it appears that he witnessed a good confession, convicting his accusers of untruth in every charge advanced against him, save that of being married; and when they sent him into Wales, to be tried by Morgan, who usurped his see, and Constantine, one of the most active of his ancient enemies, he denied the lawfulness of such commission sitting in judgment on him, and refused to answer their interrogatories.

Another appearance before these men being equally fruitless, through the bishop's repeated protest against their assumed authority, they adjudged him guilty of contumacy, and sent him back to prison. Four days afterwards, he was again summoned; and waiving his former objection, demanded a copy of the articles to which they required his subscription, with time to consider them: in these articles he was required to renounce matrimony; to grant the natural presence of Christ in the sacrament under the forms of bread and wine; to acknowledge the mass as a propitiatory sacrifice for the quick and the dead; to admit the infallibility of general councils; to declare that faith alone would not justify; and to confess the visibility of the church, as the sole expounder of Scripture, and supreme authority in matters of doctrine and discipline. On a final examination, the bishop being asked by Morgan whether he would sign these articles, and renounce his former opinions, delivered a written answer; and appealed from their authority as incompetent judges, to cardinal Pole. Disregarding this, the usurper Morgan proceeded to pass sentence of degradation and of death upon this godly and innocent bishop, and delivered him to the secular power, by whom he was brought to the stake in the town of Caermarthen, beside the market cross, and there burned, on the 30th of March, 1555.

A friend of bishop Farrar, named Richard Jones, the son of a Welsh knight, expressing to him his grief, and lamenting the painful nature of the death that he was about to suffer, the bishop told him that if he saw him once stir during his burning, he might then give no credit to the doctrine that he had taught. Nor was his holy confidence in the divine help vain; for it is attested that he stood in the flames without moving, holding up the stumps of his half-consumed arms, until one Richard Gravell struck him on the head with a staff, and dashed him into the burning coals beneath.

We now have to record another instance of the marvellous work achieved by the Holy Spirit, in and through one of the most unlettered men. RAWLINS WHITE was a poor fisherman of Cardiff, who, after passing his earlier years in the darkness of Romish error and superstition, became, with many others, enlightened by means of the true gospel preached under the blessed government of king Edward. Having heard the word of God, he became so diligent a

searcher into the doctrine of salvation, that the study thereof seemed to be the main business of his life; and being altogether illiterate, he put his little son to school, that he might learn to read. Every night, all the year round, might the spectacle be witnessed in the humble cot of Rawlins White, of this young boy at the supper-table, after their evening meal, reading a portion of God's word to his attentive father; with sometimes a little from the writings of godly, though uninspired men. It was the joy of the old fisherman's heart to listen; and so greatly did he profit thereby, that he became an eminent preacher, among his neighbours, of that truth which he learned from the lips of his child. The boy was his companion on these missionary occasions, bearing the blessed book from which it was his privilege to prove what his father asserted. So wonderfully accurate was the fisherman's memory, and so intimate his acquaintance with Scripture, that he was able, in alleging it, to point out the book, the page, the very sentence that he quoted, although unable to read a word of it himself.

Thus he continued, openly teaching and exhorting wherever he came, during the last five years of Edward's reign: but when with Mary the fatal errors of popery again crept in, Rawlins used some caution, assembling together such friends as he could confide in, and with them bitterly lamenting the evil that was come upon the land; uniting in earnest prayer for their church and country. These meetings were singularly blessed to many souls, greatly increasing the number of converts who had embraced the truth through the simple, fervent exhortations of Rawlins White. The storm of persecution, however, waxed fierce, and many were dismayed by it; and not a few endeavoured to persuade Rawlins to escape the vengeance which his zealous service in the gospel of Christ could not but provoke against him. He heartily thanked them for their good will, telling them that he had learned one lesson touching the confessing or denying of Christ; and that if he, by their persuasions, should presume to deny his Master, Christ at the last day would utterly deny and condemn him: "Therefore," said he, "I will, by favourable grace, confess and bear witness of him, before men, that I may find him in everlasting life."

His friends redoubled their entreaties, but Rawlins was immovable; and at length, as they expected, the officers of

the town laid hands on him as a heretic, and conveyed him to the bishop of Llandaff, who committed him to prison in Chepstow; but with so little strictness was he kept, that escape would have been easy, had he wished to flee. After a time, he was removed to the castle of Cardiff, and there kept for a year; often visited by the person who recorded his story; whose mother also supplied him, and other afflicted Christians, with money. He was likewise assisted by various friends, receiving all with much thankfulness to God. Neither his own imprisonment, nor the calamities that it brought on his poor family, depressed the old man's mind, while he was permitted still to exhort and strengthen the many who came to visit him on Sundays, and other leisure seasons. He taught them, prayed with them, and evermore warned each soul against false prophets coming in sheep's clothing.

At the end of twelve months, the bishop sent for Rawlins White, to his house near Chepstow, and used many arguments, inducements, and menaces, to turn him away from the truth. These failing, he appointed a day on which to receive his final determination, and for that purpose repaired to his chapel, attended by a great retinue, with numbers of the neighbouring residents, who came to witness the poor fisherman's examination. Rawlins being brought in, the bishop made a long speech, with great deliberation, setting forth the heinousness of these heretical opinions, and the diligence with which the prisoner had spread abroad his fatal errors. Nevertheless, he offered him pardon, on condition of his utterly abjuring them; otherwise he would put the law in force.

When the bishop had concluded his long address, Rawlins said, "My lord, I thank God I am a Christian man, and I hold no opinions contrary to the word of God; and if I do, I desire to be reformed out of the word of God, as a Christian man ought to be." Much more passed between them, until the bishop plainly told him that he must proceed against him by the law, and condemn him as a heretic. "Proceed in your law, in God's name," said the courageous old man; "but for a heretic you shall never condemn me while the world standeth." However, the bishop, turning to his company, proposed that, before they went any farther, they should pray to God that he would send some spark of grace upon Rawlins; and it might chance that God through their prayer would convert him.

When the poor man heard the bishop so speak, he cried out, "Ah, my lord, now you do well, and like a goodly bishop, and I thank you most heartily for your great charity and gentleness. Christ saith, 'Where two or three are gathered together in my name, I will be in the midst of them;' and there be more than two or three of you. Now, if so be that your request be godly and lawful, and that ye pray as ye should pray, without doubt, God will hear you. And therefore, my lord, go to: do you pray to your God, and I will pray to my God. I know that my God will both hear my prayer, and perform my desire."

The bishop and his company then prayed: while Rawlins, turning to a pew, fell on his knees, covering his face with his hands, and continued in secret supplication until they rose; when he likewise arose, and approached the bishop, who said, "Now, Rawlins, how is it with thee? wilt thou revoke thine opinions, or no?" "Surely, my lord," he replied, "Rawlins you left me, and Rawlins you find me; and by God's grace, Rawlins I will continue. Certainly, if your petitions had been just and lawful, God would have heard them; but you honour a false god, and pray not as you should pray; and therefore God hath not granted your desire. But I am one poor simple man, as you see; and God hath heard my complaint, and I trust he will strengthen me in his own cause."

The bishop reproved him strongly, and was about to read the sentence; but some of his chaplains suggested the celebration of mass first; thinking that some wonderful work might be wrought in the heretic thereby. Rawlins hearing mass commenced, betook himself to prayer in a corner, until he heard the little bell, which is rung at the moment the priest is about to elevate the wafer; which he is supposed to have transubstantiated into the body of our Lord, and holds it up to receive the idolatrous worship of the deluded people. At this point, Rawlins rose from prayer, and going to the door of the choir, said aloud, "Good people, if there be any brethren amongst you, or at the least if there be but one brother amongst you, the same one bear witness at the day of judgment, that I bow not to this idol."

Mass being ended, and Rawlins White continuing proof against all that could be said or done, those religious services were concluded by reading the sentence which condemned an innocent and godly old man to be burned alive; and



the bishop ordered him to be conveyed to a dark and loathsome dungeon, in the town prison of Cardiff. Here he remained for a considerable time, praying and singing psalms—his constant practice wherever he was—until the officers, to get rid of him, resolved to burn him without a writ. This was overruled by the recorder, who represented the danger to themselves of such a proceeding: so they sent to London for a writ, at the expense of three weeks' longer delay. At length it arrived; and at night old Rawlins was told to prepare himself to suffer death the next morning. Hereupon he sent to his wife, desiring her without delay to send to him his wedding-garment: this was a long shirt, or shroud, for him to be burned in. The poor woman, with many tears and much sorrow of heart, obeyed; and he received it most joyfully.

When the hour was come, good old Rawlins White made his appearance, issuing from his dungeon, with this long white wedding-garment upon him, and over it an old russet coat, with a pair of well-worn leather buskins on his legs. Seeing a great company of armed men about him, with glittering weapons, "Alas," said he, "what meaneth all this? All this needeth not. By God's grace I will not start away: but I, with all my heart and mind, give unto God most hearty thanks, that he hath made me worthy to abide all this for his holy name's sake." He went on some way, when suddenly he beheld his poor wife and children, who stood weeping and making great lamentation; the unexpected sight so pierced his heart, that tears trickled fast down his face; but presently, as if angry with himself, he struck his breast with his hand, saying, "Ah, flesh, stayest thou me so? Wouldest thou fain prevail? Well, I tell thee, do what thou canst, thou shalt not, by God's grace, have the victory." By this time he was come to the very altar of his willing sacrifice—the stake set up, and some wood prepared towards the fire, which when he saw, he went forward very briskly; but, either from weakness, or purposely, he fell down upon his knees while approaching it, and his face touched the ground; a little of the soil whereof adhering to it, he beautifully applied a part of the burial service, saying, "'Earth unto earth, and dust unto dust; thou art my mother, and unto thee I shall return.'" Then with a very cheerful aspect he went and set his back against the stake; and seeing near him the friend who afterwards reported these particulars, he called to him, saying, "I feel

a great fighting between the flesh and the Spirit, and the flesh would very fain have his swing; and therefore, I pray you, when you see me any thing tempted, hold your finger up to me, and I trust I shall remember myself."

This precaution, however was needless: the Lord, in whom he trusted, did not fail his constant servant: it was especially noticed indeed, by those around him, that an extraordinary change took place in his appearance; for whereas he had before gone stooping, through years and infirmity, so as to seem crooked, his countenance being very sad, his complexion pallid, and his voice feeble, he stood at the stake bolt upright, stretched to his full stature, his face bright and cheerful, his voice bold, and manner very sprightly. This, with the white hairs straying from beneath the kerchief that he had tied on his head, and a venerable beard of the same silvery appearance, gave a character to the aged martyr which those who observed him called angelical.

While thus he stood, a smith came up with a great iron chain, at sight of which Rawlins cast up his hand, and with a loud voice gave thanks to God. While the smith was making fast on the other side the chain which he had cast round him, the victim said, "I pray you, good friend, knock in the chain fast, for it may be that the flesh would strive mightily; but God, of thy great mercy, give me strength and patience to abide the extremity!" The smith's work being finished, the officers began to pile more wood, adding a little straw and reeds; while the old man, as busy as any of them, reaching as far as he could, plucked little parcels of reed and straw, disposing them about him, as he thought would best help his speedy dispatching: and this with so pleasant a countenance, and familiar easy gesture, that it excited great astonishment in the bystanders. When all was quite ready, instead of an executioner with a torch, there stepped forward a priest, who mounted a scaffolding erected just over against Rawlins, to address the people, of whom a great many were assembled, it being market-day. When Rawlins perceived the delay that would ensue, he made two little props of straw, rested his elbows on them, and gave good heed to the priest's discourse; appearing perfectly at his ease, until the preacher, after descanting on the authority of the Romish church, came to speak of the sacrament, inveighing against Rawlins, and proceeded to cite the Scriptures which they usually wrest to the maintenance of

their destructive errors. But no sooner was the word of God alleged in support of such blasphemies, than Rawlins White suddenly started up, and beckoning to the people with both hands, twice cried, "Come hither, good people, and hear not a false prophet preaching." Then addressing the priest, he added, "Ah, thou naughty hypocrite, dost thou presume to prove thy false doctrine by Scripture? Look at the text—what followeth? Did not Christ say, 'Do this in remembrance of me?'" The priest, confounded, held his peace; and some of the people cried out, "Put fire—set to fire;" which being done, the reeds and straw sent up a sudden and violent flame, in which the good old man bathed his hands, till little was left of them. The torment was long, but he seemed not to suffer very great pain; only crying out, "O Lord, receive my spirit!" so long as he could open his mouth. The fire being fierce beneath, his legs were consumed first; and the body falling over the chain into the raging element, the crown of eternal life was in his grasp sooner than otherwise it would have been. Light, indeed, and momentary were that blessed old saint's afflictions, compared with the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory which he enjoys, now—and for ever.

It is worthy of remark that about this time the pope fulminated a bull of excommunication against all those who, in England, being possessed of abbey lands, and other ecclesiastical property, should neglect to make instant restitution thereof to the church. As however, these possessions were held by the most powerful of the nobility, knights, and official men, Winchester and his fellows prudently refrained from putting their submission to so trying a test; and the mighty thunders of Pope Julius slumbered in their hands. It was, and ever will be, characteristic of popery to hunt, imprison, and murder poor patient Christians, who neither had power to resist, nor were unwilling to suffer for conscience' sake: playing the lion, where there were only lambs to be devoured. But bring these courageous persecutors to a point where they are likely to be overmatched in physical force, and though the stake be no less than their ancient enormous revenues, and the authority for recovering it nothing short of apostolical, infallible, and spiritually irresistible, they dare not to stir in the matter. Whether the day may yet arrive, for pushing this long dormant demand, we have still to learn. At present

our business is to exhibit the past doings of popery in England: may God preserve these realms from again falling into its deadly grasp!

Pope Julius, one of the most depraved monsters of all iniquity that ever polluted the apostate bishopric of Rome, departed to his great and fearful account nearly at the same time when bishop Farrar, Rawlins White, and a large company of the noble army of martyrs entered, through the burning flames of Romish persecution, into the joy of their Lord. We return to the enumeration of that chosen company.

GEORGE MARSH was a respectable farmer in Lancashire, who lived in sobriety and godliness with a wife, bringing up his children in like manner: on the death of his wife, he went to Cambridge, took orders, and preached the pure word of God, for some time, as curate to Laurence Saunders; after whose martyrdom he continued to set forth the true doctrines of the gospel, contending earnestly against antichristian error, both in his native parish of Deane, and elsewhere. At length he was reported, as a promoter of heresy, to the earl of Derby, who caused him to be imprisoned; and failing to remove him from the ground of the truth, whereon he firmly stood, kept him in captivity for a long while, until the bishop of Chester came into his diocese, and took the matter in hand. The bishop's first work was fully to re-establish throughout his jurisdiction every thing that had been done away with under the godly rule of Edward: his next was to summon Marsh before him, and diligently to labour for what he considered his conversion. Several learned and crafty Romanists were constantly employed, daily visiting him for this purpose; urging him to submit to the church of Rome; to acknowledge it as the catholic church of Christ, and the pope as supreme head thereof, and to receive as infallible, his interpretation of Scripture. Marsh in reply gave them his definition of the one catholic and apostolic church, without whose pale there is no salvation: he described it as confessing one only God, one Messiah, and one Spirit—ruled and led by that one Spirit, one word, one faith. Universal and catholic, because it ever has been since the world began, is, and shall be to the world's end; and comprehending within it all nations, kindreds, languages, degrees, states, and conditions of men: this church being built only on the foundation of the prophets and apostles, Jesus Christ him-

self being the chief corner-stone ; and not on Romish laws, with the pope for its head.

They urged that the church of Rome stood in the ordinary succession of bishops ; being ruled by general councils, holy fathers, and the laws of holy church ; and had so continued for above fifteen hundred years. He replied, that the holy church, which is the body of Christ, and therefore most worthy to be called holy, was before the succession of bishops, general councils, or Romish decrees ; neither was it bound to any time or place, ordinary succession, general councils, or tradition of fathers ; or had supremacy over empires, and kingdoms ; but that it was a little, poor, simple flock, dispersed and scattered abroad, as sheep without a shepherd in the midst of wolves, or as a flock of orphans and fatherless children ; and that this church was led and ruled by the only laws, counsels, and word of Christ ; he being the supreme head of this church, and assisting, succouring, and defending her from all assaults, errors, troubles and persecutions, wherewith she is ever compassed about. He also proved, by the instances of Noah, Lot, Israel in Egypt ; by the parable of the sower, of the king's son's marriage, of the great supper, and many other plain passages of Scripture, that this true church was of no estimation, and little in comparison of the church of hypocrites and worldlings.

Several times was Marsh brought before the bishop and great efforts were made to change his mind ; but he adhered to his above scriptural confession, to the obligation of communion in both kinds, and to all that they denounced as heresy. When sentence was to be given, a scene occurred very similar to that at the condemnation of Rawlins White, and marked by the most meek, and gentle deportment of the martyr. When entreated to save his life by recanting, before the bishop concluded the reading of his sentence, he replied, " I would as fain live as you, if in so doing I should not deny my master Christ, and again he should deny me before his Father in heaven." On this the bishop finished condemning him ; and immediately said, " Now I will no more pray for thee than I will for a dog." Marsh answered, that he, notwithstanding, would pray for his lordship. He was then delivered to the sheriffs of the city of Chester to be placed in the darkest dungeon of the common prison, none being allowed to visit, or to speak with him. There was, however, a hole through the wall

of his cell, by which some of the citizens, who loved him in the Lord, contrived in the darkness of evening, to call to him, asking how he did. He answered in a most cheerful tone that he did well, and highly thanked God that he would vouchsafe of his mercy to appoint him to be a witness of his truth; and to suffer for it, wherein he did most rejoice; beseeching him that he would give him grace not to faint under the cross, but patiently to bear it to his glory, and the comfort of his church. His language was that of one who desired to depart, and to be with Christ. The good people once or twice managed to throw small pieces of silver through this hole, for which he gave God thanks.

When the appointed day arrived, the sheriffs brought him forth, attended by a party of poor simple townsfolk, such as barbers, and the like, armed with rusty axes and bills. He went meekly and quietly, with a fetter on his feet. The people of Chester seem not to have learned much respecting the nature of Romish persecution, for some of them compassionately offered him money, to pay a priest for saying masses for his soul, after death. Marsh gently told them that he did not then wish to meddle with money; but willed that some good man would take it, and bestow it among other prisoners and the poor. He walked on, reading his book; and the simple bystanders remarked, "This man goeth not unto his death as a thief, or as one that deserveth to die."

At the stake, the deputy chamberlain of Chester showed him a writing under the great seal, telling him it was a pardon, if he would recant. Marsh answered that he loved the queen, and would gladly accept her majesty's pardon; but forasmuch as it tended to pluck him from God, he would not receive it on that condition. He then addressed the people, and began to explain the cause of his death, exhorting them to cleave to Christ; but one of the sheriffs said, "George Marsh, we must have no sermoning now." "Master, I cry you mercy," replied the unresisting martyr; and then, having kneeled in prayer, he put off his clothes, and was chained to the stake. Over his head was a vessel of wood, like a butter firkin, with pitch and tar, that should run down and increase the flame; but all was so unskillfully arranged, through the happy ignorance of these Chester men in the horrible art of burning their fellow-creatures to death, that his sufferings were greatly prolonged, and very dreadful. A strong wind blew the flames

to and fro; so that he was burnt and disfigured in such wise that no one could suppose any life remained in the broiled and blistered flesh, when to their amazement, he suddenly spread out his arms, saying, "Father of heaven, have mercy on me!" and so yielded his patient spirit. Upon this, many called out that he was a martyr; but the bishop preached to them immediately after, in the cathedral, informing the poor people that Marsh was a heretic, burnt like a heretic, and was then a firebrand in hell.

This wretched bishop soon after experienced the just judgment of God, to which we must leave him; but it is a great aggravation of this wanton, cold-blooded murder, that Marsh did not even belong to his diocese. His permanent residence was Cambridge, and he was taken by treachery when on a visit to his pious mother. He was a most devoted servant of Christ; spiritually minded in a high degree; and from his letters which remain, his character appears to have ranked with those of the most eminent among the persecuted saints of God, in these days of fiery trial, when nothing but pure gold could stand the searching test.

WILLIAM FLOWER was a native of Cambridgeshire, professed as a monk in the abbey of Ely; he abode there until, in Henry's reign, he forsook the monk's habit, took the order of a secular priest, and returned to his native place, called Snowhill, where he officiated, saying mass, and teaching children. After some removals, it seems his mind was enlightened, for he took a wife, practised medicine, and kept a school, instead of ministering at the altar. At length he settled in Lambeth; and one Easter Sunday, crossing the water to St. Margaret's church, in Westminster, with an erroneous impression on his mind that he was moved thereto by a divine impulse, he committed an assault on the priest, then in the act of holding up the chalice and wafer. Of this deed he afterwards repented; and confessed his sin in having wounded the priest: but his opinion as to the idolatrous character of the service he would by no means retract. Bonner strove hard to reclaim him; but though freely declaring his blind zeal in the church to have been evil and naught, he maintained the truth of his doctrine, altogether opposed to that of Rome; and was condemned, first to lose his right hand, wherewith he hurt the priest, and then to be burned, as a heretic. He went to the stake in a truly humble, contrite, and trustful spirit; never flinched or shrunk when his hand was cut off, nor uttered

a complaint during one of the most protracted and cruel burnings that took place in this frightful reign. He cried to the Lord Jesus to have mercy, and to receive his soul; and slowly died upon the burning fagots where they had struck him down.

JOHN CARDMAKER, formerly a Franciscan friar, then a married minister of the gospel, and a reader in St. Paul's, so faithfully declared the truth in that church, during king Edward's reign, that his gown was cut and mangled with knives by the superstitious adherents of the papacy, whilst he addressed them. He was then made a prebendary of Wells; and in the very beginning of Mary's reign apprehended, through the deadly zeal of those who now hoped to have something more substantial than his gown whereon to wreak their vengeance. Winchester and his fellow commissioners undertook to judge him; and mistaking the mildness of his spirit for a yielding disposition, or else hoping to influence others by the report, they circulated a confident story that he was about to recant. He had, however, Laurence Saunders for his prison-companion; and much mutual encouragement passed between them. After Saunders had obtained the crown of martyrdom, Cardmaker was more importunately beset by those who wished for his recantation; while he demanded that they should put all their reasons in writing, that his answers might likewise be recorded. The fulness, wisdom, learning, and force of his replies, seem to have discouraged his adversaries from any further attempt; and Winchester having relinquished to Bonner his seat as chief inquisitor, the latter cited Mr. Cardmaker before him, on articles setting forth his offences, in marrying, and in denying transubstantiation; to all of which Cardmaker yielded his assent: only protesting that in so doing and believing, he had not violated any law or precept of God. He was, of course, condemned.

JOHN WARNE was an upholsterer in the city; charged likewise with disbelief in the dogma of the corporeal presence in the sacrament: to which was added an article of accusation, setting forth that, a year or more before, a great rough water spaniel of his had been shorn on the head, in fashion of a priest's tonsure; and that the said Warne had laughed at it, and liked it, though—it was added—he neither did it himself, nor knew who did it!

Warne readily subscribed to all these articles, confirming his belief, as there stated; and also to the fact of his



having been in peril of burning for heresy in the time of Henry the Eighth; from which he was saved, not by recantation, but by the private interest of some friends at court, who obtained for him the king's pardon. Throughout the whole proceeding, Warne cheerfully, boldly, and gladly admitted all their allegations, signing the articles as fast as they were presented; being enabled to rejoice in thus bearing testimony that after the way that they called heresy, so worshipped he the God of his fathers. He was sentenced, sent back to Newgate, and ordered to be burned at the same stake with Cardmaker. On the night preceding his death, he drew up a very beautiful confession of faith, in the form of a commentary on the apostles' creed; by which it appears that his views were deep, clear, and scriptural. On the clause, "He descended into hell," he writes, "Therefore suffering for our sins, he received and did bear our deserved condemnation, the pains of death, the taste of abjection, the very terror of hell, yielding his spirit to his Father, his body to be buried in the earth."

When, on the 30th of May, these two confessors were brought to Smithfield, an interesting scene occurred, giving strong evidence what was the real mind of the English people even at that time. The rumour of Cardmaker's intended abjuration had been so industriously kept afloat, that much doubt existed as to his constancy; and when, on coming to the place of slaughter, the sheriffs called him aside, and earnestly talked with him, while Warne was fastened to the stake, the fagots placed about him, and every preparation complete, without any appearance of Cardmaker ending his discourse with the officers, a great discomfiture was seen among the people, whose expectation of his recanting overcast their countenances with sadness. At length he left the sheriffs, and without putting off his long garments, kneeled down in silent prayer; which increased their apprehensions of his having purchased a prolongation of mortal life, at the expense of his soul. He then rose up; and when they saw him take off his clothes, and with a courageous aspect walk up to the stake, kiss it, take Warne by the hand, with words of comfort, and offer himself to be bound, then the multitude, relieved from their fears, uttered such a shout as has seldom been heard, crying out, with one voice, "God be praised! The Lord strengthen thee, Cardmaker—the Lord Jesus receive thy spirit!" Nor did they cease encouraging them, during the

short, but bitter passage of those martyrs through the fire to their blessed rest and peace; to the enjoyment of that triumphant crown prepared for the elect warriors of Jesus Christ, in his glorious and everlasting kingdom.

On the same day, with the above two faithful men, were also condemned two honest husbandmen of Essex, named JOHN SIMPSON and JOHN ARDELY. On the morning of that day, Bonner's zeal, which could scarcely need such a spur, had been urged on by a letter of reproof from the king and queen, complaining that he was not active enough in converting or burning their heretical subjects; and admonishing him to use greater diligence therein. With this injunction upon him, the bishop went to his work, alleging against the accused that they had not believed in the universality, absolute authority, and exclusive sanctity of the Romish church; nor in the bodily presence of Christ under the form of a wafer: neither had they confessed to a priest; but, on the contrary, had openly condemned as false, superstitious, idolatrous, and destructive, these things which the church of Rome holds essential to salvation.

This they did not deny; but declared the mass to be of the pope, not of Christ; and therefore they would never come to it. Their answers were orderly, succinct, and sober, but strongly condemnatory of the Romish religion. After giving in these answers, they were remanded till the afternoon: when the bishop assailed them in the usual way, with solicitations to recant, mingled with threats. Ardely stoutly told him that neither he nor any other of his religion were of the Catholic church, being of a false faith: that they had shed much innocent blood, and were about to spill more now: adding, "If every hair of my head were a man, I would suffer death in the opinion and faith that I am now in." Once more he was asked to relinquish his errors, and return to the unity of the church: "No," said he, "God forbid that I should so do, for then I should lose my soul." In all this, Simpson heartily concurred; so that sentence was passed immediately; and being sent down into Essex, there, on the same day, within less than a fortnight after Cardmaker and Warne's martyrdom, they were both put to death—Simpson at Rochford, and Ardely at Raleigh—and most quietly finished at the stake, their holy warfare in defence of the gospel of Christ.

It is some relief to the mind to turn, for a while, from these murderous proceedings of the bishops to the compa-

ratively harmless ebullitions of popish zeal on the part of Cardinal Pole. Winchester and Bonner thirsted insatiably for the blood of the living; but the cardinal being either more timid or less cruel, sustained his credit as a zealous servant of the pope, by hurling his thunders at the dead. Ancient Rome did honour to her departed friends, by giving them them a funeral pyre in the midst of their survivors; but modern Rome could devise no greater ignominy for her buried foes than that of digging up their remains for the very same purpose—that of being publicly burnt to ashes. The instance now to be recorded presents in a very ludicrous point of view, the proceedings of these vigilant men, under circumstances that would have baffled the resentment of most persons.

JOHN TOOLEY, a citizen and poulterer, had, on the first coming over of the Spaniards, conspired with some others to commit a robbery on one of that nation, in St. James'. It was a wicked deed; and being committed against a class so high in the queen's favour, the criminals could not hope for mercy. Tooley was tried, found guilty, and condemned to be hanged. It seems, however, that the Lord gave him repentance and faith in Christ Jesus; for when brought to execution, near Charing Cross, while standing on a cart, he read a prayer from a printed book, and two other prayers, written on separate papers; then, having the halter round his neck, he desired the people to pray for him, and to bear him witness that he died a true Christian, trusting to be saved only by the merits of Christ's passion, and the shedding of his precious blood; not by masses, images, or saints, which were, as he said, mere idolatry and superstition, devised by the bishop of Rome: for, as he and the other two criminals beside him had, through covetousness, committed a robbery, so did the bishop of Rome sell his masses, indulgences, and other like worthless things for covetousness. Then, with great earnestness, he repeated the petition of the litany, as it had stood in king Edward's time, and was so often quoted by Dr. Taylor. "From the tyranny of the bishop of Rome, and all his detestable enormities; from false doctrine and heresy, and from the contempt of thy word and commandment, good Lord, deliver us." Then he cried out, "All you that be true Christian men, say with me, Amen." On which above three hundred persons immediately responded, "Amen," thrice over.

After this, Tooley delivered his book to one of the Mar-

shal's officers, desiring him to give it to a Mr. Hawkes, to whom he said it belonged. He also gave one of the prayers to a sergeant, named Bromley, who was soon called to account for receiving it, and hardly escaped punishment. Tooley had probably been among the number of those felons who, by means of the martyrs imprisoned with them, were brought to repentance. He was executed immediately after the solemn protestation thus made; but in process of time, the whole matter reached the ears of the queen's commissioners; and it being quite evident that Tooley had died a heretic, cardinal Pole took the business into his hands, to inflict punishment on this bold impugner of the pope's authority.

So a letter from the privy council was, with all due form, dispatched to the bishop of London, calling on him to proceed in the case, according to the ecclesiastical law. This document is dated from Hampton Court, the 28th of April, 1555, signed by the lord chancellor, and six other councillors. In pursuance thereof, the bishop caused a citation to be affixed to the door of St. Paul's church, setting forth, that "One John Tooley, late citizen and poulterer, the son of perdition and iniquity, coming to the profundity of malice in the self-same time in the which he should go to hanging," &c. &c. "did utter divers and sundry damnable blasphemous, and heretical opinions and errors, utterly contrary and repugnant to the verity of the catholic faith, and unity of the same; and did exhort, stir up, and encourage the people, there standing in great multitude, to hold and defend the same errors and opinions:" then adverting to the assent given by the people, this monstrous paper goes on, "We, therefore, the foresaid Edmund and bishop abovesaid, not daring to pass over in silence, nor wink at the foresaid heinous act, lest by our negligence and slackness the blood of them might be required at our hands, at the most terrible day of judgment;" and so summons Tooley's wife, children and kindred, friends and acquaintance, to appear and show cause why he should not be declared a heretic, and excommunicate person.

It may be supposed that neither did John Tooley appear to the citation, nor durst any of his kin venture to come forward in such a perilous cause. So, the limited period having elapsed, next in order of law came the decree of suspension (though, says Fox, one suspension had already been enough for him) and afterwards the excommunica-

tion, which forbade any man to eat or drink with John Tooley, or to bid him good morrow if they met him by the way: moreover, he was excluded from the communion of the church. Still, not appearing to proffer recantation, this contumacious heretic was formally condemned, and committed to the secular power of the sheriffs of London, who, with all diligence went to execute their charge, by digging up his body, or some other that lay near the place where Tooley was buried, and served their purpose as well, and which they, with all fitting solemnity, consigned to the flames, on the fourth day of June, to the clearing of Bonner's conscience, the commendation of the cardinal's zeal, and the no small comfort of all who battled for the pope's supremacy!

Happy had it been for these infatuated persecutors of God's people, if their cruelty had always been so neutralized by their folly as in the foregoing instance! But, alas! the devouring flame was kindled for bodies warm with life, and rarely suffered to consume itself upon senseless clay. Another victim remained of the six condemned on the ninth of February, and this was THOMAS HAWKES, a gentleman of Essex; who had been much in the court of Edward: he was highly accomplished, remarkable alike for personal appearance, being very tall and handsome, and for the far greater gifts of natural superiority and spiritual knowledge. His abode was with the earl of Oxford, by whose whole household he was highly esteemed; but at the death of Edward, disgusted with the state of things, and especially with the readiness shown in great men's houses to turn and follow what fashion of religion might best find favour at court, Hawkes retired from public life, to settle quietly on his own property in Essex, where he gave himself to the service of God, keeping his conscience undefiled.

But Satan was now too active for any Christian man to be secure from the prying of his emissaries. Hawkes had a young son born to him, whose baptism he deferred for three weeks, waiting to have it scripturally done, and not after the ridiculous forms of the Romish church. For this he was brought, by informers, before his old friend the earl of Oxford; who, not wishing to be troubled with such a matter, sent him to Bonner, with a letter stating the charge. The bishop, of course, returned him many thanks, for his loyal diligence; and proceeded to examine the prisoner, asking what moved him to leave his child unchristened so

long? Hawkes replied, "Because we are bound to do nothing contrary to the word of God." The other observed that baptism was commanded by that word; Hawkes answered that he did not deny God's institution, but man's inventions and contrivances added thereto; as oil, chrism, salt, spittle, conjuring of the waters, and so forth. Bonner told him his father and all the world had been contented with such: he answered, "What my father and all the world may have done, I take nothing to do withal; but what God hath commanded me to do, to that stand I." The bishop then quoted the "Catholic church;" Hawkes asked him what it was, and soon brought him to a stand, citing Scripture; Bonner exclaimed, "Ah sir, ye are a right Scripture man; for ye will have nothing but the Scripture." He then called for a man named Bagot, whom, it seems, he had then under instruction in his house, and who was an acquaintance of Hawkes. What passed, exhibits so clearly the bishop's plan for convincing gainsayers, and enlightening ignorant persons, that it must not be omitted. Bagot having shaken hands with Hawkes, the bishop said to him, "Sir, this man hath a child, which hath lain three weeks unchristened, as I have letters to show, who refuseth to have it baptized, as it is now used in the church: how say you thereto?" Poor Bagot, making a very low obeisance to the bishop, answered, "Forsooth, my lord, I say nothing thereto." "Say you nothing thereto?" exclaims Bonner; "I will make you tell me whether it be laudable, and to be frequented and used in the church or not." Bagot replied, "I beseech your lordship to pardon me; he is old enough, let him answer for himself." On this Bonner cried out, "Ah, sir knave, are you at that point with me? Go, call the porter," to one of his men; then again addressing Bagot, "Thou shalt sit in the stocks, and have nothing but bread and water. I perceive I have kept you too well. Have I made thus much of you, and have I you at this point?" The servant coming back, said the porter was gone to London; so the bishop ordered Bagot to follow him, and they went away together; Bonner directing a gentleman to talk with Hawkes the while, who refused to answer any of his artful questions, unless he could show a commission to examine him. Soon after came the bishop, and sat down in his orchard, calling Bagot, whom he again carried away, and once more brought back; and then summoning Hawkes to join them, asked Bagot, "How say you

now, sir, unto baptism? Say whether it be to be frequented and used in the church as it is now, or no?" Bagot answered, "Forsooth, my lord, I say it is good." The bishop exclaimed, "I befool your heart, could you not have said so before? Ye have wounded this man's conscience." Then addressing Hawkes, "How say ye now, sir? This man is turned and converted."

Hawkes, who related this scene, replied, "I build my faith neither upon this man, neither upon you, but only upon Christ Jesus, who, as Paul saith, is the founder and author of all men's faith." Bonner began to threaten, which producing no effect, he promised him good entertainment in his house, provided he talked not. Hawkes said he would talk nothing but the word of God and truth. "I will have no heresy talked in my house," said the bishop in reply; on which the other exclaimed, "Why, is the truth become heresy? God hath commanded that we should have none other talk in our houses, in our beds, at our meat, and by the way, but all truth." The bishop then gave order to keep Bagot and him apart; and Hawkes dined at the steward's table, where the principal of a college at Oxford, and kinsman of the bishop, said to him, "Ye are too curious; for ye will have nothing but your pretty little God's book." "And is not that sufficient for my salvation?" asked Hawkes. "Yea," replied the doctor, "it is sufficient for our salvation, but not for our instruction." To which Hawkes rejoined, "God send me the salvation and you the instruction."

Not only was this young man firmly grounded in the truth, but he had so ready and pungent a wit, that every one who assailed him was both silenced by his arguments, and disconcerted by the shrewdness of his retorts. He seems to have been keenly alive to the injustice and cruelty practised against those who were his companions and teachers in the court of the beloved young king; and to have penetrated the depth of that malicious villany, which Bonner and others thinly cloaked under pretended zeal for a religion that, indeed, allowed full scope for every hateful passion of depraved nature to work its will. On one occasion, when Bonner, enraged at his constancy, said, "We will show such mercy upon you as ye showed unto us: for my benefice or bishopric was taken away from me, so that I had not one penny to live on;" Hawkes replied, "I pray ye, my lord, what do ye give him now that was in the

bishopric or benefice, before that ye came again to it?" This unexpected allusion to his treatment of the good and gentle Ridley, then lying condemned in a prison at Oxford, took such effect on Bonner, that he suddenly turned his back on the speaker to talk with others.

The bishop used infinite pains to win by flattery this bold champion of the truth. He suggested to him to stay quietly there, till they should have his child baptized, and he seem to know nothing about it; and left nothing untried, in the way either of promise or threat. After disputing with him sharply in the morning, he called him at evensong to the chapel, and coaxingly said, "Hawkes, thou art a proper young man, and God hath done his part with thee; I would be glad to do thee good. Thou knowest that I am thy pastor, and one that should answer for thee: if I would not teach thee well, I should answer for thy soul." He then tried artfully to draw from him his opinion of the sacrament; but Hawkes replied, "I beseech your lordship to feel my conscience no further than in that which I was accused in unto you." He knew that the charge on which he was taken was not, like the question of the sacrament, a matter of instant life or death; and while fully resolved to shed his blood in the cause, he would not be entrapped by the craft and subtlety of a man whose rebellion against his late royal young master must have touched the strong feelings of an attached courtier, while his sanguinary persecution of God's saints, and the satanic cunning wherewith he turned many away from the truth, could not but fill his heart with such sentiments of holy abhorrence, as once burst from the lips of Paul, "Thou child of the devil, and enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord?"

After plainly refusing to attend the bishop's evensong, Hawkes was called before him at its close, and no longer covertly, but authoritatively questioned as to his belief of "the sacrament of the altar." "The sacrament of the altar, sir," exclaimed Hawkes, "why I do not know it." "Well, we will make you to know it, and believe in it, too, ere ever we have done with you." "No, that ye shall never do," replied Hawkes. "Yes, a fagot will make you do it," says Bonner. "No, no; a point for your fagot! What God thinketh meet to be done, that shall ye do, and more ye shall not do," was the fearless reply. Bonner urged him further; and he showed how scripture disproved their



doctrine, defending himself so ably that Bonner was forced to give it up, and to send for Harpsfield, a most jesuitical controversialist, and famous champion of all error. He went to work in a wily way on the subject of baptism, putting to Hawkes the case of his child dying unbaptized through his neglect; when, as he said, he and his child would be damned together. Hawkes bade him judge no further than he might by the Scriptures. Harpsfield asked if he did not know that his child was born in original sin, to which he assented; and then with Bonner he urged that it could not be saved without baptism. "Doth Christianity stand in outward ceremonies, or no?" asked Hawkes. Bonner replied, "Partly it doth: what say you to that?" Hawkes answered, "I say as St. Peter saith, 'Not the washing of water purgeth the filthiness of the flesh, but a good conscience consenting unto God.'" "Beware of pride, brother; beware of pride," was the only refutation that Harpsfield could find for this scriptural argument. Bonner, however, desired to make an end of this matter, and cried out, "How say you to the mass, sirrah?" "I say it is abominable, detestable, and profitable for nothing," replied Hawkes. He then questioned him on the confiteor, or popish confession, and on prayers for the dead; both of which Hawkes disproved by the word of God; at length Bonner apologizing to the archdeacon for his bootless trouble with so obstinate a heretic, told Hawkes they would soon rid themselves of him, and have one heretic less.

At parting, Harpsfield asked what books he had? "The New Testament, Solomon's books, and the psalter." "Will you read any other books?" "Yes, if you will give me such books as I will require." "What books do you require?" said Harpsfield, who probably intended to give him some treatise of his own. Hawkes answered "Latimer's books, my lord of Canterbury's book, Bradford's sermons, Ridley's books." Harpsfield being then about to mount his horse for Oxford, to assist in burning Latimer, Ridley, and my lord of Canterbury, had nothing more to say, but rode off.

Next day, Bonner brought to the charge an old bishop, who had lost his living; and as they sat in the orchard after dinner, Hawkes was called. The poor old bishop said very little, but Bonner got into a warm debate with his prisoner. Among other things, he tried him by the evi-

dences of faith, Mark xvi. "These tokens shall follow them that believe," &c. and asked him with what new tongues he could speak; he answered, "Before that I came to the knowledge of God's word, I was a foul blasphemer and filthy talker: since I came to the knowledge thereof, I have lauded God, praised God, and given thanks unto God with the same tongue. And is not this a new tongue?"

"How do you cast out devils?"

"Christ did cast them out by his word, and he hath left the same word, that whosoever doth credit and believe it, shall cast out devils."

"Did you ever drink any deadly poison?"

"Yea, forsooth, that I have; for I have drunken of the pestilent traditions and ceremonies of the bishop of Rome."

Here Bonner ended his catechism, and betook himself to furious threats, until Hawkes silenced him by the reference to Ridley already mentioned. Hawkes thus concludes the account of the day's discussion. "After dinner I was called into the hall again, and the bishop desired the old bishop to take me into his chamber, for I would be glad, said he, if ye could convert him. So he took me into his chamber, and sat him down in a chair, and said to me, 'I would to God I could do you some good. Ye are a young man, and I would not wish you to go too far, but learn of your elders to bear somewhat.' 'I will bear nothing that is contrary to the word of God,' said I. And I looked that the old bishop should have made me an answer, and he was fast asleep."

The next day a more wakeful assailant appeared in the person of Fecknam, who had endeavoured to win over the Lady Jane Grey, who saluted him with "Are you he that will have no ceremonies?" He went over all the old ground, in a much better style and with more ability than his friends had done; but with as little success. He quoted Scripture more freely, and was met most readily by Hawkes, who excellently exposed his perversions of God's word. Fecknam got angry, and brought forward the former erroneous opinions of the three bishops at Oxford, alleging that one of them had written a book, affirming a real presence in the sacrament. Hawkes replied "what he hath done, I know not: but what he doth, I know." Bonner inquired, "if any of these recant, what will ye say to it." "When they recant I will make you an answer," said

Hawkes. Bonner observed, "Then thou wilt say as thou dost now, for all that." "Yea, indeed, will I, and that trust to, by God's grace."

Dr. Chadsey was brought on the following day to Bonner's assistance, but he fared even worse than the others, being beaten from one point to another. However, he preached a sermon that evening in the bishop's chapel, on purpose for Hawkes, who would only come and stand at the door to hear him, abhorring the temple of idols. It was, as Hawkes said, like all the rest of his doctrine, and impressed him not a whit. After being teased, and then reviled by some of the queen's people, whom he refused to answer, as having no authority to examine him, Hawkes retired to his lodge; and the next morning Bonner talked of sending him to Newgate, to which he readily assented; and thither he would have gone, but for one more attempt which the archdeacon of Canterbury wished to make; who, after much talk said, that the sacrament of the altar was the same body that was born of the virgin Mary, which did hang upon the cross. "He was upon the cross," said Hawkes, "both alive and dead; which of them was the sacrament?" "Alive." "How do you prove that?" "You must believe. Doth not St. John say, 'He that believeth not is condemned already?'" Hawkes replied, "St. John saith, 'He that believeth not in the Son of God is already condemned;' but he saith not, He that believeth not in the sacrament is already condemned." "There is no talking with you," exclaimed the archdeacon: "for ye are both without faith and learning; and therefore I will talk no more with you in scripture."

Hawkes was sent to prison the next day, the first of July, and strictly kept. On the thirteenth of the month the bishop sent two of his men, to ask how he did, and whether he was the same man as when he left Fulham. Hawkes replied to the first, that he did like a poor prisoner; and to the latter that he was no changeling. They said the bishop desired he might do well; on which he made request for his friends to visit him, but this was not granted. He remained in solitary confinement till the third of September, when, after hearing a sermon preached by Winchester, at Paul's cross, he was brought to the bishop of London's house, where he underwent a vexatious persecution, from the cavils and idle talk of a motley assemblage of Bonner's creatures. It would seem, however, that

Hawkes knew something of each man's private history, which enabled him to stop most of their mouths, finding all reason and scripture vain against so ignorant and prejudiced a company. The first who attacked him was Dr. Smith, who had openly recanted; and Hawkes told him he would have nothing to say to him, till he knew whether he would turn again, or not. Then came one, who commenced with a passage on baptism; but soon becoming extremely silly in his remarks, Hawkes asked him if he was not a hosier, dwelling in Pudding lane, which the other admitted. Hawkes told him he had more skill to eat a pudding and make a hose, than to reason out of the Scriptures; at which he went off in a rage. He was next assailed by a renegade minister from Essex, who had acted a disgraceful part; for which Hawkes rebuked him, and then asked what kin he was to the weathercock of Paul's; this occasioned a burst of laughter, and the champion retired. Another, who stood by, beginning to speak more rationally, Hawkes readily answered him, until, after asking him why our Lord was called Messias and Christ, and receiving scriptural replies, he fell to fooling, inquiring why a book was called a book; on which Hawkes seriously remarking how little such words tended to godly edifying, declined further discourse; first, however, silencing this caviller, by remarking, "By this shall all men know you to be false prophets, if ye say, Thus saith the church; and will not say, Thus saith the Lord."

At last Bonner came up with a written declaration, for Hawkes to sign. The paper commenced, "I, Thomas Hawkes, have talked with my ordinary, and with certain good, godly, and learned men. Notwithstanding, I stand still in mine opinion." Hawkes exclaimed, "Shall I grant you to be good, godly and learned men, and yet grant myself to stand in a contrary opinion? No, I will not grant you to be good, godly, and learned men." In vain was every effort made to induce him to affix his name to any declaration of Bonner's drawing up. Perhaps he remembered Anne Askew, and the treachereous device practised against her by the same means. The bishop stormed pushed him violently on the breast, made every one present sign the paper, and devoutly prayed that every man who refused to sign it might be hanged: but all to no purpose. Hawkes' signature they could not get, and without it the document was useless. So after much railing and

abuse, they sent him back to prison. Bonner repeatedly exclaiming that he would be even with him: he would be revenged.

At last, after five months' longer imprisonment, he was brought to a public examination, with Tomkins and the rest. Bonner had prepared many articles of accusation, by privily writing down all that he and his people had drawn from Hawkes, during his stay at Fulham, which he read: the prisoner expressing great satisfaction, and saying they were all true, and that the bishop had done a friend's part, both in recording them and in now reading them openly. To all the solicitations earnestly pressed on him to recant, he answered with the same unmoved and deliberate resolution. "No, my lord, that will I not; for if I had a hundred bodies, I would suffer them all to be torn in pieces, rather than I would abjure or recant." The bishop's persuasions were seconded by all the doctors, lawyers, and other officials, but his reply was, that he would never go from the belief he was in, so long as he lived. Nothing remained to them, but to condemn him; and Bonner read the iniquitous sentence.

There seems to have been a special anxiety to enlist such shrewd and undaunted natural characters as Hawkes evidently was, under the banners of popery: and no marvel; for though ruffianism and low cunning abounded among the leaders and adherents of that party, they could not produce a man to exhibit in his bearing the high calm courage, or to speak with the irresistible wisdom and spirit, that distinguished the very women and children in our noble army of martyrs. They ignorantly supposed these qualities to be inherent in the individual; and that, by winning them over, the properties of truth might be engaged in the service of error. They coveted the lamp because of its brilliancy; not comprehending that the oil which fed its shining flame must be spilled in transferring it to their hands, leaving them only the earthen vessel, emptied of the excellency of that power which is of God alone. To him who had the heavenly wisdom to devote his natural faculties to the service of God, it was given; so that he enjoyed more abundantly, and displayed more eminently those endowments: but from him who lacked the spiritual principle, and chose the degrading service of error, was taken away even what he had seemed to possess: his wisdom

becoming dishonest craft, his courage savage cruelty, and his whole nature brutalized. Thus it will ever be.

Four months were allowed to elapse, after the condemnation of Hawkes, ere he was brought to the stake, in Essex, where he added another to the extraordinary evidences already afforded by the Lord's slaughtered saints, that in the fiercest fires HE was with them. A number of his friends and acquaintance, who had been greatly refreshed and strengthened in the faith by his conversation and constancy, were nevertheless doubtful whether the pains of such a dreadful death were not more than the mind of man could patiently endure. They therefore privately requested him, when in the fire, to show them some token; and he agreed, if he found the rage of the pain tolerable, and such as might be suffered, he would, when about to give up the ghost, lift his hand above his head towards heaven.

Hawkes was conducted to the fire by lord Rich, the infamous torturer of Anne Askew, with whom he reasoned by the way earnestly, on the shedding of so much innocent blood: he also addressed many godly remarks to the great multitude of people who encircled him on all sides. Then, having poured out his soul to God in fervent prayer, he took off his clothes, and was fastened to the stake by a strong chain. Fire being set, he continued therein for a long time; his speech being gone, his skin drawn together, and his fingers consumed with the violence of the flame, so that no one supposed any life could remain in the mutilated mass of flesh. While they looked that the body should fall into the cinders, suddenly, and to the amazement of all, the blessed servant of God, mindful of his promise, lifted up his hands, which emitted a light flame of fire, at full stretch over his head; and with a rejoicing action thrice clapped them together, amid the loudest outcries of applause and thanksgiving from the astonished people; all of whom were encouraged by the spectacle, though only a few, comparatively, understood its full meaning. He then bowed, sank down into the fire, and gave up his spirit unto the Lord.

A poor and humble, but most faithful servant of Christ, THOMAS WATTS, also of Essex, where he kept a linen-drapeer's shop, was next ensnared by justice Brown's activity; and being sent to London, witnessed a good confession

before Bonner, and the other inquisitors. For a long time, they kept him in prison; and tried every way to corrupt him from the faith, both by flattery and threats, at his various examinations: but the Lord sustained him. One of the articles alleged against Watts was that he consented to the opinion of John Tooley, whose dead body they had lately burned for heresy; praying, like him to be delivered from the bishop of Rome's tyranny. To this, Watts answered that he believed the bishop of Rome to be a mortal enemy to Christ and his church: that as for Tooley, he had never seen or known him; but if Tooley did so wish and pray, then he did likewise wish and consent with him therein.

After many fruitless attempts to shake this poor man's constancy, he was sent to his native county to be burned. At Chelmsford, he met his fellow-martyr, Hawkes, who conversed and prayed with him; after which his wife and six children were admitted to see him; to whom he said, "Wife, and my good children, I must now depart from you. Therefore, henceforth know I you no more; but as the Lord hath given you unto me, so I give you again unto the Lord, whom I charge you see you do obey and fear him; and beware ye turn not to this abominable papistry, against the which I shall anon, by God's grace, give my blood. Let not the murdering of God's saints cause you to relent, but take occasion thereby to be the stronger in the Lord's quarrel, and I doubt not but he will be a merciful Father unto you." Thus encouraging his family, he was also strengthened by their replies: two of his children wishing to be burned with him. Having taken a tender leave of them, he was carried to the stake.

The wretched persecutor, lord Rich, also superintended this slaughter; and Watts, having kissed the stake, addressed to him a short but solemn admonition. "My lord," said he, "beware, beware; for you do against your own conscience herein; and without you repent, the Lord will revenge: for you are the cause of my death."

Essex was at this time fruitful in martyrs. Three more were privileged, nearly at the same time, to glorify God in like manner with those above-mentioned. They were all in humble life; THOMAS OSMOND being a fuller, and WILLIAM BAMFORD and NICHOLAS CHAMBERLAIN weavers. In their answers to the articles objected against them, they boldly denied the Romish church to be a true member o

part of the church of Christ; the doctrine taught therein being false and erroneous: they disproved transubstantiation, rejected auricular confession as a necessary thing, condemned the use of an unknown tongue in the services of the church, justified separation from the false communion of Rome, and appealed to the canon laws. After this, they were again urged to recant; and, on failure of the attempt, were condemned by Bonner, and burned. Chamberlain at Colchester, Osmond at Manningtree, and Bamford at Harwich. They died in defence of the faith; while three others, who were taken with them, purchased the prolongation of a comfortless existence by denying it.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

JOHN BRADFORD.

SCARCELY do the annals of Christ's persecuted church furnish us with an instance of faith working by love, so uniformly, so sweetly, so universally, as we find it manifested among men in that holy and blessed martyr JOHN BRADFORD. His writings, of which a volume is preserved, breathe so divine a spirit of that wisdom from above, which is first pure, then peaceable, and of that tenderness which the Holy Ghost alone can inspire, that it is not possible to read even a few pages without feeling that we sit at the feet of one commissioned of God to instruct, to warn, to build up, and to comfort his people. It is a marvellous thing that any English Protestant should be ignorant of Bradford's writings; but, alas! how very many there are, deeply versed in foreign literature, and in heathen mythology, who know as little of their own devoted forefathers as though they had never yielded their lives for the truth, or left a rich legacy of sacred knowledge to their unthankful, forgetful successors. Fox has devoted no fewer than sixty-eight pages of his large folio to the story and remains of "Mr. John Bradford, holy martyr," and matter more instructive is not to be found in those valuable Acts and Monuments. Our limited space will only admit a memoir; but we earnestly hope it may be the means of bringing



many of our readers acquainted with the beautiful writings of this eminent servant of Christ.

He was a native of Manchester, carefully educated by his parents, by whose diligent instructions he so well profited, that on entering the service of sir John Harrington, he was both found worthy of his master's fullest confidence, and rendered him important aid, as a secretary and accountant, in the weighty business that devolved on the knight, as treasurer of the royal camps and buildings, at Boulogne; in the reigns of Henry VIII., and of Edward.

Continuing for some years in this station with every prospect of high preferment, if the honours and emoluments of this world had formed the object of pursuit, Bradford became the subject of a higher and holier calling, which moved him to forsake all for the love of Christ and his gospel. Impelled to seek, by the ministry of the word, the promulgation of those blessed truths which were experimentally known to him, he rendered up a faithful account to his earthly master, and proceeded from the Temple, in London, to the University of Cambridge; where his great natural ability, his diligence in study, and singular advancement in all godly learning, procured for him, at the end of one year, the degree of master of arts. Immediately afterwards the masters and fellows of Pembroke Hall gave him a fellowship in their college, where he enjoyed the warm friendship of Martin Bucer, who frequently urged him to employ his talent in preaching; and when Bradford objected that he was too unlearned for that office, Bucer would reply, "If thou hast not fine manchet bread, yet give the poor people barley bread, or whatever the Lord hath committed to thee."

Ridley, then bishop of London, discerning Bradford's worth, called him to the office of a deacon; and Bradford having scruples as to some superstitious customs then still belonging to the order of investment, the good bishop waved them, to avoid offending his conscience, and having ordained him, gave him a prebend in St. Paul's with license to preach. In this office he continued for three years, faithfully and diligently labouring. Sharply he opened and reproved sin; sweetly he preached Christ crucified; pithily he impugned heresies and errors; earnestly he persuaded to godly life. After the death of blessed young Edward, and Mary's accession to the throne, he ceased not his sacred ministry, until, by a device that would have shamed a tribe

of savages, he was cast into prison for an act which deserved at their hands the most grateful acknowledgment and reward.

Mention has already been made of an affray, when Bourn, afterwards bishop of Bath, preaching at St. Paul's cross, in praise of popery and disparagement of the reformation, was assaulted by the people and rescued by the timely help of Rogers and his brother martyr. The facts were these: so strong was the indignation of the people, when they heard an open avowal of popish doctrines from that pulpit, that neither the presence of Bonner nor the authority of the mayor could repress their rage. The preacher was in imminent danger; even a dagger being hurled at him from the crowd; and in alarm he appealed to Bradford, who stood behind, to defend him, and appease the popular excitement. Immediately the good man presented himself; and being greatly endeared to the Londoners by his life and doctrine, during his three years' ministry in that church, they testified their attachment by a great cry of Bradford! Bradford! God save thy life, Bradford! and after gladly listening to his grave exhortation to peace and quietness, they dispersed peaceably to their homes. To so great peril did Bradford expose himself on this occasion, that the dagger thrown at Bourn passed through his sleeve, and was near entering his arm. Afterwards, the popish preacher being still in great fear of the populace, implored Bradford and Rogers not to leave him until he reached the school-house, and was safely sheltered. They assented, Bradford going close behind him, and with his gown shading him from the sight of the people, whose exasperation was still very great, owing to the scandalous terms in which Bourn had railed at the memory of their beloved king Edward. One gentleman exclaimed, as they passed on to the school, "Ah, Bradford, Bradford, thou savest him that will burn thee. I give thee his life: if it were not for thee, I would, I assure thee, run him through with my sword."

In the afternoon of that day Bradford preached at Bow church, in Cheapside; and though he was privately admonished not to reprove the people, whose indignation was still so great as to render it doubtful if they would bear it even from him, he lectured them very sharply for their seditious misdemeanour, and administered a powerful rebuke. His reward followed shortly, for within three days he was committed to the Tower, to answer for his treasonable conduct

at Paul's cross ! Here, and in other prisons, he remained from August, 1553, till January, 1555, when he was called to his examination before Stephen Gardiner, and other inquisitors.

During this imprisonment of fifteen months' duration, he wrote the greater number of those beautiful letters and treatises which ought to be in the hands of every Christian. He also preached twice a day constantly, unless hindered by sickness, and frequently administered the sacrament. Through the leniency of his keepers, who were entirely won by his lovely deportment and heavenly conversation, free access was given to as many as his chamber would hold ; and if Christ ever had a church upon earth, such church might be found in John Bradford's prison. Preaching, reading and praying were his very life ; he ate but one meal a day, and that a slight one. Often in the midst of dinner, with his hat pulled over his eyes, he would muse within himself till the tears fell plentifully on his trencher. Kneeling was his favourite attitude of study ; and to every human being he was gentleness itself. Such confidence had his keeper in the sacredness of his word, that when in the king's bench in Southwark, he could obtain the gaoler's permission to go alone, in the evening, to visit a sick person in London, on simply promising to return the same night ; and on no occasion did he fail to be back somewhat before the stipulated hour ; to avoid the possibility of being a minute beyond his time. When Saunders was in the Marshalsea, they frequently met in the rear of their respective prisons, with the sanction of their keepers, who feared not to give them any degree of liberty ; so utterly and evidently incapable were these godly men of taking an advantage of it : and once Bradford had permission to ride into Oxfordshire, to visit a friend there, and was only prevented by illness from so doing.

His prepossessing appearance could not but add to the effect produced by his unblamable conduct, on common observers. He was tall and slender, fair, with a slight glow of colour, auburn hair and beard. His liberality was great, freely imparting to his fellow prisoners of what money he had. Once every week he visited the thieves and pickpockets in confinement, exhorting them to improve their present trouble to the amendment of their lives ; and after such discourse relieving their necessities as far as his purse would go. Study was his delight ; the book never

left his hand at night till sleep stole over him, and four hours was the time he allowed himself for that refreshment. His recreation was in sober and becoming converse with those who sat at table with him, in which he indulged for a little time after dinner; then to prayer, and his book again. No hour did he willingly let pass, without some good done, either to his own soul by study, or to others by the pen, and exhortation. His life he counted not dear unto him; and when a friend asked him where he would go, and what he would do, if suit were successfully made to get him set at liberty, Bradford answered as scarcely caring whether it was or no; but said if he did obtain his freedom he would marry, and remain in England, secretly seeking occasion to teach the people still. The affection which he inspired in others was of the like character with what he felt for them: and what that was, every page of his exquisite letters testifies.

Such was John Bradford, who, on entering into the presence of Mary's blood-stained commissioners, on the 22d of January, 1555, having bent his knee, in acknowledgment of the royal authority under which they sat, stood before them, as guiltless a victim as Adam's corrupt progeny ever furnished to the murderer's knife. Gardiner, the shameless lord chancellor, commenced by attempting to face down with one of his bullying looks, the meek minister of religion: but meek as he truly was, Bradford had learned to give place by subjection, no, not for an hour, to the preachers of a false gospel. Calmly and steadily he met the chancellor's gaze with one equally intent; and saving that once, for a moment, he cast his eyes heavenward, sighing in secret prayer for God's assisting grace, he flinched not from the encounter of looks, until Gardiner, seemingly amazed and perplexed, gave over, and addressed him. Nothing can exceed the graceful dignity of Bradford's conduct, the truth and soberness of his quiet replies, or the force and justness of his reasonings, during the long discussion that ensued. He was never moved to utter a harsh or hasty expression, though very ungentle language was indulged in by the examiners, Winchester accusing him of hypocrisy and vain-glory; Southwell calling him an arrogant and stubborn boy; Bonner taxing him as a ringleader of the seditious populace at Paul's cross, and one and all repeatedly giving him the lie. After debating the cause of his imprisonment, which they asserted to have been his

sedition conduct, in taking on him to govern and direct the turbulent people, while Bradford proved that he had, at the peril of his own life, protected Bourn from them, Winchester said, "Well, to leave this matter, how sayest thou now? Wilt thou return again, and do as we have done, and receive the queen's mercy and pardon?" Bradford replied, "My lord, I desire mercy with God's mercy; but mercy with God's wrath, God keep me from." This was answered by railing speeches and threats, that as he had deceived the people with false and devilish doctrine, so should he be recompensed. The bishop of Durham then asked him his opinion concerning the communion, to which Bradford made this unexpected answer: "My lord, here I must desire of your lordship and of all your honours a question before I dare make you an answer to any interrogatory or question wherewith you now begin. I have been six times sworn that I shall in no case consent to the practising of any jurisdiction, or any authority on the bishop of Rome's behalf, within this realm of England. Now, before God, I humbly pray your honours to tell me, whether you ask this question by his authority or no? If you do, I dare not, or may, answer you any thing in his authority which you shall demand of me; except I would be forsworn, which God forbid."

He then, in answer to Bonner's question, stated the six occasions of his taking the oath of abjuration, as a master of arts; as fellow of a college; by the visitors, who swore the whole university again whilst he was there; on entering the ministry; on accepting a prebend; and lastly, to king Edward, a short time before his death. Winchester exclaimed, "Tush, Herod's oath a man should make no conscience at." "But, my lord," rejoined Bradford "these were no Herod's oaths, no unlawful oaths; but oaths according to God's word, as you yourself have well affirmed in your book *De vera Obedientia*." This work of Stephen Gardiner's, written to serve the cause of Henry VIII. in his quarrel with the pope, was a favourite reference of the martyrs, who often cited it in answer to the charges brought by its apostate author against them. In this instance it silenced him; and then the others commenced a clamorous accusation, that Bradford had done more harm by his letters and exhortations while in prison, than ever he had when abroad by his preaching. Not all their revilings, and angry speeches could ruffle the serenity of Bradford,

who simply and solemnly denied having written any thing that was false, seditious or contrary to God's truth. Again he was required to accept the queen's mercy; and again he declared his willingness so to do, if consistent with God's mercy, and unaccompanied by any clog upon his conscience. After a great deal of clamour, Winchester uttered a long speech concerning the false doctrine taught to the people in the days of king Edward; ending with an appeal to Bradford, "How sayest thou?"

"My lord, the doctrine taught in king Edward's days was God's pure religion; the which as I then believed, so do I now believe it more than ever I did; and therein I am more confirmed, and ready to declare it, by God's grace, even as he will, to the world, than I was when I first came into prison."

Winchester uttering another tirade against protestantism, as the sure parent of sedition and treason, Bradford said, "Ah, my lord, that you could enter into God's sanctuary, and mark the end of this present doctrine that you now so magnify!"

"What meanest thou by that?" cried Gardiner. "I ween we shall have a snatch of rebellion even now."

"My lord, I mean no such end as you would gather: I mean an end which no man seeth, but such as enter into God's sanctuary. If a man look on present things, he will soon deceive himself."

Again was mercy offered, and again, with the former reservation, accepted: and then Bradford was committed to the custody of the keeper, with a strait charge not to let any man confer with him, save in the keeper's presence, nor to allow of his writing letters, &c. He was taken away, looking cheerful and glad; and on that day week was brought up with Rogers, whose excommunication having been read, Bradford was called, and addressed by Gardiner in a set speech, showing how he had contemned the queen's pardon, and stiffly maintained the erroneous doctrines taught in Edward's time. Yet, so wonderfully merciful was the queen's highness, they were permitted to offer him her pardon again, on recanting his doctrine; otherwise he must be committed to the secular power, and burned. Winchester commended to him also the example of Cardmaker, whom he falsely reported as having recanted.

To this Bradford made a beautiful reply, showing that

they sat in God's place as judges, and in God's sight also; warning them against the shedding of innocent blood; ending thus: at this present, "I stand before you, guilty or guiltless; then proceed and give sentence accordingly; if guiltless, then give me the benefit of a subject, which hitherto I could not have."

Winchester commended his acknowledging them as sitting in God's stead, in judgment: but remarked that all the rest of his speech, and his gesture, savoured of vain-glory and hypocrisy. Adding, that they were not going to shed guiltless blood, having convicted him of seditious and treasonable conduct at Paul's cross, for which he was committed to prison and there had practised to the hurt of the queen's people, by writing letters. And now they were about to demand of him nothing but as concerning his doctrine and religion. After calmly repeating his vindication, Bradford once more appealed to his oath of abjuration, steadily refusing to answer them, unless they disclaimed sitting there by the pope's authority. This led to a great deal of discussion, Bradford maintaining the lawfulness and binding nature of his oath; they, by all manner of subtlety, and jesuitical sophistry, seeking to bring him over to their own principle of contempt for an oath. As private individuals he, however, gave them one or two replies to questions of great moment; as, when Winchester asked, "Is it against God's word that a man should take a king to be the supreme head of the church in this realm?" Bradford made answer, "No, saving still mine oath, it is not against God's word, but with it, being taken in such sense as it may well be taken: that is, attributing to the king's power the sovereignty in all his dominion." Winchester asked, "I pray you where find you that?" "I find it in many places," said Bradford; "but especially in Romans xiii., where Paul writeth, 'Let every soul be subject to the superior power;' but what power? the power verily 'which beareth the sword;' which is not the spiritual, but the temporal power. As Chrysostom full well noteth upon the same place, which your honour knoweth better than I. He, Chrysostom I mean, there plainly showeth that bishops, prophets, and apostles are obedient to the temporal magistrates."

Here Winchester, finding it convenient to shift his ground a little, began to declaim against Bradford's denial of obedience to the queen, because of his oath:—observing that

whereas the queen commanded him to swear to the bishop of Rome, and obey his authority, he refused, lest he should be forsworn:—so making the queen no queen. To this Bradford replied, that he denied not obedience to the queen, except in this matter; where he had been sworn to king Edward *not only concerning his own person, but also concerning his successors*. Therefore, in denying this request of the queen, he denied not her authority, nor became disobedient. Still did they urge, and taunt him with making his oath a cloak for his cowardice; and a pretext for avoiding to declare his real opinions: until Bradford, touched to the quick at being so taxed with shrinking from the point of that faith which he had taught in his seditious letters, to pervert the people, said, “I have written no seditious letters: I have not perverted the people: but that which I have written and spoken, that will I never deny, by God’s grace. And where your lordship saith that I dare not answer you,—that all men may know that I am not afraid, saving mine oath, ask what you will, and I will plainly make you answer by God’s grace, although I now see my life lieth therein. But, O Lord, into thy hands I commit it, come what will; only sanctify thy name in me, as an instrument of thy grace; Amen. Now ask what you will, and you shall see I am not afraid, by God’s grace, flatly to answer.”

Whose veins do not tingle with indignation at this unprincipled, unblushing procedure, by which the honest and devoted servant of God was driven into the snare, openly set for his life? Having succeeded, they at once asked him concerning the sacrament, and received his distinct assurance that he did not believe that Christ was any otherwise present in it, than to the faith of the receiver: then demanding leave to speak a few words, he thus set before them their sin against him. “I have been now a year and almost three quarters in prison, and of all this time you never questioned me hereabout, when I might have spoken my conscience frankly without peril; but now have you a law to hang up and put to death, if a man answer freely, and not to your appetite; and so now you come to demand this question. Ah, my lord, Christ used not this way to bring men to faith; no more did the prophets, or apostles.” At this, Winchester seemed quite appalled, and began to protest his innocence of such guile; his too great gentle-



ness, &c., all of which Bonner confirmed. But Bradford adduced their deeds towards him in refutation of their words; and at this juncture they left him to go to dinner.

Meanwhile, two persons were privily sent, as though they came of their own free motion, and regard for him, persuading him to ask time for consideration, and to request a conference with some learned men. Both were rejected by Bradford, who declared he would not give ground for a possible supposition that he was not perfectly settled in the faith wherein he stood, or considered it matter of further investigation. He perceived their crafty intention, which was only to obtain such a pretext for reporting that he meditated a recantation; and through his firm refusal, the device failed.

When Lawrence Saunders had been excommunicated, in the church of St. Mary Overy, where this scene had taken place, Bradford was once more placed before his persecutors, Winchester repeating the old exhortation to recant: Bradford replied by calmly stating, as before, the facts of his case, declaring that whatever answer he might make should still be by protestation, and saving of his oath against admitting any power or jurisdiction of the bishop of Rome in this realm. Here they burst out, as formerly, against him, Winchester exclaiming that he went about to bring it into the people's heads that they, all the lords of the parliament house, the knights and burgesses, and the whole realm, were perjured. After again discussing the obligation of the oath, and many scoffs had been cast at his conscience, he rebuked them solemnly for their treacherous dealing with him, recounting his service to their preacher at Paul's cross, his hazard in openly reproving the angry people at Bow church, and the ungrateful return made—prison for a year and a half, and now death. At last one came forward to observe that Bradford had formerly served Sir John Harrington; to which Winchester rejoined, "True, and did deceive his master of seven score pounds; and because of this he turned gospeller and preacher, good people, (addressing the spectators,) and yet you see how he pretendeth conscience!"

At this false and scandalous charge, Bradford exclaimed, "My lord, I set my foot by his, whosoever he be, that can come forth and justly vouch to my face, that ever I deceived my master. And as you are chief justicer by office

in England, I desire justice upon them that so slander me ; because they cannot prove it."

Winchester and the other looked blank at this, and excused themselves, as having only heard such a report : then quickly returned to the matter of heresy. After being put to shame in several false charges, as to letters written by Bradford, which he disproved, they obtained from him another noble and unequivocal declaration of his confirmed and increased attachment to the doctrine set forth in king Edward's days ; a plain denial of transubstantiation ; an avowal that the wicked do not, in any sense, receive Christ in the sacrament ; a demand for general communion in both kinds, as instituted by the Lord ; and a beautiful defence of what they ignorantly called his heresy of fatal necessity, because he had remarked that he looked at their hands, for that which God had appointed them to do to him.

He was then excommunicated, and after thanking God, on his knees, that he counted him worthy to suffer for his name, and praying for his murderers, that God would give them repentance and better minds, he went back to prison, in charge of the sheriff. Various attempts were made, to induce him to ask a conference, but to no purpose. Bonner, and others, came to argue with him, and found him ready to answer, whenever they desired it : but the cleverest of his opponents was Harpsfield, a noted controversialist ; and as a specimen how poor a figure the best of them made when contending against the truth, we will give, at length, the conversation that passed between them on two succeeding days.

Harpsfield made a long oration, to the effect that all men, even infidels, Turks, Jews, anabaptists, and libertines, desire felicity as well as Christians, which every one thinks he shall attain to by his own religion. To this Bradford answered that he spake not far amiss. Harpsfield resumed, " But the way thither is not all alike ; for the infidels by Jupiter, the Turk by his alcoran, the Jew by his talmud, do believe to come to heaven. For so may I speak of such as know the immortality of the soul."

B. " You speak truly."

H. " Well, then, here is the matter, to know the way to this heaven."

B. " We may not invent any manner of ways. There

is but one way, and that is Jesus Christ, as he himself doth witness, 'I am the way.'"

H. "It is true that you say, and false also; I suppose, that you mean, by Christ, believing in Christ."

B. "I have learned to discern betwixt faith and Christ. Albeit, I confess, that whoso believeth in Christ, the same shall be saved."

H. "No, not all that believe in Christ; for some shall say, 'Lord, lord, have we not cast out devils,' &c. But Christ will answer, in the day of judgment, to these, 'Depart from me, I know you not.'"

B. "You must make a difference betwixt believing, and saying, I believe: as for example, If one should say and swear he loveth you, for all his sayings ye will not believe him, when you see he goeth about to utter and do all the evil against you he can."

H. "Well, this is not much material. There is but one way, Christ. How come we to know him? Where shall we seek to find him?"

B. "Forsooth, we must seek him by his word, and in his word, and after his word."

H. "Very good: but tell me now how first we came into the company of them that could tell us this, but by baptism."

B. "Baptism is the sacrament by the which outwardly we are engrafted into Christ: I say outwardly, because I dare not exclude from Christ all that die without baptism. I will not tie God, where he is not bound. Some infants die, whose parents desire baptism for them, and cannot have it."

H. "To these we may think perchance that God will show mercy."

B. "Yea, the children whose parents do contemn baptism will not I condemn, because the child shall not bear the father's offence."

H. "Well, we agree, that by baptism we then are brought and (as a man would say) begotten to Christ. For Christ is our father, and the church, his spouse, is our mother. As all men naturally have Adam for their father, and Eve for their mother; so all spiritual men have Christ for their father, and the church for their mother: and as Eve was taken out of Adam's side, so was the church taken out of Christ's side; whereout flowed blood for the satisfaction and purgation of our sins."

B. "All this is truly spoken."

H. "Now then, tell me whether this church of Christ hath not been always."

B. "Yea, since the creation of man, and shall be for ever."

H. "Very good. But yet tell me whether this church is a visible church, or no?"

B. "It is no otherwise visible than Christ was here on earth; that is, by no exterior pomp or show that setteth her forth commonly; and therefore to see her we must put on such eyes as good men put on to see and know Christ, when he walked here on earth: for as Eve was of the same substance that Adam was of, so was the church of the same substance that Christ was of, flesh of his flesh, and bone of his bone; as Paul saith, Ephes. v. Look, therefore, how Christ was visibly known to be Christ when he was on earth, that is, by considering him after the word of God, so is the church known."

H. "I do not come here to reason at this present, and therefore I will go on forward. Is not this church a multitude?"

B. "Yes, it is. Howbeit, *Latet anguis in herbâ*, as the proverb is. For in your question is a subtilty. What visible multitude was there in Elias' time, or when Moses was on the mount, Aaron and all Israel worshipping the calf?"

H. "Ye divert from the matter."

B. "No, nothing at all. For I do prevent you, knowing well whereabouts you go; and therefore fewer words might well serve, if that you so would."

H. "Well, I perceive you have knowledge, and by a little I perceive the more. Tell me yet more, whether this multitude have not the ministry or preaching of God's word?"

B. "Sir, ye go about the bush: if ye understand preaching for the confessing of the gospel, I will go with you: for else, if you will, you may know that persecution often letteth preaching."

H. "Well, I mean it so. Tell me yet more, hath it not the sacraments administered?"

B. "It hath the sacraments, howbeit the administration of them is often lettèd: but I will put you from your purpose, because I see whereabouts you go. If heretics have baptism, and do baptize, as they did in St. Cyprian's time, you know this baptism is baptism, and not to be reiterate."

This Bradford spoke that the bystanders might perceive why he allowed the validity of baptism, administered in the Romish church, without admitting that church to be the true one.

Harfsfield rejoined, "You go far from the matter, and I perceive you have more errors than one."

B. "So you say; but that is not enough till you prove them."

H. "Well, this church is a multitude. Hath it not the preaching of the gospel, and the ministration of the sacraments? and yet more, hath it not the power of jurisdiction?"

B. "What jurisdiction is exercised in persecution and affliction?"

H. "I mean by jurisdiction, admonishing one another, and so forth."

B. "Well, go to: what then?"

H. "It hath also succession of bishops."

And on this he strenuously insisted, as a point most essential to be proved.

B. "You say as you would have it; for if this part fail you, all the church that you go about to set up will fall down. You shall not find in all the Scripture this your essential part of succession of bishops. In Christ's church antichrist will sit. And Peter telleth us, as it went in the old church afore Christ's coming, so will it be in the new church since Christ's coming: that is, as there were false prophets, and such as bare rule were adversaries to the true prophets, so shall there be false teachers, even of such as are bishops, and bear rule amongst the people."

H. "Indeed, the apostle's office was not the bishop's office, for it was universal, but yet Christ instituted bishops in his church, as Paul saith, he hath given pastors, prophets, &c. so that I trow it to be proved by the Scriptures the succession of bishops to be an essential point."

B. "The ministry of God's word and ministers be an essential point; but to translate this to the bishops and their succession is a plain subtilty; and, therefore, that it may be plain, I will ask you a question: Tell me whether the Scripture knew any difference between bishops and ministers, which be called priests?"

H. "No."

B. "Well, then, go on forwards, and let us see what ye shall get now by the succession of bishops: that is, of min-

isters which can be understood of such bishops as minister not, but lord it."

H. "I perceive that you are far out of the way; by your doctrine you can never show, in your church, a multitude which ministereth God's word and his sacraments,—which hath jurisdiction and succession of bishops,—which hath, from time to time, believed, as you believe, beginning now, and so going upwards, as I will do, of your doctrine, and therefore are ye out of the church, and cannot be saved. Perchance ye will bring me downwards, a show to blear people's eyes; but to go upwards, that you can never do, this is the true trial."

B. "Ye must and will, I am assured, give me leave to follow the Scriptures and examples of good men."

H. "Yea."

B. "Well, then, Stephen was accused and condemned, as I am, that he had taught new and false doctrine, before the fathers of the church then as they were taken; Stephen for his purgation improveth their accusation; but how doth he it;—by going upwards? No; but by coming downwards, beginning at Abraham, and continuing still till Elias' time and the people's captivity: from whence he maketh a great leap, until the time he was in, which was, I think, upon four hundred years, and called them by their right names, hell-hounds, rather than heaven-hounds. On this fact will I prove my faith, and that can you never do yours."

H. "Yea, sir, if we did know that you had the Holy Ghost, then could we believe you."

To this Bradford began to reply by showing how Stephen's enemies would not believe that he had the Holy Ghost; and that, therefore, they did against him what is recorded in Scripture: but while he so spoke, Harpsfield rose to depart: the keeper and others who stood by gently entreating Bradford to be guided by what the archdeacon spoke; who still maintained that Bradford was out of the church.

B. "Sir, I am certain that I am in Christ's church, and I can show a demonstration of my religion, from time to time, continually."

He then prayed, "God our Father, for the name and blood of his Christ, be merciful unto us, and unto all his people, and deliver them from false teachers and blind guides, through whom, alas! I fear me much hurt will

come to this realm of England. God our Father bless us, and keep us in his truth and poor church for ever. Amen."

Then the archdeacon departed, saying that he would come again the next morning. He did so, bringing the other two with him, as before; and after a few by-words spoken, they sat down. Mr. Archdeacon again began, by a very long oration, first repeating what they had said, and how far they had gone overnight, and therewith did proceed to prove, upwards, succession of bishops here in England, for eight hundred years: in France, at Lyons, for twelve hundred years: in Spain, at Hispalen, for eight hundred years; in Italy, at Milan, for twelve hundred years; labouring by this to prove his church. He used all succession of bishops in the east church, for the more confirmation of his words, and so concluded with an exhortation and an interrogation. The exhortation, that Bradford would obey this church; the interrogation, whether Bradford could show any such succession for the demonstration of his church, (for so he called it) which followed. Unto this, his long oration, Bradford made this short answer: "My memory is evil, so that I cannot answer, particularly, your oration. Therefore I will generally do it; thinking, because your oration is rather to persuade than to prove, that a small answer will serve. If Christ or his apostles, being here on earth, had been required by the prelates of the then church, to have made a demonstration of that church by succession of such high priests as had approved the doctrine which he taught, I think that Christ would have done as I do: that is, have alleged that which upholdeth the church, even the verity, the word of God taught and believed, not by the high priests, which of long time had persecuted it, but by the prophets and other good simple men, which perchance were counted for heretics of the church; which church was not tied to the succession, but to the word of God. And this to think, St. Peter giveth me occasion, when he saith that as it went in the church before Christ's coming, so shall it go in the church after his coming: but then the pillars of the church were persecutors of the church; therefore the like we must look for now."

H. "I can gather and prove succession in Jerusalem of the high priests from Aaron's time."

B. "I grant, but not such succession as allowed the truth."

H. "Why, did they not allow Moses's law?"

B. "Yes, and keep it, as touching the books thereof, as you do the Bible and Holy Scriptures. But the true interpretation and meaning of it they did corrupt, as you have done, and do, and therefore the persecution which they stirred up against the prophets and Christ, was not for the law, but for the interpretation of it. For they taught as you do now, that we must fetch the interpretation of the Scriptures at your hands. But to make an end, death I look daily for, yea hourly, and I think my time be but very short: therefore I had need to spend as much time with God as I can, whilst I have it, for his help and comfort; and therefore I pray you bear with me, that I do not now particularly, and in more words, answer your long talk. If I saw death not so near me as it is, I would then weigh every piece of your oration, if you would give me the sum of it, and I would answer accordingly: but because I dare not, nor I will not leave off looking and preparing for that which is at hand, I shall desire you to hold me excused, though I do as I do, and heartily thank you for your gentle good will: I shall heartily pray God our Father to give you the same light and life I do wish to myself." And so Bradford began to rise up. Then began Mr. Archdeacon to tell him he was in very perilous case, and that he was sorry to see him so settled. "As for death, whether it be nigh or far off, I know not, neither forceth it, so that you did die well."

B. "I doubt not in this case but that I shall die well: for as I hope and am certain my death shall please the Lord, so I trust I shall die cheerfully, to the comfort of his children."

H. "But what if you be deceived?"

B. "What if you should say the sun did not shine now?" (and the sun did shine through the window where they sat.)

H. "Well, I am sorry to see you so secure and careless."

B. "Indeed I am more carnally secure and careless than I should be: God make me more vigilant! But in this case I cannot be so secure, for I am most assured I am in the truth."

H. "That ye are not; for you are out of the catholic church."

B. "No, though you have excommunicated me out of your church, yet am I in the catholic church of Christ, and



am, and by God's grace shall be, a child, and an obedient child of it for ever. I hope Christ will have no less care for me, than he had for the blind man excommunicated of the synagogue: And further, I am sure that the necessary articles of the faith, I mean the twelve articles of the creed, I confess and believe, with that which you call the holy church; so that even your church hath taken too much upon her, to excommunicate me for that which, by the testimony of my lord of Durham, in the book of the sacrament lately put forth, was free for all, many an hundred year after Christ, to believe or not believe."

H. "What is that?"

B. "Transubstantiation."

H. "Why, ye are not condemned therefore only."

B. "For that, and because I deny that wicked men do receive Christ's body."

H. "You agree not with us in the presence, nor in any thing else."

B. "How you believe you know: for my part, I confess a presence of whole Christ, God and man, to the faith of the receiver."

H. "Nay, you must believe a real presence in the sacrament."

B. "In the sacrament? Nay, I will not shut him in, nor tie him to it, otherwise than faith seeth and perceiveth. If I should include Christ really present in the sacrament, or tie him to it otherwise than to the faith of the receiver, then the wicked men should receive him, which I do not, nor will, by God's grace, believe."

H. "More pity: but a man may easily perceive you make no presence at all, and therefore you agree not therein with us."

B. "I confess a presence, and a true presence, but to the faith of the receiver." "What?" said one that stood by, "of Christ's very body, which died for us?"

B. "Yea, even of whole Christ, God and man, to feed the faith of him that receiveth it."

H. "Why, this is nothing else but to exclude the omnipotency of God, and all kind of miracle, in the sacrament."

B. "I do not exclude his omnipotency, but you do it rather: for I believe that Christ can accomplish his promise, the substance of bread and wine being there, as well as the accidents, which you believe not. When we come to the sacrament, we come not to feed our bodies, and there-

fore we have but a little piece of bread ; but we come to feed our souls with Christ by faith, which the wicked do want, and therefore they receive nothing but *panem Domini*, as Judas did, and not *panem Dominum*, as the other apostles did."

H. "The wicked do receive the very body of Christ, but not the grace of his body."

B. "They receive not the body. For Christ's body is no dead carcase: he that receiveth it, receiveth the Spirit, which is not without grace, I trow."

H. "Well, you have many errors. You count the mass for abomination, and yet St. Ambrose said mass." (Harpfield here quoted a sentence of Ambrose to prove it.)

B. "Why, sir, the mass, as it is now, was nothing so in St. Ambrose's time. Was not the most part of the canon made since, by Gregory and Scholasticus?"

H. "Indeed a great piece of it was made (as ye say) by Gregory: but Scholasticus was before St. Ambrose's time."

B. "I ween not: howbeit I will not contend. St. Gregory saith that the apostles said mass without the canon, only with the Lord's prayer."

H. "You say true: for the canon is not the greatest part of the mass, the greatest part is the sacrifice, elevation, transubstantiation, and adoration."

B. "I can away with none of those."

H. "No, I think the same: but yet *Hoc facite*, telleth plainly the sacrifice of the church."

B. "You confound sacrifices, not discerning betwixt the sacrifice of the church, and for the church. The sacrifice of the church is no propitiatory sacrifice, but a gratulatory sacrifice. And as for *Hoc facite*, it is not referred to any sacrificing, but to the whole action of taking, eating, &c."

H. "You speak not learnedly now: for Christ made his supper only to the twelve apostles, not admitting his mother or any of the seventy disciples to it. Now the apostles do signify the priests."

B. "I think that you speak as you would men should understand it: for else you would not keep the cup away from the laity. We have great cause to thank you, that you will give us of your bread. For I perceive you order the matter so, as though Christ had not commanded it to his whole church."

Harpfield endeavoured to prove elevation by a place of Basilus.

B. "I have read the place, which seemeth to make nothing for elevation: but be it as it is, this is no time for me to scan the doubtful places of the doctors with you. I have been in prison long without books and all necessaries for study, and now death draweth nigh, and I, by your leave, must leave off, to prepare for him."

H. "If I could do you good, I would be right glad, either in soul or body. For you are in a perilous case both ways."

B. "Sir, I thank you for your good will. My case is as it is. I thank God it was never so well with me; for death to me shall be life."

Cresswell observed, "It were best for you to desire master archdeacon that he would make suit for you, that you might have a time to confer." To which Harpsfield rejoined, "I will do the best I can for I pity his case."

"Sir," said Bradford, "I will not desire any body to sue for time for me. I am not wavering, neither would I that any body should think I were so. But if you have the charity and love you pretend towards me, and thereto do think that I am in an error, I think the same should move you to do as you would be done to. As ye think of me, so do I of you, that you are far out of the way; and I do not only think it, but also am thereof most assured." And then, with many civil words, Harpsfield and his companions departed.

The next who assailed the constancy of this faithful servant of Christ, were the archbishop of York and the bishop of Chichester. When Bradford refused to be seated in their presence, they also declined to sit; and stood up with him. York said, that of love and charity they came to him; and then asked him, after commending his godly life, How he was certain of salvation, and of his religion? Bradford replied, "By the Scriptures." "Very well said," returned the archbishop: "but how do ye know the word of God and the scriptures, but by the church?" To this question, so nearly touching the very groundwork of popery—her assumed infallibility as the appointed judge and expounder of scripture—Bradford made a beautiful answer. "Indeed, my lord, the church was, and is, a means to bring a man more speedily to know the scriptures and the word of God; as was the woman of Samaria a mean that the Samaritans knew Christ: but as when they had heard him speak, they said, 'Now we know that he is Christ, not because of thy

words, but because we ourselves have heard him;’ so, after we come to the hearing and reading of the Scriptures, showed unto us and discerned by the church, we do believe them, and know them, as Christ’s sheep; not because the church saith they are the scriptures, but because they be so; being thereof assured by the same Spirit which wrote and spake them.”

When, again, Chichester put the hacknied question, so often heard in our day, “I pray you tell me where the church which allowed your doctrine was, within these four hundred years?” Bradford replied by saying, “I will tell you, my lord, or rather you shall tell yourself, if you will tell me this one thing—where the church was in Elias’ time, when Elias said that he was left alone.” “That is no answer,” observed the bishop; who was labouring to establish another grand point in the Romish controversy, the continued visibility of the church as a governing body. Bradford remarked, “I am sorry that you say so; for this will I tell your lordship, that if you had the same eyes where-with a man might have espied the church then, you would not say it were no answer. The fault why the church is not seen of you, is not because the church is not visible, but because your eyes are not clear enough to see it.”

This drove them to the unscriptural evasion of asserting that the church of Christ was not founded until after our Lord had said that he would build it on the rock; so excluding all the old testament saints. Bradford easily confuted it. When they came to the subject of transubstantiation, Chichester read a passage from Luther’s writings, showing how that great reformer had excommunicated Zuinglius for denying the real presence: Bradford answered, “My lord, what Luther writeth, as you much regard not, no more do I, in this case. My faith is not builded on Luther, Zuinglius, or Ecolampadius, in this point; and indeed, to tell you truly, I never read any of their works in this matter. As for them, I do think that they were, and are God’s children, and saints with him.” When York adduced, as the ties that held Augustine to the church, “Consent of people and nations, authority confirmed with miracles, nourished with hope, increased with charity, and established with antiquity; and the succession of priests, from Peter’s seat until the present bisbop; Bradford remarked that if they had been points so strong as the arch-bishop made them, they might have been alleged against

Christ and his apostles : for there was the law and the ceremonies, consented to by the whole people, confirmed with miracles, antiquity, and continual succession of bishops, from Aaron's time until that present. To this the only reply that the prelates could give was, "In good faith, Mr. Bradford, you make too much of the state of the church before Christ's coming."

Two days after this, came two Spanish friars, one of them the king's confessor, to try their skill against this steadfast upholder of Christ's truth. They introduced themselves with the usual pretence, that he had desired to confer with them ; which he denied ; but expressed his readiness so to do, if they wished it. A long discourse ensued, in the outset of which they told him he must stand as on neutral ground ; and inquire the truth as one who as yet had formed no judgment in the matter ; and so he must be ready to receive what God would inspire. Bradford's answer was highly characteristic of him, knowing, as he did, in whom he had believed. "Sir, my sentence, if you mean it for religion, must not be in a doubting or uncertainty ; as, I thank God, I am certain in that for which I am condemned, I have no cause to doubt of it, but rather to be more certain of it, and therefore I pray God to confirm me more in it. For it is his truth ; and because it is so certain and true that it may abide the light, I dare be bold to have it looked on, and confer concerning it with you or any man ; in respect whereof, I am both glad of your coming, and thank you for it."

In discussing transubstantiation, the friar demanded of Bradford a full explanation of how Christ could be present to the faith of the receiver, and yet not be corporeally there, in the elements. He replied, "As I have no tongue to express it, sir, so I know ye have no ears to hear and understand it. For faith is more than man can utter." "But I can tell all that I believe," said the friar : to which Bradford answered, "You believe not much then. For if you believe the joys of heaven, and believe no more thereof than you can tell, you will not desire to come thither. For as the mind is more capable and receivable than the mouth, so it conceiveth more than tongue can express."

Thus, with equal patience, learning, and spirituality, did the blessed martyr meekly instruct them that opposed themselves. After a long argument, the friars got into so great a rage, at the manifest advantage of their opponent, that

they went off, without bidding him farewell. Not long after, Dr. Weston, dean of Westminster, came to the prison with the same intent; but with no better success. Pendleton, who recanted when his friend Saunders gave his life for the truth, also visited him; and much learned controversial discussion ensued in both instances. We leave it, having already given so much, to narrate a very different conversation between the martyr, shortly before his burning, and the Christian servant of a young gentlewoman who had been persecuted almost to death for the cause of the gospel, by her parents. So great was their rage at her constancy, in refusing to attend mass, that her life would not have been spared, had not the good providence of God delivered her from her father's house; whence she was thrust out, with the loss of all her worldly possessions. She sent her faithful servant to Bradford, and how sweetly he received, how richly he returned the consolations tendered to him, may be perceived by their discourse. There is a character of placid gentleness in all Bradford's writings, combined with a firm, unshaken testimony to the truths which he held, that harmonizes most beautifully with what is recorded of his holy and consistent deportment, throughout the trying period of his long persecution.

"This servant," says Fox, "coming to Mr. Bradford, and taking him by the hand, said, "God be thanked for you. How do you do?" Mr. Bradford answered, "Well, I thank God: for as men in sailing, which be near to the shore or haven where they would be, would be nearer: even so the nearer I am to God, the nearer I would be."

S. "Sir, I have never seen you so strong and healthsome of body, as methink you be now; God be thanked for it."

B. "Why, I have given over all care and study, and only do I covet to be talking with him whom I have always studied to be withal."

S. "Well, God hath done much for you since the time that I first knew you, and hath wrought wondrously in you to his glory."

B. "Truth it is, for he hath dealt favourably with me, in that he hath not punished me according to my sins, but hath suffered me to live, that I might seek repentance."

S. "Truly, we hear say, there is a rod made so grievous, out of the which I think no man shall pluck his head."

B. "Well, let all that be of Christ's flock, arm them-

selves to suffer: for I think, verily, God will not have one of his to escape untouched, if he love him, let them seek what means or ways they can."

S. "Well, sir, there goeth talk of a friar that should preach before the king, and should tell him that he should be guilty of the innocent blood that hath been shed of late."

B. "Verily, I had a book within these two days of his writing; and therein he saith, that it is not meet nor convenient that the heretics should live; and therefore I do marvel how that talk should rise; for I have heard of it also, and I have also talked with this friar (he is named friar Alfonso) and with divers others, and I praise God they have confirmed me: for they have nothing to say but that which is most vain."

S. "Sir, father Cardmaker hath him commended unto you."

B. "How doth he, how doth he?"

S. "Well, God be thanked."

B. "I am very glad thereof: for indeed my lord chancellor did cast him in my teeth; but as David saith, God hath disappointed him."

S. "Forsooth, God's name be praised, he is very strong."

B. "And I trust so are we. What else? our quarrel is most just: therefore let us not be afraid."

S. "My mistress hath her recommended unto you."

B. "How doth she?"

S. "Well, God be praised, but she hath been sorer afflicted with her own father and mother, than ever you were with your imprisonment; and yet God hath preserved her, I trust, to his glory."

B. "I pray you tell her I read this day a godly history, written by Basilius Magnus, of a virtuous woman, which was a widow, and was named Juledo. She had great lands, and many children, and nigh her dwelled a cormorant, which for her righteousness and godly living, had great indignation at her; and of very malice he took away her lands, so that she was constrained to go to law with him: and, in conclusion, the matter came to the trial before the judge, who demanded of this tyrant why he wrongfully withheld these lands from this woman? He made answer, and said he might so do: for, saith he, this woman is disobedient to the king's proceedings: for she will in no wise worship his gods, nor offer sacrifice unto them. Then the judge, hearing that, said unto her, Woman, if this be true,

thou art not only like to lose thy land, but also thy life, unless that thou worship our gods, and do sacrifice unto them. 'This godly woman, hearing that, stept forth to the judge, and said, Is there no remedy but either to worship your false gods, or else to lose my lands and life? then farewell suit, farewell lands, farewell children, farewell friends, yea, and farewell life too: and in respect of the true honour of the everliving God, farewell all. And with that saying did the judge commit her to prison, and afterwards she suffered most cruel death; and being brought to the place of execution, she exhorted all women to be strong and constant. For, saith she, ye were redeemed with as dear a price as men: for although ye were made of the rib of the man, yet be you all of his flesh: so that also, in the case and trial of your faith towards God, ye ought to be as strong. And thus died she constantly not fearing death. I pray you tell your mistress of this history."

S. "That shall I, sir, by God's grace: for she told me that she was with you and Mr. Saunders, and received your gentle counsel."

B. "We never gave her other counsel but the truth, and in witness thereof, we have and will seal it with our bloods. For I thought this night that I had been sent for, because at eleven of the clock there was such rapping at the door."

Then answered the maid, and said, "Why then I perceive you were afraid."

B. "Ye shall hear how fearful I was: for I considered that I had not slept, and I thought to take a nap before I went: and after I was asleep, these men came into the next chamber, and sang, as it was told me, and yet, for all my fearfulness, I heard them not: therefore belike I was not afraid, that slept so fast."

S. "Do you lack anything towards your necessities?"

B. "Nothing but your prayers; and, I trust I have them, and you mine."

S. "I saw a priest come to you to-day in the morning."

B. "Yea, he brought me a letter from a friar, and I am writing an answer."

S. "Then we let you; therefore, the living God be with you."

B. "And with you also, and bless you."

"Amen," said the servant, and left him.

John Bradford was no common character, even among the chosen and sanctified vessels of mercy whose glorious



lot it was to suffer bonds, imprisonment, and a frightful death in their Lord's quarrel. Neither were the efforts used to turn him from the faith of an ordinary kind. His great popularity among the Londoners, his perfect innocence of the charge on which he was committed, and which the people themselves could well testify, his great learning, and peculiar sweetness of manners, combined to render him at once the object of especial sympathy to the nation, and a mighty prize to the enemies of the truth, could they by any means have perverted him. With the exception of Winchester and Bonner, all the prelates seem to have treated him with extraordinary courtesy and respect, and it cannot be doubted that the long interval elapsing between his condemnation and execution was given for the purpose of winning him over. Still so cautious was he, that in no case would he even ask a conference, or permit it to be reported that he had so done: neither would he take, even for argument's sake, the position of a man who acknowledged that he might be in error, and was willing to inquire the truth. That truth he had received, in the love of it; and how very deeply his whole spirit was imbued with love, is strikingly exemplified not only in his beautiful letters, but also in every work that he has left. One instance may be adduced from his meditation on the tenth commandment, where he takes this singularly grateful view of it. "By reason whereof I have great cause to praise thee, in that I see thee to be so careful over mine estate, my house, my wife, my servants, and the beasts that drudge for my service; that all men are by thee commanded not once to wish them from me. Thy apostle said well when he taught us, saying, 'Cast all your care upon God, for he careth for you.' It is true, I find it true, thus thou carest for us, and wouldest have us to care one for another."

It must not be omitted, that the imprisonment of this holy man proved a signal mercy to bishop Farrar. The constancy of that prelate had so far given way before the importunities of the queen's instruments, that he had consented to receive the sacrament in one kind only, at Easter. It pleased God that on Easter even Bradford was brought to the same prison, and through his earnest exhortations, the bishop was so confirmed in the faith wherein he was before wavering, that he never made any concession, to the moment of his happy martyrdom.

Of the time appointed for his own death, Bradford knew

nothing: but it seems that a sort of fore-warning was given him, for in the morning of the Saturday preceding it, so early as three o'clock, he awoke his fellow-captive, lying in the same chamber, and told him how much his sleep had been disturbed by dreams of immediate death. His waking thoughts, however, knew no such disquieting; for he appeared remarkably cheerful no less than prayerful that day; and talked much with his companion on death, on the kingdom of heaven, and on the ripeness of national sin. In the afternoon, says Fox, they two walking together in the keeper's chamber, suddenly the keeper's wife came up, as one half amazed, and seeming much troubled, being almost breathless, said, "Oh, master Bradford, I come to bring you heavy news." "What is that?" said he. "Marry," quoth she, "to-morrow you must be burned, and your chain is now a buying, and soon you must go to Newgate." With that master Bradford put off his cap, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, said, "I thank God for it. I have looked for the same a long time, and therefore it cometh not to me suddenly, but as a thing waited for every day and hour; the Lord make me worthy thereof!" He then thanked her for her gentleness, went to his chamber, and calling his friend to him, after long secret prayer, delivered to him his writings and other papers, explaining what he wished to have done, in various matters. In the evening, half a dozen other friends came to him, with whom he passed the hours in prayer, and other godly exercise, in a way that surprised them all. This farewell prayer, on leaving the Compter, was remarkable, accompanied with many tears; and deeply affected all the hearers. He then put on a clean shirt, made for his burning, by a good woman named Marlar, who had been very kind to him; and, clad in it, he offered up such a prayer on the subject of the wedding garment, that some of those present were in great admiration; insomuch that their eyes were no less occupied in gazing on the blessed martyr, than their ears with listening to his beautiful supplications. The departure from his chamber afforded matter for another prayer: after which he gave money to every officer and servant in the house, earnestly exhorting them to fear and serve God, continually labouring to eschew all manner of evil: and then, turning his face to the wall, he prayed vehemently that his words might not be spoken in vain; but that the Lord would work the same in them effectually, for his



BRADFORD RECEIVING THE NEWS OF HIS APPROACHING MARTYRDOM.



Christ's sake. As he passed the court, all the prisoners cried out their farewell to him, with many tears; the whole household weeping.

It was midnight when they took him to Newgate, in the anxious hope that none would be stirring abroad at that hour; but a sight of their dear pastor, led to death for Christ's sake, was too precious for the poor bereaved flock, for any circumstance to beguile them of it. Along Cheapside, and all from the Compter to Newgate, multitudes were assembled, who exchanged with him the most loving farewell, with great and lamentable weeping; while Bradford fervently prayed for them. From some undiscovered source, a rumour got about that Bradford would be burned at four o'clock in the morning, in order to prevent the people from witnessing it: the consequence was, that by that early hour Smithfield was so thronged with the multitude of men and women assembled there, that it was considered almost miraculous how so great a number could have had warning of his death. It was, however, nine o'clock before Bradford was brought from Newgate, near which he espied a friend whom he loved; and drawing him towards him, he gave him the velvet cap from his head, his handkerchief, and other things; and, after a little private talk, bade him farewell. Immediately afterwards, his brother-in-law, Roger Beswick, approached, and took Bradford by the hand; on which the wretched sheriff Woodroff struck Roger so violently with his staff, that it broke his head, and sent the blood streaming down his shoulders. The sight deeply grieved Bradford, who refrained from talking, probably to save the poor man from further cruelty; only bidding him commend him to his mother, and the rest of his friends, and to go quickly to a surgeon. To Smithfield the martyr then proceeded, guarded by such a host of armed men, that the like was not seen at any other burning. Not only around the stake, but in every corner of Smithfield, was planted a party of them; so strong were the guilty fears of the murdering persecutors—so wretchedly ignorant were they of the nature of those weapons which alone their victims would wield; not carnal but spiritual; and mighty through God as they were soon to find, for the pulling down of their strongholds, though built by Satan himself at the utmost stretch of his diabolical power, skill and malignity.

It was the privilege of another martyr to glorify God in the very same fire with holy John Bradford. This was a

young lamb of the flock, nineteen years of age, named JOHN LEAF. He was born in Yorkshire, and apprenticed to a tallow-chandler in London, committed to prison as a heretic by the alderman of his ward; and nobly avowing his participation in what they called heresy, before Bonner, when brought to examination. He gave a firm and Christian testimony against their mass, as idolatrous and abominable, showing a most correct understanding of the spiritual nature of the Lord's supper: he rejected auricular confession, denying that the priest has any authority given him by the Scripture to absolve or remit sin; and resolutely withstood the repeated efforts of Bonner, to remove him from the rock of truth whereon he had securely built his house. When asked, by Bonner, if he had not been Rogers' scholar, he readily admitted it: declaring that he believed in the doctrine of Rogers, and of bishop Hooper, Cardmaker, and others of their opinion, lately burned for the testimony of Christ; and that he would die in the doctrine which they died for. Bonner still urged him to return to the unity of the church: he replied with great courage and spirit, "My lord, you call mine opinion heresy: it is the true light of the word of God:" again repeating it, and adding that he would never forsake his staid and well-grounded opinion, while the breath should be in his body. After being condemned, and taken back to prison, Bonner sent him two papers, the one containing his recantation, the other the confessions that he had made; asking to which he would set his hand. Leaf could not write or read: but when he heard the recantation read, he refused it; but on hearing his confessions, he liked the paper so well, that directly pricking his hand, he sprinkled the blood over it, and desired the bearer to show the bishop that he had sealed that bill with his blood already.

Such was the worthy fellow-martyr provided for John Bradford. They came together to the stake, and each lying prostrate on his face, on either side, they silently prayed for a while; till one of the sheriffs said to Bradford, "Arise and make an end; for the press of the people is great." Immediately they stood on their feet; and Mr. Bradford taking a fagot in his hand kissed it, as also the stake. He then requested that his servant might have his raiment; adding, "I have nothing else to give him; and besides, he is a poor man." The sheriff promised; and Bradford putting it off, went to the stake; where, lifting up

his hands and his face towards heaven, he uttered a solemn warning: it is recorded for us—may the Lord impress it on our hearts! “OH ENGLAND, ENGLAND, REPENT THEE OF THY SINS, REPENT THEE OF THY SINS. BEWARE OF IDOLATRY, BEWARE OF FALSE ANTICHRISTS; TAKE HEED THEY DO NOT DECEIVE YOU.”

While he was speaking these words, the Romish sheriff, characteristically alarmed at the very voice of warning addressed to a wavering nation, called out to tie his hands, if he would not be quiet. “Oh, master sheriff,” said the gentle martyr, “I am quiet: God forgive you, master sheriff.” One of the officers, making the fire, said to Bradford, “If you have no better learning than that, you are but a fool, and were best hold your peace.” Bradford made no answer, but asked all the world forgiveness, forgave all the world, and entreated the people to pray for him. Turning his head to the youth who stood at the stake with him, he said, “Be of good comfort, brother, we shall have a merry supper with the Lord this night.” His last words, audibly spoken, were uttered while embracing the reeds that lay near him, “Strait is the way and narrow is the gate, that leadeth to eternal salvation, and few there be that find it.”

And thus, concludes Fox, they both ended their mortal lives, most like two lambs, without any alteration of their countenance, being void of all fear, hoping to obtain the prize of the game that they had long run at; to the which I beseech Almighty God happily to conduct us, through the merit of Christ Jesus, our Lord and Saviour. Amen.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

### SPECIMEN OF BRADFORD'S WRITINGS.

ALTHOUGH the writings of this blessed servant and martyr are perhaps better known in the church of Christ than most others, a few specimens of his energetic feeling, and truly spiritual style of comforting and exhorting his friends may not here be unacceptable. Mention has already been made of the gentlewoman whose severe persecution at the hands of her family ultimately drove her from the paternal

roof; and with whose servant Bradford held a discourse shortly before his death. The following beautiful letter was addressed to her.

“ I wish unto you, right worshipful and my dearly beloved sister in the Lord, as to myself, the continual grace and comfort of Christ, and of his holy word through the operation of the Holy Spirit, who strengthen your inward man with the strength of God, that you may continue to the end, in the faithful obedience of God’s gospel, whereto you are called. Amen.

“ I perceived by yourself, the last day when you were with me, how that you are in the school-house and trial-parlour of the Lord, which to me is (at the least it should be) a great comfort to see the number of God’s elect by you increased, which is in that state whereof God hath not called many, as Paul saith. And as it is a comfort to me, so should it be a confirmation unto me, that the Lord for his faithfulness’ sake will make perfect and finish the good work he hath begun in you to the end.

“ If, then, your cross be to me a comfort, or token of your election, and a confirmation of God’s continual favour, my dearly beloved, how much more ought it to be so unto you? unto whom he hath not only given to believe, but also to come into the trace of suffering for his sake; and that not commonly, of common enemies, but even of your own father, mother and all your friends, I mean kinsfolks, as you told me. By which I see Christ’s words to be true, how that he came to give his children such a peace with him, as the devil might not, nor may abide, and therefore stirreth up father and mother, sister and brother, rather than it should continue. But, my dear sister, if you cry with David to the Lord, and complain to him; how that for conscience to him your father and mother have forsaken you, you shall hear him speak in your heart that he hath received you, and by this would have you to see, how that he maketh you here like to Christ, that elsewhere (in heaven) you might be like unto him; whereof you ought to be most assured, knowing that in time, even when Christ shall appear, you shall be like unto him. For he will make your body, which now you defile not with idolatrical service in going to mass, like unto his own glorious and immortal body, according to the power whereby he is able to do all things. He will confess you before his Father, which do not deny his verity in word nor deed before your father;



he will make you to reign with him that now suffer for him and with him; he will not leave you comfortless, that seek no comfort but at his hand; though for a little time you be afflicted, yet therein will he comfort and strengthen you, and, at the length make you to be merry with him in such joy as is infinite and endless. He will wipe all the tears from your eyes; he will embrace you as your dear husband; he will, after he has proved you, crown you with a crown of glory and immortality, such as the heart of man shall never be able to conceive in such sort as the thing is. He now beholdeth your steadfastness, and striving to do his good will; and shortly will he show you how steadfast he is, and will be ready to do your will, after that you have fully resigned it to his will.

“Pledge him in his cup of the cross, and you shall pledge him in the cup of his glory: desire to drink it before it be come to the dregs, whereof the wicked shall drink, and all those that, for fear of the cross, and pledging the Lord, do walk with the wicked in betraying, in fact and deed, that which their heart embraceth for verity. The which thing if you should do, which God forbid, then my dear mistress and sister in the Lord, you should not only lose all that I have before spoken, and much more infinitely of eternal joy and glory, but also be a cast-away and partaker of God's most heavy displeasure in hell fire eternally; and so for a little ease, which you cannot tell how long it will last, to lose for ever and ever all ease and comfort. ‘For he that gathereth not with me,’ saith Christ, (as no mass-gos-peller doth,) ‘scattereth abroad.’ According to that we do in this body we shall receive, be it good or bad: if of our words we shall be judged to condemnation or salvation; much more then of our facts and deeds: you cannot be a partaker of God's religion and antichrist's service, whereof the mass is most principal: you cannot be a member of Christ's church, and a member of the pope's church: you must glorify God, not only in soul and heart, but also in body and deed: you may not think that God requireth less of you, his wife now, than your husband did of you: if both heart and body your husband would have, shall Christ have less, trow you, which hath so bitterly and dearly bought it? If your husband could not admit an excuse how your heart is his only, if he should have taken your body in bed with another, do you think that Christ will allow your body at mass, although your heart consent not to it?

God esteemeth his children, not only of their hearts, but of their pure hands and works, and therefore in Elias' time he counted none to be his servants and people but such as had not bowed their knees to Baal; as now he doth not in England account any other to be his darlings which know the truth in heart, and deny it in their deeds, as do our mass-gospellers. We ought to desire, above all things, the sanctifying of God's holy name and the coming of his kingdom, and shall we then see his name blasphemed so horribly as it is at mass, by making it a sacrifice propitiatory, and setting forth a false Christ of the priest's and baker's making, to be worshipped as God, and say nothing? The Jews rent their clothes asunder, in seeing or hearing any thing blasphemously done or spoken against God, and shall we yet come to church, where mass is, and be mute? Saul and Barnabas rent their clothes to see the people of Lycaonia offer sacrifice unto them, and shall we see sacrifice and God's service done to an incarnate creature, and be mum? What thing helpeth more, or so much antichrist's kingdom as doth the mass? And what destroyeth preaching and the kingdom of Christ upon earth more that it doth? And how can we then say, 'Let thy kingdom come;' and go to mass? How can we pray before God, 'Thy will be done on earth,' when we will do our own will, and the will of our father or friends? How pray we, 'Deliver us from evil,' which, knowing the mass to be evil, do come to it? But what go I about to light a candle in the noon-day, that is, to tell you that we may not go to mass or to the congregation where it is, except it be to reprove it, in that all men in so doing, do but dissemble, both with God and man? And is dissembling now to be allowed? How long will men yet halt on both knees, saith God? Halting, saith Paul, bringeth out of the way, that is to say, out of Christ, which is the way, so that he which is not in him shall wither away, and be cast into hell-fire; for Christ will be ashamed of them before his father, which be now ashamed of his truth, before this wicked generation. Therefore, my good mistress, take good heed; for it had been better for you never to have known the truth, and therethrough to have escaped from papistical uncleanness, than now to return to it, making eftsoons your members, being members of righteousness, members of unrighteousness, as you do if you do but go to the church, where mass is. Be pure, therefore, and keep yourself from all filth of the spirit and

of the flesh. Abstain, not only from all evil, but from all appearance of evil; and so the God of peace shall be with you, the glory of God shall govern you, the Spirit of God shall sanctify you and be with you, for ever, to keep you from all evil, and to comfort you in all your distress and trouble, which is but short, if you consider the eternity you shall enjoy in glory and felicity in the Lord, which, undoubtedly, you shall not fail, but inherit for ever, if so be you, as the elect child of God, put your trust in his mercy, call upon his name unfeignedly, and yield not ever to the wicked world, but stick still against it unto the end. God, for his holy name's sake, which is properly the God of the widows, be your good and dear Father for ever, and help you always, as I myself would be holpen at his hands in all things, and especially in this, his own cause. Amen, Amen."

Next follows a passage from a sermon of Bradford's on the Lord's Supper; proving how far our martyred reformers were from denying the importance, or derogating from the great mystery of that most holy institution. Indeed, they magnified it greatly, and abhorred the Romish invention, as a debasement of what they held so sacred and so precious.

"But some may say, 'To call the sacrament Christ's body, and to make no other presence than by grace or spirituality to faith, which is of things hoped for, and of things which to the bodily senses do not appear, is to make no presence at all, or to make him no otherwise present than he is in his word when it is preached, and therefore what need have we to receive the sacrament; inasmuch as by this doctrine a man may receive him daily in the field, as well and as much as in the church, in the celebration and use of this sacrament?'

"To this objection I first answer, that indeed neither the Scripture nor Christian faith will give us leave to suppose there is any carnal, real, natural, corporeal, or any such gross presence of Christ's natural body in the sacrament; for it is in heaven, and the heavens must have it (as saith Peter,) till Christ's coming to judgment; except we should deny the humanity of Christ, and the verity of man's nature in him. The presence, therefore, which we believe and confess, is such a presence as reason knows not, and the world cannot learn, nor any that look at this matter

with other eyes, or hear with other ears, than with the ears and eyes of the Spirit and of faith; which faith, though it is of things hoped for, and so of things absent to the corporeal senses, yet this absence is not an absence, indeed, except to reason and the old man; the nature of faith being a possession of things hoped for; therefore, to grant a presence to faith, is to make no presence at all, except to such as know the faith. And this the fathers taught, affirming Christ to be present by grace, and therefore there was not only a signification, but also an exhibition and giving of the grace of Christ's body, that is, of life, and of the seed of immortality, as Cyprian writeth. We eat life, and drink life, saith St. Augustine. We feel a presence of the Lord, by grace or in grace, saith Chrysostom. We receive the celestial food that cometh from above, saith Athanasius. We receive the property of the natural conjunction and knitting together, saith Hilarius. We perceive the nature of flesh, the blessing that giveth life in bread and wine, saith Cyrillus: and elsewhere he saith, that with the bread and wine we eat the virtue of Christ's proper flesh, life, grace, and the property of the only-begotten Son of God, which he himself expoundeth to be life. Basilius says that we, by the sacrament, receive the mystical advent of Christ, grace and the very virtue of his very nature. Ambrose says that we receive the sacrament of the true body. Epiphanius says, we receive the body of grace. And Jerome says that we receive spiritual flesh, which he calls other flesh than that which was crucified. Chrysostom says that we receive influence of grace and the grace of the Holy Ghost. St. Augustine says that we receive grace and verity, the invisible grace and holiness of the members of Christ's body.

“All these sayings of the fathers confirm this one faith and doctrine of the sacrament, we granting all things herein, according to them, and they in like manner unto us. And, therefore, the lying lips which belie the doctors, as though they granted a carnal and real presence of Christ's body naturally and corporeally according to the papist's declaration and meaning, and which belie us also, as though we denied all presence of Christ, and so made it but a bare sign,—these lying lips the Lord will destroy, if they repent not, and with us believe and teach the truth, that the sacrament is a food of the soul and a matter of faith, and therefore spiritually and by faith to be talked of and understood;

which faith they want, and therefore they err so grossly, since they would have such a presence of Christ as is contrary to all the Scriptures, and to our Christian religion; whereby cometh no such advantage to the receiver as by the spiritual presence which we teach and affirm according to God's word.

“For we teach these benefits to be had by the worthy receiving of the sacrament, namely, that we abide in Christ, and Christ in us; again, that we attain by it a celestial life, or a life with God; moreover, that by faith and in spirit we receive, not only Christ's body and blood, but also whole Christ, God and man. Besides these we grant that by the worthy receiving of this sacrament we receive remission of our sins, and confirmation of the New Testament. Last of all, by worthy receiving, we get an increase of incorporation with Christ, and amongst ourselves, which are his members, than which what more can be desired? Alas! that man consider nothing at all how that the coming\* of Christ's body and blood to the sacrament is a spiritual thing, and therefore there needs no such carnal presence as the papists imagine. Who will deny a man's wife to be one body and flesh with her husband, although he be at London and she at York? But the papists are carnal men, guided by carnal reason only, or else they would know that the Holy Ghost, because of our infirmity, useth metaphorically the words of abiding, dwelling, eating and drinking of Christ, that the unspeakable conjunction of Christ with us might be partly known. May God open their eyes to see it: and thus much for this.

“Now to that part of the objection which says that we teach Christ to be none otherwise present in the sacrament than in his word. I wish that the objectors would well consider what a presence of Christ is in his word. I remember that St. Augustine writes that Christ's body is received sometimes visibly, and sometimes invisibly. The visible receiving he calls that which is by the sacrament; the invisible receiving he calls that which we receive by the exercise of our faith with ourselves. And St. Jerome, in the third book upon Ecclesiastes, affirms, that we are fed with the body of Christ, and we drink his blood, not only in mystery, but also in the knowledge of Holy Scripture; wherein he plainly shows that the same meat is offered in

\* Or re-union.

the words of Scripture, which is offered in the sacraments; so that Christ's body and blood is no less offered by the scriptures than by the sacraments. Upon the 147th Psalm he writes also, that though these words, "He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood," may be understood as a mystery, yet he says it is more true to take Christ's body and his blood for the words of the Scriptures and the doctrine of God. Yea, upon the same Psalm he says plainly, that Christ's flesh and blood is poured into our ears by hearing the word, and therefore great is the peril if we yield to other cogitations while we hear it. And, therefore, St. Augustine saith that it is no less dangerous to hear God's word negligently than so to use the sacrament. But hereof may no man gather, that therefore it needs not to receive the sacraments, or to affirm that a man, by himself meditating the word in the field, may as much receive Christ's body as in the church, in the right use of the sacrament. For Christ ordaineth nothing in vain or superfluous; he ordaineth nothing whereof we have not need, although his authority is such, that without any questioning, his ordinances are to be observed.

"Again, though in the fields a man may receive Christ's body by faith in the meditation of his word, yet I deny that a man ordinarily receives Christ's body by the meditation of Christ's death only, or by hearing of his word, with so much sight, and by such sensible assurance (whereof God knoweth our infirmity has no small need,) as he does by the receiving of the sacrament. Not that Christ is not so much present in his word preached, as he is in or with his sacrament, but because there are in the perception of the sacrament more windows open for Christ to enter into us, than by his word preached or heard. For there, I mean in his word, he has an entrance into our hearts, but only by the ears, through the sound and voice of the words; but here in the sacrament he hath an entrance by all our senses, by our eyes, by our nose, by our taste, and by our handling also; and therefore the sacrament well may be called visible, sensible, tastable, and touchable words. As, therefore, when many windows are opened in a house, more light may come in than when there is but one opened, even so by the perception of the sacrament, a Christian man's conscience has more help to receive Christ than simply by the word preached, heard, or meditated. And therefore I think the apostle rightly calls the sacraments

obsignations or sealings of God's promise. (Read Rom. iv. of Circumcision.) And thus much for the answer to the objection aforesaid."

For such sentiments as these was the holy and blessed servant of God adjudged to a most cruel death.

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## CHAPTER XIX.

SHERIFF WOODROFFE—BLAND—SHETERDEN, ETC.

THE name of sheriff Woodroffe has occurred several times. He was joined in office with sir John Chester, during the dreadful year 1555: and so dissimilar were these two men in character, that while Chester usually shed tears, Woodroffe laughed at the death of Christ's people. The latter was most wantonly cruel to the martyrs, beating those who even sought to bid them farewell; while sir John Chester, as has been seen in the case of Dr. Taylor, behaved with the greatest mildness, exhibiting sorrow and sympathy, and trying to soften to them the duties of his hateful office. Within half a year after the burning of John Bradford, Woodroffe was smitten with such a palsy in the right side, that for eight years he could not move in his bed, but with the assistance of two men, turning him by a sheet. An insatiable appetite also seized him, so that his ravenous craving, which no food could appease, was terrible in the sight of all who witnessed it. Who can marvel that such a doom was considered expressly as a judgment from God, by the poor of the flock whom his withered hand had unmercifully smitten, and whose vital streams could never quench his horrible blood-thirstiness.

The day after Bradford's martyrdom, a priest named Minge died in prison at Maidstone, whose purpose it was to have endured the fire, had not the Lord seen good otherwise to call him home. Shortly after, a poor man in London, named James Trevisam, bedridden, and near death, was detected in the act of listening to the word of God, read to him by his servant; his wife, and three neighbours being present. All were forthwith committed to prison,

save Trevisam, who was too far gone to be removed. He shortly died; was denied a coffin, carried on a door to Moorfields, and buried, without any ceremony. The same night the body was dug up, stripped of its winding sheet, and left naked on the ground. The owner of the field had him again placed beneath the surface; and to the grave came the bishop's officer, a fortnight afterwards, formally summoning the dead man to appear at Paul's before his ordinary to answer the charge of heresy.

At Canterbury, a commission was established consisting of three sanguinary persecutors, Thornton, bishop of Dover; Collins, appointed by cardinal Pole to act as his commissary, and Nicholas Harpsfield, the archdeacon. The first fire kindled by them in Canterbury, consumed four martyrs, of whom two were clergymen.

JOHN BLAND was parish minister at Adesham in Kent; a man of most disinterested character, noted for universal benevolence. Before entering the ministry, he had laboured as an instructor of youth; and among other eminent persons had educated Dr. Saunders, who in Elizabeth's reign became archbishop of York.

Bland's anxiety to preach the gospel of Christ was such, that, having been twice committed to prison for so doing, he, like the liberated apostles, was immediately found at his work again, when set free by the interests of friends. On his third apprehension, they would again have found means to deliver him, on obtaining his promise to abstain from further preaching; but to this he would not agree; answering their remonstrances in the words of Paul, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?" Thus enduring, he became in the end more than conqueror, through Him who loved him.

The first disturbance was occasioned by a turbulent churchwarden of Mr. Bland's parish, who, at the beginning of Mary's reign, and before her antichristian alterations had received the sanction of law, or the godly enactments of the late king had been repealed, took upon him to remove the communion table, to brawl against the minister, and to invite a popish priest to preach in his church. Against this, Mr. Bland offered no opposition, as the queen's authority was cited for the act; but when a large congregation had assembled to hear the expected sermon of the priest,



who failed to attend, he addressed them himself, in some godly comments on the epistle of the day, and so dismissed them; avoiding all cause of offence.

Three months after this, the minister, on repairing to his church, found a priest there performing matins, who then proceeded to the mass, after asking Bland whether he would oppose the queen's proceedings; to which he replied that he would not resist the laws. The epistle and gospel having been read, Mr. Bland desired leave to address the people; and soon, adverting to the holy communion, entered on the subject of the mass, showing its irrational, unscriptural tendency; its novelty, and the different persons who, at various times, had each contributed a patch, to make it the monstrous thing it had become. At this part of the discourse, the churchwarden and others interrupted him, with revilings, and personal violence; pulling him about, and making a great uproar, till, at length, the churchwarden called them to desist, and hear mass. Mr. Bland, whose plan throughout it was to offer no resistance to the ruling power, while preserving his conscience undefiled, did not attempt to prevent this, but insisted on not witnessing it, and turned his back on the altar, until they agreed to lock him up in a side chapel. After this he and his clerk were conveyed prisoners to Canterbury; but as no charge could then be laid against them, bail was admitted, and they went at large, for two months, until February, when Bland was thrown into prison for ten weeks, but again liberated on recognizances. In May following, he was summoned to the spiritual court, before the three inquisitors already mentioned, and artfully questioned, to find matter of accusation against him when he should appear at the sessions. When, however, he objected to this, they pledged their words that if he would discourse with them on matters of doctrine, it should never be alleged to his disfavour, urging him with Peter's exhortation, to be ready to give to every one who asked him a reason of the hope that was in him. On this, the good minister held half an hour's discussion with them on the subject of the sacrament, and agreed, at their importunate demand, to resume the conversation on the following Monday.

To his astonishment, he found a large concourse of people assembled on that day; and Harpsfield had the effrontery publicly to tell him that it was in consequence of his own report of such open discussion that it was held, in

order to undeceive the souls of the people, whom he had deluded. Bland at once disproved this assertion, denied having taught any error, and reminded them of the promise by which they had first induced him to argue with them. No one who peruses the annals of popery can fail to be struck with the force of that inspired word which describes it as using all *deceivableness* of unrighteousness; for in every part of its transactions deceit is the leading feature. If there be one thing upon earth that can keep pace with Romish imposture, in matters regarding the common good faith which every man owes to his fellow-men, that one thing is Protestant credulity.

Having in the unsuspecting integrity of his heart, fallen into the snare, Bland stood his ground on the point of the apostles' creed, beyond which he refused to go: and then put to them some very perplexing questions; by one of these, he made them declare that the body of Christ, eaten, as they blasphemously assert, in the form of bread, is his glorified body: on which Bland showed, that as our Lord was crucified before he was glorified, and as the sacrament was instituted previous to his crucifixion, so, by their doctrine, it must appear that what the Lord gave to his apostles was a very distinct and different thing from what the church now receives. They soon ended the discussion by drawing out some articles of complaint against him; and when, shortly after this, he appeared to answer his bail at the sessions, he was put in the stocks and committed to prison, on the charge of being an excommunicated person. Nearly eight months elapsed, before anything more was done: then, ironed, and placed at the bar amongst the worst felons, he, with his fellow-sufferers, appeared at Greenwich. The irons were, however, removed; and they were called before some magistrates, who, failing to induce Bland to recant, reviled, threatened, and ordered them back to their place among the felons, promising them speedy judgment and execution, if they still refused to turn. Another appearance in the spiritual court of Canterbury left matters as before: Bland still showing that not the slightest pretence could be found for imprisoning him in the first instance; and that, as in the case of Bradford, they had forcibly detained him without any reason, until the enactment of sanguinary laws should enable them to put him to death for his faith. He then, with great power, maintained that scriptural faith, and again perplexed them with their

own senseless jargon concerning our Lord's body in the sacrament; keeping them to this alternative, either that a glorified body was crucified for us, or else that the apostles had it not as we have it. One of the examiners said, "When he walked on the water, we see he was light, and had no weight in him. Was not that then a glorified body?" "Then belike," observed Bland, "Peter's body was glorified, if walking on the water was the deed of a glorified body: and the iron that Elisha made to swim upon the water."

Moderation, quietness, and good humour appear so plainly to have marked the conduct of this faithful minister throughout the whole transaction, where, while entertaining no expectation of escaping the sanguinary cruelty of his enemies, he yet was enabled to leave them without an excuse for it, that it places in an awful point of view the hatred of these persecutors against the *truth* of the gospel, irrespective of all offence on the part of those who professed it. Neither are the monstrous shifts resorted to by them made less manifest. Among other things, a priest of Christ's church in Canterbury, named Milles, asserted that the Lord's body was alive in the sacrament, the Spirit of God being joined to it: and also that if a man got drunk by taking of consecrated wine, it was not Christ's blood that made him so, that being contrary to its nature; but by the qualities and quantities, without substance of blood. Bland saw the advantage of these admissions, and replied, "I am glad that you are so much against all men as to say that Christ's body is alive in the sacrament; it may fortune to bring you to the truth in time to come. Methinks it is evil to keep Christ's body alive in the pix; or else must ye grant that he is alive in the receiving and dead in the pix. And ye say truth, that it is not the natural receiving of Christ's blood that maketh a man drunken: for it is the nature of wine that doth that, which ye deny not. And a more truth ye did confess than ye did think, when ye said, if a man be drunken it is by the qualities and quantities, without the substance of blood; for indeed blood hath no such qualities with it; by which it is evident that there is no natural blood. If a man be drunken with wine consecrated, it must be a miracle, as I think you will have it, that the said accidents should be without their natural substance, and work all the operations of both substance and accidents: and so it followeth that a man may be

drunken by miracle. The body that ye receive, ye say is alive, because it is annexed to the Godhead; and the flesh that ye receive is lively, because it hath the Spirit of God joined to it. This division is of your new inventions, to divide the body and the flesh, the one alive by the Godhead, the other lively by God's word, and both one sacrament; ye make of it a thing so fantastical, that ye imagine a body without flesh, and flesh without a body, as ye do qualities and quantities without substance, and a living body without qualities and quantities."

Bland then proved that, according to the doctrine laid down by the popish church, three things must concur in making the sacrament what they assert it to be; the words of consecration, the intention of the priest to consecrate, and somewhat on the part of the believer too; for Milles maintained that though a mouse should eat the transubstantial bread, still the mouse would not have received the body of Christ. On such a horrible hypothesis were they driven to argue, as whether vermin might eat or worms destroy the glorified body of the Lord Jesus! From this Bland most clearly deduced that no such actual change of substance takes place; since it is admitted that a mouse may live and thrive on the consecrated bread; that a mouse does not eat the substance into which they maintain that bread to be changed; and since no other substance is acknowledged to remain, the mouse is fed and nourished with accidents only, without any substance; an absurdity too gross for human reason to dwell upon. Milles also said that if the forms of bread and wine were burned, or worms bred there, it was no derogation to the Lord's body; because the presence of his body would cease to be there, and no substance come again.

On this Bland remarked that he counted it a greater absurdity than the other, that Christ's body should cease to be there, and no substance to come again: "For," said he, "no word in all the whole Bible, seems to serve you from the ceasing of his presence, though we granted you, which we do not, that it were there." He ended with a prayer for the conversion of his opponent.

After all this persecution, tossing him to and fro from prison to prison, and remanding him from session to session, without one colourable pretext for such barbarity, this faithful and blessed servant of God was brought to a final examination before the commissioners, who propounded

articles declarative of his so-called heresies, to which he affixed his assent; and then being summoned to declare whether he would abide by that confession, he boldly withstood the authority of the pope. Sentence was immediately pronounced; and he was delivered to the secular power for speedy execution. The following was his last prayer, before he suffered: it shows in how deeply humble and contrite a spirit he, like his brethren in tribulation, received the martyr's crown.

“Lord Jesus, for whose love I do willingly leave this life, and desire rather the bitter death of his cross, and the loss of all earthly things, than to abide the blasphemy of thy holy name, or else to obey man in breaking of the comandments; thou seest, O Lord, that whereas I might live in worldly wealth to worship false gods, and honour thy enemy, I chose rather the torments of this body, and loss of this my life, and have counted all things but vile dust and dung that I might win thee: which death is more dear unto me than thousands of gold and silver. Such love, O Lord, hast thou laid up in my breast, that I hunger for thee as the deer that is wounded desireth the soil. Send thy holy comfort, O Lord, to aid, comfort, and strengthen this weak piece of earth, which is void of all strength of itself. Thou rememberest, O Lord, that I am but dust, and not able to do any thing that is good. Therefore, O Lord, as thou of thy accustomed goodness hast bidden me to this banquet, and counted me worthy to drink of thine own cup, among thine elect, give me strength against this element, that as it is to my sight most irksome and terrible, so to my mind it may be at thy commandment, as an obedient servant, sweet and pleasant, and through the strength of thy Holy Spirit, I may pass through the strength of this fire into thy bosom, according unto thy promise; and for this mortality to receive immortality, and for this corruptible to put on incorruptible. Accept this burnt offering and sacrifice, O Lord, not for the sacrifice itself, but for thy dear Son's sake, my Saviour, for whose testimony I offer this free-will offering with all my heart and with all my soul. O Heavenly Father, forgive me my sins as I forgive the whole world; O sweet Saviour, spread thy wings over me. O God, grant me thy Holy Ghost, through whose merciful inspiration I am come hither. Conduct me unto everlasting life. Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit; Lord Jesus, receive my soul. So be it.”

Together with Bland were condemned JOHN FRANKESH, also a priest; NICHOLAS SHETERDEN, HUMPHREY MIDDLETON, COCKER, and another named Thacker, who alone drew back, and purchased mortal life by a recantation. The rest were so entirely of one mind, that as the articles and their answers thereto were all similar, it is not necessary to particularize them; except that Sheterden had some separate talk with the commissary and archdeacon, and afterwards with Winchester, which deserves notice.

The archdeacon and commissary having asserted that the very words of Christ, when he asserted, "This is my body," did change the substance, without any other interpretation or spiritual meaning of the words, Sheterden replied, "Then belike, when Christ said, 'this cup is my blood,' the substance of the cup was changed into his blood, without any other meaning; and so the cup was changed, and not the wine."

"Not so," said Harpsfield; "for when Christ said 'This cup is my blood,' he meant not the cup but the wine in the cup."

To this Sheterden replied, "If Christ spake one thing, and meant another, then the bare words did not change the substance; but there must be a meaning sought, as well of the bread as of the cup."

H. "There must be a meaning sought of the cup, otherwise than the words stand. But of the bread it must be understood only as it standeth, without any other meaning."

S. "Then do ye make one half of Christ's institution a figure, or borrowed speech, and the other half a plain speech; and so ye divide Christ's supper."

H. "Christ meaneth the wine, and not the cup, though he saith, 'This cup is my blood.'"

S. "Then show me whether the words which the priest doth speak over the cup do change the substance, or whether the mind of the priest doth it?"

H. "The mind of the priest doth it and not the words."

S. "If the mind of the priest doth it, and not the words, or if the priest then do mind his harlot, or any other vain thing, that thing so minded is there made, and the people do worship the priest's harlot instead of Christ's blood. And again, none of the people can tell when it is Christ's blood, or when it is not; seeing the matter standeth in the mind of the priest. For no man can tell what the priest

meaneth but himself; and so they are ever in danger of committing idolatry."

Harpsfield was quite disconcerted by this plain statement; he turned to the commissary, begging him to speak next, adding that Sheterden's were unreasonable and perverse answers as ever he heard. Then stood up the commissary and said to the prisoner, "Your argument is much against yourself; for ye grant that the bread is a figure of Christ's body; but the cup can be no figure of his blood, nor yet his very blood; and therefore Christ did not mean the cup, but the wine in the cup." "My argument is not against me at all," answered Sheterden; "for I do not speak it to prove that the cup is his blood, nor the figure of his blood, but to prove that the bare words being spoken of the priest do not change the substance, no more of the bread than they do change the cup into blood."

Commis. "It could not be spoken of the cup, when he said, 'This cup is my blood,' but he meant the wine in the cup."

S. "Then it remaineth for you to answer my question to the archdeacon, that is, whether the mind of the priest, when he speaketh over the cup, doth change it into blood; or the bare words?"

C. "Both together do it; the words and the mind of the priest together; yea, the intent and the words together do it."

S. "If the words and the intent together do change the substance, yet must the cup be his blood, and not the wine; forasmuch as the words are, 'This cup is my blood,' and the intent, ye say, was the wine; or else, the words take none effect, but the intent only."

After this, the commissary said it was the intent of the priest before he went to mass, without the words; for the priest did intend to do as holy church had ordained, and then the intent made the sacrament to take effect. But Sheterden was not so to be silenced: he observed, "If the sacraments take effect of the intent of the priest, and not of God's word, then many parishes, having a priest that intendeth not well, are utterly deceived, both in baptizing and in worshipping the thing to be God which is but bread; because for lack of the priest's intent, the words do take none effect in it. So that by this it is ever doubtful whether they worship Christ or bread; because it is doubtful what the priests do intend."

To meet this the commissary had seemingly nothing to say; for he presently shifted the discourse to the general question of Christ's bodily presence in the sacrament; and to prove that the manhood of our Lord was in two places at one time, he quoted John iii., "No man hath ascended up to heaven, but he that came down from heaven; even the Son of man which is in heaven." From this he argued that Christ was at that time in heaven, and on earth also, naturally and bodily. Sheterden replied, "This place, and other, must needs be understood for the unity of the person, in that Christ was God and man; and yet the matter must be referred to the Godhead, or else ye fall into great error." The other, however, insisted on a literal meaning in the words; though the martyr convicted him therein of the heresy of the ancient anabaptists, who denied that Christ took flesh of the virgin Mary: "If," said he, "there be no body ascended up, but that which came down, where is then his incarnation? For then he brought his body down with him."

This drove the commissary to the bold assertion that it could not be spoken of the Godhead, as God could not come down at all, not being passible: and when Sheterden showed that on the same ground he might deny that God had a seat in heaven, or a right hand for Christ to sit at; "Why," said the other, "doth not the Scripture say that God is a Spirit, and what hand can a spirit have?" "Truth it is," rejoined Sheterden, "that God is a Spirit, and therefore is worshipped in spirit and in truth: and as he is a Spirit, so hath he a spiritual power, so he hath a spiritual seat, a spiritual hand, and a spiritual sword, which we shall feel if we go this way to work as we begin. Because we know not what God hath, therefore if we say he hath none, then it may as well be said, there is no Christ."

From this specimen it may be seen how ready are the advocates of popery to accommodate both scripture and reason to their own extravagant dogmas; and how adroitly they can manœuvre their forces, forsaking a position when it is vigorously assailed, to take up another that appears more tenable; but always ready to return to the former, or fly off to a third, when they feel the stronghold trembling beneath the blows of a spiritual weapon. The doctrine of intention is distinctly set forth in their missals and other canonical books. It leaves to the secret thought of the priest the full power of rendering the sacraments effective



or not : so that, to borrow one of their own illustrations, if there be twenty-one wafers on the altar, and the priest in his own mind resolves to consecrate but twenty, though he speaks the words alike over all, one of the number remains, by his private will, unconsecrated. Therefore, according to themselves, one of the things worshipped as God, remains an unchanged piece of bread ; and they who offer it the adoration demanded for the consecrated host commit positive idolatry. In like manner, a child is not baptized, unless the priest intend really to baptize it ; the parents are not actually man and wife, nor the child legitimate, unless the priest who married them had an honest, *bona fide* intention so to do ; nay, the priest, however sincere in his intentions, is not in orders, if the bishop was not perfectly minded to confer them upon him. In short, the perverse cogitation of one malicious pope or bishop might have introduced so fatal a flaw in the boasted succession, as to have unpriested all the clergy, unmarried all couples, illegitimized all the children, and plunged the whole popish community into the sin of *acknowledged* idolatry. The imminent peril thus hanging over the heads of those who belong to this infallible church, when revealed by a careful examination into the doctrine of intention, has been the means of frightening many a soul out of the snare. It is one of the last things that the priesthood can be brought to discuss ; but our martyrs well understood the advantages afforded by it in their scriptural arguments ; and never failed to silence its advocates, as Sheterden did. At the close of their conversation the commissary admitted that they had broken Christ's testament, and changed the institution from what he had left it ; but added *they had power so to do*.

After a mock trial before some of the high priests, wherein Sheterden proved as plainly as Bland had done, the iniquity of their unjust proceedings against him, he was brought before Winchester, who urged him, as usual, to recant, and found him immovable ; and on Sheterden complaining, that, whereas the divines of the church had before taken pains to set forth the word of God in English, and invited men to judge by it whether they preached truth or no, they of late had taken away that light, and willed the people to believe things merely because they said them, — Winchester told him that a few men should not be their guides in understanding, but the doctors of the whole (popish) church. "Now, whom wouldst thou believe,"

said he, "either the few or the many?" Sheterden answered, "I would not believe for the few, or for the many, but only for that he bringeth the word, and showeth it to me to be so, according to the process thereof." Winchester proceeded, "Well, then, if an Arian came to thee with scripture, thou wilt believe him, if he show this text, 'My Father is greater than I.'" "No, my lord; he must bring me also the contrary place, and prove them both to me, where he says 'I and my Father are one.'"

The bishop remarked, that was by love, as Christ's people are one with him: but Sheterden answered, that gloss would not stand with the rest of Scripture; and adduced several passages, affirmatory of our Lord's divinity. The evil-minded bishop continued artfully to tempt this unlearned man, for so he was, by showing that if the sacrament was taken for Christ only in a figure, so in a figure only, Christ might be taken for God. Sheterden, however, seeing his drift, forbore to answer him until he came to commend the setting up of images in the church, when the martyr directly opposed to it the second commandment. Winchester asserted that was done that no false thing should be made, as the heathen would worship a cat, because she killed mice. Sheterden maintained that the law forbade making an image of God: and Winchester defied him to prove it, which he, of course did, by turning to Deut. iv. and showing from it that no shape had been seen upon the mount, when the Lord caused his voice to be heard; the reason assigned for it, being lest the people should make to themselves any image. Still Winchester maintained that they were justified in making representations of the Father, from Daniel's vision; of the Son, as having been incarnate; of the Holy Spirit, as coming in the form of a dove. Sheterden replied, "That is no proof that we may make images, contrary to the commandment: for though the Holy Ghost appeared like a dove, yet is he not like in shape, but in certain qualities; and therefore when I see the dove, which is God's creature, indeed I may remember the Spirit to be gentle and loving:" with more to the same effect. Winchester seemed moved, observing that Sheterden had learned his lesson; asking who had taught him; and still asserting that he could prove the excellency of image worship. In this, however, he failed; and then being forced to own the wrongful imprisonment which the martyr had suffered without any cause what-

ever, he added, that fact would not serve him: he must clear himself of heresy. Harpsfield being called on, bore false witness as to his former conduct; and when Sheterden declared his willingness to give bail, and to confer when and where they would, the chancellor told him his part was not to confer, but to obey. He was once more remanded to prison; and on the 25th of June brought up with Bland, Frankesh, Middleton and Thacker, of whom the last recanted; while the remaining four cheerfully and courageously maintaining their Christian testimony to the last, were delivered over to the secular power, chained to two stakes, and consumed in the same fire together, at Canterbury.

The glaring injustice of this proceeding consisted in imprisoning these faithful servants of Christ, on no real charge whatever, with a view of putting in force against them the sanguinary laws then in contemplation, but which did not exist until long after they had been thrown in the gaols like common felons. No law, no privilege, no pledge, public or private, can avail where the lynx-eye of popery has once marked out its prey. Nothing but the arm of the Lord, signally outstretched, as we have seen in the instance of bishop Coverdale, can baffle the subtlety, or overawe the tyranny of that implacable enemy to his saints. Against freedom in every shape, mental, spiritual, domestic, civil and political, popery wields the sword of universal despotism. From the smothered whisper of the confessional, laying bare the inmost cogitations of some trembling heart, and exploring the privacy of a cottage home, to the thundering mandate that sends out an armed realm to battle for her unrighteous domination, all is a system of vassalage, emphatically opposed to the liberty wherewith Christ makes his people free. To wear out the saints of the Most High, was the main purpose of their formidable enemy at the time we now treat of; and let the English reader pause on such cases as those of Bland and Sheterden; asking himself what value could attach to the charter of his boasted freedom, were the power of making, or of administering the laws, again to pass into the hands that so fearfully wrested, so wantonly outraged, every national privilege in the day of their unresisted power.

After Bland and his companions had received the end of their faith, and entered into the joy of their Lord, persecution raged with increased violence in Kent. The bishop

of Rochester, an active instrument in the hands of the queen and her cruel council, laboured hard to purge his diocese thoroughly of gospel truth; and many a fire was kindled through his merciless zeal. Only one day intervened between the condemnation of those last mentioned, before the bishop had pronounced sentence on five other believers; but their execution being delayed, the particulars are not here given. Two, however, who had been condemned three weeks previously, were now put to death: NICHOLAS HALL, a bricklayer, and CHRISTOPHER WAID, a weaver, both of Dartford. The articles exhibited against them set forth five particulars: I. That they were Christian men, and professed the catholic determinations of our mother, holy church. II. That they which maintain or hold otherwise than our holy mother the catholic church doth, are heretics. III. That they hold and maintain, that in the sacrament of the altar, under the forms of bread and wine, is not the very body and blood of Christ. And that the said very body of Christ is verily in heaven only, and not in the sacrament. IV. That they have held, and do hold and maintain, that the mass, as it is now used in the catholic church is naught and abominable. V. That they have been and be amongst the people of that jurisdiction vehemently suspected upon the premises, and thereupon indicted.

In their answer, they admitted themselves to be Christian men, and acknowledged the determinations of the holy church; that is, of the congregation or body of Christ: Hall, however, refusing to call the church his mother, because he found not the word so applied in Scripture. They fully admitted their opinion of the mass to be as stated in the articles; and both receiving the usual sentence, Hall was burned at Rochester, and Waid at Dartford.

The latter execution took place a little without the town, in a gravel pit, where the worst felons were usually put to death. It was rendered remarkable in the sight of the people by some circumstances attending it. The concourse was great, a cart having been driven from the town early in the morning, containing the stake and many bundles of reeds; with another cart-load of broom-fagots and different sorts of wood. This drew the people thither in great numbers; while dealers brought their fruit, &c., and gave the place the appearance of a fair. At ten o'clock the sheriff approached, on horseback, with a long retinue, conducting Waid, who rode, pinioned, next the chief officer; Margaret

Polley, a faithful woman who had at the same time been condemned, being by his side, and singing with him a psalm. When they came within sight of the expecting populace, Margaret, in a very loud and cheerful voice, said to her companion, "You may rejoice, Waid, for such a company gathered to celebrate your marriage this day." They were then separated; the woman being detained in the town, while her brother-martyr proceeded to the spot, having stripped off his clothes at an inn hard by, and put on a long white shirt of fine linen, sent by his wife for the purpose. It was a valued privilege in those days for Christian women to fashion such garments for their nearest and dearest connexions to wear at the stake.

Waid was then led to the stake, which he embraced and kissed; and standing in a pitch barrel, set his back against it: a smith, with an iron hoop and two staples, making him fast to it, under the arms. When thus settled, he lifted up his eyes and hands to heaven, and very distinctly and audibly recited the last verse of the lxxxvi. Psalm: "Show some good token upon me, O Lord, that they which hate me may see it, and be ashamed; because thou, Lord, hast helped me and comforted me." Near the stake was a little hill, on the top of which four poles were pitched, with a covering round about them, resembling a pulpit, into which, as Waid uttered this prayer, entered a friar with a book in his hand. When the martyr espied him, he cried earnestly to the people to beware of the doctrine of the harlot of Babylon; exhorting them to embrace that of the gospel, preached in king Edward's days. He was often interrupted by the sheriff, saying, "Be quiet, Waid, and die patiently;" to whom he answered, "I am, I thank God, quiet, master sheriff; and so trust to die." But while the friar continued to peep over his screen, waiting to address the people, Waid repeated his admonitions with such power, that the false teacher, utterly confounded, slunk away without having uttered a single word. Many considered that, in answer to the martyr's prayer, the friar was stricken with a spirit of dumbness: so ready were they to recognize the Lord's hand in all that regarded his faithful witnesses.

The reeds being quickly cast up about Waid, he received them joyfully in his arms, helping to dispose them, and always keeping an open space before his mouth, that he might to the last address the people. This being perceived by the tormentors, they cast fagots at the aperture, one of

which wounded his face ; but he persevered in keeping the opening free. Fire was then applied ; and he, without any sign of impatience endured it, often repeating, " Lord Jesus, receive my soul ! " The fire becoming intense, he spoke no more ; but having lifted his hands high above his head, in the attitude of prayer, they so remained long after he was dead, and actually roasted in the flames, supported as if by props, instead of dropping quickly into the fire. This was looked on as another " good token " vouchsafed for the confusion of God's foes, and the comfort of his persecuted children. Not only, they said, was the tongue silenced that would have spoken against the martyr, but the hands confidently lifted up to the Lord for help, wonderfully stayed in that position, even long after his torments were ended, and eternal felicity begun.

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## CHAPTER XX.

CARVER—LAUNDER—IVESON—ABBES—DENLEY—NEWMAN, AND OTHERS.

SUSSEX was also to furnish its proportion of faithful witnesses to Christ's gospel : and first on the list comes DIRICK CARVER, a brewer, apprehended in his own house, while engaged in prayer with his friend JOHN LAUNDER, in October, 1554. They were conveyed to London, examined by the queen's council, and by them committed to Newgate, there to await the leisure of bishop Bonner ; who, on questioning them, drew up certain articles ; wherein was set forth, as regarded Carver, his denial of the mass, his objection against service in an unknown tongue, his rejection of auricular confession and absolution ; his utter dissent from the doctrine taught in England since queen Mary's accession ; his approval of that held by bishop Hooper, Rogers, and others, lately burned ; whom he avowed to have shed their blood for it by the power of God : and lastly his acknowledgment of having had the Bible and Psalter read in English at his house, since the queen's coronation, and likewise since his committal to Newgate ; until the keeper, hearing it, took the books away. He had also used the English liturgy, and other English prayers in his house ;

and it was for joining in them that he and three others were arrested.

Launder, a husbandman, was equally explicit and strong in his confession of faith, adding that he would never go from it as long as he lived. He was a young man of five and twenty; Carver considerably advanced in years, and wealthy, but illiterate, until he went to prison, when he betook himself to learning to read; and with such success, that from not knowing a letter of the alphabet, he was soon enabled to read fluently in the book where he had found the treasure of eternal life. When brought before Bonner the second time, to know if he would stand to his former answers, he boldly replied, "I will: for your doctrine is poison and sorcery. If Christ were here you would put him to a worse death than he was put to before. You say," continued the indignant old man, who had been imprisoned nearly a year, for praying to God in his own tongue, "that you can make a god: ye can make a pudding as well. Your ceremonies in the church be beggary and poison. And further, I say that auricular confession is contrary to God's word, and very poison." Bonner seeing nothing could be made of such resolute opposers, committed them to the secular power: delivering them at once to the sheriffs then present, and dispatching them to the several places appointed for their martyrdom.

When Carver was brought into the town of Lewes to be burned, the people surrounded him, beseeching God to strengthen him in the faith of Jesus Christ. He thanked them, praying also to his heavenly Father, that of his mercy he would strengthen them in the like faith. The sheriff bore him witness that he had found him a faithful man; such testimony did the Lord often compel the murderers of his people to bear, even while in the act of putting them to a dreadful death.

When Dirick Carver came to the stake, he kneeled down, in prayer; the sheriff hastening the preparations, perhaps through apprehension of some movement on the part of the multitude, whose feelings were so evidently with the martyr. Carver's book was first thrown into the barrel prepared for him; and when, having stripped himself, he likewise entered it, he took up his beloved book, and threw it among the people, hoping it would be spared to administer comfort to some poor believer; but the sheriff commanded them in the names of the king and queen, on

pain of death, to fling back the word of God into the funeral pyre prepared for his faithful servant. Carver then spoke in a joyful voice, saying, "Dear brethren and sisters, witness you all that I am come to seal with my blood Christ's gospel, because I know that it is true: it is not unknown unto all you, but that it hath been truly preached here in Lewes, and in all places of England, and now it is not. And because that I will not deny here God's gospel, and be obedient to man's laws, I am condemned to die. Dear brethren and sisters, as many of you as do believe upon the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, unto everlasting life, see you do the works appertaining to the same. And as many of you as do believe upon the pope of Rome, or any of his laws, which he sets forth in these days, you do believe to your utter condemnation; and except the great mercy of God, you shall burn in hell perpetually."

On this the sheriff exclaimed, "If thou dost not believe in the pope, thou art damned, body and soul:" adding, in his deplorable ignorance, "Speak to thy God, that he may deliver thee now; or else to strike me down, for an example to this people." But the faithful martyr only replied, "The Lord forgive you your sayings!" Then again, in a loud voice, addressing the bystanders, he cried out, "Dear brethren, and all you whom I have offended, in words or in deed, I ask you for the Lord's sake to forgive me: and I heartily forgive all you which have offended me, in thought, word, or deed." Then, in prayer, he said, "O Lord, my God, thou hast written, He that will not forsake house, children, wife, and all that ever he hath, and take up thy cross, and follow thee, is not worthy of thee. But thou, Lord, knowest that I have forsaken all to come unto thee: Lord, have mercy upon me, for unto thee I commend my spirit; and my soul doth rejoice in thee." These were his last words, before the fire was put to him; and when he felt its touch, he exclaimed, "O Lord, have mercy upon me!" and springing upwards in the flame towards the heaven which he longed to reach, he called once more upon the name of the Lord, and so ended his conflict in the joys of victory and everlasting glory.

THOMAS IVESON was one of those apprehended in Dirick Carver's house, with him imprisoned, examined, and condemned. He was a carpenter, and his wife appears to have belonged to the Romish communion; for he said to her, when earnestly entreated to recant, "I would not recant,



and forsake my opinion and belief, for all the goods in London. I do appeal to God's mercy, and will be none of your church, nor submit myself to the same: and that I have said, I will say again. And if there came an angel from heaven, to teach me any other doctrine than that which I am now in, I would not believe him." In his answers to the articles objected against him, this poor man was very bold and explicit; rejecting utterly the mass, and all the ceremonies used in England, as "vain, superfluous, superstitious, and naught." He said, concerning the sacrament of baptism, "It is a sign and token of Christ, as circumcision was, and none otherwise; believing that his sins were not washed away thereby, but only his body washed; for sins are only washed away by Christ's blood." He was brought to his martyrdom at Chichester, and there was burned, persevering in his constant faith unto the end.

JAMES ABBES, a young man, after wandering long from place to place, hunted by those who lay in wait for his soul, fell at last into the hands of Hopton, bishop of Norwich, who, by the subtlety of his evil persuasions, induced him to recant, though with much reluctance and severe pangs of conscience. Being dismissed from the bishop's presence, as a reclaimed and reconciled son of the church, he was called back by Hopton, who presented him with a piece of money, in further token of his approval. This proved a blessing to the poor young man, who contemplating it as he walked along, probably felt that he had too nearly approached the sin of Judas, in receiving the wages of what his conscience told him was iniquity. Unable to endure the pang of self-reproach, and endued with divine strength, he forthwith returned to the bishop, and threw down the money, expressing his repentance for having ever consented to their wickedness, or received the recompense at their hands. The bishop and his chaplains strove hard to recover the prey, thus unexpectedly delivered from their snare; but in vain. Abbes, through infirmity, had sinned with Peter: through grace he received the gift of repentance, and manfully stood in the cause of truth, through every succeeding temptation; until, at Bury, the fiery trial was ended, by consuming his body to ashes, and dismissing the penitent rejoicing soul to the Lord who had healed his backslidings, and drawn him to himself with the bands of everlasting love.

Among the enemies of the gospel, at this time, might be

found many who never concerned themselves with religion, as a spiritual matter, but who from the mere wantonness of cruelty, delighted in helping forward the work of destruction. Such a one was Edmund Tyrel, a magistrate in Essex, who, returning one day from assisting at the murder of some of the Lord's poor flock, met on the road two persons, JOHN DENLEY, a gentleman, and JOHN NEWMAN, a pewterer, both from Maidstone. In the hope of alighting on a fresh victim, he accosted, then apprehended and searched them; and finding on their persons a written confession of the scriptural faith which they held, he dispatched them at once to the queen's commissioners, with a letter expressive of his own zeal and devotion to the cause.

The paper found on Denley contained notes gathered out of the Scriptures, with a statement of his own belief touching the sacrament of the Lord's supper. He there declared, "the difference of doctrine between the faithful and the papists concerning the sacrament is, that the papists say that Christ is corporeally under, or in, the forms of bread and wine; but the faithful say that Christ is not there, neither corporeally nor spiritually; but in them that worthily eat and drink the bread and wine, he is, spiritually, but not corporeally. For, figuratively he is in the bread and wine, and spiritually he is in them that worthily eat and drink the bread and wine; but really, carnally, and corporeally, he is only in heaven; from whence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead." Then followed a more full statement of his individual views on this important point. He considered, that, after thanks being given to God the Father, the bread and wine represented to him the very body and blood of our Saviour Jesus Christ: not that the bread was the body, or the wine the blood, but that he in faith saw that blessed body of the Saviour broken on the cross, and that precious blood plenteously shed for the remission of his sins: in faith, also, hearing him say, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you." In faith he came to Christ, and was refreshed: believing too that all who so come unto the Lord's table, in this faith, fear, and love, being sorry for their offences, and earnestly intending to lead a godly life, receive the fruit of the death of Christ, even their salvation. He also understood that as the outward man eats the material bread, which comforteth the body, so doth the in-

ward man, through faith, eat the body of Christ: believing that as the bread is broken, so was Christ's body broken on the cross for our sins, which comforteth our souls unto life everlasting: signifying that even as that bread is divided among them, so are his body and the fruit of his passion divided unto as many as believe his words. Thus the bread eaten in the supper nourisheth us and putteth us in remembrance of his death, and so exciteth us by thanksgiving to laud and praise God for the benefits of our redemption.

Having thus set forth Christ as present; and how, in the inward eye, and sight of faith, we eat his flesh and drink his blood, Denley's paper concluded by referring to various texts of Scripture, in support of the doctrine: Matthew ix. xxiv. and xxvi.; Mark xvi.; Luke v. xxiii. and xxiv.; John from the xiii. to the xvii. chapters; Acts i. iii. vii. ix. xv. xvi. and xvii.; Rom. viii; 1 Cor. x. xi.; Eph. i. iv.; Col. i.; Philip i. ii.; 1 Thess. i. iv.; Heb. i. v. viii. ix. x. xii. Also, in the Old Testament, Exodus xii., and Psalms viii. x. xi. xlvii. and ciii. To such good purpose had these persecuted Christians searched the word of God; and so richly gifted were they with that spiritual discernment of which the carnal mind is utterly incapable. Denley also proved by Scripture the impossibility of our Lord's body being in more than one place, at one time; and that the worship of the elements as practised in the mass, was clearly idolatrous and altogether contrary to the mind of God.

The commissioners being unable to prevail with their prisoners, sent them to Bonner, to be handled, as Fox says, after his fatherly and charitable discretion. They, with another witness for the truth, named PATRICK PACKINGHAM, were summoned before him, to be examined on their own confessions, thus tyrannously taken from their pockets, on the public road: and a string of accusing articles, of course, framed upon them. To these they answered, without shrinking; and when Bonner commenced assailing them with his usual flattering persuasions, Denley said, "God save me from your counsel, and keep me in the mind that I am in; for that which you count heresy, I take to be the truth." They were then sent to prison, to be forthcoming and make further answer in three or four weeks' time.

Against Packingham it was objected, in addition to the general charge of heresy, that being in the bishop's house

at St. Paul's, and by him brought to chapel, to hear mass, after the former examination, he there most unreverently kept his cap on his head, and remained standing during the celebration; refusing also to receive holy water, or holy bread at the priest's hands. Denley was charged with disbelieving the existence of any Catholic church on earth; and also with denying the church of England to be any part of Christ's church. He replied to the first, by acknowledging the holy Catholic church, founded on the prophets and apostles, Christ being the head: which church he believed to be the congregation of the faithful, dispersed throughout the world; truly preaching the word and ministering the two sacraments of baptism, and the supper of the Lord. With regard to the other, he said, "I do believe that this church of England, using the faith and religion which is now used, is no part or member of the fore-said Catholic church, but is the church of antichrist, the bishop of Rome being the head thereof: for it is plain that they have altered the testament of God, and set up a testament of their own devising, full of blasphemy and lies: for Christ's testament is, that he would have all things done to the edifying of the people, as it appeareth when he taught them to pray, Matt. vi. and also by St. Paul, 1 Cor. xiv. 3, 4, 9, 17—19, and in the Psalm, "God is the king of all the earth; sing ye praises with understanding." So it appears that this church of England, as now used, is not builded upon Christ, if St. Paul's words be true, and also the Psalms. Therefore this church is not builded upon the prophets, apostles, nor Christ; as I have declared before."

The mass he declared to be naught, abominable, and idolatry: contrary to the second commandment; proving that in worshipping the bread, they worshipped not Christ; whose actual abode in heaven, until his enemies be made his footstool, he showed by quotations from the epistle to the Hebrews, Philippians, Thessalonians, and our Lord's express words, as recorded by St. John, chapters xvi. and xvii. Against auricular confession and absolution, he cited Job, the Psalms, and the gospels, to show that to God only, in his Son, may the repentant sinner go for pardon. Baptism also, he proved to be changed from the original institution; adding, in reference to the additions made to the number of sacraments, "There be sacraments no more but two; baptism, and the sacrament of the body and blood of Christ: except ye will make the rainbow a sacrament; for

there is no sacrament but hath a promise annexed unto it."

To this bold and orthodox statement he set his name; referring them also to the written confession of his faith, as taken from him by Tyrel. Bonner, finding him and his two companions quite immovable in their faith, delivered them over to the secular power to be burned. Denley was taken to Uxbridge, and on the eighth day of August committed to the fire, where, wrapped in the flame, he sang a psalm. Whereupon a cruel wretch, Dr. Storey, commanded one of the tormentors to hurl a fagot at his face, which he did so correctly as to cut it most severely, causing the blood to flow; and the martyr ceased singing, putting his hands to his face. "Truly," said Storey to the fellow who flung the fagot, "thou hast marred a good old song." But Denley, after a moment, cast his hands abroad, and sang again; until in the burning fire, his tongue ceased in death; and his spirit soared away to continue that song of praise for ever in the presence of his God.

Within three weeks after Denley, Packingham suffered death, at the same place; who, after foiling Bonner's attempts to make him show reverence for the mass-worship, continued in the same steadfast mind. The bishop strove hard to gain him; but Packingham assured him that the church in which he believed was no catholic church, but was the church of Satan; therefore he would never turn to it. He was, of course, delivered to the secular power; and went cheerfully to the stake.

John Newman has been mentioned, as travelling in company with Denley, when Tyrel took them both. Newman's first examination before the commission at Maidstone is preserved; and proves how firmly this poor pewterer was fixed on the Rock from which he could not be moved. His knowledge of Scripture rendered him more than a match for the learning and subtlety of his opponent. After discussing the question of the bread and cup, where Newman, like Sheterden, contended that if what regards the former be literally taken, so must the latter be, and the cup, not the wine, undergo transubstantiation, he denied the corporeal presence of Christ in what is eaten, saying that the soul of man doth not feed on natural things, as the body doth. "How then doth it feed?" asked one of the inquisitors. Newman replied, "I think the soul of man doth feed as the angels in heaven; whose feeding is only the pleasure, joy,

felicity, and delectation that they have of God: and so the soul of man doth feed on and eat, through faith, the body of Christ."

"Yea," said the commissary, "but if the body do not feed upon natural things, the soul cannot continue with the body: therefore the body must needs feed upon natural things, that both may live together." This irrelevant argument was answered by the martyr showing that natural things, though they feed the body do not nourish the soul. He then asked them what Judas received at the last supper, and was answered, "The very body of Christ." Newman asked how Christ and the devil could both be in him together, since it is expressly said that Satan entered into Judas. They attempted to get over this, by saying that God, being in all places, is also in hell, among the devils; and quoted a verse from the hundred and thirty-ninth Psalm to prove it: but Newman answered, "Though his Godhead be in all places, that is not sufficient to prove that his humanity is in all places." They then took the ground of the divine Omnipotency; but were again answered, that the question was not what the Lord can do, but what he does; Newman adding, that God could not deny himself, or make his Son a liar. He also denounced as a very great heresy their assertion that the humanity of Christ is in all places with the Deity. The latter he said, heaven and earth could not contain; and by co-extending the humanity they made Christ's body no real body. He dared not grant it, he said; lest so he should deny Christ to be very man. He was then required to believe that when our Lord rose from the dead he came through the stone; but for this he saw no warrant of Scripture. Again demanding his creed as to the corporeal presence in the sacrament, and finding him unmoved in it, they taxed him with obstinacy, in standing to his own opinion. The poor man's answer was beautiful: "Nay, I stand not to mine own opinion, God I take to witness, but only to the Scriptures of God; and that can all those that stand here witness with me, and nothing but the Scriptures. And I take God to witness that I do nothing of presumption, but that which I do is only my conscience; and if there be a further truth than I see, except it appear a truth to me, I cannot receive it as a truth. And seeing faith is the gift of God, and cometh not of man—for it is not you that can give me faith, nor no man else—therefore I trust you will bear the more with me, seeing it

must be wrought by God. And when it shall please God to open a further truth to me, I shall receive it with all my heart, and embrace it."

After this, he was sent to Bonner, withstood all his solicitations, and having written a very full, scriptural confession of his faith, he sealed it with his blood, in the fire of martyrdom, at Saffron Walden.

About the same time, and in the same cause, RICHARD HOOK gave his life at Chichester. At Canterbury, six faithful soldiers of Christ were chained to three stakes, and consumed in one fire: they were, WILLIAM COKER, who on being offered a respite of six days, to consider whether he would recant, refused to take it, cheerfully receiving sentence of condemnation: WILLIAM HOPPER, who, after seeming a little to waver, was enabled to choose the better part, and constantly to endure unto the end: HENRY LAURENCE, who contended very boldly and earnestly for the faith, retorting with a rebuke, when charged with refusing to put off his cap, when his suffragan, mentioning the sacrament, uncovered his own head, and did reverence to it. When required to subscribe to his answers, he did so, and added these words to the paper, "Ye are all of antichrist, and him ye fol"—but before he could complete the word follow, he was restrained, and immediately sentenced to death: RICHARD COLLIER, who, having declared it to be most abominable, detestable, and wicked to believe in transubstantiation, received judgment, and sang a psalm of thanksgiving thereon: RICHARD WRIGHT, who told the judges that as touching the altar and the mass, he was ashamed to speak of it, or to name it; and that he allowed it not, as then used in the church: and WILLIAM STORE, a rough character, who boldly said on his trial that Dick of Dover—meaning the bishop, had no authority to sit against him in judgment, demanding where it was: and on being shown some bulls and writings from Rome, denied that they were of sufficient force. He was then told that Dover had the queen's authority. Store, however, alleged that the archbishop of Canterbury, then in prison for the truth, was his diocesan; and unless the bishop could show his authority from Cranmer, he would deny it still. As to the mass, as it was not to be found in the Scriptures, he would not, he said, answer thereunto. These six were offered up together, in one mighty blaze of butchery, a willing sacrifice on the altar of their faith.

## CHAPTER XXI.

INCREASED PERSECUTIONS.—TEN MARTYRS CONDEMNED AT ONCE.

By this time, the London prisons were so thronged with the Lord's people, sent there for the truth's sake, that it became perplexing to their enemies where to lodge these crowds of willing captives. Little restraint was needed; the dungeon and the stake being now rather a prize to be grasped at, than a terror to be shunned. Every burning that took place seemed to rally a new host, endued with fresh zeal and resolution, in defence of their proscribed Bible and persecuted faith. The Christian must always feel that to depart and to be with Christ is far better for him than to abide in this vale of misery, surrounded by temptations without, and harassed by the lingering corruptions of his evil nature within. How much more so, when on every side he hears God blasphemed, beholds His laws despised, and His worship profaned; and has to wrestle hourly not only against flesh and blood in all its perverse propensities, not only against unseen principalities and powers, the invisible rulers of the darkness of this world, but also against the excess of spiritual wickedness in high places that would compel him, under the bidding of the temporal powers that be, to sin against his God. In proportion too, as Christ was dishonoured through the misdeeds of such as falsely bore his name, did his true and faithful servants desire to glorify him, even by enduring the extremity of suffering for that holy Name's sake. They went cheerfully to bonds and imprisonments; and, like their blessed Master, did neither strive nor cry under the inflictions of cruel fetters, and torturing stocks: but passed their time in mutual exhortation, encouragement, and thanksgiving to Him who counted them worthy so to suffer. In death, they were meek, patient, forgiving: evermore praying for their murderers, and with gentle speech answering the revilings, yea the wanton injuries, wounds and bruises, superadded to their allotted pains. There was, however, one place where many of them seemed almost to lose the character so beautifully sustained in all others; when the utmost severity of rebuke, and keen expression of undisguised scorn, issued from lips little used to utter harsh



speeches. It was when brought before their unrighteous judges, sitting in the mockery of ecclesiastical power, that they found the Spirit of truth within them powerfully protesting against the transparent hypocrisy of those "whited walls." Charity, nay credulity itself could not give one of these men credit for being sincere in his errors. They had openly protested, and learnedly written against popish delusion, under the menacing frown of Henry, whose despotism cowed them: presuming on the extreme youth of Edward, and the very partial diffusion of scriptural knowledge among the people, they had made an effort in his days to replace their church on her former eminence of power and wealth; and were justly, though leniently punished for their perjury and treason, by being placed aside, where they could do no further mischief. Had Elizabeth instead of Mary succeeded to the throne, with the same stout resolve to support protestantism, and the same vigorous councils that afterwards marked her reign, there can be little doubt but Gardiner's "*De vera Obedientia*," would have passed into a new edition; and Bonner's old sermon against the pope would have been forthcoming again at Paul's cross. God's commands, the law of the land, and the common justice due from man to man, were alike set at nought by these successors of Caiaphas; and all this in the name of Christ! Had these men been professed pagans, or stiff-necked Jews, our Christian martyrs had surely not exhibited such indignation, when standing before them in chains for the truth's sake: but they usurped and defiled the holy Name whereby they were also called; and while persecuting the Lord Jesus, reviling and slaying him in his living members, they would rise from their chairs, doff their caps, and with lowly reverence pronounce the name of a mere bit of absent dough, because by them acknowledged as containing the divine person of that insulted Saviour. The spectacle on which our blessed martyrs then gazed was, in fact the very same at which the apostle John wondered with great admiration: the woman, drunk with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus, the mother of all spiritual uncleanness, intoxicating kings of the earth and maddening the people with the filthy draught of her sanguinary cup, and yet—most fearful mystery of inconceivable iniquity!—yet assuming to be the chaste bride, the Lamb's wife, the pure, meek, unspotted, glorious church of the living God.

Can we then marvel if sometimes the "great anger" with which our Lord looked round on the hypocritical, hard-hearted scribes and pharisees, was reflected in the bosoms of his people, when they beheld this surpassing abomination? Nay, let us rather marvel at our own unaccountable apathy, our chilling indifference to the present fate of millions among our fellow-men, even at this hour, prostrated beneath the deadly yoke; and millions more, sucked quietly, but effectually, into the ever-active vortex, while we pass heedlessly by, and give it not a thought.

To thin the prisons, and make room for fresh supplies of victims, the queen's council despatched to Bonner, on the 2d of July, nine men and a woman on one day, for speedy transmission to the flames. Their offence was summed up in one word, "Sacramentaries." The female was the widow of Warne, who had been burned with Cardmaker, after witnessing a noble confession. ELIZABETH WARNE had been in prison since the first day of January, having been apprehended, with others, in the unlawful act of commencing the new year with prayer. She was now sent, with the other poor saints and martyrs of God, to be examined by Bonner, who charged them with disbelief of the corporeal presence, neglect of the mass, absence from church, contempt of ceremonies, and whatsoever variations he could make out, in the great matter of total dissent from the idolatrous communion of Rome. The widow, showing no reluctance to enter into the kingdom of glory by the same fiery track that her husband had passed through before her, made answer to their accusations, "Do what ye will: for if Christ were in an error, then am I in an error." Repeatedly she was brought before the inquisitors, and earnestly persuaded to recant; but all proving vain, she was condemned, delivered to the secular arm, and went cheerfully to death at Stratford-le-Bow. The same Dr. Storey whose savage cruelty to Denley, when singing praises to God in the fire, has been recorded, was in some way related to Warne's wife; and he had no sooner obtained a place among the commissioners, than he especially directed his persecuting rage against these, his poor and pious kinsfolk, bringing Warne first, then his widow, and subsequently her daughter, to the stake. Such instances of the literal fulfilment of our Lord's prediction, as to the domestic enemies who should deliver up their near connexions to

be put to death, were not unfrequent in those days. They formed one source of consolation to the martyrs, as confirming the verity of the cause in which he had foretold that they should suffer.

The next on the list was GEORGE TANKERFIELD, a young man, by trade a cook ; born in York, and settled in London. In Edward's days, and even to the time of Mary, he had been a rigid Romanist ; but beholding the cruelty perpetrated by his own party, he began, in his heart, to detest their spirit, and to judge the tree by its fruits. Concerning the mass, he had often felt some rising doubts, which he, of course, strove to repress : however, the Lord wrought so powerfully on his heart, that he was led to fervent prayer ; beseeching God of his mercy so to open to him the truth, that he might be thoroughly persuaded therein, whether the popish doctrine were of God or no : if it were not, he desired to be enabled utterly to hate it in his heart, and abhor it. There never was an instance, since the world began, nor while the world lasts shall an instance ever be, of a person putting up, in faith and humility, a prayer for wisdom from above, without receiving the gift, and being made to know that God giveth liberally, and upbraideth not. Tankerfield persevered in his supplication, and experienced growing light on the subject of his prayer ; the mass became daily more hateful in his eyes, and he was soon drawn to search the Scriptures, whereby his understanding was fully enlightened, and his mind firmly established in the truth. A bright flame of zeal was then kindled in his breast, which broke forth in admonitions and reproofs among his friends, exhorting them to follow his way, and to turn, as he had done, from dead idols, to serve the living God. This brought him into suspicion, and procured the martyr's crown.

Soon after his conversion, he was struck with severe sickness, and long confined to his house : being a little recovered, he went abroad one day, into the Temple fields, to enjoy the fresh air, and see the archers practising. In the mean time, came a yeoman of the guard to his house, inquiring for him, and telling his wife that Tankerfield was wanted to assist in preparing a banquet at Lord Paget's. The simple woman, delighted at the thought of her poor husband now earning something after his long sickness, prepared to run into the fields to fetch him ; first honouring her treacherous visitor, whose fine apparel struck her as indicating

something of rank, by bringing a soft cushion for him to sit on, and placing before him a clean napkin with the best of her bread. She then hastened to seek her husband, who, on hearing her story, exclaimed, "A banquet, woman! Indeed, it is such a banquet as will not be very pleasant to the flesh; but God's will be done!" Entering his house, he saw the yeoman, Beard, and called him by his name; which, when his poor wife perceived, being made aware that she had innocently helped to betray her husband into hands prepared to shed his blood, she, too much in the spirit of Peter, seized a spit, and would have run the guardsman through, had not the constable, whom he had sent for to take Tankerfield, arrived, just in time to rescue his employer, who quickly left the house; but did not escape a severe blow on the back from a brickbat, which Tankerfield's wife, in her distraction, sent after him.

Tankerfield, after being imprisoned in Newgate for six months, appeared before Bonner, with the other nine victims, and answered very clearly to the articles. He had not, he said, for five years past, confessed to a priest, nor to any other but to God; neither would he hereafter be confessed to any priest, for he found it not in Christ's book, and took it only to be a counsel, or consulting of a minister. Concerning the sacrament, commonly called of the altar, he did not believe that in it is the real body and blood of Christ; because his body is ascended into heaven, and there doth it sit at the right hand of God the Father. He also declared the mass to be naught, full of idolatry and abomination, and against the word of God; affirming likewise that there are but two sacraments in the church of Christ, baptism, and the supper of the Lord. To these assertions he said he would stand: and so, by God's grace, he did, even to the end.

When Bonner read the sentence, exhorting him to revoke the aforesaid opinion which they called heretical and damnable, Tankerfield answered the bishop, "I will not forsake mine opinions, unless you, my lord, can refute them by scriptures; and I care not for your divinity, for you condemn all men, and prove nothing against them." Bonner persisted in his efforts to draw the martyr from his faith; but to these repeated inducements he replied, that the church whereof the pope is supreme head is no part of Christ's catholic church. Then, pointing to the bishop, he added, addressing the people, "Good people, beware of

him, and such as he is ; for these be the men that deceive you." He spoke more to the same purpose, until Bonner, concluding the sentence of condemnation, delivered him to the secular power, by whom he was conducted, after an interval, to St. Alban's, where he was enabled to glorify God by his death.

It was on the 26th of August, 1555, that George Tankerfield entered this ancient town, and being taken to an inn, called the Cross Keys, found a great multitude assembled to look on him. Some expressed great sorrow at seeing so godly a man brought to be burned ; others praised God for his constancy, and perseverance in the truth. On the contrary part, there were not a few who regretted his resolute standing in such opinions ; and some old men and women reviled him as a heretic, saying it was pity he lived so long. Tankerfield, however, spoke so feelingly to them out of God's word, lamenting their ignorance, and protesting to them how unspotted his conscience was in this matter, that God, by his means, softened their stubborn hearts ; inso-much that several left him weeping.

After these came a schoolmaster, who strove much to convince, him by arguments built on the authority of fallible doctors ; while Tankerfield answered him out of the Scriptures, and refused to credit what any doctor said, unless it were confirmed by the word of God ; even as the other had rejected all appeal to the Scriptures, except as his doctors admitted it. At length the martyr besought him to trouble him no more with such matters, his conscience being fully established in the truth of what he held ; and the schoolmaster departed, wishing him well ; protesting that he meant him no more hurt than his own soul. When he was gone, the faithful and thankful servant of God requested to have a cup of wine and a loaf, that he might eat and drink in remembrance of Christ's death and passion, because he could not have it ministered to him by others in such manner as Christ commanded. He then kneeled down, making his confession to the Lord, with all who were in the chamber with him ; and after praying earnestly, and reading the institution of the holy supper from the evangelists and St. Paul, he humbly said, " O Lord, thou knowest it, I do not this to derogate authority from any man, or in contempt of those which are thy ministers ; but only because I cannot have it ministered according to thy word." Then, having added more to the same purpose, he received it, giving

thanks. When, after this, some of his friends wished him to take meat, he replied, that he would not eat that which might do good to others who had more need of it, and a longer time to live than he had.

What followed, shows how anxious some of these blessed martyrs were to familiarize themselves beforehand with the pains of their fiery death, like Bilney. Tankerfield requested his host to let him have a good fire in the chamber; and when it was done, he, seated on a form before it, put off his shoes and stockings, stretching out his leg to the flame; but on feeling the piercing heat, he quickly drew it back again. Fox quaintly throws the probable conflict of the victim into a dialogue between flesh and spirit. "The flesh said, O thou fool, wilt thou burn, and needest not? The spirit said, Be not afraid; for this is nothing in respect of fire eternal. The flesh said, Do not leave the company of thy friends and acquaintance which love thee, and will let thee lack nothing. The spirit said, The company of Jesus Christ, and his glorious presence, doth exceed all fleshly friends. The flesh said, Do not shorten my time; for thou mayest live if thou wilt, much longer. The spirit said, This life is nothing unto the life in heaven which lasteth for ever."

All this while the sheriffs and their company were regaling themselves at dinner with a neighbouring gentleman, whose son was married that day; and until they left the wedding-feast, the poor Christian remained in quiet preparation for a far richer banquet than earth can yield. The master of the inn treated him most kindly and lovingly; and he showed no impatience or inquietness, cheerfully repeating an old distich on the certainty of the coming evening, however long the day might seem. At last the officers came, and Tankerfield was brought out to a green spot near the west end of the abbey church, where the stake was set up for him. He kneeled by it, praying for a time, and then rising up, cheerful in faith, remarked that though he had a sharp dinner, yet he hoped to have a joyful supper in heaven. When the fagots were piled about him, a priest approached persuading him to believe on the sacrament of the altar, as he called it, and he should be saved. Tankerfield, however, detesting the very appearance of listening to such counsel, vehemently cried out, "I defy the harlot of Babylon, I defy the harlot of Babylon: fie on that abominable idol! Good people, do not believe

him; good people, do not believe him!" On this the mayor of St. Alban's commanded to set fire to the heretic; protesting that if he had but one load of fagots in the whole world, he would give them to burn him. But a knight who stood by went up to the martyr, and taking him by the hand said, in an under tone, "Good brother, be strong in Christ." "Oh, sir," answered Tankerfield, "I thank you; I am so, I thank God." Fire being applied, he desired the sheriffs, and all present to pray for him; which the greater number did. He embraced the flames, bathed his hands in them, and calling on the name of the Lord Jesus, was soon in His glorious presence, to go no more out.

George Tankerfield was a convert from popery, of God's own making, without any human interposition; and from the steadfastness, the constancy, the fervency of his protest against it, may be gathered the extent of that evil from which he saw himself delivered. While believers were confirmed in the faith, by his courageous death, it produced a different effect on some superstitious adherents to the Romish delusion. They could not deny what all men witnessed; but, obstinate in error, maintained that the devil was so strong in him and all such heretics, that they could scarcely feel any pain, neither could repent of their sins.

ROBERT SMITH was, in station and breeding, of a class superior to these his fellow-witnesses for the truth. He had formerly belonged to the household of the provost of Eton, whence he was preferred to a clerkship in Windsor. Having embraced the gospel, he was greatly confirmed therein by the preaching of a godly man named Turner; and became fervent in the truth. He was likewise an accomplished artist, with considerable poetical taste, of pleasing exterior, and active habits. Such a man, thoroughly devoted to the protestant faith, could not but be an object of dread to its enemies: Smith was deprived of his clerkship when Mary came to the throne, and in the following year was cast into prison. On his first examination before Bonner, he failed not to express very openly his just opinion of that evil man; and of the treacherous pits wherein God's helpless flock were snared and taken, by him and his confederates. Bonner asked him how long it was since he was confessed to any priest; "Never," he replied, "since I had years of discretion: for I never saw it needful, neither commanded of God, to come and show my faults to any of that sinful number, whom ye call priests." Bon-

ner remarked, "Thou showest thyself, even at the first chop, to be a rank heretic, which, being weary of painting, art entered into divinity; and so fallen, through thy departing from thy vocation, into heresy." To this Smith answered, that though he understood the art of painting, he had not, he praised God, found any need to follow it as a vocation, but had lived without it in his house, as honestly in his vocation as Bonner in his; using it better than ever the bishop used the pulpit. He was then asked concerning the sacrament; and replied, that he had never received it since he came of age, nor ever intended so to do; nor did he esteem it God's ordinance, but rather as being set up to mock God withal. The next question was whether he did not believe it to be the very body of Christ, as born of the virgin, naturally, substantially, and really, after the words of consecration? Smith said, "I showed you before that it was none of God's ordinance, as ye use it; then much less to be God, or any part of his substance, but only bread and wine, erected to the use aforesaid, (that is, to mock God.) Yet, nevertheless, if ye can approve it to be the body that ye spake of, by the word, I will believe it; if not, I will, as I do, account it a detestable idol; not God, but contrary to God and his truth." At this Bonner raged exceedingly; ending with saying there was no remedy, but he must be burned. Smith courageously replied, "Ye shall do no more unto me than ye have done to better men than either of us both. But think not thereby to quench the Spirit of God, neither thereby to make your matter good: for your sore is too well seen to be healed so privily with blood. For even the very children have all your deeds in derision; so that although ye patch up one place with authority, yet shall it break out in forty to your shame." Here it was again manifest how greatly the enemies of the truth coveted such bold and free-spoken champions: for after railing at him Bonner exclaimed, throwing down the articles of his accusation, "Well, even now, by my troth, even in good earnest, if thou wilt go and be shriven, I will tear this paper in pieces." Smith answered it would be too much to his shame to show it to men of discretion.

After this, Smith was sent out until Harwood had been examined; then he was again questioned as to his belief in the catholic church. He admitted its existence, as a faithful congregation, built on the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ being the chief corner-stone: "which church,



in all her words and works maintaineth the word, and bringeth the same for her authority, and without it doth nothing, nor ought to do. Of which church I am assured I am by grace made a member." Bonner resumed, "Ye shall understand, that I am bound when my brother offendeth and will not be reconciled, to bring him before the congregation; now if your church be the same, where may a man find it, to bring his brother before the same?"

S. "It is written in the Acts of the Apostles, that when the tyranny of the bishops was so great against the church in Jewry, they were fain to congregate in houses and secret places, as they now do; and yet were they nevertheless the church of God; and seeing they had their matters redressed, being shut up in a corner, may we not do the like now-a-days?"

B. "Yea, their church was known full well. For St. Paul writ to the Corinthians, to have the man punished and excommunicated that had committed evil. Whereby we may well perceive it was a known church; but yours is not known."

S. "Then could you not persecute it as you do; but as ye say the church of God at Corinth was manifest both to God and Paul, even so is this church of God in England, whom ye persecute, both known to God and also even to the very wicked; although they know not, nor will they know, their truth and conversation: yea, and your sinful number have professed their verity, and maintained the same a long season."

B. "Well, thou sayest that the church of God was only at Corinth, when Paul writ to them; and so will I put in writing, shall I?"

S. "I do marvel greatly, my lord, that ye are not ashamed to lay snares for your brethren in this manner. This is now the third snare you have laid for me. First, to make me confess that the church of England is not the church of Christ: secondly, to say it is not known: thirdly, to say the church of God is not universal but particular. And this is not the office of a bishop; for if an innocent had come in your way, you would have done your best, I see, to have entangled him."

Harpsfield remarked, "Well, friend, you are no innocent, as it appeareth."

S. "By the grace of God I am that I am, and this grace in me, I hope, is not in vain."

On this exposure of their wicked subtlety, the shameless Bonner laughed; and once more demanded his opinion respecting the church. He answered, "I told you whereupon the true church is builded, and this I affirm in England to be the congregation of God, and also in all the world, as it is written, 'Their sound is gone forth into all lands;' and that is the afflicted and persecuted church, which ye cease not to slay and kill. And in Corinth was not all the congregation of God, but a number of those holy and elect people of God? For neither Paul nor Peter were present at Corinth when they wrote, and yet were they of the church of God; as many thousands more, which also communicate in that Holy Spirit." "What call ye catholic?" said Bonner, "and what call ye church?" Smith answered, "Catholic is universal; and church is a congregation knit together in unity."

It was then laid to his charge, that he and his fellow prisoner spake the same thing; for which Smith praised God. Being again sent into the bishop's garden, one of the chaplains came to him, asking if he were a prisoner: he replied, "I am in this flesh a prisoner, and subject to my master and yours; but I hope yet the Lord's free man through Christ Jesus." The chaplain professing much good will, proceeded to discuss with him the subject of the corporeal presence: and when Smith noticed the inevitable consequences of eating and digesting a substance, as leading to a derogation of Christ's glorious majesty too shocking to be dwelt upon, this besotted advocate of a blasphemous fable, asked what greater derogation it was to Christ than that the Jews should have spit in his face! Smith answered, "If the Jews being his enemies did spit in his face, and we being his friends throw him into the vilest receptacle, which of us have deserved the greater damnation? By your argument, he that doth most injury to Christ shall have a most plenteous salvation." On this the doctor betook him to metaphysical arguments, asserting the humanity of our Lord to be incomprehensible; adducing as a proof thereof, that he came in among his disciples, the doors being shut. For to this plain heresy, of denying the true and perfect humanity of Christ, is popery inevitably driven, in defending her monstrous creed. Smith immediately answered, "Although it is said, that when he came, the doors were shut, yet have I as much to prove that the doors opened at his coming, as ye have to prove he came

through the door. For that mighty God that brought the disciples out of prison, which yet, when search came was found shut, was able to let Christ in at the door although it were shut; and yet it maketh not for your purpose, for they saw him, and heard him, and felt him, so can we not say ye do: neither is he in more than in one place at once." At this answer, the chaplain uttered many scoffs, and left him. The prisoners were then taken into the bishop's hall, where they were baited by his serving-men, nearly all the day; until their keeper displeased at such disorder, shut the martyr up in a quiet chamber, while Bonner went to the pious work of condemning Denley and Newman.

At length Smith was summoned into the bishop's presence, whom he found seated with the lord mayor and one of the sheriffs, with plenty of wine circulating among them, while the true servant of God, standing before them as an outcast, was reminded how Pilate and Herod were made friends. When the bishop had drunk his fill, Smith's articles were sent for and read; and he was asked whether they were his declarations. He replied, "That I have said, I have said; and what I have said, I do mean utterly." Bonner's following speech to the mayor, contains an assertion, verified by an appeal to the Searcher of hearts, which must have astounded all who heard it: he said, "Well, my lord mayor, your lordship hath heard somewhat what a stout heretic this is, and that his articles have deserved death; yet, nevertheless, forasmuch as they report me to seek blood, and call me bloody Bonner, *whereas, God knoweth, I never sought any man's blood in all my life*, I have stayed him from the consistory this day, whither I might have brought him justly; and, yet, here before your lordship I desire him to turn, and I will with all speed dispatch him out of trouble; and this I profess before your lordship and all this audience." This hypocrisy was not suffered to pass, by the martyr: "Why, my lord," said he, "do ye put on this fair vision before my lord mayor, to make him believe that ye seek not my blood, to cloak your murders through my stoutness, as ye call it? Have ye not had my brother Tomkins before you, whose hand, when you had burned most cruelly, ye burnt also his body, and not only of him, but of a great many of the members of Christ, men that feared God, and lived virtuously, and also the queen's majesty's most true subjects, as their goods

and bodies have made manifest? And seeing to these saints ye have showed so little mercy, shall it seem to my lord and this audience that ye show me more favour? No, no, my lord, but if ye mean as ye say, why then examine ye me of that I am not bound to answer unto?" To this Bonner could no otherwise answer than by the old question of his belief concerning the corporeal presence. Smith referred to his former declaration, adding, that he had publicly proved it was a dead god, by declaring the distinction appointed between the bread and wine (by withholding the cup from the laity) and that a body without blood had no life.

This called up Harpsfield, who accused him of blaspheming God by so saying; and undertook to prove that charge by Scripture;—"For," said he, "it is given in two parts, because there are two things showed; that is to say, his body and his passion, as saith St. Paul; and therefore is the bread his body, and the wine the representation of his blood-shedding." Smith replied, "Ye falsify the word, and rack it to serve your purposes. For the wine was not only the showing of his passion, but the bread also; for our Saviour saith, "So oft as ye do this, do it in remembrance of me." And St. Paul saith, "So oft as ye eat of this bread, and drink of this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he come." And here is as much reverence given to the one as to the other. Wherefore if the bread be his body, the cup must be his blood; and as well ye make his body in the cup, as his blood in the bread." Bonner on this rose up; and the lord mayor entreated Smith to save his soul, who answered that he hoped it was saved through Jesus Christ; in turn desiring him to have pity on his own soul, and to remember whose sword he carried.

The rest of the prisoners being disposed of in the usual way, all were remanded to Newgate; a charge being given to the keeper, by Bonner, to lay Smith in closer confinement.

On the next examination, Bonner commenced with the plain falsehood that Robert Smith had said, there was no catholic church on earth, which the martyr of course denied, appealing to the written confession. However, the bishop told him he must make that statement, and ask his opinion. "Must ye," said Smith, "of necessity begin with a lie? It maketh manifest that ye determine to end with the same: but there shall no liars enter into the kingdom

of God." He then confirmed his former answer, as to the church. On auricular confession, he had also before declared that it was not needful for Christ's church; he now added, "If it be needful for your church, it is to pick men's purses. And such pick-purse matters are all the whole rabble of your ceremonies: for all is but a money matter that ye maintain." Bonner dared him to prove this unwelcome truth; but when he proceeded so to do, illustrating it by an anecdote of something occurring within his own knowledge, the bishop interrupted him, with revilings, adding,—“By the mass, if the queen's majesty were of my mind, he should not come to talk before any man, but should be put into a sack, and a dog tied unto the same, and so should be thrown into the water.” Smith told him he spoke by practice, as much as by speculation; and reminded him of Hunne, whom he caused to be murdered in prison, and then made it appear that he had hanged himself; with other dreadful instances of prisoners, who for the truth's sake, had been tortured to death in their dungeons by his direction. When Bonner protested that not a true word ever came out of the mouths of those whom he called heretics and a generation of liars, Smith answered, “Yes, my lord; I have said that Jesus Christ is dead for my sins, and risen for my justification, and that is no lie.”

He was then asked of the sacraments; and in what point the Romish church had changed God's order in baptism? He said, “First, in hallowing the water; in conjuring of the same; in baptizing children with anointing, and spitting in their mouths, mingled with salt, and with many other ignorant ceremonies, of which not one point is able to be proved in God's word.” Here Bonner again swore, and received a rebuke from the martyr. He then asserted that young children who were without baptism must be eternally lost; on which Smith demanded of him “whether we are saved by water or by Christ?” Bonner answered, “By both;” which led to a dispute on the subject. Bonner alleged two passages—“Except a man be born of water and of the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God;” and “Suffer little children to come unto me.” From these he argued that children who were unbaptized were hindered from coming to Christ. Smith entered into the question somewhat at large: “Where ye allege St. John, “Except a man be born,” &c., and will thereby prove the water to save, and so the deed or work to save, or put away sins, I

will send you to St. Paul, which asketh of the Galatians, whether they received the Spirit by the deeds of the law, or by the preaching of faith? and then concludeth that the Holy Ghost accompanieth the preaching of faith, and with the word of faith entereth into the heart. So now, if baptism preach to me the washing in Christ's blood, so doth the Holy Ghost accompany it; and it is unto me a preacher and not a Saviour. And where ye say, I hinder the children from coming unto Christ, it is manifest by our Saviour's word that ye hinder their coming, that will not suffer them to come without the necessity of water. For he said, "suffer them to come unto me," and not unto water; and therefore, if ye condemn them, ye condemn both the merits and words of Christ." He adduced several Scriptures to prove that it is Christ, and Christ alone, who cleanses from original sin.

Bonner observed, that he made the water of no effect, and might then put it away; but Smith resumed, "It is not," saith St. Peter, 'the washing away of the filth of the flesh, but in that a good conscience consenteth unto God.' And to prove that water only bringeth not the Holy Ghost, it is written in the eighth of the Acts, that Simon received water, but would have received the Holy Ghost for money. Also that the Holy Ghost hath come before baptism; it is written that John had the Holy Ghost from his mother's womb. Cornelius, Paul, and the queen Candace's servant, with many others, received the Holy Ghost before baptism. Yea, and although your generation have set at nought the word of God, and like swine turned his words upside-down, yet must his church keep the same, in that order which he left them, which his church dare not break; and to judge the children damned that be not baptized, it is wicked."

It must be borne in mind, that our martyrs were very far from setting aside, despising, or neglecting, the sacrament of baptism. They contended against the error, which, after entirely changing the ordinance, invested it with an efficacy belonging to the blood of Christ alone: inasmuch, that if a little infant, the child of most believing, godly parents, died before the outward rite could be administered, no hope was given of its salvation: on the other hand, that mere external ceremony was held up as an effectual cleansing from the whole guilt of original sin.

When, next on the list, Bonner questioned Robert Smith

as to his belief in "the sacrament of orders," the other pun-  
gently answered, "Ye may call it the sacrament of misor-  
ders; for all orders are appointed of God. But as for your  
shaving, anointing, greasing, polling, and rounding, there  
are no such things appointed in God's book; and therefore  
I have nothing to do to believe your orders. And as for  
you, my lord, if ye had grace and intelligence, ye would  
not disfigure yourself; as ye do." "Say you so?" exclaimed  
the dignified prelate, "now, by my troth I will go shave  
myself, to anger thee withal." And so saying, he sent for  
his barber to trim the tonsure on his crown, having the  
door open, that Smith might, as he hoped, be offended at  
the proceeding. Some further discussion took place, with  
the chaplains, while this was going on; until Bonner, being  
shorn to his fancy, came in, and asked Smith how he liked  
him, who replied, "Forsooth, ye are even as wise as ye  
were before ye were shaven." Some railing followed, with  
a final inquiry, whether he would turn; and receiving no  
hope of that, Bonner said, "Well, thou shalt be burned at  
a stake in Smithfield, if thou wilt not turn." "And ye shall  
burn in hell, if ye repent not," was the reply: "but, my  
lord, to put you out of doubt, because I am weary, I will  
strain courtesy with you. I perceive you will not, with  
your doctors, come unto me; and I am determined not to  
come unto you, by God's grace; for I have hardened my  
face against you, as hard as brass." Then followed his  
recomittal to close prison, in Newgate. Bold, and even  
rude and severe, as Smith was before these wanton man-  
slayers, he exhibited a different aspect in the prison, where  
he had been cruelly kept for more than two years. There  
he was, of all others, most diligent in promoting every  
godly exercise, of reading, prayer, and mutual confirma-  
tion in the truth. He was also earnestly solicitous in seek-  
ing the spiritual welfare of other prisoners, confined for  
criminal offences; and many souls were, by his means,  
converted to God. The rest of his time was employed in  
writing profitable letters to his friends, of which some were  
in very good metre, showing a taste for poetry. His last  
examination was as one of the ten victims singled out to  
thin the gaol; when Bonner, with an oath, assured the lord  
mayor and sheriffs, that he had shown him the utmost  
favour, but found it to be lost labour. This was speedily  
followed by a gross falsehood, attested by Mordant, the  
betrayed of Lawrence Saunders, and which, by calling on

an unprejudiced witness, Smith at once disproved. Tankerfield, who was coupled with him in this examination, defended the way which they called heresy, on which Bonner sneeringly remarked, "By my troth, Mr. Speaker, ye shall preach at a stake." Smith made a solemn appeal to the lord mayor, who could only hang down his head in silence; and when, after having their demand for a fair hearing set at nought, the martyrs were brought in for final judgment, Bonner, who seemed to grow daily more desperately hardened, commenced a jesting story about a cook, in derision of Tankerfield's calling. Smith interrupted him, "My lord, ye fill the people's ears with fantasies and foolish tales, and make a laughing matter at blood; but if ye were a true bishop, ye would leave these railing sentences, and speak the words of God."

When the sentence was read, commencing "*In Dei nomine*," this intrepid reprovor cut the bishop short, saying, he began in a wrong name; and inquiring of him, where he learned in Scripture to give sentence of death against any man for his conscience's sake. No answer was given; the reading was finished; and Bonner on coming to the end exclaimed, "Away with him!" Then tauntingly said, "Now call me bloody bishop, and say I seek thy blood!" Smith told him, that though neither he nor any other present should report that truth, the very stones would cry out of it, sooner than it should be hidden. One more solemn warning he addressed to his sanguinary persecutors; ending, "Nevertheless, my lord mayor, forasmuch as ye have here exercised God's sword causeless, and will not hear the right of the poor, I commit my cause to Almighty God, that shall judge all men according unto right, before whom we shall both stand without authority: and there will I stand in the right and have true judgment, to your great confusion, except ye repent; which the Lord grant you to do, if it be his will!"

On the same day that Tankerfield suffered at St. Alban's, Robert Smith, at Uxbridge, yielded also his life: and as he had been a singular instrument of usefulness in the prison to those around him, so at the stake did he greatly comfort and strengthen the people standing about it; entreating them to think well of his cause, and not to doubt but that his body, dying in that quarrel, should rise again to life: expressing also his hope that God would show them some token thereof. Nor was that expectation disappoint-



ed; for being not only blackened, but encrusted and shrivelled together like a burnt coal, and none doubting that he was quite dead, suddenly he rose upright before them all, and lifting the remainder of his arms, rejoicingly clapped them together. Then, bending down again, and hanging over the fire, he ended his mortal course by falling asleep in the Lord.

One of Smith's letters to his wife furnishes a curious specimen of sententious writing, showing also that he possessed a mind of no inferior order, together with much sound spiritual knowledge.

“Seek first to love God, dear wife, with your whole heart; and then shall it be easy to love your neighbour.

“Be friendly to all creatures, and especially to your own soul.

“Be always an enemy to the devil and the world; but especially to your own flesh.

“In hearing of good things, join the ears of your head and heart together.

“Seek unity and quietness with all men; but specially with your own conscience; for he will not easily be intreated.

“Love all men; but especially your enemies.

“Hate the sins that are past, but especially those to come.

“Be as ready to further your enemy as he is to hinder you, that ye may be the child of God.

“Defile not that which Christ hath cleansed, lest his blood be laid to your charge.

“Remember that God hath hedged in your tongue with the teeth and lips, that it might speak under correction.

“Be ready at all times to look to your brother's eye, but especially in your own eye: for he that warneth others of that wherein he himself is faulty, doth give his neighbour the clear wine, and keepeth the dregs to himself.

“Beware of riches and worldly honour; for without understanding, prayer, and fasting, it is a snare, and also poverty; all which are like to consuming fire, of which if a man take a little it will warm him, but if he take too much it will consume him. For it is hard for a man to carry fire in his bosom and not to be burnt.

“Show mercy unto the saints for Christ's sake, and Christ shall reward you for the saints' sake. Among all other prisoners, visit your own soul; for it is enclosed in a perilous prison.

“If you will love God, hate evil; and you shall obtain the reward of well-doing.

“Thus fare you well, good Anne. Have me heartily commended to all that love the Lord unfeignedly. I beseech you, have me in your prayer while I am living, and I am assured the Lord will accept it. Bring up my children and yours in the fear of God, and then shall I not fail to receive you together in the everlasting kingdom of God, which I go unto.

Your husband,  
ROBERT SMITH.”

“If ye will meet with me again,  
Forsake not Christ for any pain.”

When we consider how precious must have been such letters as the foregoing in the sight of those to whom they were addressed, how deep an interest must have attached to them among the wide circle of kinsfolk and acquaintance, and with what care the important truths therein contained would be impressed on the minds of children, while listening to the minute details of all that the good man did and said in the midst of flaming fire, the ashes of which were yet hardly cool—we may discern the needs-be for what our precious martyrs suffered. We may somewhat more justly estimate the original cost of English Protestantism, and more accurately weigh the sure consequences of trifling with that dear-bought blessing. It may be wished that all the confessors had preserved the same lamb-like meekness which marked John Bradford, Lawrence Saunders, and others like them, when in presence of their adversaries; but, among God’s holiest people, even in this refined and polished age, there are not a few, who, if they detected a villain privily infusing deadly poison into the fountain which supplied a whole city with water, would break out into expressions no whit less indignantly severe than the very roughest of the martyrs used towards Bonner and his accomplices; engaged as they were in actually damming up the waters of life, and sending through their appointed channels the venomous streams of everlasting death.

The last effusion of Robert Smith from the walls of Newgate breathes much sweetness: it was addressed “To all faithful servants of Christ, exhorting them to be strong under persecution.”

Content thyself with patience,  
 With Christ to bear the cross of pain,  
 Who can and will thee recompense  
 A thousand fold with joys again.  
 Let nothing cause thy heart to quail,  
 Launch out thy boat, hale up thy sail,  
 Put from the shore ;  
 And be thou sure thou shalt attain  
 Unto the port that shall remain  
 For evermore.

About the same time with Smith and Tankerfield were burned two others of the number together condemned. STEPHEN HARWOOD suffered at Stratford; THOMAS FUST at Ware. They held, and with great constancy maintained the doctrine of the gospel; cheerfully giving their bodies to the flames, in confirmation thereof. The bishops' registers, from which Fox took many of his details, are exceedingly defective in recording what was uttered by the martyrs; but mention is there made of the steadfastness of Fust, in withstanding Bonner's persuasions to revoke his opinions. He boldly asserted that no truth came out of the mouths of the Romish teachers, but all lies, repeatedly declaring his firm assurance that what he held and spoke was truth, nothing but truth.

WILLIAM HALE, of Thorpe, in Essex, was another of this company. When his sentence was read, he turned to the bystanders, and pointing to the bishop of London, said, "Ah, good people, beware of this idolator, and this anti-christ!" He sealed his faith at Barnet, with the same constancy that distinguished his brethren; and yielded his soul to the Lord Jesus, his only and all-sufficient Saviour.

JOAN LASHFORD, although not burned until the following year, may be here mentioned as the seventh among these ten victims. She was the daughter of Elizabeth Warne, by a former marriage with John Lashford, a cutler. While Warne and his wife were in prison for the testimony of the truth, Joan, a godly young woman, about twenty years of age, ministered to them in their distress. For this, and her known attachment to the same principles, she was accused by that unnatural persecutor, Dr. Storey, and sent to Bonner's inquisitorial court, where, on examination, she declared that for more than twelve months past she had not attended the mass service, neither would she again; nor do reverence to their sacrament, nor be con-

fessed, because her conscience would not suffer her so to do. She protested her belief that the real body of Christ is not present in the sacrament; that auricular confession and absolution after the Romish fashion, are unnecessary, the mass neither good nor according to Scripture; but all of them, together with the other superfluous sacraments, ceremonies, and service, as then used in England, were most vile, and contrary to Christ's word and institution; and as they were not at the beginning, so should they not either be at the latter end. Tender in years, feeble in body, but wonderfully strong in faith, this girl stood so firmly to her confession, that neither the arguments, flattering promises, nor violent threats of the bishops could move her. When Bonner persisted in exhorting her to return to the catholic unity of the church, as he called it, she replied, "If ye will leave off your abominations I will return; otherwise, I will not." Again was pardon offered to her, if she would recant; but her only answer was, "Do as it pleaseth you; and I pray God you may do that which may please God." She was condemned and brought to the stake with six other godly martyrs, when, having washed her robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, she passed through her short, but great tribulation, to stand before his throne for ever.

The remaining three, of those condemned together on the twelfth of July, 1555, were **GEORGE KING**, **THOMAS LEYES**, and **JOHN WADE**. These, having received sentence, and willingly preparing for the consummation of their sacrifice, belong undoubtedly to our noble army of martyrs, although they escaped the fire, by dying in prison, through the extremity of cruel usage. Their lifeless bodies were, of course, cast out into the fields like dead dogs; until the poor disciples of Christ, coming under cover of night, took them up and buried them, none venturing to be seen by day engaged in so unlawful an occupation as that of committing the corpse of a Christian to the decent shelter of a grave.

Another such instance occurred in the case of **WILLIAM ANDREW**, also an "arrogant heretic," as the accusation set forth, from Thorpe. He stood manfully in defence of his religion before Bonner, and was adjudged to the flames; but from barbarous handling in Newgate he died, his legs being fast in the stocks, while his body lay dead on the ground among his fellow sufferers; who having their ankles

and wrists confined in that cruel engine, could render him no help.

But, harassing as was this mode of cramping the limbs in wooden stocks, it bore no comparison to the tortures inflicted on such as fell into the hands of that most inhuman tormentor, Hopton, bishop of Norwich, and his barbarous chancellor, Dunning. They devised such plans as were worthy of the Spanish inquisition; by means whereof, not a few who came into their power relinquished their profession together with their senses; absolute madness being often the effect of such protracted bodily agonies as nature could not support. Bonner's thirst was for the lives of his prey, and a speedy death promised deliverance to such as came before him; but these men delighted in lengthening the existence of their victims, while they were capable of enduring fresh torments. The principle was the same: it worked variously according to the individual characters of those who possessed the means of manifesting it, uncontrolled by any apprehension of punishment: and not to any modification of that principle, which is essentially cruel, but to the general dissimilarity of the English character, prepared to that intent by the overruling and restraining providence of God, did his poor servants owe their common exemption from the refinements of the rack, and all its horrible accompaniments.

Hopton and Dunning, predisposed to every excess of cruelty, lacked not suitable assistants among the commissioned magistrates of the diocese. There was one Foster, a justice of the peace, residing at a short distance from Ipswich, in Suffolk, who had no greater pleasure than in hunting out, and delivering up to the tender mercies of the ecclesiastics, all who presumed to obey God rather than man. He had in his neighbourhood a victim whom he longed to ensnare: this was ROBERT SAMUEL, a faithful, diligent preacher of the gospel, who, during the happy reign of king Edward, ceased not to feed his flock according to the will of God. He was minister of Barfold, in Suffolk; remarkable for the bold fidelity of his sermons, and greatly esteemed by all who knew him.

When Mary came to the throne, Mr. Samuel was deprived of his benefice, with other faithful preachers; but he continued secretly, by all possible means, to instruct his flock, strengthening them in the Lord, against the false doctrine of those who now had the upper hand. When the

queen's order arrived, that all priests who had wives should put them away, and return to the profession of celibacy, Samuel utterly refused to conform to what he well knew to be manifestly wicked and abominable. He considered that God's laws were not to be broken for man's traditions; and though he had surrendered his benefice at the royal command, his wife he would not banish. He kept her still residing at Ipswich, and used every occasion of instructing such as came in his way. Foster, always watching to afflict the Lord's people, soon had intelligence of this, and set spies about the house, that whensoever the good minister might be found in the society of his wife, he should be apprehended. It was not long before Samuel came home; when, all being prepared, the officer brought a great company, who beset the house in the dead of night, and breaking in took their victim. He made no resistance, but meekly submitting himself, was conducted to the gaol of Ipswich; where he quietly passed his time among other of the persecuted saints; and after a while was sent, by the malice of his enemies, to Norwich.

Hopton and Dunning supposing that they might prevail with Samuel as they had done with others, by cruel tortures, immediately caused him to be lodged in a narrow cell, chained to a large post, in such a way that he was compelled to stand perfectly upright, the whole weight of his body resting on his toes, which just touched the ground. Not satisfied with this, they gave him only a few morsels of bread, and three spoonfuls of water each day; so that, without even satisfying the cravings of hunger and thirst, life was sustained for the longer endurance of their barbarities. The martyr described to some who stood about him at his burning, the acute sufferings that he had to endure, his sinews strained to their utmost stretch, his body dried up, and his whole frame tormented by the raging hunger and thirst which he had no possible means of appeasing. Great, however, as were his afflictions, he declared the exceeding abundance of his consolations to overpass them. Among other things he said, that after being for two or three days thus famished, he fell into a kind of sleep, when one clad all in white seemed to stand before him, comforting him with these words; "Samuel, Samuel, be of good cheer, and take a good heart unto thee: for after this day shalt thou never be hungry or thirsty." From that time till he was burned, which occurred not long after, he

declared that he felt neither hunger nor thirst; and this he proclaimed, as he said, that all men might see the wonderful works of God. Many other things, he added, he might have told, but kept them back, lest he should seem to boast. Whatever opinions may be formed, in our day, of such impressions, we must ourselves undergo the same extremities that these martyrs did in the cause of Christ, before we may presume to decide with what measure of consolation He who is omnipotent may be pleased to comfort his afflicted saints.

As Samuel was going to the fire, a young female came up to him, embracing him with an affectionate farewell. For this, her own life was sought, but by the providence of God she escaped: two other females were, however, on the same ground, soon after taken and burnt.

Mr. Samuel wrote an impressive exhortation to the Lord's people, "On the present suffering of affliction for Christ's cause." It shows how fully prepared he was for what afterwards came upon him, counting it all joy to suffer for his Master's name. After showing the awful consequences of falling into the snare set for their souls by ungodly persecutors, he proceeds, "Let us therefore, good Christians, be constant in obeying God rather than men. For although they slay our sinful bodies, (yea rather our deadly enemies) for God's verity, yet they cannot do it but by God's sufferance and good-will, to his praise and honour, and to our eternal joy and felicity. For our blood shed for the gospel shall preach it with more fruit, and greater furtherance, than did our mouths, lives, and writings; as did the blood of Abel, Stephen, and many other more. What though they laugh Christ and his word to scorn, which sit in the chair of perverse, pestilent scorners? To whom, as to the wise Gentiles of the world, the gospel of Christ is but foolishness, as it was to the Jews a slander and a stumbling-stone, whereat they now being fallen, have provoked the wrath and vengeance of God upon them."

Besides this, he also addressed to the Christian congregation a full, and in many respects, a striking confession of his faith. On "the resurrection of the body and the life everlasting," he wrote as one whose inmost soul rejoiced in the hope of the glory to be revealed. "It is Christ that died once for our sins," so he concludes this branch of his subject,—“and is risen again, never more to die: it is he that swallowed up death, and hath cast it under his feet for

ever. What now can death do unto us? Verily, nothing else, but for a little time separate our precious souls from our wretched bodies; that divine substance from a mass of sin; that eternal life from a body of death; and so send our souls out of this miserable, wretched, and sorrowful life, cumbered with all calamities, into that most blessed felicity and joys eternal."

The sacrament of the Lord's Supper forming the great point of controversy, between the Romish communion and the Protestant church, it is both interesting and important to ascertain the precise view taken of it by those who gave their bodies to the flames in opposition to the fearful error of Popery. Samuel was a devout and learned minister, accustomed to instruct his flock on this momentous subject; he has left a record of his belief, and we subjoin it, as being eminently spiritual. After treating satisfactorily of baptism, he says, "The other sacrament, which is the supper, and holy command of our Saviour Christ, whereby the church of Christ is known, I believe to be a remembrance of Christ's death and passion, a seal and confirmation of his most precious body given unto death, even to the vile death of the cross, wherewith we are redeemed, and delivered from sin, death, hell, and damnation. It is a visible word; because it worketh the same thing in the eyes which the word worketh in the ears. For like as the word is a mean to the ears, whereby the Holy Ghost moveth the heart to believe, so this sacrament is a mean to the eyes, whereby the Holy Ghost moveth the heart to believe. It preacheth peace between God and man: it exhorteth to mutual love and all godly life; and teacheth to contemn the world for the life to come, when Christ shall appear, which is now in heaven, and no where else as concerning his human body.

"Yet do I believe assuredly, that his very body is present in his most holy supper, at the contemplation of our spiritual eyes, and so verily eaten with the mouth of our faith. For as soon as I hear these most comfortable and heavenly words, spoken and pronounced at the mouth of the minister, 'This is my body, which is given for you,'—when I hear, I say, this heavenly harmony of God's infallible promises and truth, I look not upon, neither do I behold bread and wine: for I take and believe the words simply and plainly, even as Christ spake them. For, hearing these words, my senses be rapt, and utterly excluded; for



faith only taketh place, and not flesh, nor the carnal imaginations of our gross, fleshly, and unreverent eating, after the manner of our bodily food, which profiteth nothing at all, as Christ witnesseth, John vi.; but, with a sorrowful and wounded conscience, an hungry and thirsty soul, a pure and faithful mind, I do fully embrace, behold, and feed, and look upon that most glorious body of Christ in heaven, at the right hand of God the Father, very God and very man, which was crucified and slain, and his blood shed for our sins, there now making intercession, offering and giving his holy body for me, for my body, for my ransom, for my full price and satisfaction, who is my Christ, and all that ever he hath: and by this spiritual and faithful eating of this lively and heavenly bread, I feel the most sweet sap and taste of the fruits, benefits, and unspeakable joys of Christ's death and passion, fully digested into the bowels of my soul. For my mind is quieted from all worldly adversities, turmoilings, and troubles; my conscience is purified from sin, death, hell, and damnation; my soul is full and hath even enough, and will no more; for all things are but loss, vile dung, and dross, vain vanity, for the excellent knowledge' sake of Christ Jesus, my Lord and Saviour. Thus now is Christ's flesh my very meat indeed, and his blood my very drink indeed; and I am become flesh of his flesh, and bone of his bones. Now I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; yea, I dwell in him, and he in me; for through faith in Christ, and for Christ's sake, we are one; that is, of one consent, mind and fellowship, with the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, John xvii. Thus am I assured, and fully persuaded; and on this rock have I builded, by God's grace, my dwelling and resting-place, for soul and body, life and death. And thus I commit my cause unto Christ, the righteous and just Judge, who will another day judge these debates and controversies; whom I humbly beseech to cast his tender and merciful eyes upon the afflicted and ruinous churches, and shortly to reduce them into a godly and perpetual concord. Amen.

“This do I believe, and this is my faith and my understanding in Christ my Saviour, and his true and holy religion. And this whosoever is ashamed to do among this adulterous and sinful generation, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed, when he cometh in the glory of his Father, with the holy angels.”

It will be remarked how perfectly the Lord Jesus was, with these suffering martyrs, the Alpha and Omega; the author and finisher of their faith. To them his name was indeed "as ointment poured forth," not only a source of fragrance and refreshment, but a softener of every smart, a healer of every wound inflicted on them by the craft and subtlety of the devil or men. The Bible once unfettered, the word of God having free course among the people, Christ was revealed to them as the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth; and he became to them instead of all to which they had aforetime vainly looked for help and consolation. It cannot be doubted that, while his church was thus brought into the wilderness, the Lord spake comfortably to her in a measure hardly to be comprehended in our day of lukewarm ease. His disciples then literally left fathers, mothers, wives, children, houses and lands, yea, and hated their own lives also, for his sake and the gospel. To such there are especial promises made, in reference even to the present world; and that they were fulfilled it would be heresy to question, for he who promised cannot lie. The martyrs had an experience of Christ's presence with them, in their great tribulations; and wofully mistaken are they who imagine that they can walk even the comparatively smooth path of unmolested life, leaning on any other arm than that of the Lord Jesus, or find in the hour of death any stay, but his everlasting, unchangeable love!

Bishop Hopten was not long without another victim: soon after the burning of Samuel, a labouring man, named **WILLIAM ALLEN**, was imprisoned for refusing to follow in a procession after the cross. When desired by the bishop to return again to the catholic church, he replied that he would return to the catholic church, but not to the Romish church; adding, that if he saw the king and queen, and all others, following the cross, or kneeling to the cross, he would do neither. For this, sentence of condemnation was given against him on the twelfth of August, to be burned at Walsingham in the beginning of September. So strongly had the upright conduct and godly sincerity of this poor labourer impressed the justices and other officers in his favour, that they allowed him, as a special privilege, to go to the stake without any bonds. Being then fastened with a chain, he stood quietly, and without shrinking, until the impotent malice of Christ's enemies had vented itself by burning his body to ashes.

ROGER COX, an aged man, also in humble life, was, after a long imprisonment, brought up for condemnation on the same day with Allen. The bishop began by meanly trying to make the poor man criminate himself, but he was too cautious to be so ensnared. Accusation was then laid, that he did not receive the sacrament; and on the bishop demanding the reason, he answered, "that the bishop of Rome had changed God's ordinance, and given the people bread and wine instead of the gospel, and the belief thereof." Being required to prove his words, he did so, very scripturally, so that both Hopton and his chaplain were obliged to acknowledge he cited the word of God correctly. He then declared his belief in the Apostles' creed, and the ten commandments; and the bishop asked, "Is not the holy church to be believed also?" "Yes;" said Cox, "if it be builded upon the word of God." The bishop then told him that he had charge of his soul; "Have you so, my lord?" said the old man, "then if ye go to the devil for your sins, what shall become of me?" Hopton then put the sage question, "Do you not believe as your father did? was not he an honest man?" Cox replied, "It is written, that after Christ hath suffered, 'There shall come a people with the prince that shall destroy both city and sanctuary.' I pray you show me whether this destruction was in my father's time or now?" The bishop, instead of answering this, asked him, "Whether he would not obey the king's laws?" "As far as they agree with the word of God, I will obey them," said Cox. Hopton declared, "Whether they agree with the word of God or not, we are bound to obey them, if the king were an infidel." On which Cox observed, "If Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego had so done, Nebuchadnezzar had not confessed the living God."

After a little more discourse, where nothing was said to afford a colouring for their cruelty to this venerable man, he was condemned; and in the next month ended his days most blessedly, in the fire, at Yoxford.

Together with the aforementioned martyrs was one THOMAS COBB sentenced to die. He was a butcher, dwelling at Haverhill. He was examined by the blood-thirsty chancellor of Norwich, Dunning; and being asked as to the corporeal presence, said, that the body of the Lord Jesus, born of the blessed virgin, was in heaven; and otherwise he would not answer; because he had read it in the Scripture that Christ did ascend, and never did descend since.

Therefore, he said, he had not learned in Scripture that Christ could be in the sacrament. He was burned at Thetford.

Returning again to Kent, we find five martyrs, who in the same month of September freely gave their blood to be shed for the true testimony of Christ and his gospel. They were brought together before Thornton, bishop of Dover, and examined on the usual articles. The first, GEORGE CATMER, said, "Christ sitteth in heaven, on the right hand of God the Father; and therefore I do not believe him to be in the sacrament of the altar: but he is in the worthy receiver, spiritually; and the sacrament, as you use it, is an abominable idol."

ROBERT STREATER taxed them with maintaining heresy and idolatry, in that they taught to worship a false god in the sacrament, enclosed in a box. "It is you," he said, "who are the malignant church; for in your church there are twenty things used against the law of God."

ANTHONY BURWARD bore the same testimony against the manifest idolatry of the mass.

GEORGE BRODBRIDGE said he would not be confessed of a priest, who could not forgive his own sins. The sacrament he called bread, given in remembrance of Christ. Holy bread, holy water, and the mass, he utterly defied.

JAMES TUTTY being of the same mind, concurred with the others in their answers, and all were condemned to be burned in one fire, as heretics. The cruel sentence was executed on the sixth of September following, when, fastened to two stakes, they willingly endured the fire, rather than dishonour the Saviour, whom they truly worshipped, by giving to creatures—the inanimate creatures of bread and wine—the honour due unto his most holy name.

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## CHAPTER XXII.

LICHFIELD MARTYRS: ROBERT GLOVER—WOLSEY—PYGOT.

THE terrible persecution of Mary's days raged principally in London, Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, and Kent: but many parts, indeed most parts, of England felt the fierceness of

this cruel storm ; and furnished some faithful witnesses to attest with their blood the verity of the gospel which they professed. In the diocese of Lichfield and Coventry two martyrs were condemned and burned, about the middle of September, 1555 ; THOMAS HAYWARD, and JOHN GOREWAY, of whom little else is recorded than their names, the cause in which they steadily suffered, and the date of their execution, in the town of Lichfield.

We have now to enter upon the story of that worthy martyr ROBERT GLOVER, concerning whom, much has been preserved. His story is so much interwoven with that of his elder brother, John, that it will be necessary to say a good deal of him also. They were the sons of a gentleman of property, and dwelt in the town of Mancetter, in prosperous circumstances as regarded worldly possessions, and far more plenteously enriched in what the world cannot give. The three brothers, John, Robert, and William, had all been converted to the truth of Christ's holy religion, and approved themselves faithful stewards of the gift which they had received, by ministering it freely to all within the reach of their instructions. It pleased God, however, who had reserved for Robert the crown of actual martyrdom, to visit John with far keener sufferings than any bodily torment can possibly occasion. It seems that, while yet young in years, and in the faith, he endured the grievous temptation of being persuaded that, in some way he had sinned against the Holy Ghost, and was in such case that Christ himself, though he might pity, could not help him ; because of his own solemn declaration, "It shall never be forgiven." Under this burden he passed some years in anguish of mind so unspeakably acute that his sleep went from him, his food was unwelcome, and in his aspect he wore the appearance of one who was pressed down by an overwhelming weight of grief. Fox, writing from a personal recollection of the man, describes his affliction to be such, that had not the Lord afforded him an occasional gleam of hope he must have perished under it. But though heaviness endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning : towards the close of Henry's reign John Glover was visited with the consolations that bind up the broken in heart ; and being delivered from his fears, he was enabled to rejoice once more. He lived a most holy and blameless life, freely distributing of his abundance among poorer brethren, and, committing his estate to the management of trusty servants, devoted

himself to retirement, study, prayer, and the spiritual good of his fellow-creatures.

Thus matters continued during the reign of king Edward; but when the persecuting days of Mary commenced, the bishop of Coventry, who had heard the report of John Glover's zeal for the gospel of Christ, wrote to the mayor of the town to apprehend him as soon as might be. But it seemed good to Him who ordereth all things after the counsel of his own will, that his old and faithful servant should not be plunged into new trials, after all the storms and buffetings of former years; Robert was appointed to the office in his stead, whose stronger body, and better skill in learning—for he had taken his degree as master of arts at Cambridge—better qualified him for the part which he was to take. The mayor of Coventry having a regard for John Glover, gave him private information of the evil designed against him; and scarcely had he, with his brother William, escaped from the house, ere the bishop's officers burst into it, with a warrant to search for and convey him to prison.

Robert Glover was at the time confined to his bed, by a long and painful illness: into his chamber the officers went, after examining every part of the house for the elder brother, and at once took the sick man to the sheriff, who was very desirous of favouring him, and strove hard to obtain his dismissal; but the officers, with many angry words insisted on having him kept in custody until the bishop should come. The sheriff was obliged, reluctantly, to submit; and Robert Glover was laid in prison awaiting the pleasure of a merciless, bigoted prelate. What ensued was related by Glover in a letter to his wife. He begins by expressing the consolation that he found in her submission and obedience to the will of God; and in the account of her proceedings, as conveyed in her letters to him: from which it appears that she must have been indeed an help meet for a devoted servant of the Lord. He then exhorts her to continual prayer; and to a constant remembrance of her own sins, that she may be the more ready to forgive the offences of others: he warns her of the afflictions then abounding towards the church, and earnestly seeks to strengthen her against the great sin of idolatry, to which the nation was so greatly given. These are some of his energetic expressions: "They object that they be the church, and therefore they must be believed. My answer was, the church

of God knoweth and acknowledgeth no other head but Jesus Christ the Son of God, whom ye have refused, and chosen the man of sin, the son of perdition, enemy to Christ, the devil's deputy and lieutenant, the pope!" He then draws a vivid picture of the contrast between God's church and that of Rome; the former being ruled by God's word, the latter repelling that word; the former not daring to add, diminish, or alter, in handling Christ's testament,—the latter going after their own inventions to glory and rejoice in the work of their own hands:—the church of Christ always under the cross, persecuted, molested, afflicted, and hated by the world; that of Rome persecuting and slaying the excellent of the earth, because they professed the true doctrine:—the former trying every thing by Scripture; the latter taking the word away from the people, and suffering none to examine it:—the former labouring by all means to resist and overcome the world, the flesh, and the devil; the latter too generally given to all uncleanness, and evil living. By such marks Glover directs his wife to distinguish the synagogue of Satan from the congregation of the faithful; advising her often to compare their works and doings with those of such men and women as have been proved to be true members of Christ. He bids her have no fellowship with them; nor with their doctrines and traditions; to consent to no compromise, or seeming conformity, as others did; and sets before her the steadfast example of some recorded in the Scripture, as also of Anne Askew, Lawrence Saunders, John Bradford, and others, in their own day. Then after showing that the kingdom of heaven is a precious pearl, he likens the present generation to the cock in Æsop's fable, who when he had found such a gem, desired rather to have a barley-corn.

He proceeds to mention the various inducements that would have wrought with him to make outward concessions: the relinquishing of her his faithful wife; the thought of his children still of tender age, inclined to virtue and learning, and so having the more need of the assistance, which he was not unable to give: his worldly possessions, above the common sort of men: the consideration of his never having been called to be a minister or preacher; and the state of his health, which made it probable that he should die under the rigours of imprisonment, before he could even answer the articles against him. He then beautifully goes on; "But these and such like, I thank my

Heavenly Father, (which of his infinite mercy inspired me with his Holy Ghost, for his Son's sake, my only Saviour and Redeemer) prevailed not in me: but when I had, by the wonderful permission of God, fallen into their hands, at the first sight of the sheriff, nature a little abashed; yet, ere ever I came to the prison, by the working of God, and through his goodness, fear departed. I said to the sheriff, at his coming unto me, "What matter have you, master sheriff, to charge me withal?" He answered, "You shall know when you come before the masters;" and so, taking me with him, I looked to have been brought before the masters, and to have heard what they could have burdened me withal; but, contrary to my expectation, I was committed forthwith to the gaol, not being called to my answer, little justice being showed therein. But the less justice a man findeth at their hands, the more consolation in conscience shall he find from God; for whosoever is of the world, the world will love him.

"After I came into prison, and had reposed myself there a while, I wept for joy and gladness, my fill; musing much of the great mercies of God, and, as it were, saying to myself after this sort; O Lord, who am I, on whom thou shouldst bestow this thy great mercy, to be numbered among the saints that suffer for the gospel's sake? And so beholding and considering on the one side my imperfection, unableness, sinful misery, and unworthiness, and on the other side the greatness of God's mercy, to be called to so high a promotion, I was, as it were, amazed and overcome for a while with joy and gladness, concluding thus with myself in my heart, O Lord, thou showest power in weakness, wisdom in foolishness, mercy in sinfulness; who shall let thee to choose where and whom thou wilt? As I have zealously loved the confession of thy word, so ever thought I myself to be most unworthy to be partaker of the affliction of the same."

Thus, for no cause whatever but the known godliness of his life, was this excellent man taken from a sick bed to a gaol; and without even a warrant, since his brother was the object of their search. Soon afterwards came some gentlemen of the adverse party, persuading him to be discharged on bail, giving securities; but he objected that by so doing he should accuse himself, no man having yet brought any accusation against him; and seeing they had nothing to lay to his charge, they might as well dismiss



him without sureties as with. He pointed out that such a proceeding on his part would only afford a cloak for the wicked injustice of those who captured him; and though they urged every persuasion, and promised him very easy bail, he remained firm, resting his cause on its own justice. Alas for justice, and the liberty of the subject, when popery bears sway!

When they had given over, and Glover considered the matter in himself, he was the more rejoiced, because, having always been earnest with others to show themselves bold and decided in God's cause, without fearing consequences, if now he had slipped away from the peril, he might have seemed to shun the cross which he encouraged his friends to take up; so wounding weak consciences, and causing offence. Thus resolved, by God's grace, to stand constantly in his Master's battle, this blessed servant committed himself to his Lord's guidance, and for ten days patiently abode in prison, waiting the bishop's coming.

On the morrow after his arrival, a Mr. Warren came to the prison, desiring the gaoler to take Glover to the bishop. The martyr immediately charged him with thus cruelly seeking his death, and when he would have excused himself, told him he could not so cleanse his hands; he was as guilty before God of his blood, as though he had murdered him with his own hands. Warren departed, saying, Glover need not fear if he would be of his belief; and the martyr put up a prayer that God would open his eyes, and give him repentance ere it was too late.

Being brought to the house where the bishop was, who, telling him that he was his bishop for lack of a better, desired him to submit himself, Glover replied that he did not come to accuse himself, and demanded what they could lay to his charge? Instead of an answer, the bishop inquired whether he was learned; and on his saying, "smally learned," the diocesan chancellor remarked that he was master of arts. Then the bishop accused him of not coming to church, and though Glover might have evaded this by pleading his not having, for a long time, lived in his diocese, and defied the proof, yet he preferred to stand at once on his just ground, and so made answer, that through God's merciful help, he neither had been nor would go to their church, as long as the mass was used there, to save, if he had them, five hundred lives. He desired the bishop to show him one jot or tittle of Scripture in proof or defence

of that mass. The bishop said he came to teach and not to be taught; and Glover declared he was content to learn of him, so far as he was able to teach him by the word of God. "Who shall judge the word?" asked the bishop: Glover answered, "Christ was content that the people should judge his doctrine by searching the Scriptures; and so was Paul; methinketh you should claim no further privilege or pre-eminence than they had." Then, anxious to make all possible concessions to secure a fair examination into the matter, Glover added, that he was content the primitive church in the age next after the apostles, should judge between them on this point; but the bishop refused this, with the truly popish assertion, that as he was his bishop he must believe him. "If you say black is white, my lord," said Glover, "must I also say as you say, and believe the same because you say it is so?" Here the chancellor accused him of arrogance, because he would not submit to his bishop. Glover then put this question, "If you will be believed because you be a bishop, why find you fault with the people that believed Mr. Latimer, Mr. Ridley, Mr. Hooper, and the residue of them that were bishops?" "Because they were heretics," answered his lordship. "And may not you err as well as they?" asked Glover. The martyr observed, in recording this conversation, "I looked for learning at my lord's hands to persuade me, but he oppressed me only with his authority." The bishop next put the favourite question, of where the protestant church was before king Edward's time, and received the usual answer, a demand where their church was in Elias' time, and what outward show it had in Christ's time. The bishop said, Elias' complaint was only of the ten tribes that fell from David's house; whom he called heretics. Glover asked him to show that the other two tribes had any prophets at that time; and the bishop was mute. One Mr. Rogers, an official personage, then advanced, as though he would debate that question; but the bishop interrupted him, desiring Glover might be committed to some tower, if they had any besides the common gaol; saying that he would at the end of the visitation of his diocese, weed out such wolves. He was, however, taken back to the town prison for that night; and on the following morning was warned by his fellow-prisoners to be prepared; as he, with others, was to be conveyed to Lichfield, there to abide the bishop's pleasure. "Which tidings," writes the devoted disciple, "at the first

something discouraged me; fearing lest I should, by the means of my great sickness, through extreme handling—which I looked for—have died in the prison before I should come to my answer. But I rebuked immediately, with God's word, this infidelity in myself; and by the same, corrected my own mistrust and fantasy after this manner, What make I of God? Is not his power as great in Lichfield as in Coventry? Doth not his promise extend as well to Lichfield as to Coventry? Was he not with Habakkuk, Daniel, Meshach, and Jeremy in their most dangerous imprisonments? He knoweth what things we have need of; he hath numbered the hairs of our head. The sparrow falleth not on the ground without our heavenly Father's will; much more will he care for us, if we be not faithless, whom he hath made worthy to be witnesses of his truth. So long as we put our trust in him, we shall never be destitute of his help, neither in prison, neither in sickness nor in health; neither in life nor in death; neither before kings, nor before bishops. Not the devil himself; much less one of his ministers, shall be able to prevail against us. With such-like meditations I waxed cheerful, of good consolation and comfort; so that hearing one say, that they could not provide horses enow for us, I said, let them carry us in a dung-cart for lack of horses, if they list; I am well content, for my part."

Notwithstanding the strength thus imparted to suffer gladly for Christ's sake, Glover felt it right, by letter, to warn the mayor of Coventry, that having been for seven years afflicted with great sickness, he was not to be removed but at the peril of his life: he therefore requested to be allowed there to answer whatever they might lay to his charge. If not, he prayed it might not be laid to their charge at the great day. To this no answer was returned; and Glover states, that he had reason to think they intended to dispatch him privately in the prison, rather than allow him to come to a public examination.

About noon, the prisoners were conducted on horseback through the crowd assembled at the market; every means being used to inflame men's minds against them. A few hours brought them to Lichfield; where they were cruelly treated by Jephcot, the chancellor's man, who seemed to be sent with them only to aggravate their sufferings. No compassion was shown to Glover, sick and exhausted as he was; although he offered sureties, to be allowed one night's

repose at the inn. This wicked tool of the persecuting ecclesiastics imprisoned him the same evening in a wretched cell, cold, dark, and destitute of every species of furniture; with a bundle of straw for a bed. God, of his mercy, gave Glover great patience, and comfort in prayer, or he must have perished that night; and when in the morning Jephcot came, with a man of the bishop's, probably hoping to find him dead, he only said to them, "This is a great extremity: God send me patience." After this, he was allowed a bed; but no help or attendance, though severely ill. Neither had he paper, pen or ink, or books; save that he had contrived to conceal his Latin Testament and a prayer-book. The chancellor, and a prebendary named Temsey, came to him on the third day; the former exhorting him to conform himself to the bishop and the church; protesting his good will towards the poor victim of his sanguinary malice. Glover replied, that he refused not to be ruled by that church which was content to be ordered and governed by the word of God. The chancellor asked him how he knew the word of God but by the church: he replied, "The church showeth which is the word of God; therefore the church is above the word of God. This is no good reason in learning; for it is like unto this; John showed the people who was Christ; ergo, John was above Christ. Or else, I have a man that knoweth not the king, and I tell him who is the king: am I therefore above the king?"

At this the chancellor departed, saying, "he came not to reason with him." So he remained for eight days alone, praying and meditating on the promises of God in Christ. His health improved greatly; peace of mind and conscience increased; while the consolations of the Holy Spirit abounded, with sometimes a foretaste of the joys to come. "All this," he says, "God did, for his only Son, Jesus Christ's sake: to him be all the praise, for ever and ever." The enemy often assaulted him with doubts and fears, as to whether one so unworthy could indeed be counted among those who should suffer for Christ's sake: but all these temptations he repelled by the sure word of promise; and proved more than conqueror therein. He describes himself as answering the enemy in this manner, after dwelling on the full consolations of the Scripture. "I am a sinner, and therefore unworthy to be a witness of this truth. What then? Must I deny his word because I am not worthy to profess

it? What bring I to pass in so doing, but add sin to sin? What is greater sin than to deny the truth of Christ's gospel? as Christ himself beareth witness, 'He that is ashamed of me or of my words, of him will I be also ashamed before my Father and all his angels.' I might also by like reason forbear to do any of God's commandments. When I am provoked to pray, the enemy may say to me, I am not worthy to pray, therefore I shall not pray: and so in like manner of all the commandments, I shall not forbear swearing, stealing, murdering, because I am not worthy to do any of the commandments of God. These be the delusions of the devil, and Satan's suggestions, which must be overcome by continuance of prayer, and with the word of God applied, according to the measure of every man's gifts, against the suggestions of the devil."

At last came the bishop to Lichfield, and when Glover was called into his presence, in a chamber adjoining his cell, he was amazed to find, instead of an open court, and public audience, only the prelate, his officers, chaplains, and servants, with an old priest or two. The bishop began by asking, "How he liked his imprisonment?" a mean, unmanly taunt, to which no answer was returned. He then proceeded to recommend a return to his church, pleading its antiquity; "while the Protestant church," he said, "had not existed till Edward's time." Glover professed himself a member of the true church, built on the sure foundation, as he proved from Scripture; "It had," he said, "been from the beginning, although it bore no glorious show before the world; being ever, for the most part, under the cross and affliction, contemned, despised, and persecuted." The bishop contended strongly that his was the only true church, and Glover answered, "So cried all the clergy against the prophets of Jerusalem, saying, 'The temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord, are these.'" The bishop continually interrupted him, calling him a proud, arrogant heretic, and repeating, "Hold thy peace; I command thee, by the virtue of obedience, to hold thy peace."

Glover desired to be charged with some special matters, and then to be convinced with Scripture and good learning; but when some questions were proposed he refused to answer in a corner, requiring an open hearing. This was refused: but Glover persisted, till the tyrannical bishop said he should go back to prison, and have neither meat nor drink

till he had answered. The martyr then lifted up his heart to God, for help and wisdom; and when the bishop asked him, "What number of sacraments Christ had instituted?" he replied, "Baptism and the Lord's supper." "No more?" said the bishop. Glover went on, "To all those that declare a true and unfeigned repentance, a sure hope, trust, and confidence in the death of Christ, to such, ministers, I grant, have authority to pronounce, by the power of God's word, the remission of sins." Here the bishop maintained that Glover admitted this to be a sacrament, which he did not, nor ever considered it so; and when the bishop asked, "If he admitted their confession?" he said, "No." Concerning the mass, he said, "It was neither sacrifice nor sacrament, because they had taken away the true institution; which, when they should restore again, he would tell them his opinion concerning Christ's body in the sacrament."

Thus much did the martyr leave behind in his own handwriting, respecting his treatment, and first examination: but of what afterwards took place, with the bishop and his creatures, in their different interviews, and when he was brought forth to be publicly condemned, we have no record. There was, however, one, whose name ought to be precious to every English Protestant, as having been, by God's appointment, a minister of mercy and consolation to the afflicted saints. He was rector of Southam, and so especially endeared to the martyrs, by his faithful devoted services to them, that Glover, in his farewell letter to his wife and children, calls him, "the angel of God, Augustine Bernher;" while Latimer, Ridley, Bradford, Saunders, and most of the sufferers for Christ's sake, are found in their letters, making mention of him as their chiefest earthly helper and comforter.\* Bernher, who never left his friend until he was burned to ashes, related that about three days before his execution, Glover fell into great despondency of spirit, being heavy at heart, destitute of all spiritual consolation, and scarcely willing to bear the heavy cross of martyrdom; although it does not appear that he ever entertained a thought of shrinking from it. He made his com-

\* In the very interesting "Narrative of the Martyrdom of Robert Glover and Mrs. Lewis," lately published by the Rev. B. Richings, Vicar of Maneetter, will be found a most touching account of this devoted Christian hero, and his doings in behalf of his persecuted brethren, in prison and at the stake.

plaint to Augustine Bernher, that the Lord had withdrawn his favour from him; insomuch, that although he prayed earnestly day and night, he could yet experience no sense of any comfort. Bernher desired him patiently to await the Lord's pleasure; and exhorted him, howsoever discouraging his present feelings might be, still, seeing his cause was just and true, constantly to stick to it, and to play the man, nothing doubting but that the Lord, in his good time, would visit him and satisfy him with abundant consolation. Of this he declared himself right certain and sure; and therefore requested Glover, whenever such feeling of God's heavenly mercies should begin to touch his heart, to show him some sign thereof, that he might bear witness with him. Augustine then departed; and on the following day appeared, braving, as was usual with him, the penalty of death, by openly comforting and supporting the martyr, on his way to the stake. Glover had passed the night in fervent prayer for strength and courage; but as yet he felt none. All within was depression and despondency; and rarely has a more affecting instance occurred of one who truly feared the Lord, walking in darkness, and having no light, yet still trusting in the name of the Lord, and staying himself on his God. He approached the spot where he was about, by a most terrible death, to glorify the Master who seemed to have utterly rejected him as a servant: and far, very far, was Robert Glover from imagining, that though he gave his body to be burned, he could be any thing in God's sight, unless first owned as an accepted child. Still, onward he went, sad and sorrowful; secretly calling on one who seemed to heed him not, but to whom the trial of his servant's faith was doubtless most precious. At length Augustine Bernher, who could not fail to wrestle fervently also in prayer in his friend's behalf, while anxiously, but trustfully watching for the promised signal of an answer, had the delight of beholding Glover all on a sudden so mightily replenished with God's holy comfort, and heavenly joy, that he clapped his hands in ecstasy, crying out to him, "Austin, he is come! he is come!" And then with the gladness and alacrity of one at once delivered from some deadly danger, and restored to liberty and life, rather than as a man passing out of the world by a most painful death, he hastened to the stake with the good hand of God upon him, and bade an everlasting farewell to care and grief, disease and pain;

a rejoicing spirit admitted into the presence of his redeeming Lord.

Glover died not alone. CORNELIUS BUNGEY, a poor man of Coventry, was promoted to the same glorious privilege, for denying the blasphemous errors of popery, and firmly standing to his profession of Christian truth. He partook of Glover's stake, in the flaming fire of martyrdom, and shares his crown in the heavenly kingdom of the Lord, who strengthened him unto the end.

Robert Glover's wife was a niece of bishop Latimer; she appears to have been an eminently pious and faithful woman, much beloved by God's dear servants, in those trying days. Her eldest son inherited the property at Mancetter; the old manor-house of which remained in possession of the martyr's descendants for upwards of a hundred and twenty years; and it is an interesting fact, that at the distance of nearly three hundred years from the date of his martyrdom, the pious feeling of a truly protestant incumbent has led him to the erection of a monumental tablet in the parish church, in memory of one whose ashes were scattered to the winds of heaven, but whose name, rescued from the oblivion to which these national records of good old Fox have too long been consigned, is again familiar in the mouths of a remote generation, who bear a grateful testimony, that "the memory of the just is blessed."

Before quitting the subject of this worthy family, we must notice the fate of the two brothers, John and William. Their lives were preserved from the murderous hands of their enemies; but the sorrow which John endured on account of Robert having been taken in his stead, embittered, and probably shortened his days. He would gladly have offered himself, to obtain his release; but he was well aware that by so doing he should only add another victim, without delivering the one whom they had secured. Thus, in heaviness of heart, he continued; until, near the end of Mary's days, which God for his elect's sake mercifully shortened, a fresh search was made for John Glover, whose deliverance was singularly providential. The officers burst into his house, while he was in a chamber by himself, and having examined many rooms, at last came to that. Glover stood by the door, softly holding down the latch with his hand and heard the officers bustling on the outside,—one of them having seized the string of the latch, which he was about to pull, when another said, "Come away; we



have been there before." They therefore went on, and having searched, as they supposed, every apartment, without finding him, they discovered and seized his wife, taking her away to Lichfield, where, through the cruel tyranny of the bishop, she was at last compelled to recant. This, with the effects of severe cold, taken by lying in the woods, brought on such illness, that the life which those barbarous men had so long sought after, was taken by disease.

He was buried in the church-yard, without any clerical attendance; and six weeks afterwards, the chancellor called the priest of the town to account for suffering it, who excused himself on the plea of being ill at the time, and ignorant of what was done: so the chancellor bade him go home and cause the body to be taken up, and thrown over the wall into the highway. The priest remonstrated, declaring that as Glover had been six weeks in the earth, none would be able to endure the smell of the carcase; on which the chancellor gave him a bill of excommunication to read to the people from the pulpit, pronouncing John Glover a damned soul; and twelve months after, he must take up his bones, as by that time the flesh would be consumed, and cast them over the wall, that carts and horses might tread on them; after which he graciously promised to come and hallow anew the place in the churchyard where the heretic corpse had lain.

William, the third brother, dying about the same time, the good people of Weme, in Shropshire, brought the body into the parish church, intending to have buried it there; but the curate stopped the funeral and rode off in alarm to his bishop, to know what was his good pleasure. The corpse lying there all day, a poor tailor came in the night, and would have interred it, but was hindered by the pious zeal of some Romanists. So there the body remained, until the evening of the second day, when the curate came posting back with the bishop's letter; wherein, after a preamble setting forth the heinousness of Glover's heresies, was contained a strict prohibition against having him buried in any holy ground; calling on all officials, and the whole parish of Weme to assist the curate in defending the hallowed precincts from the intrusion of this heretical body; which, moreover, the persons who brought it there were charged, at their peril, to carry away again.

By this time, the poor fragment of mortality had become so offensive that no man could remain near it: so they were

compelled to put it in a cart, and to draw it with horses into a broom-field, where it was buried. These outrages, committed against the mortal remains of God's people, seem to betoken an anxious desire on the part of the perpetrators, to identify themselves with the heathen enemies of the Lord, of whom the psalmist writes: "The dead bodies of thy servants have they given to be meat unto the fowls of the heaven, the flesh of thy saints unto the beasts of the earth. Their blood have they shed like water round about Jerusalem, and there was none to bury them." It was a very common thing; and on the very day of queen Elizabeth's coronation, a similar occurrence took place in Shrewsbury, where the body of a gentleman of property was refused burial in his own parish church, because he had willed that no mass-monger should be present thereat."

We have now to turn to the date of Robert Glover's martyrdom; soon after which WILLIAM WOLSEY, a native of Wisbeach, serving as constable in the town of Wells, was brought to the flames by means of a justice of the bishop's choosing belonging to the latter place. This man greatly persecuted poor Wolsey, compelling him to put in sureties for his good behaviour, until the next general sessions, to be holden in the isle of Ely. Being thus deprived of his office, Wolsey removed his family to Wisbeach, and at the sessions was compelled to put in fresh security, until he refused to do so any longer, and was accordingly committed to gaol. At the following Easter, he was visited by the chancellor of Ely, Dr. Fuller, Christopherson, dean of Norwich, and Dr. Young, who had laid to his charge that he was not of the catholic faith. These people desired him to meddle no further with the Scriptures than it became a layman, like him, to do; and Wolsey stood silent, until they had said all they pleased, and then answered as follows, "Good master doctor, what did our Saviour Christ mean, when he spake these words, written in the twenty-third chapter of St. Matthew's gospel, 'Woe unto you, scribes and pharisees, hypocrites, for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven before men. Ye yourselves go not in, neither suffer ye them that come to enter in?'"

Dr. Fuller said, "Yea; you must understand that Christ spake to the scribes and pharisees." "Nay, master doctor," said Wolsey, "Christ spake even to you, and your fellows here present, and to all other such like as you be." Here the dean desired the doctor to come away, for he

could do no good with that man ; but Fuller said he would give him a book to read, written by a learned man, Dr. Watson, then bishop of Lincoln. Wolsey received the book ; and attentively reading it found many things manifestly opposed to the known truth of God's word : and when, at the end of two or three weeks, Fuller came again to the prison to confer with him, and asked him how he liked the book, the reading of which he hoped had won him, Wolsey answered that he liked it no otherwise than he thought he should do before he saw it. The chancellor, therefore, took his book, and went home ; but on examining it he found that the honest believer had razed out with a pen such passages as he thought to be most dishonouring to his Lord's gospel : he of course cried out bitterly against the obstinate heretic who had marred his book.

It does not however appear that Dr. Fuller was so cruelly minded then as some of his partners ; for when the Wisbeach assizes drew near, he went to Wolsey, and said, "Thou dost much trouble my conscience ; wherefore I pray thee depart, and rule thy tongue, so that I hear no more complaint of thee ; and come to the church when thou wilt. And if thou be complained upon, as far as I may, I promise I will not hear of it." Wolsey, however, seemingly jealous of the honour of his Master in his person, refused to avail himself of this unwonted kindness. He answered, "Master doctor, I was brought hither by a law ; and by a law I will be delivered." At the sessions he was committed to the castle of Wisbeach, expecting, as did his friends, that he should immediately suffer ; but no further steps were taken against him at that time.

At these sessions a painter named ROBERT PYGOT, was presented by some hired informers, for not coming to the church ; and voluntarily appeared to answer to the charge. Sir Clement Higham, who presided as judge, asked him, "Ah, are you the holy father, the painter ? how chance ye came not to the church ?" "Sir," said Pygot, "I am not out of the church, I trust in God." The judge exclaimed, "No, sir, this no church ; this is a hall." "Yea, sir," answered Pygot, "I know very well it is a hall ; but he that is in the true faith of Jesus Christ, is never absent, but present in the church of God." The judge said, "Ah, sirrah, you are too highly learned for me to talk withal, wherefore I will send you to them that be better learned

than I." He then committed him to the gaol where Wolsey lay; whence, the sessions being ended, both were carried to Ely prison, and remained there to the time of their death.

Several of the Wisbeach people being at Ely, came to visit their poor neighbours, in their captivity, and were present at a very unexpected scene. A chaplain of the bishop, by birth a Frenchman, named Peter Valentius, came to Wolsey and Pygot, and thus addressed them, "My brethren, according to mine office I come to talk with you; for I have been almoner here these twenty years and more. Wherefore I must desire you, my brethren, to take it in good part that I am come to talk with you; I promise you, not to pull you from your faith. But I both require and desire in the name of Jesus Christ, that you stand to the truth of the gospel and word; and I beseech the Almighty God, for his Son Jesus Christ's sake, to preserve both you and me in the same unto the end; for I know not myself, my brethren, how soon I shall be at the same point you now are." Thus, and with similar words did he encourage and strengthen the prisoners; drawing tears from many who heard him.

On the ninth of October, Pygot and Wolsey were called to judgment before Dr. Fuller, the dean of Norwich, old Dr. Shaxton, and others in commission with them; who laid to their charge several articles, but especially the denial of Christ's presence in the "sacrament of the altar;" which they called an idol, denying the natural body and blood of Christ to be there, and asserting that their belief was no heresy; though the doctors declared they were out of the catholic church. Dr. Shaxton, who had apostatized, said to them, "Good brethren, remember yourselves, and become new men; for I myself was in this fond opinion that you are now in, but am now become a new man." On this Wolsey, whose blunt honesty was remarkable, exclaimed, "Ah, are you become a new man? Woe be to thee, thou wicked new man, for God shall justly judge thee." Dr. Fuller then said, "This Wolsey is an obstinate fellow, and one that I could never do good upon. But as for the painter, he is a man quiet and indifferent, as far as I perceive, and is soon reformed: he may very well be delivered, for any evil opinion I find in him." The dean of Norwich then called for pen and ink; and wrote, "I, Robert Pygot, do believe that after the words of consecration

spoken by the priest there remaineth no more bread and wine, but the very body and blood of Christ, really and substantially, the self-same that was born of the virgin Mary." This he read to Pygot, and asked, "Dost thou believe all this according as it is written!" "No, sir," said the painter; "that is your faith and not mine." "Lo, master doctor Fuller, you would have let this fellow go; and he is as much a heretic as the other," said the dean. Judgment was immediately pronounced, and they were sent back to prison.

On the day appointed for their martyrdom a priest named Peacock was employed to preach to the deluded people, taking his text out of the fifth chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians, and likening the two victims to the man, who, for his gross and scandalous crime, was cast out of the church. Wolsey he reported to be quite out of the faith, denying the Scripture; and many railing accusations he brought against them both. When the sermon was ended, and Pygot and Wolsey bound to the stake with a chain, a priest named Richard Collinson, who was at the time kept without any benefice or cure, came up, saying to Wolsey, "Brother Wolsey, the preacher hath openly reported in his sermon this day, that you are quite out of the catholic faith, and deny baptism; and that you do err in the Holy Scriptures: wherefore, I beseech you, for the certifying of my conscience, with others here present, that you declare in what place of the Scripture you do err, or find fault."

Wolsey replied, "I take the eternal and everlasting God to witness, that I do err in no part or point of God's book, the Holy Bible, but hold and believe in the same to be most firm and sound doctrine in all points most worthy for my salvation, and for all other Christians to the end of the world. Whatsoever my adversaries report by me, God forgive them therefore." Then came to the fire a person with a great number of New Testaments, tied up in a large sheet, to be burned together with these two faithful martyrs; who, on seeing them, each cried out, "O, give me one of them!" Having secured the treasure, they stood, each clasping his book close to his breast, reciting the cvith Psalm, and desiring all the people to say Amen. The fire being kindled, they received it thankfully, and mingled their ashes with those of God's own book. The word of truth, and the professors of the truth, being counted wor-

thy to perish together, by those in whose despite both shall everlastingly endure.

It appears by a statement made respecting these two martyrs, by a member of the university of Cambridge who knew them well, that Pygot was of a very gentle disposition, mild, humble and modest; always promising his persecutors that he would conform to them, if they could persuade him by the Scriptures. Wolsey on the contrary was bold, stout, and vehement, detesting all the doings of popery, and openly showing that he did so. He greatly feared lest his meek companion might be overcome by their flattering persuasions; and not only greatly strengthened him when they stood together; but finding that, on the day of their burning, they wanted to talk to Pygot alone, he used force to pull him away. His only affliction was, lest, through the extreme torment which he suffered from the tooth-ache in prison, he might have died there before his "glad day," as he called that appointed for bringing him to the stake, should arrive.

A singular circumstance is recorded, as to a smith named Richard Denton, living at Wells, to whom Wolsey sent a small sum of money, with his commendation, and that he marvelled that he tarried so long behind him, seeing that he was the first who had delivered the book of Scripture into his hand, and told him that it was the truth: he ended by desiring him to make haste after, as fast as he could. Denton well understood the message, and replied, "I confess it is true; but alas, I cannot burn." However, as Fox remarks, he who could not burn in the cause of Christ, was afterwards burned against his will, when Christ had given peace to his church: for Denton's house took fire, and he, going in to rescue his goods was, with others, consumed to ashes.

The day on which Wolsey and Pygot ended their testimony, was October 16, 1555; a day most memorable in the annals of the church of God in England; being the same on which the two pious and faithful bishops, Latimer and Ridley, also received the crown at Oxford. This event, with all its preceding and attendant circumstances, fixes a brand of crime, so broad, so deep, and so indelible on the front of the unhappy apostasy, that all who pass by may pause and be astonished at it. In the case of the bishops Hooper and Farrar, they had men to deal with, of

whom one was thought to be regarded by his brethren as a sort of dissenter among the prelates, and the other, besides being little known, had suffered a long imprisonment on other grounds: but now, in the vain hope that by smiting to death the most eminent of their earthly shepherds, the poor flock might be irretrievably scattered, these daring persecutors prepared to immolate the primate of all England, Cranmer, the upright counsellor of Henry, the beloved instructor of Edward, the earthly parent of our national protestantism: with Ridley, the faithful, gentle, and highly popular metropolitan prelate; and the venerable, patriarchal Latimer, not less known, or less endeared than the others. It was a fearful deed of darkness; cruel, impious; but altogether vain: for the flock, however harassed, terrified, and depressed, was safe under One whom they could not reach, albeit that by their multiplied sins committed in his name they crucified him afresh every day, and put him to open shame. The Chief Shepherd was ever near to his trembling sheep: a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat, a very present help in trouble, evermore speaking peace to their fainting hearts, and saying, "Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

END OF VOLUME I.











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