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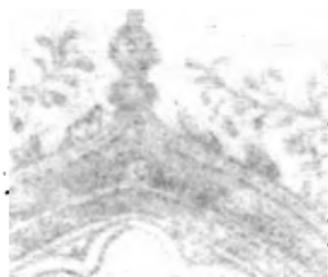


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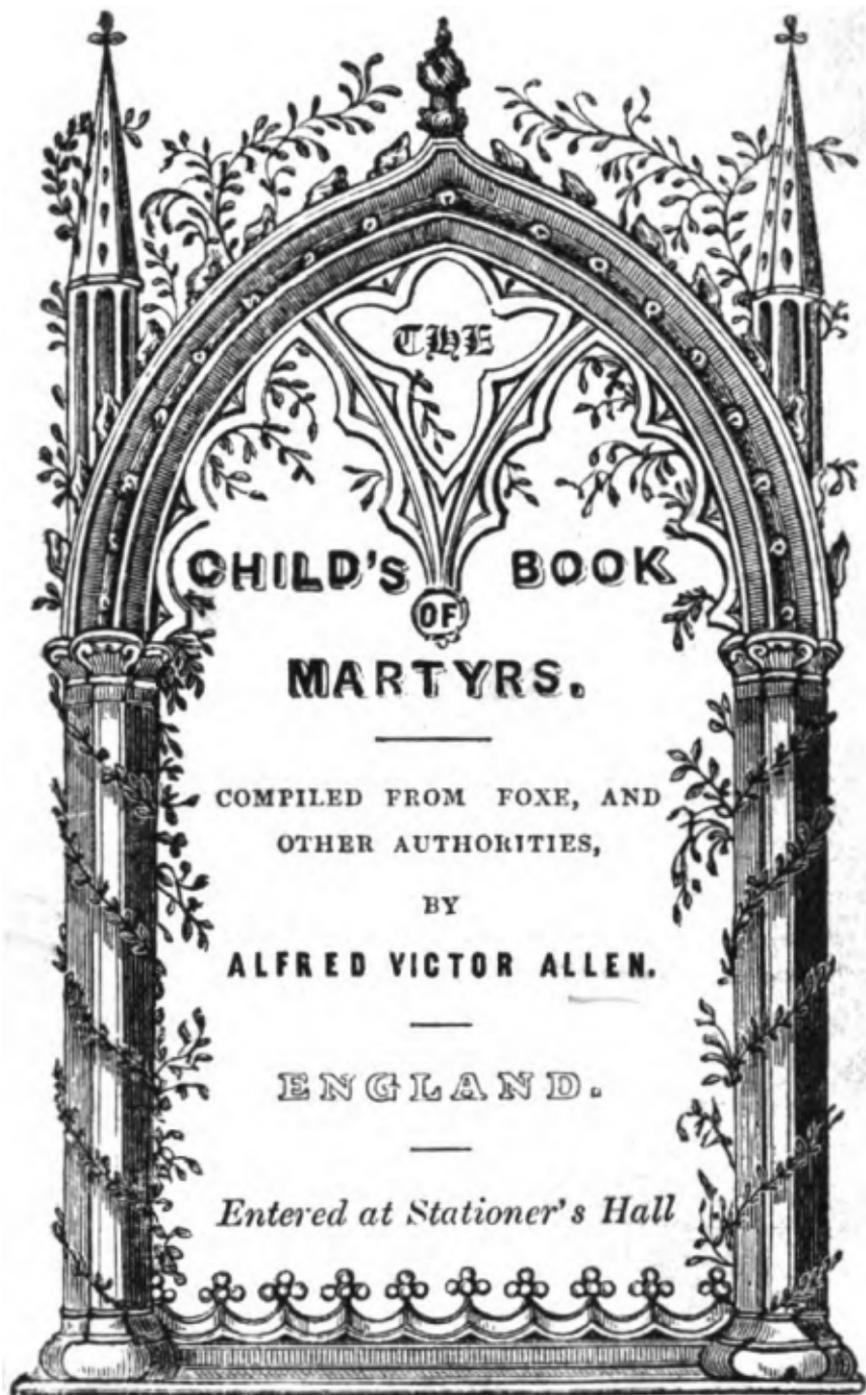
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THE DEGRADATION OF BISHOP RIDLEY.







THE
CHILD'S BOOK
OF
MARTYRS.



London :

PROTESTANT ASSOCIATION, 11, EXETER HALL ;
NISBET, BERNERS STREET ; HOULSTON AND
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ADDRESS.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—the name of this little book tells you, *for whom* it is written. Now, before you go any further, I want you to know, *why* it is written, and also to drop a word or two of advice, to guide you in the reading of it. You have, no doubt, very often been told to think of the many mercies you enjoy, from being born in a land of liberty, where the blessed book of God is so freely circulated,—where the poorest and the weakest may read and pray over it, no one daring to make them afraid;—where the house of prayer is open to all, and where “the glorious gospel of the Blessed God,” is preached freely and fully, as the only

way of life and peace. It may be, too, that you have often raised your voices, with others, in singing those beautiful lines, by Dr. Watts:—

'Tis to thy sovereign love I owe,
 That I was born on British ground,
 Where streams of heavenly mercy flow,
 And words of sweet salvation sound.
 I would not change my native land
 For rich Peru, with all its gold;
 A nobler prize lies in my hand,
 Than East or Western Indies hold.

But these blessings were not always enjoyed in our native land. There was a time when the men or women who had the Scriptures or any part of them, in English, in their houses, were deprived of their goods, imprisoned, and frequently hanged or burned. And there were those who were so afraid of an English Bible being read, that they went to and fro in the land, searching every where the houses of all

whom they suspected of having it; and whenever they detected any who had it, they haled them to prison, to judgment, and often to a cruel death. Now the secret of all this hatred to the Bible was just this: the Bible brings to light the hidden things of darkness; and these men "loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil." But the Word of God says, "Fear not them who kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear Him which is able to destroy both body and soul in hell." It also says, "Be faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." And so it was in England, as it had been in ancient Rome and elsewhere; all those who loved the Lord Jesus in sincerity and truth, who were determined to "obey God rather than men," "counted not their lives dear unto them;" but, as true followers of Him

“who endured the cross, despising the shame,” they endured persecution and bonds—imprisonment and the flames—rather than “deny the Lord that bought them.” The grace and strength of God upheld them in all their trials, and made the hour of their suffering the hour of their triumph and rejoicing.

It is, then, the object of this little book, to record the troubles and sufferings of some of those faithful witnesses, who suffered in England for the truth of the gospel,—the reason why they suffered,—and the evidence they gave of their attachment to Christ, in defending that truth against all their adversaries. Hoping that while reading the histories of many, “of whom the world was not worthy,” you will learn the great lesson, that those who honour Jesus shall be honoured, while those who despise him shall be lightly

esteemed; and that you may be very thankful that God has cast your lot in this land, at a time when the Bible is freely circulated, and the Gospel freely preached. But while you are reading of the many devices that Satan has put into the hearts of men, for persecuting and annoying the servants of Jesus, you may perhaps feel very angry thoughts rising in your minds against the men who did thus wickedly,—you may, perhaps, even feel that you hate them. Now I want you, particularly, to bear one thing in mind. The Gospel teaches us to *hate sin*—we cannot hate sin too much; but it nowhere teaches us to *hate sinners*. God hates sin: the Bible teaches us that, “He is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity;” but God does not hate poor sinners. In giving His beloved Son to die, “the Just for the unjust, you see, at once, how God hated

sin, and how he loved the sinner. Well, then, you will find in the conduct of the martyrs of Jesus, that they followed the example of their Blessed Master, who, "when He was reviled, reviled not again." They never, through fear of persecution, kept back or concealed the truth,—they never spoke lightly of sin, to please and obtain the favour of sinners; but, like the apostle of old, they counted "the loss of all things," yea, even life itself, a positive gain, so "that they might win Christ;"—they went on their way, a faithful and a prayerful band, knowing that while they were weak, and insufficient of themselves to do any manner of good, He in whom they trusted had promised, that "His grace should be sufficient for them." Mark well, then, in the following histories, the conduct of the persecutor and oppressor, on the one hand, and of the bold faithful ser-

vant of God on the other. Mark, how vain, how useless, were the efforts made to stop the progress of God's word, or to stop the mouths of those whose hearts God had filled with His truth. And, if your hearts are led to love Jesus, and to hate sin—that bitter thing that nailed him to the cross—your prayer will be, that you may be enabled by His grace to resist every temptation to evil,—that you may be faithful and true to His Word, and “choose, rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.”

CHILD'S BOOK OF MARTYRS.

THE Gospel of Christ was preached in England at a very early period; but by whom it was first preached, or the exact time when, is not known. Gildas, the oldest British writer, who lived in the year 560 after Christ, speaks of it as being known here as early as the year 63; and several other old writers speak of the British church, and its early history.

It is quite certain, that there were many Christians in England, before the invasion of the Saxons. Now the Saxons came over in ships, from Germany, about the year 450; they were a very barbarous and warlike people, and after a time got possession of our country. Many of the

Britons fled into Wales, and, among them, most of the Christian converts. Wales being a mountainous country, they were better able to hide themselves there, from their fierce enemies, and to worship God in peace and safety. These Saxons, having established themselves firmly in England, divided it into seven or eight kingdoms, and placed kings over each; they then built temples, and carried on their pagan ceremonies in them;—they worshipped graven images, and sacrificed oxen to their false gods.

The news of their heathen state having reached Rome, Gregory, who afterwards became bishop of Rome, was very anxious that the Gospel should be preached to them. He sent a monk named Augustine, with forty others, as missionaries for that purpose; and they landed in the Isle of Thanet, Kent, in the year 597. Ethelbert, the Saxon king of Kent, was one of the first who professed Christianity. Many of his people followed his example; and

had Augustine and his companions preached Christ as the only way of salvation,—had they pointed to His precious blood, as that which alone can cleanse from all sin,—had they taught that His Word is truth, and is that which is able to make wise unto salvation, through faith in His Name,—all might have been well: but they tried to suit many of the pagan practices of the Saxons to the religion of Jesus. They took their temples, and erected altars in them; they decorated them with relics, such as bones, and with crosses, and images, and such like foolish things, which they pretended were very holy because they had belonged to holy men; they allowed them to continue to sacrifice their oxen near their temples, and to carry on many more of their old heathen customs, after they had professed themselves to be Christians; and by these means induced multitudes to come to their churches, and to join them in a worship not so much at variance with their own as they might

have supposed. These missionaries seem to have forgotten that their office, like that of the apostle Paul, was "to know nothing among men but Jesus Christ and him crucified;" they had forgotten that "a clean heart and a right spirit" must be created by God, before a heathen can worship Him in spirit and in truth.

Augustine was much overjoyed at the success of his plans; he soon found nearly all Kent *professing* christianity. But there was one difficulty which he could not surmount so easily;—he wanted to persuade the *British* Christians to submit and conform to the authority and customs of the Romish Church, to obey the Pope, and himself as his representative: but to this they strongly objected. In order to convince them of his superior power, Augustine pretended to work a miracle, by giving sight to one of his Saxon converts, who feigned blindness: but this trick, though it deceived some, had not the desired effect, and they still refused to unite with

him and his companions, on the terms he laid down. He became so enraged at their opposition, that he threatened them in language very unworthy of one who wished to be thought a servant of Christ; "Since you refuse," said he, "to accept terms of peace and unity from your brethren, you shall have war from your enemies; and since you will not concur with us in preaching the word of life to your Saxon neighbours, you shall receive your death from their hands." History tells us that, not long after this, a great many of these Christians were massacred by Ethelfrid, the Saxon king of Northumberland. Whether Augustine had anything to do with this cruel slaughter we cannot tell: what his wishes were, are but too plainly declared in the words of his threat. These early Protestants against the usurped and tyrannical authority of the bishop of Rome, may perhaps be considered as the first in the list of the martyrs of England.

Gregory, the bishop of Rome, who sent

Augustine and his companions to England, died in the year 603. He has been well described, as worse than any bishop of Rome who came before him; though it is certain he was better than any who came after him. He was succeeded by one named Sabinian, of whom nothing good was recorded, but much that is very bad. He lived only two years after he was made bishop of Rome. After him came Boniface the III. This Boniface, it is generally believed, was the first bishop of Rome who took the proud false title of "Universal Bishop," and claimed, "supreme and universal authority, power and jurisdiction, over all the christian churches in the world." The title was given to him in the year 606, by a murderer and usurper, named Phocas, who was a centurion of the army of Mauritius, the emperor of the Eastern or Greek empire. Phocas caused his master and family to be cruelly murdered, and took possession of his throne. From that time to this, the popes, or

bishops of Rome, have held the title, and used every means they could, to make the world believe that it rightly and truly belonged to them. They have, indeed, been as "lords over God's heritage." They boast of being the successors of the apostle Peter; but, if we judge of them by their fruits, they may rather be compared to the wicked Judas, who betrayed his Master. They and their followers have made, "the word of God of none effect by their tradition." They boast of their antiquity, and their unity or agreement: but the nearer we go to the times of the apostles, the further we go from the religion of the popes. The only right claim they have to *antiquity*, is that of being *old in sin*; and as to their unity or agreement, what one pope has said and done, another has unsaid and undone. For instance, Gregory, the bishop of whom we have before spoken, in one of his writings, says, "I do confidently assert, that whosoever calls himself, or *desires* to be called, 'Universal

Bishop,' that person is the forerunner of antichrist; because, through his pride, he exalts himself above the others." Thus, their condemnation is written by one of their own order! Well, after this, the power of the popes increased, and true religion decreased. Augustine and his successors so managed matters, that in England the pope's authority was acknowledged. The people began to look upon the priests as men armed with power from God to forgive their sins, to bless them or to curse them. They, therefore, soon bent low in submission to their task-masters. They bowed down before the images of the Virgin Mary and the saints, which the priests had set up in the churches: they lit candles before them,—they offered gifts to them,—they perfumed them with incense,—they kissed them,—they dressed and adorned them,—there were no jewels too rich and too rare to present to them. Many left their houses and their friends, and went on long and dreary pilgrimages

to far off lands, to give riches and honors to a graven thing. The priest made wafers of flour and water, he stamped them with an image of Christ on the cross, he muttered over them words in Latin; and then taught the people that, by these words, this thing of paste was changed into the body and blood, together with the soul and divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ. He held it up before them, and they ignorantly fell down and worshipped it. Thus, "they changed the truth of God into a lie, and worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator." They invented the cunningly devised fable of purgatory, in which they taught that the souls of men suffered for a time after death, in flames of fire, for sins done while in the body, until the justice of God was satisfied;—that the prayers of the faithful on earth helped to get them out, and that they were helped especially by what they termed "masses for the dead," which could only be said by priests. In this way they managed to

collect large sums of money, as these masses were never said until the priests were well paid for them, and people would often give almost all that they were worth, rather than let their friends and relations, whom they had loved while on earth, remain in this terrible place of torment.

The Bible teaches us, that "there is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus,"—that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." And the apostle Paul says, in his last epistle to the Corinthians, "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." But it may be asked, where was the Bible all this time? It was shut up in a few popish libraries, and was in the Latin language. Can we have a stronger proof of the unscriptural character of the church of Rome than this? that she existed upwards of 800 years in England, having wealth and power sufficient for any purpose; and yet, in all

that time, never gave the English a complete version of the Word of God in their own language; never enabled them to "search the scriptures," as Christ commanded. Oh, what a dark and wicked system is that which withholds the Word of life from poor perishing sinners! May we value more highly the blessed book of God, given to us so freely in our own tongue! and may we pray continually, "that God would open our eyes, to behold wondrous things out of His law.

But time rolled on; and though popery continued, without much hindrance, to bruise our land as with a rod of iron, yet there were now and then some faithful servants of God who, like the prophet Elijah of old, raised their voices, and cried aloud against the sinfulness and corruption of those who, like the wicked king Ahab, seemed to have sold themselves to work "wickedness in the sight of the Lord." Among these early protestants, was Robert Grosthead, bishop of Lincoln, who, about

the year 1240, was so bold in reprov-
ing the pope, and in preaching against the
corruptions of popery, that he was called
the "hammer of the Romans." Another
was Dr. Bradwardine, who wrote against
the prevailing corruptions of the church.

But the first who succeeded, to any ex-
tent, in exciting the attention of the Eng-
lish to these gross corruptions, was John
Wickliffe, who has been called the "morn-
ing star of the Reformation." He was a
divine of great repute as a scholar, and was
appointed to the office of divinity reader
in the university of Oxford, in 1372. He
boldly rebuked the superstitions of the
monks, and seemed as if raised up by God
to denounce error, when error was at its
worst; when, to use the words of good
old John Foxe, "the people worshipped
nothing but what they saw, and saw almost
nothing which they did not worship." He
had at various times opposed, with great
boldness, the extravagant power assumed
by the pope, and the vicious lives of the

clergy; and had exposed himself, in so doing, to many troubles from his enemies.

But the great work that distinguished John Wickliffe, and which was the means, under God's blessing, of enlightening the people, was his complete translation of the whole Bible into the English language, which he completed about the year 1380. This work, the delight of every christian, called forth all the enmity of the church of Rome. Wickliffe was however preserved from the malice of his enemies, and died in a good old age, at Lutterworth, in Leicestershire. Forty one years after his death, his bones were taken up, burned to ashes, and cast into the river Swift, by order of the council of Constance.

Thus did the church of Rome revenge herself upon the man who dared to expose the errors of her system, and to bring those errors into contact with the word of God. But in spite of all the efforts made to stop the reading of the Bible, many of the people did read for themselves; and we

shall find that God gave grace and strength to his servants, to endure all the persecutions that Satan and his followers could put upon them.

In the year 1215, the General Council of Lateran decreed, "that all heretics should be delivered over to the civil power, to be burned;" and Arundel, the archbishop of Canterbury, procured the adoption of this wicked law by the parliament of England, which, in the year 1401, in the reign of Henry IV., passed an act, "for the burning of obstinate heretics." And now began those bitter persecutions of the servants of God, which have so fully proved that the persecuting church of Rome is that Babylon, which is spoken of in the Bible, as "drunken with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus." (Rev. xvii. 6.)



MARTYRDOM OF SAUTRE, IN SMITHFIELD.

WILLIAM SAUTRE.

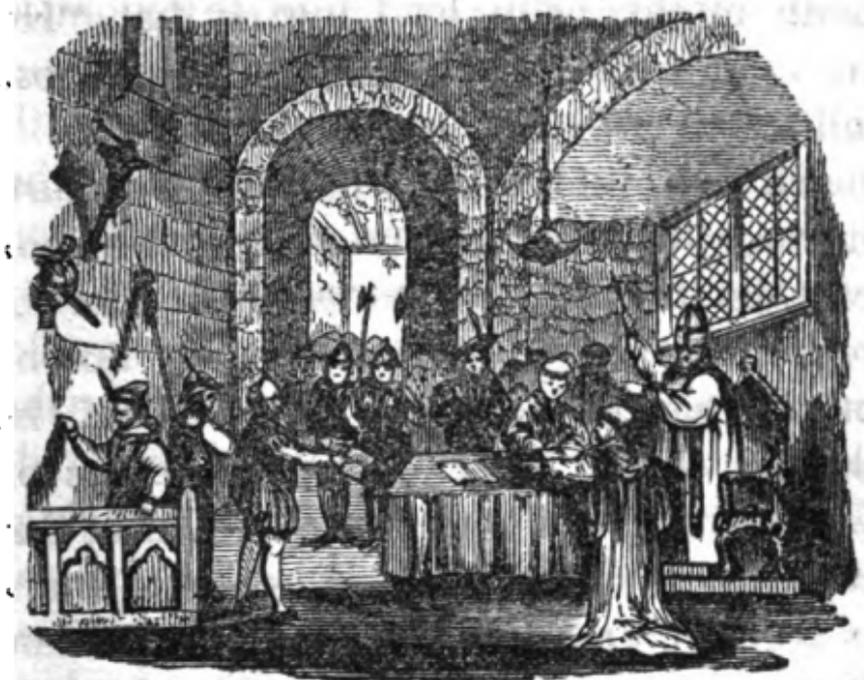
William Sautre was the first martyr who suffered under this cruel act, framed by a popish clergy—passed by a popish parliament—and sanctioned by a popish king. He was a noted preacher at Lynn, in Norfolk, and afterwards at St. Osyth's, London; he spoke boldly, for some time, against many of the errors of popery: but on being brought before the bishop of Norwich, and charged with heresy, he was induced, through fear of death, to renounce the truth of the Gospel, and to profess his adherence to the Romish church. Like Peter, he denied his master when danger was at hand; but like Peter also, he was enabled, by the grace of God, to see his error, and, by his con-

duct afterwards, shewed the sincerity of his repentance. He again went on preaching Christ, and exposing error, regardless of the threats of men ; knowing that, "He who was for him was greater than all those who were against him."

He was brought into the bishop's court, London, by order of Arundel, archbishop of Canterbury, who, on the 12th of February, 1401, laid the following, among other charges, against him: "That he said he would not worship the cross on which Christ suffered, but only Christ that suffered on the cross: that he would sooner worship an earthly king or a holy man, than a wooden cross: that every priest and deacon was more bound to preach the word of God than to mutter Latin prayers seven times a day: and that, after pronouncing the Latin words in the sacrament, the bread remained of the same nature as before,—it ceased not to be bread."

The charges being read to him, he expressed a wish to have a copy of them,

and time to answer them; the archbishop gave him till the following Thursday. When he was brought up again, Sautre



exhibited a scroll containing the answers to the charges made against him, wherein he stated, that he would not worship the wooden cross, and that he would not revoke or renounce the opinions he had before expressed concerning the sacrament. The archbishop then examined him on the nature of the sacrament: but, finding that

Sautre still adhered to what he had before stated, he sent him back till the next day, to deliberate; hoping that the fear of death might again lead him to renounce his opinions. When brought up again, and asked whether he would agree with the church, that when the priest said the prayer, called the prayer of consecration, over the bread, it then ceased to be any longer bread? Sautre, said, he would only agree with the church, when the church agreed with the Word of God. This answer was enough; the archbishop knew too well the weakness of his cause, to trust it to argument drawn from the Word of God; so without further parley, he, with the counsel and agreement of his brethren, pronounced William Sautre guilty of heresy, and proceeded to degrade him.

The ceremony of degrading a priest, condemned as a heretic, was as follows: The bishop, in his robes, sits on the judgment-seat in the court, with his

clergy and people about him; the priest charged with heresy is brought before him with all the garments of his office on him; the sacramental cup, with wine and water in it, is put into his hands, also the paten, or little plate, with the wafer upon it. The bishop then reads his degradation, depriving him of his office as a priest. While this is being read, the cup and wafer is taken from him. The testament is then put into his hand, and taken away again, the bishop saying, "We take away from thee all *power* to read the gospels in the church of God," &c.; he is then stripped of his robes,—his hair is clipped with shears, to take away the crown, or circle of hair, called the tonsure, which distinguished the priests from the people,—an old garment is put upon him, and a cap on his head. The bishop then gives him over to the judge, who is called the secular judge, to distinguish him from the ecclesiastical judge—the one judging in worldly matters only, the other judging

of matters belonging to the church. When this is done, the bishop entreats the secular judge "not in any point to do anything that shall be hurtful to this miserable man, or tending to his death, or maiming of his body." We shall see, as we go on whether there was any intention of mercy or pity in this smooth language.

After Sautre had undergone this idle and wanton mockery, he was given into the custody of the marshal, and taken to prison; the bishops, meanwhile, urging the king to order his execution speedily. They soon obtained their desire: the king issued his warrant to the lord mayor and sheriffs of London, "to bring him forth to some public and open place, within the city, and there to burn him before all the people, to the great horror of his offence, and the manifest example of other christians;" so ran the warrant. He was accordingly brought to Smithfield, tied to the stake, and burned.

He had once sinned, as Peter sinned,—

he had doubtless wept, as Peter wept; and that same grace which upheld Peter, and preserved him unto the end, enabled Sautre, boldly, to acknowledge Christ before men, and to endure a cruel and a shameful death, rather than *again* to deny his Lord and Master. "This was he," saith Fuller, "whose faith fought the first duel with fire, and overcame it. May his final constancy be as surely practised by men, as his former cowardliness, doubtless, is pardoned by God."

Thus, Henry the IV. was the first king of England who allowed Christians to be burned for opposing the pope and his religion; and William Sautre was the first martyr in England under this wicked king. This cruel practice had been carried on 200 years before, in France, Spain, and Italy,—for in the year 1200, a man named Dominic, who is called SAINT DOMINIC by the church of Rome, and who is said to have formed the Inquisition in Spain, had power given him by the pope,

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to commit all obstinate heretics to the flames, and he did not forget to make use of it; so that this man, whom the papists called a saint, and to whom, they continually, to this day, say in their prayers, "SAINT DOMINIC, pray for us," may be ranked amongst the vilest murderers the world ever saw; he lived and died a murderer, and the word of God, says "no murderer hath eternal life."

WILLIAM THORPE.

The death of William Sautre caused many, who were of his way of thinking, to conceal themselves; but those who love the Lord, cannot long be quiet in the midst of sin; and the cruel archbishop Arundel, who had spies to watch for those who were called heretics, soon found fresh victims, on whom to wreak his vengeance.

In 1407, William Thorpe, priest, was put in prison, in the castle of Saltwood, in Kent, on suspicion of teaching his people some of the new doctrines, as they were called. He was brought before Arundel, who charged him with sowing false doctrine, and infecting all the land with poisonous teaching; the archbishop wished him to kneel down before him, and swear

that he would submit to his correction, do all that he should command him faithfully, and he would then be merciful unto him. But Thorpe denied he was a heretic, and wished to state his belief, saying, that if he believed any thing contrary to the word of God, he desired only to be convinced of his error, and he would renounce it. Arundel replied to all he said, by requiring him to forsake the Lollards, and to swear that he would inform against all those who held any of their opinions. "Sir," said he in reply, "I find in no place in Holy Scripture, that the office of common informer or spy, which you would now give me, belongs to any minister of Christ, or to any other Christian man;—if I consented to your will, for any fear of man, I think in my conscience, that I should be worthy to be cursed of God and also of all his saints."

The archbishop, annoyed by this bold and faithful answer, threatened him, that he should follow his companion, Sautre

and be burned in Smithfield. "At this," says Thorpe, "I stood still and spake not; but I thought in mine heart that God did to me a great favour, if he would, of his great mercy, bring me to such an end. In my heart, I prayed the Lord God to comfort me, and strengthen me against them; and I prayed God of his goodness to give me then, and always, grace to speak with a meek and an easy spirit, and that whatever I might say, I might have good authority for from the scriptures, and from open reason." He was then examined at very great length, as to whether he believed that the bread, in the Lord's supper, was changed into the body and blood of Christ, after the priest had said what was called the prayer of consecration over it. He referred to the simple language of Christ on the subject; stating, that he wished not to give any other opinion than that which the word of God expressed. The archbishop then tried him on the worship of images, con-

fession to a priest, and on the duty of going on pilgrimages to images in distant lands;—to all of which, Thorpe referred to the word of God, as his only guide, wishing to be convinced from that alone. But as Arundel had neither the will nor the ability to argue with him from the Bible, he turned away from him in a rage, and sent for the constable of Saltwood castle.

In the mean time poor Thorpe was mocked and threatened on every side, some advising that he should be burnt at once, others that he should be taken out and thrown into the sea, which was near at hand. He was then led forth and conveyed to a dark and foul prison, where it is probable, that he was strangled, or that he died through want or sickness, as it does not appear that he was burnt, though so often threatened. We see, in the bold and faithful conduct of this servant of God, the fulfilment of the gracious promise, “As thy day is, so shall thy strength be;”

we find him praying in his heart to God, for grace and strength in the hour of temptation, and we find him endued with power to resist all the artifices by which his fierce opponent tried to entangle him.



Arundel in 1408, made some new laws, or constitutions, forbidding any one to call in question, any thing which the popish church commanded, and also to prevent the reading of any of Wickliffe's writings, or translating any text of the scriptures

into English, or any other language. In the preface to these laws, the pope is said to have the keys of eternal life, and eternal death, and to be the vicegerent of the true God, to whom God had committed the government of the kingdom of heaven ! It is worthy of notice, that at the very time Arundel wrote these blasphemies, there were two popes, each of whom called the other a child of Satan, and shortly after they were both declared to be heretics by the council of Pisa. Who can wonder that these men were so afraid of the Word of God being read by the people, when they put forth such vile principles, and used such cruel means to maintain them ? Well, we shall find that though they hated the light of God's truth, they were, with all their malice, unable to extinguish the smallest spark of it, when once kindled in the heart of a believer.

JOHN BADBY.

An humble tailor, in the diocese of Worcester, was the next victim to the persecuting spirit of the Romish church. On the 1st March, 1409, he was brought before archbishop Arundel, the archbishop of York, and other bishops and nobles, and examined on the charge of heresy. Badby had read his Bible, and had learned that the fable of the real presence of Christ, in the bread and wine, used at the Lord's Supper, was not to be found there; he saw that it was not only false, but that it gave rise to the most shameful idolatry, and as a Christian man, loving his neighbour as himself, he could not keep quiet, when he saw so many around him, who, like himself, had been brought up in the

belief of this wicked doctrine, and who had not the same opportunity he had of seeing their error.

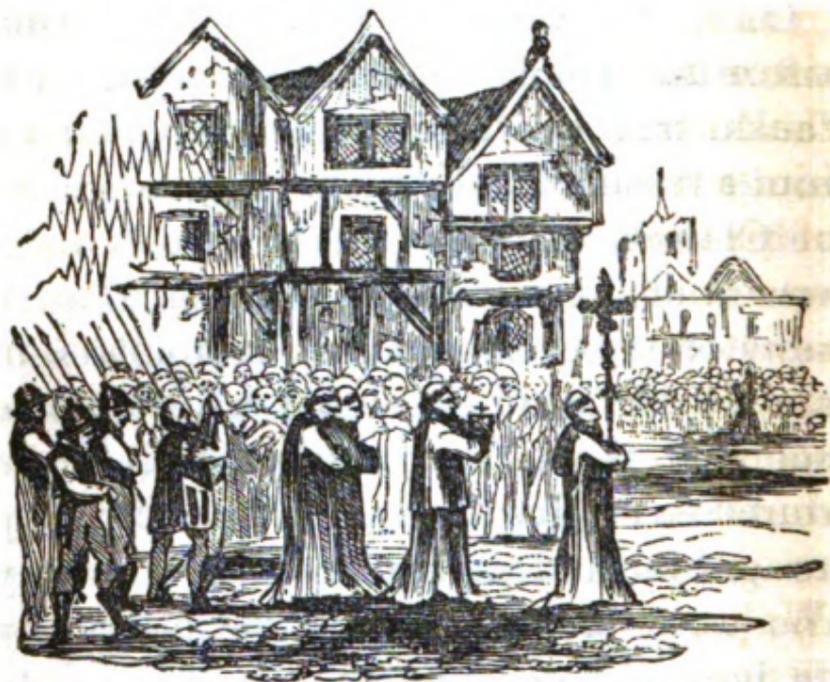
John Badby cared for the souls of his neighbours, and this led him to speak openly and plainly to them; he shewed the impossibility of a priest being able to make the body of Christ—that, after the prayer was said, by the priest, over the bread, it still remained bread as before; and that they had no right to believe that such a change had taken place, unless they saw Christ in his bodily shape, in the hands of the priest at the altar. The popish bishop knew that if this doctrine, which was their stronghold, were once disbelieved by the people, their power and their influence would be gone for ever; and they resolved to persecute, even to death, all who, like Badby, attempted to disturb it.

When Badby was brought before them, and these charges made against him, the archbishop tried to persuade him to forsake his opinions and to return to what he

called "the Christian faith," and he impiously told him, that if he would return, he would pledge his soul for him at the judgment day. Finding him firm and unshaken, either by soft words or hard threats, he had him taken away and put in prison until the 15th of March, the archbishop keeping the key of his prison.

On that day he was brought up again, before the bishops who had assembled at St. Paul's, and was again asked whether he would forsake his opinions and submit to the Church, but this humble and faithful servant of Jesus, though surrounded by so many of the great and rich, and nobles of this world, again expressed his opinions, and told them, that while he lived he would never give them up. The archbishop enraged by his firmness, and afraid lest any who were present, should be moved, by his bold countenance and stout heart, to believe him right, stopped at once any further examination, and proceeded to pass sentence on him as an obstinate heretic,

delivering him over to the temporal lords, using the same false form that they did with Sautre, "not to put him to death for his offence, nor to deliver him to be punished or put to death." This being all done in the morning, no time was lost; the king's writ for his burning was procured in the afternoon of the same day.



He was brought to Smithfield, the prior of St. Bartholomew's, with a host of monks in procession, bringing the wafer or sacra-

mental bread with great solemnity. Badby was put in a barrel and fastened with chains to a stake, which was a strong upright post, driven into the earth. The prior then drew near, held up the wafer, and asked him what he believed it was, he answered he knew well that it was "hallowed bread and not God's body." The Prince of Wales, afterwards king Henry the Vth was there, and tried to induce him to return to the doctrine of the church; he even offered him a reward, and a yearly allowance out of his treasury if he would; but John Badby was enabled, even at this awful hour, to resist every temptation to deny his Lord and Master. The fire was lit, the flames soon rose about him, and the pain he endured caused him to lift up his voice, and to cry to God for mercy. The Prince of Wales, thinking he might now be tempted to accept his offer and to give up his faith, ordered them to take away the barrel and quench the fire, he then renewed his promise of wealth and ease, but Badby was

again enabled to refuse. The Spirit of God no doubt was upon his faithful servant in this bitter trial, revealing to him, as to the martyr Stephen of old, "the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God." Such a prospect beheld in faith could well fortify his mind against all the offers of worldly honours and worldly riches that could be made to him. Finding him still firm and immoveable, the Prince commanded them again to light the fire, telling Badby not to look for any further favour or mercy. Once more the fierce flame raged about him,—once more the scorching heat attacked his poor frail body,—but no cry for help to those around him was heard; he was "made more than conqueror through Him who had loved him and given Himself for him," and his spirit passed away from the flames of Smithfield to the paradise of God.

The truth of God's promises is clearly seen in the perseverance of Badby. God has said to his believing people, "I will

never leave thee nor forsake thee." Let us for a moment look at the position of this faithful martyr; he was a poor uneducated tailor, brought up in the midst of superstition and idolatry; but no sooner was he led, by God's grace, to see the error he was in, than he plainly and simply endeavoured to convince others: he knew that persecution awaited him, and, when it came, he looked it in the face unmoved. What enabled this poor man, when about to suffer a most cruel death,—what enabled him to refuse deliverance, and wealth and honour, and *that* offered to him by no less a person than the King of England's son? The grace of God upheld John Badby in the hour of trial, in him the promise was realized, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

LORD COBHAM.

King Henry the IVth died in 1413, and was succeeded by his son, the Prince of Wales, who became Henry the Vth.

Archbishop Arundel took the first opportunity, after his coming to the throne, to get a synod or meeting of the bishops and clergy, at St. Paul's Church, London. The principal object of this assembly was to take into consideration the best means to repress the growth and spread of the Gospel, and especially to devise, the destruction of the high and noble Lord Cobham, who was known to be a firm supporter of the Lollards, or followers of Wickliffe. This required some caution, as Cobham was known to be a great favourite among the people, and was also

a favourite with the king. They therefore began by requesting the king to send commissioners to Oxford, to enquire into the progress of heresy there. The permission was granted, the commissioners went to Oxford, and soon returned with an account of the increase of heresy, and the support and encouragement it received from Lord Cobham, who not only held heretical opinions himself, but paid sums of money from his own purse, for the support of those scholars who were willing to go about the country preaching those opinions. This was not to be endured. Archbishop Arundel, at the head of a large number of the clergy, went to the king, and with as much bitterness as he could use, laid before him the heresy of Lord Cobham, begging the king to suffer them, "*for Christ's sake,*" to put him to death. The king promised that he would himself talk to Lord Cobham, and if that should be of no use, he would then leave him in their hands.

The king sent for Cobham privately,

told him of the charges made against him, and exhorted him to retract his errors. Cobham's bold and faithful answer is worthy of note, "I ever was a dutiful subject to your majesty, and I hope ever will be. Next to God, I profess obedience to my king, but as for the pope, I cannot pay him any obedience. As sure as God's word is true, he is the great antichrist foretold in the holy writ." This answer so exceedingly vexed the king, that he turned away, and from that time withdrew every mark of his favour from him.

The archbishop, rejoiced at this, commanded Lord Cobham to appear before him on a fixed day, but the command was taken no notice of. The day arrived, archbishops and bishops, with all their train, were assembled in the judgment hall,—they felt that they could now carry out their vile purposes without hindrance from the king; but what was their vexation, when their victim came not. He had treated them, with all their pomp and pride,

as unworthy of his notice. The archbishop then read a long charge against him, pronounced him to be excommunicated, and then called in the aid of the civil power to force him to his trial before them.

Lord Cobham, seeing his danger, determined to appeal to the king, hoping that he would do him justice. He wrote a statement of his opinions, and offered it to the king, who coldly ordered it to be given to the archbishop, and left the whole matter in his hands, committing Lord Cobham to the tower, until the court met again.

On the 23rd day of September, 1413, archbishop Arundel sat in the chapter-house at St. Paul's assisted by the bishops of London and Winchester, when Lord Cobham was brought before them, by the lieutenant of the tower. The archbishop then told him, that having been summoned to appear before him, and having refused to do so, he had been excommunicated; but that he was still ready to pardon him

if he would humbly submit himself to him. Cobham took no notice of the offer of pardon, but asked for leave to read his opinions on those articles about which he supposed he was to be examined. He said that further examination on those points would be useless, as he was entirely fixed, and would not be found to waver.

Having obtained permission, he read his views, which were very cautiously worded, on the sacrament of the Lord's supper, penance, images, and pilgrimages. He then handed the paper to the archbishop, who examined it, and said that what was written was partly true, but that it was not sufficiently plain; there were other points on which he ought to give an opinion.

Cobham refused to say any more. "You see me," said he, "in your hands; do with me what you please." The bishops, not expecting such firmness, were at a loss how to act; at last they resolved to send him back to prison, telling him that they should expect plainer answers at his next

examination, and that in the mean time they would send him the determination of the church on the points which he would be examined upon.

On the day appointed, the archbishop appeared in court, attended by the bishops and four heads of religious houses; and, as if he was afraid of a riot, he removed his judgment-seat to a more quiet place in a convent, and took care to have the spot crowded with friars and monks, and those who were not likely to find fault with their proceedings.

Amidst the contemptuous looks of this popish rabble, Lord Cobham, attended by the lieutenant of the tower, walked fearlessly to the place appointed for him. The archbishop, in a tone and appearance of great mildness, told him he had expected to have found him entreating for absolution before then, but that the door of reconciliation was still open, if reflection had brought him to himself.

“I have trespassed against you in no-

thing," said the high spirited nobleman ; " I have no need of your absolution. Then kneeling down, and lifting up his hands to heaven, he broke out into this pathetic exclamation,—“ I confess myself here before Thee, oh, Almighty God, to have been a grievous sinner. How often have ungovernable passions misled my youth!—How often have I been drawn into sin, by the temptations of the world! Here, absolution is wanted.—Oh, my God, I humbly ask thy mercy.” Then rising up, with tears in his eyes, and feeling strongly what he had just said, he turned to the assembly and stretching out his arms, cried out, with a loud voice,—“ Lo! these are your guides, good people,—for the most violent transgression of God's law was I never once called in question by them, but I have expressed some dislike to their tyrannical conduct, and their idle traditions, and I am treated with unparalleled severity. But let them remember, the denunciations of Christ against the Phari-

sees, all shall be fulfilled." The dignity of his manner, and the earnest way in which he spoke, threw the court into confusion.

The archbishop endeavoured to make some excuse to the people for their treatment of him, and he then endeavoured to arouse the anger of the bystanders against him, by calling upon him to answer to the articles, sent to him while in prison. When questioned on the Lord's supper, he appealed to the language of the scripture, declaring that he was "taught his faith by Matthew, Mark, Luke and Paul." The archbishop asked him whether, after the prayer of the priest, he believed that there remained any *material* bread. "The Scriptures," said he, "make no mention of the word *material*; he believed that Christ's body might remain in the form of bread." Upon this a loud murmur arose; Heresy! Heresy!—was heard from the popish mob on every side; one of the bishops, cried out, "That it was a foul

heresy, to call it bread." Cobham interrupted him, and said, "St. Paul the apostle was as wise a man as you are, and *perhaps* as good a Christian, and yet he plainly calls it bread." "The bread that we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ?" "St Paul," said the bishop, "must be understood in some other way, as it was certainly heresy to call it bread." "How can that be," said Lord Cobham. "Why, because it is clearly against the decision of holy church," was the reply. "I know of none holier than Christ and his apostles," said Lord Cobham, "and this decision is certainly none of theirs,—it is plainly against scripture." "Do you not then believe in the decisions of the church?" "I do not. I believe the scriptures; but in your idle decisions I have no belief; to be short with you, I cannot consider the church of Rome as *any part* of the christian church." Speaking of the change which had taken place in the church of Rome, from the days of

the first christian emperor, Constantine, he said, " Since that time, instead of laying down their lives for religion, as was common in the early ages of the christian church, the bishops of Rome have been engaged in a constant scene of persecution, or in cursing, murdering, poisoning, or fighting with each other. Where is now the meekness of Christ, his tenderness and gentleness?—not in the church of Rome, certainly."

The great spirit and boldness with which Lord Cobham brought these and other similar sentiments before the court, together with the quickness and suitability of all his replies, was such, as to leave his adversaries so amazed that they knew not how to reply. They seemed to have thought, that the pomp and dignity that attended them would have overawed their victim, and they little expected to find themselves treated as fallible and erring men; the archbishop was silent,—the whole court was at a stand.

At last one of the doctors stood up, and questioned him again upon the points given to him while in prison. Lord Cobham again protested against the folly of "the real presence of Christ" in the bread, as the church believed it. When asked what he thought of the pope, he replied, "That he and you together," (meaning bishops, priests and friars) "make up the great Antichrist." Having been examined at great length, upon all the charges brought against him, the archbishop brought the matter to a close, by telling him, "That he must either submit obediently to the orders of the church, or stand by the consequence." "My faith is fixed," said Lord Cobham, "do with me what you please." The archbishop then, standing up and taking off his cap, pronounced aloud the censure of the church. Lord Cobham, with great cheerfulness in his manner, cried out, "You may condemn my body, but my soul I know you cannot hurt;" then turning to the people, he

said with a loud voice, "Good christian people, be aware of these men, else they will deceive you, and lead you to destruction." He then fell on his knees, raised his hands and eyes, and implored God to forgive his enemies. The archbishop ordered him to be taken back to the tower.

These proceedings were by no means pleasing to the people; the great virtues and amiable character of Lord Cobham gained him universal respect and esteem among all classes, and the opinions which he held had many supporters.

The clergy therefore were in some difficulty about him; they were afraid to burn him, and yet they felt that, having gone so far, they could not go back. They at last hit upon the plan of lessening his credit among the people by false statements, while he was in prison, and had little or no opportunity of defending himself. With this view, they spread abroad the most scandalous statements concerning him; they even published a denial of his opin-

ions, and signed it with his name, that the people might believe that he had recanted; but the friends of Lord Cobham had another paper, containing his opinions, posted up in some of the most public places in London, so that their vile imposture was soon detected.

Shortly after this, Lord Cobham escaped from prison and fled to Wales, where he continued in secrecy for four years. In the meantime, a proclamation was sent forth, forbidding the Lollards to meet together for public worship, as they had been used to do. These poor Christians, unable any longer to worship God in the broad day, met in small companies for this purpose in the dead of night. St. Giles' Fields was a place where they often resorted. But their enemies, who "were lurking privily for innocent blood," soon found them out, and went and told the king that Lord Cobham was in St. Giles' Fields, at the head of twenty thousand men, and that his intention was, to seize

the king, and make himself governor of the kingdom. Foolish and improbable as this was, Henry believed it, and, arming the soldiers of his palace, instantly marched to the place, with the intention of defeating them suddenly before they could be aware of it. He attacked the few who were assembled there; about twenty were killed and sixty taken prisoners, and he then found, to his surprise, he had conquered the whole army.

Notwithstanding this, Henry believed that there was a conspiracy against him, and that Lord Cobham was at the head of it; he set a price of a thousand marks upon his head, and promised a perpetual exemption from taxes to any town that should secure him. Lord Powis treacherously betrayed him, and sent him as a prisoner to London.

His execution was not long delayed, the House of Lords confirmed the sentence of the bishops, "that he should be drawn through the streets of London, to the gal-

lows of St. Giles' in the Fields, and there hanged, and while hanging to be burned."

Upon the day appointed, he was brought out of the tower, with his arm bound behind him, having a cheerful countenance. Then was he laid upon a hurdle, and drawn forth into the St. Giles' Fields, where they had set up a new gallows. When at the place of execution, he fell upon his knees, and earnestly prayed God to forgive his enemies. He then stood up, and exhorted the multitude to follow the laws of God, as they were written in the scriptures, and to beware of those teachers whom they saw doing contrary to Christ, in their life and conversation.

He was then hanged up by the middle, in chains of iron, and so consumed alive in the fire, praising the name of God as long as his life lasted. The priests and monks, all the time of his burning, blasphemed and cursed, telling the people that they should not pray for him, but to consider him as lost in hell, because he



died not in obedience to the pope, and submission to the laws of his church.

This monstrous act of cruelty was done in the year 1418, the fifth year of the reign of Henry V.

Lord Cobham had outlived his cruel persecutor, Archbishop Arundel, who died in February, 1414; "He was starved to death, not for want of food, but a throat to swallow it, such being the swelling therein, that he could neither eat nor

“speak for many days.” Henry Chicheley was made Archbishop of Canterbury in his room, and urged forward with great zeal the persecution of the Lollards.

The cruel death of Lord Cobham, there is very little doubt, went very far in convincing the people of England, that the religion of the pope could not be the religion of Jesus Christ. It must have been apparent that a religion which could not stand the test of being tried by the word of God, but made use of fire and chains, and prisons, to subdue all opposition to it, was a false religion; and so it turned out, that the more victims these wretched persecutors imprisoned and burned, the more the doctrines, they so much dreaded, increased and were believed; so long as the church of Rome had managed to keep an English Bible from the people, so long were their mummeries, their relics and idolatrous practices believed by them; but no sooner had Wickliffe translated the Bible into English, and some few of the

people read it for themselves than the mask was taken from popery. They saw it in all its sinfulness,—they found it to be a Bible-hating and a Christ-despising church.

The popish bishops and clergy had persuaded king Henry, that all those who opposed the Romish church ought to be treated as enemies and traitors to his majesty. No time was lost in getting more severe laws made: there is no doubt they were very much assisted by the conduct of the church of Rome towards Bible Christians in other countries. In 1229, a council held at Toulouse, in France, passed the following decree:—

“We prohibit the permitting of the laity to have the books of the Old or New Testament, unless any one should wish, from a feeling of devotion, to have a Psalter or Breviary for divine service, or the hours of the Blessed Virgin; but we *strictly forbid* them to have the *above-mentioned* books in the vulgar tongue.”

Archbishop Chichely procured the enactment of a similar law in England. In April, 1414, it was declared, "that those who *read the Scriptures in English* should forfeit land, chattels, goods and life; be condemned as heretics to God, traitors to the king; that they should not have the benefit of any sanctuary; and that, if they continued obstinate, or went back to their errors, after they had once been pardoned, they should first be hanged for treason against the king, and then burned for heresy against God."

In order to carry this wicked law into effect, Chichely procured another law, which compelled the chancellor, the judges, all mayors and sheriffs to take an oath, when they took office, that they would do every thing in their power to root out all heretics, or lollards, from the kingdom. Persons were also appointed in every parish, to search after any one who was suspected of heresy. They were to inform against those who dared to say anything

against the church of Rome. They were to search the houses of those who were supposed to have Bibles, or any heretical books in their possession.

Thus were the quiet homes and firesides of our forefathers often made the scenes of confusion, trouble and sorrow; and there was many a sad and aching heart, where there had been peace and hope and joy. And what caused this grievous change? The church of Rome dreaded the circulation of the Bible: that which was said of the Jews, (Jer. vi. 10) might well have been said of them,—“The word of the Lord is *to them* a *reproach*—they have no delight in it.”

JOHN CLAYDON.

John Claydon, a poor and humble man, a carrier by trade, appears to have been the first who suffered under the hands of Archbishop Chichely.

In August, 1415, the lord mayor in obedience to his oath, had him arrested on suspicion of heresy, and brought before the archbishop, at St. Paul's Cathedral. He was asked whether he had not been suspected by many of holding opinions at variance with the church for a very long time? John Claydon, unwilling to deny his Master, even though it should cost him his life, replied that it was true. He had been suspected for twenty years,

both in London and Canterbury; he had been for two years confined in Conway prison, and for three years in the Fleet prison. During that time, in the reign of king Henry IV. he had been brought to the chancellor, and, to save his life, had promised to give up all his heretical opinions.

It appeared that, after that, there were found in his possession many religious books, which had all been seized by order of the lord mayor of London. He had himself been at the expense of having several good books written out and bound together; and, as he could not read, had got one named John Fullar to read to him. It should be borne in mind, that at this time printing was not invented, and books were very dear, owing to the tedious way of writing them all; so that it was seldom that a poor man, even if he could read, could get any good book to read.

The officers of the archbishop examined all these books, and declared that they

were full of false doctrine; especially one called "The Lanthorn of Light," which Claydon had had written out and bound at his own cost. He told them that many things in this book had been "profitable, good and healthful to his soul; especially a sermon in it that had been preached at Horselydown, in Southwark."

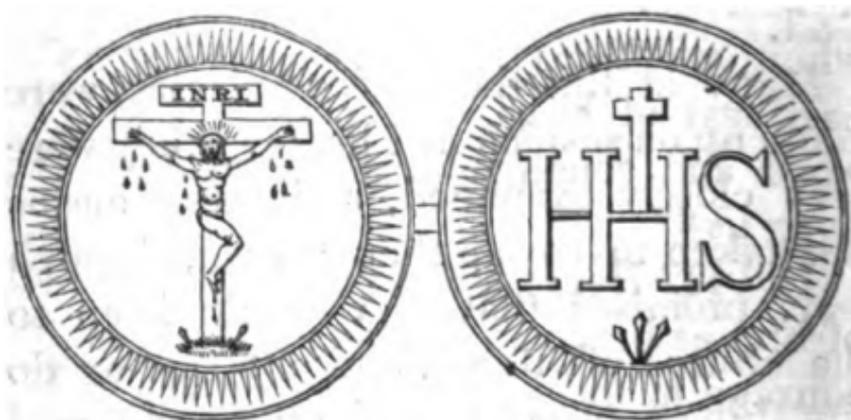
The articles contained in this and the other books having been read before the archbishop, he condemned them as false and heretical, and ordered that the books should be burned in the fire. John Claydon was declared to have fallen into heresy again, after having been once pardoned; the archbishop proceeded to pass sentence upon him, and then delivered him over to the secular power.

He was taken to Smithfield, and there this poor and faithful servant of the Lord was tied to the stake, and cruelly burned. He had known what "sore temptation meant:" but he had learned that Jesus, at the right hand of God, had promised to

“succour his people being tempted ;” and he was enabled to look beyond the pains of death, to that bright home of rest and peace that remaineth for the people of God.

Many at this time, of all classes, were taken up on suspicion of heresy ; they were very closely examined, and every means was taken to entrap them ; some, through fear, promised that they would keep to the church of Rome, and not say or do any thing contrary to it ;—others preferred enduring imprisonment, bonds and afflictions, rather than do dishonour to God and his gospel. One of the principal charges, as we have already seen, brought against the Lollards was, their disbelief in the doctrine of transubstantiation ; that the Lord Jesus Christ should be in the little wafer in the hands of the priest, His “body, blood, soul and divinity,”—is a doctrine so monstrous, that it is not to be wondered at, that many, as soon as they read their Bibles, and the scales of

superstition, which had so long blinded them, fell from their eyes, should consider it as a "cunningly devised fable."



We here present our young readers with a representation of the wafer idol, or host, as it is called in their prayer books. This thing "the work of men's hands," is held up by the priest at their altar; a little bell is rung to give the people notice, when they all fall down and worship it, believing that it is no longer a bit of bread, but their Saviour. We might well be astonished that there should be found any, professing christianity, who could practise such a stupid piece of idolatry. But the

Bible, speaking of the followers of this wicked system, says, "God shall send them strong delusion that they should believe a lie." Have we not reason to say, when we think on these things, "From hardness of heart, and contempt of Thy word and commandment, good Lord deliver us?"

In 1422 Henry Vth died. History speaks of him as brave and noble; it tells of his courage in the battle field, and the victories which he won: but we have seen that he was united with the wicked in the persecution of the "saints of the Most High;" and our Lord said of such an one, "It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the sea."

Henry the VIth was but nine months' old when he came to the throne: so that full power remained in the hands of the archbishop to carry on his cruel practices.

William Taylor, a priest, was burned in the first year of this king's reign. He had

been charged with heresy in the days of archbishop Arundel, and had promised obedience to the church. In 1421, he was again brought before Chichely, but there was not any clear proof of his having taught his people the doctrines of Wickliffe, so he was released, after having been imprisoned for some months.

In 1422, he was again brought into trouble by the bishop of Worcester, who had obtained possession of some of his writings, in which he protested against the worship of the saints as practised by the church. He was examined before the archbishop, and found guilty of teaching false doctrine; the principal charges were, that he declared "that prayer is to be directed to God alone, and that to pray to any creature is idolatry." He was condemned as an obstinate heretic, degraded from his priestly office, and given over to the lord mayor and sheriffs of London. They soon received the king's writ, ordering that he should be burnt. Again the stake

was fixed in the ground, and the flame was kindled in Smithfield; and again the faith of the gospel enabled the sufferer to "endure unto the end." He was faithful unto death, and the martyr's crown was his.



In the year 1424, John Florence, a turner, living in Norfolk, was accused of speaking lightly of the pope, and condemning the worship of images. He was brought before the Chancellor of Norwich, and was compelled to submit to the following degrading punishment; "to be whipped with a rod before all the people, for three Sundays, in the cathedral of Norwich; and also, to be whipped three other Sundays, in his own parish church at Skelton; he had also to walk in a procession, bareheaded, barefooted, and bare-necked, clothed in coarse canvass garments, and carrying a candle in his hand."

In the diocese of Norwich, the truth of the gospel had spread so widely, that great numbers of Christians were brought into trouble, and suffered persecution for the word's sake. Many were forced, by cruel penances, to submit and promise obedience. Among these, was William White, a priest, who had taken a wife, contrary to the law of the church, which forbids priests to

marry. He taught, "that men should seek forgiveness of their sins from God only,—that the pope was an enemy to Christ's truth,—and that men ought not to worship images." Fear had induced him, with many others, to deny the truth before men, but, repenting of his cowardice, he boldly preached against popery, for which he was burned at Norwich, 1424.

Among many cases recorded about this time in the Bishop's Register, we find one of John Baker, who had in his possession a book containing the Lord's prayer, Hail Mary, and the Belief, in *English*. This was an offence too great to be overlooked in those dark days of ignorance. Another person named Margaret Backster, was accused of having had a brass pot over the fire, with a piece of bacon and some oatmeal in it, on the first Saturday in Lent.

Nicholas Belward, was accused of having the New Testament in English, for which he had paid four marks and forty pence. A mark was 13s. 4d. so that he paid

£2. 16s. 8d. for this copy of the Testament. He is said to have "studied it diligently," and for this he was punished, in what way we are not told. How deadly was the hatred of the Church of Rome to the reading of an English Bible! None were allowed to escape who dared to have one. But in spite of all her efforts, the precious word of God was read, and was glorified in the salvation of many.

The Council of Constance had decreed, in 1415, that the doctrines of Wickliffe were false, and that his bones should be taken up and burned; but, through fear of the people, this had been delayed until the year 1428, when the Pope sent an order that it should be done. Fleming, the Bishop of Lincoln, accordingly, sent his officers to Lutterworth; they took the remains of the noble reformer from their quiet resting place, where they had lain for more than forty years, and burned them. The ashes were cast into a little brook, called the Swift, which flowed into the

river Avon. Fuller, an old writer, speaking of this, very beautifully adds: "This brook conveyed his ashes into the Avon—Avon into the Severn—Severn into the Narrow Seas—then into the main ocean. Thus the ashes of Wickliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over."

But there is another event we have to record, which contributed largely to the spread of Wickliffe's doctrines,—an event, which, in the hands of God, did much in bringing about the complete exposure of popery, and in spreading the knowledge of the gospel through the length and breadth of the land.

The art of printing, which was discovered about the year 1450, enabled men to examine for themselves, to compare the opinions of men with the Word of God, and to form a judgment as to their truth or error. The clergy themselves began to read and study more diligently, and we shall find, as we go on, that, from this time,

the enemies of the gospel had more difficulty than ever in putting down the truth, and in persuading the people to adhere to the superstitions and mummeries of their falling system.

In 1457, Reynold Peacock, bishop of Chichester, excited the anger and malice of his brethren, by boldly opposing their proceedings, and refusing to join them in their cruel persecutions. He declared openly at Paul's Cross, "that the office of a christian bishop, above all things, was to preach the word of God,—that man's reason is not to be preferred before the scriptures,—and that scripture is only to be taken in its proper sense."

For preaching these doctrines, he was summoned before the archbishop and bishops and closely examined. He defended his opinions for some time, but he soon found that his judges had made up their minds to condemn him. The threats of the archbishop at last made him give way for a time. A written paper con-

taining the charges brought against him, and an expression of sorrow on account of them, was laid before him. It finished by declaring that he renounced and forsook all errors and heresies. Bishop Peacock signed this paper, and was set at liberty.

It appears that he soon repented of this weak and cowardly act, and again set forth the truths he had denied; he was again seized and committed to prison.—What became of him after this, or what sufferings he endured in his dark abode, history does not tell: it does not appear he ever came out of his dungeon; there is good reason for believing, that he exchanged its terrors and its gloom for the bright joys of his heavenly home.

This was the first bishop who had suffered persecution in England on account of his opinions. There were many persons about this time, who were brought into trouble for daring to speak contrary to the principles and practices of popery. It would be impossible to give any complete

account of all of them; we can only give the most striking cases.

In the year 1494, in the reign of Henry the VIIth, Joan Boughton, a widow, more than eighty years of age, was burned in Smithfield. She was the *first female martyr* who endured this bitter trial in England; this aged martyr swerved not from the truth, though very closely examined; and, when in the midst of the flames, she cried to God to take her soul into His hands.

Among the many barbarous acts which the church practiced to keep the people in awe of its power, was the wanton cruelty shewn at the martyrdom of one William Tylsworth, which took place at Amersham, in Buckinghamshire, in the year 1506. This William Tylsworth was condemned to be burned for heresy, and his only daughter, named Joan Clark, a married woman, was *forced* by the priests, to *set fire* with her own hands to the pile that was to consume her father. At the same time her hus-

band, with many others, were forced to do penance on account of their opinions.

The next day a miller of Missenden, named Roberts, was burned at Buckingham; and about twenty persons were forced to carry faggots for the fire, and to do other penance at the same time.

Father Rogers was imprisoned about this time, for more than fourteen weeks, in the bishops' prison; where he endured so much from cold, hunger, and the heavy irons with which he was loaded, that when he was set at liberty, his back was so bent, that he could never after walk upright.

Many others, who were charged with heresy, were branded in the following manner; "they were tied fast to a post with towels, their hands held, and the hot iron was then applied to their cheeks," they thus "bore the marks of the Lord Jesus," until the day of their deaths.—The charge against them was, "that they would talk against superstition and idolatry, and were desirous to hear and read the holy scriptures."

Thomas Chase, of Amersham, also bore witness to the truth of the Gospel, and sealed his testimony with his blood. After having endured much cruel treatment in prison from his persecutors, he was strangled. A report was spread by the papists that he had hanged himself while in prison, but the falsehood of this assertion was brought to light not long afterwards. A woman heard him calling upon God to receive his spirit while his murderers were putting him to death: besides, it was found that his dungeon was so low that he could not stand upright in it, and that he was so heavily laden with iron fetters and chains that he could hardly stir hand or foot:—thus was the counsel of the wicked brought to nought.

Lawrence Ghest was burned at Salisbury, for denying the popish fable respecting the real presence of Christ in the wafer. When he was at the stake his cruel tyrants brought his wife and his several children to him, hoping that his affection for them

might induce him to deny his Lord and Master: but he had strength given him in this trying hour. He exhorted them to follow Christ even unto death. While he was burning, one of the bishop's men threw a burning faggot in his face; but no sigh escaped him, he found the grace of God sufficient for him, and remained faithful even unto death.

Among the martyrdoms of this time, there was one very remarkable, on account of the judgment which fell on one of the persecutors.

A pious woman, whose name is not recorded, was burned at Sudbury. Dr. Whittington, the chancellor of the diocese, himself attended, and saw her burned. When it was all over, and the crowd were going away, a bull who had just escaped from the blow of the butcher, ran furiously into the midst of them, but injured no one, until he came to the spot where the cruel chancellor was still staying, when the bull made at him, goring him through and

through, and then galloped away from the mangled body, with the entrails on his horns, through the streets of the town.

Henry the VIIIth came to the throne in the year 1509, and the persecutions of the saints of God went on with little variation.

John Brown of Ashford is the next whose troubles deserve our attention. They were brought upon him by the treachery of a priest, who had been a fellow passenger with him on board a Gravesend boat. Brown sat close to the priest, while in the boat, and began talking to him. "Dost thou know who I am," said the priest, "thou sittest too near me, thou sittest on my clothes." "No," said he, "I know not who you are." "I tell thee, I am a priest." "What, sir, are you a parson, a vicar, or a lady's chaplain?" "No," said the priest, "I am a soul priest, I sing for souls," meaning that he was one of those who sang masses, for the release of the deceased persons in purgatory. "I pray you sir," said Brown, "where do you find the

soul, when you to go mass ?” “ I cannot tell thee,” said the priest. “ I pray you, where do you leave it, sir, when the mass is done ?” “ I cannot tell thee,” said the priest. “ Then you can neither tell where you find the soul when you go to mass, nor where you leave it when the mass is done ; how then can you save the soul ?” enquired Brown. “ Go thy way,” said the priest, unable to answer him, “ thou art a heretic, and I will be even with thee.”

As soon as they were landed, the priest took with him two gentlemen, named Walter More and William More, and rode with as much speed as possible to Archbishop Wareham, to inform against this poor man. Brown was not allowed to rest long ; those who laid wait for innocent blood soon found him out.

Three days after his voyage, as he was bringing in a mess of pottage to the table, for some guests who were at his house, he was sent for by order of the archbishop. Chitton, a bailiff, with some of the arch-

bishop's servants, entered the house suddenly, and without further notice put him upon his own horse, and tied his feet together, under the horse's belly. He was then taken to Canterbury, his wife and children not knowing where they had gone with him, nor for what purpose. He was kept at Canterbury for some time, and cruelly treated by the archbishop and Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, who, finding he would not give up his faith, had his bare feet laid in burning coals: a priest, standing over him with the uplifted cross, kept urging him to confess himself guilty of heresy: but all they could do was unavailing,—he continued unmoved even in the midst of his agony.

At length, on the Friday before Whitsunday, 1517, Brown was taken to his native place, Ashford, to be burned. They set him in the stocks for the night; and it so happened that his own maid servant, coming by, saw her master in the stocks, and hastened to tell his wife, who

until that time knew not what had become of him. His wife came and sat by him all night. He told her all the particulars of his sufferings; how the bishops Wareham and Fisher had ordered his feet to be



heated upon hot coals, until they were burnt to the bone, and he could not set

them on the ground ; " to make me," said he, " to deny my Lord, which I never will do, for if I should deny my Lord in this world, He would hereafter deny me. I pray thee, therefore, good Elizabeth, continue as thou hast begun, and bring up thy children virtuously, in the fear of the Lord."

And so the next day, being Whitsunday even, this faithful man was burned. While at the stake, he offered up an earnest prayer, imploring God to grant him grace, and ended with these words : " Into thy hands I commend my spirit ; thou hast redeemed me, O Lord of truth ! "

John Brown had learned to cast his burdens upon the Lord, and he was sustained in all his troubles. He felt, that the promises of God to his believing people were yea and amen in Christ Jesus. The last sound of his voice went forth in prayer, and He who " knoweth them that trust in him," was a " stronghold " to him " in the day of trouble." " Wait on the Lord, be of good courage, and he shall

strengthen thine heart; wait, I say, on the Lord."

About this time, five persons were charged with holding heretical opinions, and especially with reading certain heretical books. Now what books do our young readers think these were, for reading which these men were brought into trouble. The following is the charge quoted by Foxe from the bishop's register: "Also we object to you, that at different times, and especially upon a certain night, about the space of three years last past, in Robert Durdant's house, of Iver Court, near unto Staines, you erroneously read in a *great book of heresy* of the said Robert Durdant's, all that same night, certain chapters of the *gospel in English*, containing in them different *erroneous* opinions and conclusions of heresy." The Gospel of Christ declared to contain "erroneous opinions" and conclusions of heresy, and that too by those who taught that they alone were the true ministers of Christ's church! Are not

these the men spoken of by Timothy as "having their conscience seared with a red hot iron"?

In the year 1514, Richard Hunne, a merchant tailor in the city of London, had a child who died in Whitechapel when about five weeks' old. The priest demanded a fee, because the child did not die in his own parish. Hunne refused to pay it, thinking it was an unjust claim. The priest used unlawful means to obtain it, and Hunne sued him for his conduct. In order to prevent him from prosecuting the priest, the clergy set to work to get up a charge of heresy against him. This was very soon accomplished.

There were many in those days who, to obtain the favor of the clergy, were ever ready to "bear false witness against their neighbour." They accused him to the bishop of London as a heretic: he was seized and committed to the Lollard's tower.

The Lollard's Tower then stood on the

spot where the tower of Saint Paul's cathedral, with the clock in it, now stands, and was so called, because it was used as a prison for the Lollards. Well, Hunne was brought before the bishop at Fulham very shortly after. His accusers charged him with holding many false and scandalous opinions, and also with keeping many books which were prohibited and condemned by law. Among these were named the Epistles and Gospels in English, and Wickliffe's works.

He denied all these charges with the exception of having the Bible in his possession, and of having made use of some expressions against the church, for which he begged pardon. He was taken back to the Lollard's tower, and two days afterwards was found hanging by his girdle, quite dead. The clergy gave out that he had hanged himself: but his neighbours, knowing his mild disposition, suspected that he was murdered by order of the clergy. A coroner's inquest was held, and, on exa-

mining the body, it evidently appeared that his neck had been broken by an iron chain, and other violence used, which it was impossible he could have done to himself. The bishops and clergy were somewhat alarmed at this; for, be it remembered, that, though Hunne had been accused of heresy, he had never been brought to trial, and consequently had never been found guilty.

They therefore met, and sat in judgment upon him, after he was dead: new articles of heresy were trumped up by his accusers. They were declared to be contrary to the faith of the church, and he was condemned: sentence was passed upon the dead body, and it was given to the secular power to be burned. This sentence was actually put in force, in Smithfield, on 20th December, 1514, "to the great grief and indignation of the people."

In the meantime, the coroner and the jury went on with their inquiry into the

cause of his death. They had good proof brought before them that Dr. Horsey, the bishop's chancellor, Charles Joseph, the bishop's sumner, and Spalding, the bell-ringer, had committed the murder, and a verdict was brought in to that effect. The influence, however, of the clergy was so great, that they prevented these vile murderers from being brought to justice.

Thus this poor man, for daring to get that justice from the law which a priest denied him, was taken from his family, imprisoned, falsely accused, and cruelly murdered; and so vile and monstrous was the malignant spirit that actuated his judges, that they resisted every attempt to punish those who had been engaged in this wicked deed.

The spies employed by the bishops to inquire into heresy all over the kingdom, and to search for forbidden books, were very active in their office. Numbers of persons were, without any notice, taken away from their families to prison, and then

brought up for examination on the most trifling pretences. The names and cases of many of these were preserved in the registers kept by order of the bishops.

In 1518 John Stillman was burned. The principal charge against him appears to have been, that he concealed some of Wickliffe's writings in a hollow oak tree; that he brought them afterwards to London, and that they were found in his possession.

Thomas Mann was burned in the same year; he had some time before been charged with heresy, and was set at liberty, on condition that he should wear a faggot of wood tied to his person, as a penance for his crime, and that he should not leave a certain monastery at Oxford. He disobeyed his judges in these things, and they burned him.

Robert Cosin was burned at Buckingham: he had taught one Joan Norman, that there was no harm in drinking before mass: the papists were ordered by the priests, not to touch victuals or drink on Sundays, *before* they had swallowed the wafer.

Christopher Shoomaker was burned at Newbury, in Berkshire. He was charged with having gone to the house of a man named John Say, and read to him out of a book, "the words which Christ spake to his disciples;" that he went four times to his house, and each time read to him out of this book, which was most probably the Bible; and that he taught, "that Christ was not in the wafer offered by the priest at mass."

In the year 1519, there were seven martyrs burned in one fire, at Coventry. They had taught their children to say the Lord's prayer and the ten commandments in English; for this they were taken to prison, condemned and burnt. One of them, a poor widow, had been set at liberty, and a servant of the bishop offered to accompany her home. As they were going along, he felt a scroll of paper hidden in her sleeve; he took it from her, and found written upon it, in English, the Lord's prayer, the belief, and the ten

commandments. "Ah!" said he, "is it so? as good come now as another time." She was taken back to the bishop, who at once condemned her, and sent her, along with the other six, to the flames. As soon as they were burnt, the sheriff went to their houses, and seized all their goods, leaving their families without any means of support.

It would be impossible, in a little book like this, to give a particular account of all those who suffered for "the Word's sake." The records kept in the bishops' offices at this time, are full of the names of those who were punished, and the different charges that were brought against them.

All the cruelty and violence which the popish persecutors practised was, however, completely useless. They could not stop the reading of the Bible, nor the increase of what, in their blindness, they called heresy. While the rich and noble of the land were engaged in their idle

amusements, the poor and humble were earnestly seeking for the bread of life.

Many sat up all night, reading and hearing the word. Preachers of the gospel went about from cottage to cottage, and the people gladly gathered round them, to hear the gospel of Christ; they went into the woods, as far away as they could from their oppressors, to worship God in spirit and in truth. Popish spies, thirsting for their blood, followed them, seized them in the act of prayer, and conveyed them to prison; nor left them till the dungeon, the rack, or the stake, had completed their cruel work.

It is well worthy of remark, that among all the charges brought against these poor people, we never find it said, that they were wicked in their lives, or that they neglected their families; but it is declared of them, that they spoke against the worship of images, the adoration of the wafer, and pilgrimages to the statues and relics of saints in distant lands; that they

had found out that it was idolatry to bow down "to idols of gold and silver, of brass and stone and wood, which neither can see, nor hear, nor walk."

Nevil, archbishop of Canterbury, in his Constitutions, published about fifty years before this time, had *left out* the second commandment; it is, at the present day, left out in *many* of the catechisms used by the church of Rome, especially those used in foreign countries, where papists have all their own way.

Hundreds of poor but faithful christian men were taken away from their homes and families, and were examined on the charges we have mentioned; those who escaped burning, were condemned to undergo the following penance. "They were to carry a faggot of wood, at certain times, in the public market place, in church during mass, and at the burning of a heretic; they were to be burned on the cheek with a hot iron, and were forbidden to hide the mark with hat, cap, hood, kerchief, napkin

or otherwise. They were to avoid the company of any person who was suspected of heresy." If this penance was neglected, they were considered as relapsed heretics, and burned.

In 1526, Tonsal, bishop of London, endeavoured, by strict laws, to prevent the reading and circulation of certain books, especially the New Testament in English. He says that they contained, "pestiferous and most pernicious poison, to the peril of souls, and the offence of God's divine majesty;" and commanded his archdeacons to use every means to suppress them.

In 1529, William Tindal, who has been called the apostle of the reformation in England, published his first translation of the New Testament in English. It was printed at Antwerp, and many copies were brought to England, and quickly bought by the people. This, as might be expected, soon attracted the attention of their enemies. Bishop Tonsal was very anxious

to stop the sale of these books among the people. He consulted a merchant of London, named Packington, who traded to Antwerp, as to the best way of getting all this edition of the testament into his hands, that he might burn them.

Packington, it appears, was a friend of Tindal's, and knowing that he was very much in want of money, thought this a good opportunity of serving him. He therefore told the bishop, that if he liked, he would go to Antwerp, and try to buy up all the copies that had not been sold. The bishop readily consented to this, and gave him the money. Packington bought the books, and sent them to England, to the great joy of the bishop, who caused them all to be burned in Cheapside. The money enabled Tindal to print a more correct edition; and the next year they came over in greater numbers than before, and were as eagerly bought by the people.

Bishop Tonsal, finding this, sent for Packington, and accused him of not ob-



taining all the testaments, according to his promise. Packington declared that he had bought every copy that had not been sold, adding that, "he believed they had printed more since; and that he really did not see how this was to be stopped, unless his lordship would also buy the types and presses." The bishop, however, had had enough of buying, and so the matter ended. The people liked not the burning of the word of God; and it was said, that the clergy had

reason to revenge themselves on it, for it had done them more mischief than all other books whatsoever. The demand for the testaments increased so much, that the clergy were sadly puzzled how to prevent their circulation. They treated all those whom they detected selling them with great severity.

Among others, John Tindal, the brother of the translator, and Thomas Patmore, a merchant of London, were condemned to do penance, by riding to the Standard in Cheapside, with their faces to the horses' tails, having the testaments hung round them, and fastened to their gowns. When they came there, they were compelled with their own hands to throw the books into a fire, which had been kindled on purpose to consume them.

About this time, Tonstal, bishop of London, procured a royal decree, confirming his prohibition of heretical works. The new testament was the third prohibited book on the list. The clergy, armed

with this authority, went on more vigorously than ever in their cruel work of persecution.

One Hinton, a curate, who had been over to Tindal, was seized with some books, as he was returning; and being condemned by archbishop Warham, and Fisher, bishop of Rochester, was detained in prison for a long time, and used very cruelly. He continued unshaken in his opinions, and was at last burned at Maidstone, in the year 1530.

Thomas Bilney was brought up at Cambridge. While reading a latin edition of the testament by Erasmus, he was struck by the passage, "This is a true saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief." He thus describes the effect of this text upon his mind; "This one sentence, through God's instruction and inward working, did so exhilarate my heart, being wounded with the guilt of my sins and almost in despair, that immediately

I felt a marvellous comfort and quietness, insomuch that my bruised bones leaped with joy."

Bilney left his former pursuits, and went about preaching the gospel: he boldly re-proved the clergy for their wicked lives. Latimer was, among many others, led to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, by his preaching.

Cardinal Wolsey hearing of him, had him seized and imprisoned. Overcome by the fear of torture and a cruel death, Bilney denied the faith, promised submission to the bishops, and was pardoned.

The effects produced upon his mind after this act of cowardice, are thus spoken of by Latimer, "When Bilney came again to Cambridge, for 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 the whole scriptures were against him and sounded his condemnation: as for the comfortable

places of scripture, to read them unto him, was as though a man should run him through the heart with a sword." In this unhappy state of mind Bilney continued for nearly two years, when, having repented bitterly of his apostasy, and feeling stronger faith, he resolved to make some amends for his past misconduct.

He left Trinity Hall, Cambridge, at ten o'clock at night, and journeyed on to Norfolk; there he privately exhorted his own family and immediate friends, confirming them in the faith of Christ, and urging them to be stedfast even unto death. He then went into the fields, and began to preach openly the doctrines of the gospel of Christ. He told the people of his own cowardly denial of his Master; and warned them never to take the advice of worldly-minded friends in matters concerning their souls.

The popish spies did not allow him to go on long undisturbed, for he had by his preaching convinced several of their errors.

He was seized and thrown into prison, there to await the decision of Nix, the bishop of the diocese. While in prison, several popish priests went to him, and used every argument they could, in order to induce him to recant. They completely failed: Bilney remembered the past, and, in the strength of the Lord, withstood them all. His final sentence was not long delayed. Sir Thomas More, then chancellor of England, sent down the writ to burn him, and, in order to make him suffer further, declared in print that he had again abjured. This was soon proved to be a falsehood.

On the evening before his execution some of his friends who were with him said, "that though the fire which he should suffer the next day should be of great heat to his body, yet the comfort of God's Spirit should cool it to his everlasting refreshing." At this, Bilney, putting his hand in the flame of the candle, and trying the heat, said, "Oh! 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 mentioned in that holy word, that in the flame they felt no heat, and in the fire they felt no consumption: and I constantly believe, however the stubble of this 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 spoke of the beautiful words of scripture, Isaiah, xliii. verses 1 and 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. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy one of Israel, thy Saviour." So sweet was his conversation, so faithful his testimony to the comforting truths of the gospel, that many who heard him wrote his

words in their books. It is further recorded, that the comfort he was the means of giving to many of the brethren who surrounded him, never forsook them, but supported them even unto their dying hour. They felt that his God was their God, that the gracious promise that upheld him in the hour of his trial, was unto, and upon all, them that believe.

The next morning Bilney was led forth to execution; the officers conveyed him to a place without the gate of the city, to a low valley called "Lollard's Pit," just beyond the bridge of Bishopsgate, in Norwich, under St. Leonard's Hill. To this day the spot is marked, and is known by the same name; and the good protestants of Norwich point to it, as a lasting memorial of the heartless cruelty of that blood-stained church, whose shame and infamy is recorded in almost every town and village of our own native land.

As Bilney came forth to die, one of his friends prayed him, in God's behalf, to be

constant, and to take his death as patiently as he could. Bilney answered with a quiet and mild countenance, "Ye see when the mariner has entered his ship to sail on the troubled sea, how for a while he is tossed on the billows: but yet, in the hope that he shall soon come to the quiet haven, he bears with better comfort the peril which he feels. So am I now towards this sailing, and, whatever storms I shall feel, yet shortly after, shall my ship be in the haven, as I doubt not by the grace of God, desiring you to help me with your prayers to the same effect."

When he had descended the hill, and arrived at the spot in the valley which was to be the last scene of his suffering, he asked permission to speak a few words to the people. He stood up near the stake, arrayed in a layman's gown, the sleeves hanging down and his arms out, his hair having been piteously mangled by the priests when they degraded him. Regardless of the low malice of his murderers, he declared

the faith in which he died, rehearsing the articles of the creed; he offered no recantation, he blamed no man for procuring his death. Having taken off his gown, he kneeled down, and, with uplifted hands and eyes, prayed earnestly, ending his prayer with the 143rd Psalm, beginning, "Hear my prayer, O Lord, give ear to my supplications." The next verse, he repeated in deep meditation thrice. "And enter not into judgment with thy servant; for in thy sight shall no man living be justified." He then threw off his hose and doublet, mounted the ledge, and stood close to the stake, while the chain was fastened around him. His friend, Dr. Warner, drew near, weeping bitterly, to receive his last farewell. Bilney bent forward, and, in mild and gentle tones, addressed him thus: "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: pray for me." There then came to him, the friars

and priests who had assisted in degrading him ; they besought him to tell the people that it was not *they* who had brought him to this cruel end, *lest* they should withdraw their *alms* from them. Bilney, in the true spirit of christian charity, raised his voice as loudly as he could, and exclaimed, “ 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 piled round his body, and set light to. The reeds being light and dry, sent up a large flame, which scorched and blackened his face, he all the time exclaiming, “ Jesus, I believe ! ” The heat of the fire increasing, he bent forward on the chain, which fastened him to the stake, and his spirit was released from the burnt and shrivelled body ; thus he, who had so nobly confessed Christ before men, was doubtless welcomed to the joys of heaven ; there, through eternity, to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb.

An officer, with his halbert, struck out the staple which fastened the corpse to the stake, and it fell into the fire and was consumed to ashes. The sufferings, the patience, the mild and gentle conduct of this eminent servant of God encouraged many, and prepared them in the hour of persecution to follow in his steps,—so that while the papists thought, by his death, to strike terror into others who held like opinions, many were persuaded of the truth of the cause in which he suffered, and were strengthened by his example.

Richard Bayfield, a benedictine monk, of Bury St. Edmunds, was the next martyr who was burnt in Smithfield, shortly after Bilney's murder. He had learned the truths of the gospel, chiefly through the preaching of two godly men named Maxwell and Stacy, citizens of London, who used, once a year, to travel at their own expence through Essex and the adjoining counties, to comfort and encourage the disciples of Christ under persecution.

Dr. Barnes, a man of some influence, and who favoured these good men, presented Bayfield with a New Testament in latin, to which the two citizens added Tindal's translation, and a tract called "The Obedience of a Christian Man." He studied these books with great earnestness: but, being detected, he was put in prison, severely whipped, and put into the stocks with a gag in his mouth; he was kept in confinement nearly three quarters of a year, when Dr. Barnes obtained permission to remove him to Cambridge. Here he had greater opportunity of studying.

After continuing at Cambridge some time, he repaired to London, where he found his friend Dr. Barnes in the Fleet prison, charged with holding heretical opinions.

Bayfield was taken before Bishop Tonsal, who persuaded him to recant; but no sooner did he get out of the bishop's hands, than he went to Antwerp, and was very useful to Tindal and Frith, in circu-

lating the Bible and many good books, both in England and France. Coming secretly to London, in order to promote the sale of their books, he was betrayed, while at a bookbinders in Mark Lane, and taken to the Lollard's Tower. But God was with his servant; and Bayfield's heart was now filled with that peace which the world can neither give nor take away.

There was with him, in prison, a priest named Patmore, who was committed for some act of contempt towards the Romish Church. Bayfield preached Christ to him, and was made useful in his conversion. His persecutors, finding this, removed him to a lonely and filthy dungeon, called "The Bishop's Coal House," in Paternoster Row. Here he was treated with great cruelty; they fastened him to the damp wall, in an upright position, with iron chains passed round his middle, neck and legs. They tried to force from him the names of those who had bought his books, but Bayfield was firm, and betrayed no

one. His persecutors, finding their efforts of no use, resolved to bring him to trial.

A long list of charges were made against him by his accusers. When asked, why he brought so many books over to England, knowing that they were forbidden, he replied, "It was to the intent that the gospel of Christ might be set forward, and God the more glorified in this realm among christian people."

He was sentenced to be burnt; and, on the Monday following, was brought up to St. Pauls, to be degraded. After they had gone through the usual mummeries, and stripped him of all his priestly habits, the savage Tonsal took up his crosier staff, and struck him such a violent blow on the breast, that he fell backwards down the steps, bruising his head. When he came to himself again, he 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."

He was then led to Newgate; where after he had spent an hour in prayer, he was taken to the fire in Smithfield. The flames burnt slowly, so that he lived a long time in it; the left arm being on fire, he attempted to rub it with the other, when it fell into the flames. He continued in prayer till the moment of his departure, which took place shortly after this. His sufferings must have been intense, but amidst them all he was "strong in the Lord," and endured unto the end.

John Tewkesbury, a friend of Bayfield's, soon followed him to the flames of Smithfield. Tindal's testament, a written Bible, and a tract called, "The Wicked Mammon," were found in his possession. He was examined before Tonsal and his clergy, and so ably defended his opinions against them, that they were quite ashamed that a leather-seller should so dispute with them out of the scriptures.

After several examinations, he was induced, by the advice of his friends, to submit to the bishop. The following penance was enjoined upon him:—"To carry a faggot on his shoulder, the following Sunday, in procession, and to stand at



Paul's cross with the same. On the Wednesday following, to carry the same faggot about Newgate Market and Cheapside. On the Friday after, at St. Peter's, Cornhill, and about Leadenhall Market. That he should have two faggots on the sleeves

of his gown, and that he should wear them all his lifetime, unless otherwise dispensed with." But though for a time he had fallen, the Lord raised him up again; He endued his soul with His grace and strength, and enabled him to be a faithful witness of His truth.

Two years after this, he was again brought into trouble. Sir Thomas More, the chancellor, and the bishop, both examined him. Finding that he still held his former opinions, sentence was pronounced in Sir Thomas More's house; and he was delivered to the sheriffs of London, who burned him in Smithfield on the 20th December, 1531.

James Bainham, a lawyer, learned in many languages, and godly in his conduct and conversation, soon attracted the attention of the spies employed by Sir Thomas More. They brought him to the chancellor's house at Chelsea. More examined him, and endeavoured to turn him away from the truth: but, finding that he

could not prevail, had him bound to a tree in his garden, called the tree of truth, and there scourged him with his own hands.

He then sent him to the tower of London, and was himself present while they racked him until he was lame, in order that he might accuse other gentlemen of the temple, and tell the place where their books were concealed. Bainham was, after this, brought before Stokesby, bishop of London, and examined on various charges of heresy. Being questioned at great length on the doctrines which he held, the chancellor pronounced them heretical. He told him at once to abjure, or else that he would have him burned.

Poor Bainham, wearied, and remembering his recent cruel treatment, gave way before the fierce spirit of his opponents, and submitted himself to them. The chancellor then ordered, that he should pay a fine of twenty pounds to the king; that he should on the next Sunday stand before the preacher at St. Paul's Cross,

with a faggot on his shoulder, and then return to prison, there to abide the bishop's determination. No sooner was he released, and began to think of his conduct, than his conscience smote him. He went about mourning in spirit on account of his sinfulness.

There was neither peace nor hope in the "weary and heavy laden" spirit of poor Bainham, until he had sought forgiveness of God, and acknowledged his grievous error to all his acquaintance. He went to a warehouse in Bow-lane, Cheapside, where a congregation of christians used to meet, and there asked pardon of God and all the world before them all.

The following Sunday, he went to St. Augustine's church, and there, standing up in his pew, he declared with tears, that he had denied God, and prayed the people to forgive him; to beware of his weakness and not to do as he had done, "For," said he, "if I should not return again to the truth, this word of God, (holding up the

New Testament,) would damn me both body and soul, at the day of judgment." He prayed them, that they would rather die than recant, saying he would not again feel such a hell within him as he had felt, for all the world's goods. Beside this, he wrote letters to the bishop's brother, and many others, stating his sorrow for his conduct. They did not long allow him to be at liberty: he was brought before the bishop and examined again. Finding that he was now firm and immovable in the truth, the bishop condemned him as a relapsed heretic, and delivered him to the sheriff to be burned.

He had, before his condemnation, been kept a fortnight in the bishop's coalhouse, in the stocks, with heavy irons on his legs. He had thence been taken to the chancellor More's house, and there chained to a post for two nights; from thence to the bishop's house, at Fulham, where he had been very cruelly treated for a fortnight. Another fortnight he had been kept in the tower,

and frequently scourged with whips, in order to make him again recant.

He was burned in Smithfield, on the 30th of April, 1532. When the fire had nearly consumed his arms and legs, and he was a fearful sight to look at, he cried out from the midst of the flames, "Oh, 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."

The persecution extended to the bodies of the dead as well as to those of the living. A rich man, named Tracy, died; in his will, he left his soul to God in hopes of mercy through Christ, without the mediation of any saint, and therefore declared he would leave nothing for masses for his soul. This will, being brought to the bishop's court to be proved, so provoked the clergy, that they condemned him as a heretic. The chancellor of Worcester had the body taken up and burnt; this was against all

law, as Tracy had never been tried : so his heirs sued the chancellor, and he was fined £400. and dismissed from his office.

The next victim offered up by the priests of antichrist, was John Frith, a young man greatly famed for his learning. He studied at King's college, Cambridge, and was one of the persons selected by cardinal Wolsey, on account of his learning, to be a member of the new college at Oxford, founded by the cardinal.

While in London, in the year 1535, Frith became acquainted with Tindal, and, by his means was converted from the gross errors of popery. Many of his companions, at Oxford soon shewed their attachment to christian doctrines, for which they and Frith were imprisoned in a deep cellar or cave below the college, where the salt fish was dried. The damp and noisome stench caused the death of several. Frith was after a time released, and went beyond the sea, where he remained two years : venturing back again at the end of that time he

was seized at Reading as a vagabond, and put in the stocks. The schoolmaster of the town seeing him there, and not know-



ing who he was, began talking with him. Frith answered so clearly in latin, that the schoolmaster was highly delighted with his wisdom and talents. He went to the magistrates, and, by his influence, procured his release.

Sir Thomas More, had however, marked him as an enemy to his superstitions. Frith,

to oblige an old friend, had several years before written down his opinions on the sacrament of the Lord's supper, in which he argued that it was a commemoration of the sacrifice of Christ, and that the presence of Christ in the wafer was no article of faith. A treacherous man, named Holt, pretended a very great friendship for Frith, and earnestly requested a copy of this treatise. No sooner did he obtain it than he carried it to Sir Thomas More, who attempted to write a reply: but the arguments of Frith were so clear and scriptural, that the chancellor, though a very learned man, entirely failed. It appears he was conscious of his failure, as he endeavoured to prevent it being printed, lest a copy should get into Frith's hands.

Sir Thomas More took a more effectual way of conquering his opponent: he set a price upon his head, which soon brought him into his power. He was taken and imprisoned in the tower. While in prison, Frith obtained a copy of More's reply to

his treatise. He not only triumphantly refuted it; but argued the point with Rastal, the son-in-law of the chancellor, and Rochester, another enemy to the truth of the gospel. He silenced Rochester, and was the means of converting Rastal.

Shortly after he was taken before the archbishop, the bishops of London, Winchester, and Lincoln; his testimony was so clear and faithful that his enemies were not able to meet him. The opinions which he held were written down, and he was asked either to retract them, or to sign his name in confirmation of them. He wrote underneath as follows:—"I, John Frith, thus do think, and as I think, so have I said, written, taught and affirmed, and in my books have published."

Sentence was then passed upon him, as a child of wickedness and darkness, infecting the Lord's flock with heresy. There was a young man named Andrew Hewett, an apprentice to a tailor in Watling Street, who was condemned to be burnt at the

same stake with Frith. He was betrayed by Holt, the same man that betrayed Frith.

The Bishop of London, finding that Hewett had been converted by reading Frith's treatise of the Lord's supper, was the more anxious that he should recant. He therefore imprisoned him in the Lollard's tower, and used every means to make him forsake his opinions; but to no purpose. Hewett was enabled by the grace of God, to continue firm unto the end, and, like Moses of old, "chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season."

He was condemned to be burnt; and, on the 4th of July, 1533, was led forth, along with Frith, to the stake in Smithfield. While they were at the stake, Dr. Cook, a Romish priest, cried out to all the people, "That they should not pray for those men any more than they would for a dog." Frith, on hearing this, smiled, and prayed the Lord to forgive him. The faggots were then piled up and set on fire: Frith em-

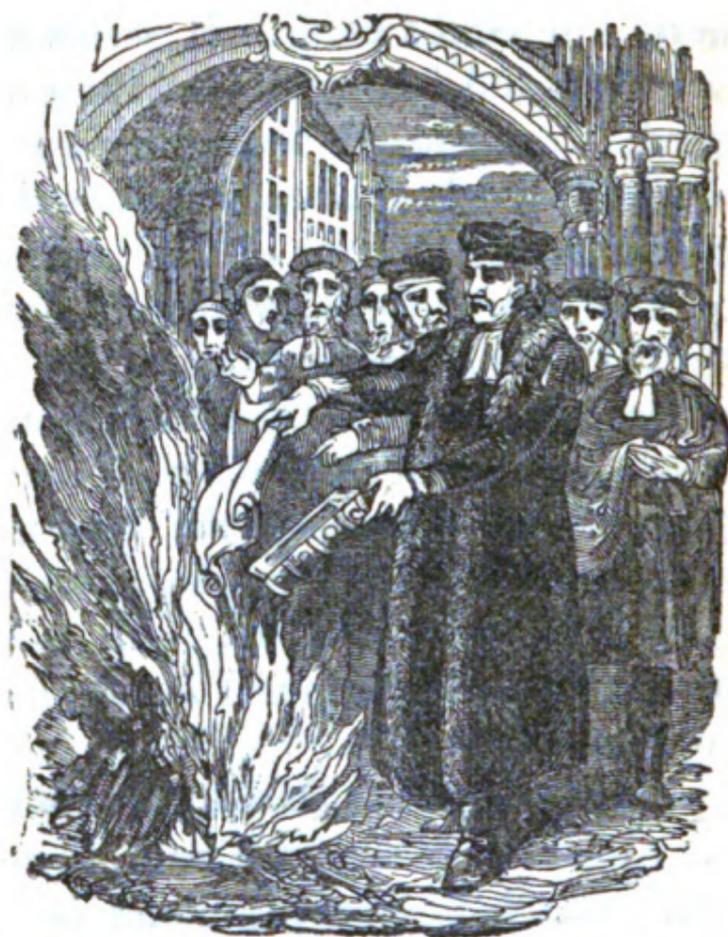
braced them with great earnestness, and expressed his willingness to die: the wind being strong, drove the flames away from him towards his companion, so that he suffered much longer than Hewett; but God gave him such strength, that he seemed rather to rejoice at the release of his fellow sufferer from pain, than to think of himself. The Spirit of glory and of God rested upon these blessed martyrs; they knew "whom they believed, and were persuaded that He was able to keep that which they had committed unto Him against that day:" their entire trust was upon the Lord their Redeemer, and it was well with them in the hour of trial.—

“In Heaven with palms they triumph now;
We love to speak their hallowed names;
Oh may our lips and lives avow
The truth they lov'd through blood and flames!

Imprisonment and death seem to have been useless, so far as preventing the people from reading prohibited books, and following in the steps of the martyrs and

witnesses of God's truth. It seems as if the courage and forbearance of those who suffered, strengthened many to "go and do likewise." We have seen the boldness of some of the poor of our land, and if we look abroad to the work of Reformation in Germany, as carried on by that bold champion of truth, Dr. Martin Luther, we shall find that at this very time, he was defying all the power of the popes, as false and unscriptural, and, by the blessing of God, was able to prove to the poorest of his countrymen the sinfulness of popery.

The pope issued a bull, excommunicating Luther, as an obstinate heretic. Luther, who had learned to despise the bulls of the popes as weak and powerless, when brought into contact with the word of God, determined to make a public display of his utter disregard of the false and usurped power of the pope. He publicly burned the bull of the pope, together with the book of the Canon Law, before the



gate of Wittenberg, in the presence of a large number of the students and others, who assembled around him. This bold act, while it brought down upon him the malice of his enemies, strengthened the weak and feeble believers of the Lord's flock in their opposition to the man of

sin. Luther's boldness soon reached England, and had the same good effect upon many here: they saw the good work flourishing in Germany, and they took courage. The fires of persecution were not long allowed to be without fresh victims: the spies of the chancellor and bishop were always on the look out, to entangle the unwary.

THOMAS BENNETT.

Thomas Bennett, a graduate of Cambridge, had received some knowledge of the truth, through his acquaintance with the martyr Bilney. His mind became so convinced of the idolatrous and blasphemous abominations of popery, that he declared to his friends he could no longer keep silence. He felt called to give his

testimony where, as he said, "God was dishonoured—His Word despised—and His people, whom he had so dearly bought, were, by blind guides, carried headlong to everlasting perdition." He wrote his mind on scrolls of paper, in which he stated, "That the pope is antichrist, and we ought to worship God only, and no saints." These papers he privately fixed against the walls of Exeter cathedral. They caused a great stir to be made, and spies were set to watch for the heretic who had placed them there, but not being able to find him, they all resolved on cursing the offender, in order to frighten the people who might have read his bills.

The priest, robed in white, ascended his pulpit; and, while the cross was lifted up, with holy wax candles fixed to it at all points, he preached a sermon against the vile and abominable heretic who had fastened them against the church, and finished by calling upon God, the Virgin, St. Peter and all the saints, to make him

known, that he might be punished. He then proceeded to curse him, putting out the candles at different parts of the curse, and closed by letting the great cross fall suddenly on the ground.

Bennett, who was witness of all this mummerly, was hardly able to restrain his laughter, while his superstitious neighbours were trembling at its horrors. Some who were near noticed him, and asked him the cause of his merriment. "My friends," said he, "who can forbear, seeing such merry conceits and interludes played by the priests?" Immediately a cry was raised, "Here is the heretic,— here is the heretic! hold him fast, hold him fast!" However he escaped, went home, and sent his boy out early the next morning, to fix some more bills upon the gate of the churchyard. It so happened that there was an early mass that morning, and some one going to it saw the boy so engaged, and finding who had employed him, had Bennett seized and put in prison.

When 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." "But couldst not thou," said his judges, "as well have declared thy word by mouth, as by putting up bills of blasphemy?" "No," answered Bennett, "I put up those bills, that many might read, and hear what abominable blasphemers you are, and that they might the better know your antichrist, the pope, to be that boar out of the wood which destroys and throws down the hedges of God's church: if I had been heard to *speak* one word, I should have been clapped fast in prison, and this matter of God had been hidden; but now, I trust, more of your blasphemous doings will thereby be opened, and come to light: for God will so have it, and no longer will suffer you."

The next day he was heavily ironed, and placed in the stocks, in the bishop's prison. The bishop, the chancellor, and

many others, argued with him in prison. Bennett answered so clearly out of the word of God, that he confounded them: his learning, and the sober manner in which he spoke, made many who heard him not only to admire him for his learning, but to feel compassion for him on account of his painful situation. Night and day, for a whole week, was he beset with friars and monks, who tried to confound him: but he replied to them all with such firmness, that they had no other resource left but to call him, "the most obstinate heretic they had ever met with."

One grey friar came to him, and laid before him the danger and suffering he exposed himself to, by his obstinacy. "I take God to record," said Bennett to him, "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) de-

part this life, that I may no longer be partakers 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 Bennett, "depart from me, and tell me not of your ways. He only is my way, who saith, 'I am the way, the truth, and the life:' in this way will I walk. His doings shall be my example, not yours, nor your false popes; 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; you shall not prevail: there is no good example in you—no truth in you—no life to be hoped for at your hands. You are all more vain than vanity itself. If I should hear and follow you thus, everlasting death would hang over me—a just reward for all them that love the life of this world. Away from me! your company I like not."

Bishops, priests, friars and monks, tried all they could to shake the faith of Thomas Bennett; but the grace of God made him proof against all their attacks. They then had recourse to their old popish plan, and resolved, as they could not control his soul, that they would destroy his body. They passed sentence upon him, and condemned him to the flames. He was taken to a place called Livery Dale, near the city of Exeter, and there the stake was driven in, and the faggots piled around it. Before he was burnt, he made his confession to God, and requested the people to pray for him: he exhorted the people so fervently, that they were astonished, and could not help admiring his conduct. The very man who wrote the sentence of condemnation against him, confessed that he was God's servant, and a good man. When tied to the stake, two papists, named Thomas Carew and John Barnehouse, standing near him, wanted him to call upon the Virgin Mary and the saints, to

help him. "No, no," said he, "it is God only upon whose name we must call: and we have no other advocate with 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 unto God, if we will have them to take place and be heard." On hearing this, the savage Barnehouse stuck a furze bush on the top of a pike, and setting light to it, thrust it into his face, saying, "Ah, heretic! pray to our lady, or I will make thee do it," Bennett cried out, in an humble and meek spirit, "Alas! sir, trouble me not;" then holding up his hands, he exclaimed, "Father, forgive them."

They then caused the flame to be kindled all round him. The last words he was heard to utter were, "O Lord, receive my spirit!" The flame shortly accomplished its terrible work, and the spirit of Thomas Bennett left its earthly tabernacle, to join the noble army of martyrs in the praises of God and the Lamb.

JOHN PETIT.

Another proof of the zeal and activity of the chancellor More, in following up and persecuting those suspected of heresy, is recorded in the case of John Petit, a citizen of London, a grocer by trade. He was one of the members of parliament for the city, and had ever been praised by the king for his integrity. He was suspected of heresy by the chancellor and clergy. The chancellor, in company with the lieutenant of the tower, went unexpectedly to his house, and told him he must go to the tower, on suspicion of keeping heretical books, although they had found none in his house. He was confined in a damp, close cell, with only a little straw for his bed. Owing to the cold and damp of his

prison, he was taken dangerously ill. In this state he was brought before the ecclesiastical court, and a priest came forward, and gave evidence that he had an English testament, and had distributed many heretical books. Upon being brought face to face with Petit, this priest asked his forgiveness, saying, "I never saw you before this time; how then should I be able to accuse you?" Petit was discharged, and returned home: but he died very shortly after, from the effects of the imprisonment he had suffered by order of the chancellor, Sir Thomas More.

The citizens of London were very much enraged at the cruel treatment of their representative in parliament. Petit was respected by all who knew him, and his death exasperated them against his persecutors. The priests, in order to quiet them, gave out that he was a heretic, and had recourse to a vile trick, to delude the superstitious into a belief that it was so. They went at night-time into the church-

yard, and poured soap ashes upon his grave, which prevented the grass from growing there. They then told the people, that as a proof that Petit had died a heretic, God would not allow the grass to grow upon his grave: and multitudes believed it. Such was the gross superstition of the people, and such was the low and degraded character of the popish priesthood, that they encouraged, by the vilest means, their superstitions.

About this time, an event occurred of the utmost importance to England. The king (Henry VIII) threw off the yoke of the pope of Rome, and declared, with his parliament, that the pope of Rome should have no power or supremacy in England. Henry found that the pope opposed his wishes, and Henry could not endure opposition: he therefore determined that the pope should have neither wealth nor power in England, and he succeeded in getting rid of him. Henry was far from being a protestant, he lived and died a

papist: but God appears to have made use of him, as he did of Jehu of old, to accomplish the work of reformation in the land, although his heart was not right with God, neither did he worship Him in spirit and in truth.

No sooner had Henry declared that England was independent of the pope, than Stephen Gardiner, bishop of Winchester, fully agreed with his royal master, and attacked most loudly the pope's power in England; so also did Bonner, afterwards bishop of London, Tonsal, bishop of Durham, and Stokesby of London; who had, so short a time before, committed Frith to the flames. We shall see that these men gave up these their new principles very shortly after, and became the bitterest persecutors on the first opportunity that presented itself. Sir Thomas More, the lord chancellor, and Fisher, bishop of Rochester, were beheaded, because they would not acknowledge that the king Henry had the supreme power in

England: they had both been instrumental in persecuting to the death the saints and servants of the Lord—they used the sword, and they perished with the sword.

WILLIAM TINDAL.

William Tindal, the apostle of England, whose writings had been so useful in opening the eyes of many to the abominations of popery, about this time fell a victim to the persecuting spirit of that vile system.

His faithfulness and boldness had for a long time excited the hatred of the papists. One day, when arguing with a priest, he so completely defeated him from the word of God, that the priest exclaimed in a passion, “We were better to be without God’s word than the pope’s.” At which Tindal, full of godly zeal, said, “I defy

the pope and all his laws: and if God spares my life, ere many years are gone I will cause a boy, that draweth the plough, to know more of the scriptures than you do." Tindal was permitted, by the goodness of God, to see this come to pass: the circulation of his translation of the Bible did enable many of the poor and unlearned to know more of the word of God, than the proud priests who boasted so much of their learning and their authority. We have already seen the attempt made by bishop Tonsal to destroy this translation of the Bible, and its failure. But though Tindal for a time escaped the plans made to destroy him, he eventually bore witness to the truth of Christ, by a martyr's death.

A treacherous man, named Henry Phillips, went over to Antwerp, and there having artfully made an acquaintance with Tindal, and professed great friendship for him, watched his opportunity, brought the officers of justice to assist him, and,

at a moment when Tindal was least aware of it, Phillips, Judas like, betrayed him into their hands. He was taken to Filford, a town eight miles from Antwerp, was tied to a stake, and there strangled by the hangman. His last words were, "Lord, open the king of England's eyes." His body was afterwards consumed by fire. The cruel and wretched traitor, Phillips, who had so deceitfully entrapped Tindal, was not long permitted to enjoy the price of blood. It is recorded that he died a loathsome death, his flesh being consumed by vermin before his soul was allowed to quit his body.

About this time some new laws were made, which lessened the power of the clergy, and stopped, for a short time, the flames of Smithfield.

Henry VIII. having got rid of the pope, turned his attention to some of the monasteries, or religious houses, as they were called. These places had become dens of the vilest iniquities. In these

houses were planned all the tricks by which the monks fed the superstitions of the people: images, relics, and trumpery of every kind, were preserved in them, and exhibited for money. The belief in purgatory, and the supposed virtue that there was in masses, to bring souls out of it, induced multitudes to part with their property, and to give it to the priests, that masses might be said for themselves and their relations. By these means, the monasteries became enormously rich, and the abbotts, priests and monks, who belonged to them, took care to keep the people in ignorance; knowing that, if their eyes were once opened to see the absurdity of purgatory, and masses, and relics, their wealth and their occupation would soon be at an end.

Well, king Henry ordered certain commissioners to go and visit these monasteries, and to give him a faithful account of the riches they contained, and all that they saw there. By means of this visita-

tion, the wickedness of the monks and friars was made plain to all the people: the tricks by which they had deluded them, and the paltry things which they had made them to believe were precious relics, were all exposed. It would fill a large book to give a complete account of all the wickedness that was discovered by these visitors: but, that our young readers may form some idea of the way in which the priests deceived the people, a few of the things found in these houses shall be named.

At Reading, they pretended to have an angel's wing, which had brought over upon it the point of the spear which pierced our Saviour's side. Pieces of wood, which they told the people were pieces of the real cross on which Christ died, were found in such abundance, that a very large cross might have been made of them, had they been all put together. An image, called, "The Rood of Grace," was found at Bexley, in Kent, which bowed its head,

and moved its eyes, and could look either angry or pleased, according to the amount of money paid to obtain its favour. This image drew many pilgrims from all parts of the country, who believed it to be a miraculous image. It was brought up to St. Paul's Cross, London, the back of it was opened before all the people, and they saw the springs by which it had been moved. At Hales, in Gloucestershire, a phial was shewn, which they said contained Christ's blood. It was not to be seen by any in a state of mortal sin, so the pilgrims who came to it from distant parts, and who were anxious to know their state, brought with them valuable presents, to induce the monks to show them the phial. Those who paid most saw the blood, and went away well satisfied. It was found out that it was only the blood of a duck, put in every week: one side was thick, and the other thin, so that the priests could turn which side they pleased to the pilgrims, according to the offerings they had

made. These, and many other things of a similar kind, being made public, opened the eyes of the king of England, as well as those of his subjects: so that Tindal's last prayer seems, to a certain extent, to have been answered.

The king dissolved a great many of these monasteries, and applied their wealth to his own purposes. We can hardly believe that the king's conduct in these matters arose from a love for the truth of the gospel: it rather appears that his love of power could not endure the interference of the pope and his party. Henry VIII was an instrument in the hands of God for accomplishing His purposes, but he himself was not a changed character: he still shewed the spirit of persecution, and there is reason to suppose that he lived and died a papist.

JOHN LAMBERT.

The first who came under the notice of king Henry for heresy, after the dissolution of the monasteries, was John Lambert, who had been converted by the teaching of Bilney, at Cambridge, some years before. He went to Antwerp, and assisted Tindal: he was there seized, by order of Sir Thomas More, was brought to London, and examined by Wareham, archbishop of Canterbury. While he was in prison the archbishop died, and Cranmer succeeded him. Owing partly to this, and partly to the interference of the queen, Anne Boleyn, who favoured the protestants, he at this time escaped.

After this, Lambert set up a school in London, at a place called Stocks' Market,

where the Mansion House now stands. While there, he heard a sermon preached at St. Peters', Cornhill, by Dr. Taylor, afterwards bishop of Lincoln. After the sermon, Lambert conversed with the preacher on the question of transubstantiation. He was persuaded by Taylor to write down his opinions, they were laid before Cranmer, and became a matter of public dispute.

Lambert, not satisfied with this, appealed to king Henry VIII. This unwise step brought him into a new situation. The king was persuaded by the malicious counsel of Stephen Gardiner, bishop of Winchester, to shew that he did not favour heretics, by sitting in judgement upon Lambert. The pride and vanity of Henry was gratified by this proposal, as an opportunity of displaying his learning would be afforded him. A royal order was given, commanding the bishops and the nobility to come to London to help the king, while he sat to judge the heretics. Westminster

Hall was the place appointed ; and in the month of November, 1538, that noble building was filled with the nobles of the land : the prelates were there—the rich and the proud were there—the monks and the priests were there. No means were left untried to make the protestants of England believe that popery, still predominant, would not fail to be the firm opponent of some of the doctrines then put forth.

The prisoner was brought before the king, who sat there, clothed in white, with ten of the bishops who were appointed to dispute with him. Behind were the judges and lawyers, clothed in their scarlet robes. Before this proud assembly, John Lambert, a poor schoolmaster, stood alone, with no other strength than that promised by Jesus to his disciples, when they should be called to appear before men for his name's sake. That strength was sufficient for him, and he doubtless felt that he was in the hands of One, who hath promised that he will never leave



nor forsake his people. The king, after some prefatory remarks, questioned him on the doctrine of the real presence of Christ in the sacrament, saying, "Answer as touching the sacrament of the altar—whether dost thou say that it is the body of Christ, or wilt thou deny it." When the king named the sacrament, he lifted his cap from his head, in token of reverence to the wafer-idol of the papists. Lambert replied, "I answer as doth Augustine, that it is the body of Christ after a certain manner." Henry spoke then in Latin, saying, "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 merely quoted the words of Christ, "This is my body," and then called upon the bishops to answer him. Cranmer, who at that time was not thoroughly enlightened upon the matter, tried to meet the arguments of Lambert, but

was completely defeated. After him, followed Gardiner, bishop of Winchester, Tonstal, of Durham, and Stokesby, of London, who afterwards, on his death-bed, boasted of having burned fifty heretics in his life-time. Lambert replied to all these out of scripture, with so much calmness and firmness, that none of his adversaries could dispute with him any further. They therefore, instead of arguing any further with him, had recourse to the most violent abuse of him, on the charge of heresy. He held his peace—arguments were no longer of any avail.

The day drawing to a close, and the torches being lighted, the king finished the business by 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 entirely into his majesty's hands. "Then," said the king, "commit thyself into the hands of God, and not into mine." "I commend my soul into the hands of God,"

answered Lambert, "but my body I wholly yield and submit unto your clemency." To which Henry said, "Then you must die: for I will not be a patron of heretics." So Cromwell was then ordered to read the sentence of condemnation. This condemnation was ordered to be published, to be fastened upon the church doors, and to be read four times a year, throughout the kingdom.

On the day appointed for the burning of this eminent servant of God, he was brought out of prison at eight o'clock in the morning, and taken to Lord Cromwell's house. Cromwell was a favourer of the Gospellers, as they then called those who preached Christ, and opposed popery. It is said that he begged the forgiveness of Lambert, for the part he had been compelled to take against him, as the king's lord chancellor. When Lambert was told that the hour of his death was near at hand, he was comforted at the prospect of so soon being with Christ, and seeing Him

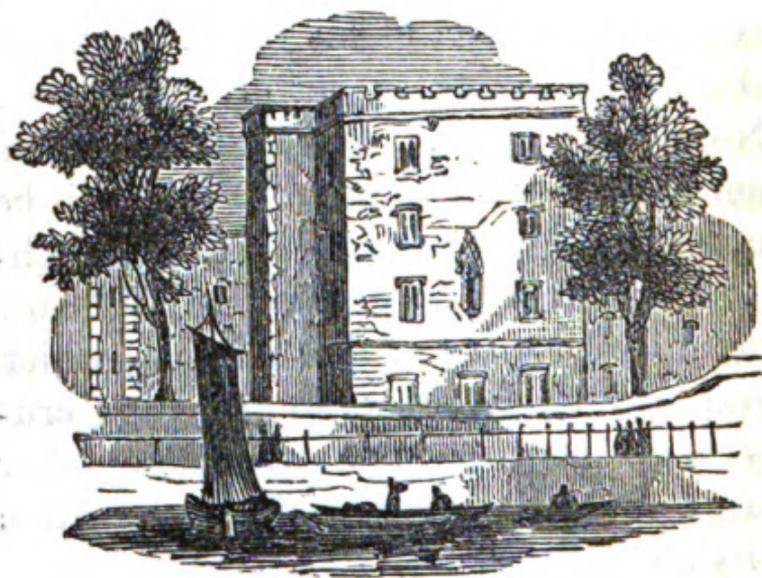
in his glory, in that bright place where sorrow and sin cannot enter—where the fierce cruelty of persecutors is shut out for ever.

He sat down to breakfast, and talked to those around him with the greatest calmness: there was no sign of fear or sadness in any of his words or actions. When breakfast was finished, he was taken to Smithfield, and fastened to the stake. The horrible cruelty with which he was treated, was such, that we can only wonder that monsters could have been found to practice it: and yet it was so. When his legs were consumed, and burnt up to the stumps, these wicked tormentors drew away the greater part of the fire from under him, leaving only sufficient to burn him very slowly. Then two men stood on each side of him, thrust their halberds into his body, and raised him up as high as the chain would allow. Lambert, in this agonizing position, lifted up his hands, his fingers flaming with fire, and cried out

to the people these words:—"None but Christ—none but Christ!" They then let him fall down again from their halberds into the fire, where he soon expired. His persecutors could torment him no longer: they had done what they could to torture his poor body, but they had no power to touch his soul. Christ was the only object of his faith: he knew and felt the saving power of His gospel. "None but Christ!" was his theme while upon earth,—“None but Christ!” will be the theme of his joy and rejoicing, throughout the countless ages of eternity. Oh! how hateful is the spirit of that religion, which could lead its followers to deal thus cruelly with men, against whom no other charge could be brought than opposition to its absurdities.

Lambert, like many others, was burned because he denied the doctrine of transubstantiation, or the change of a little wafer, made of flour and water, into the body and blood, together with the

soul and divinity, of our Lord Jesus Christ. For this he suffered imprisonment and a cruel death. What greater proof can we have, that popery is not the religion of the gospel: nay, that it is as opposite to the spirit of the gospel as light is to darkness.



We here present our readers with a correct representation of the Lollard's Tower, adjoining the Archbishop of Canterbury's palace, at Lambeth, where Lambert and many others were confined. It is stil

standing, near the water-side. In a room at the top of the tower may still be seen the iron rings fastened to the wall, to which the prisoners were bound. On the walls there are many names and sentences, roughly carved by some who were confined there. There it stands, a monument of the wickedness of popery. There, in that upper room, the groans, the tears, the prayers of many a faithful servant of Christ, have been poured forth; there, in the gloom and damp of that dreary dungeon, they, many of them, doubtless, realized in their souls the presence of their God and their Redeemer, comforting and strengthening them in the hour of their trial; there they felt and enjoyed a peace in their souls, which their enemies, with all their wealth, and pride, and pomp, knew nothing of. They were witnesses for Jesus, and He was with them to the end.

Shortly after the martyrdom of Lambert, Richard Packington, brother to the merchant who bought up the edition of

Tindal's Testament for Bishop Tonsal, was shot in Cheapside, at five o'clock in the morning, as he was going to early prayers. It was not known, for a long time, who was the cause of this murder. Dr. Incent, Dean of St. Paul's, when on his death-bed, confessed that he had hired an Italian to shoot him. Packington, it appears, had spoken in parliament very boldly against the covetousness and cruelty of the popish clergy, and it was supposed that he had some influence with the king. This was the cause of their hatred against him: they dreaded exposure,—“they loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil.”

A man named Putteden was burned about this time, in Suffolk, for saying jokingly to the priest, that “When he had drank up all the wine himself, he then blessed the hungry people with the empty cup.” This was all his offence.

Another, named Leiton, was burned at Norwich, for speaking contemptuously of

an idol, which the papists had carried about the streets in procession, and for saying, that "The people ought to receive both the bread and the wine in the sacrament, and not be limited to the bread, while the priests drank up all the wine."

At Ipswich, in Suffolk, a man named Peke was burned, with great cruelty, He was tied to the stake, and then scorched all over with blazing furze bushes, until his face and body were as black as a coal.

A papist, standing near, struck him with a long wand he had in his hand, 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." He then unfolded a scroll of paper, and declared that it gave him authority to pardon him, if he would recant. The martyr, whose veins had burst internally, through the heat of the flame, cried out as loudly as he could, a stream of blood flowing from his mouth

as he spoke, "I defy it, and thee also!" The enraged papist, on hearing this, turned round to the people, saying, "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." On hearing this, the Baron Curzon, Sir John Audley, and others, got up from their seats, drew their swords, and cut down boughs from the trees, to make up the fire. So degraded and ignorant were many, even of those who had this world's wealth and honors, that they believed it to be a good opportunity of obtaining nearly six weeks' indulgence in sin!

The king, Henry VIII, having served his own purposes, by getting rid of the supremacy of the pope in England, and by the dissolution of many of the rich monasteries, seemed resolved to let his people know that he was no friend to the work of reformation. He called together a parliament, and a convocation of the bishops and most learned clergymen in the land;

they drew up, and, with the king's consent, passed into a law, the act known by the name of the six articles, or as it was afterwards called by the people, on account of its penalties, the "scourge with six strings." These articles maintained and supported the errors of popery. The first, set forth the doctrine of transubstantiation; the others, communion in one kind, and that the bread only should be given to the common people; private masses for the dead; the single lives of the priest; vows of chastity, and auricular confession. It was further decreed, "that any one who should publish, preach, teach, say, or affirm, declare, dispute, argue, or hold any opinion contrary to the first article, transubstantiation, together with their aiders, comforters, counsellors, consenters and abettors therein, should be deemed heretics, should suffer death by burning, without any abjuration or benefit of 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 articles, should, for the first offence, suffer imprisonment, with like forfeiture of goods ; and for the second, be put to death as a felon.

In the making of this wicked law, there was one man alone, of all the bishops and priests, who had the boldness to oppose it, and that was Archbishop Cranmer : opposition however was of no use in preventing the passing of this act : it became the law of the land. No sooner was it passed, than the enemies of the truth set themselves to work, to remove from the king's counsel, the Lord Chancellor Cromwell, who had become favourable to the spread of the gospel, and had defended those who preached it.

This wicked work was contrived principally by the infamous Stephen Gardiner, bishop of Winchester : a false charge of treason was made out against him ; it was maintained by perjured witnesses ;

and on this charge he was condemned and beheaded. Cromwell had given his patronage and support to a translation of the Bible, made by Coverdale from that of Tindal's, which had been previously printed. Great complaints were made by the popish bishops against it; and, under the pretence of amending it, they obtained an order to prevent its being sold. Grafton, the printer, was imprisoned in the Fleet for six weeks; but was set free, on binding himself under a penalty of £300, a very large sum in those days, not to sell or print any more Bibles, till the king and the bishops had agreed on a translation, which was never done in Henry's reign.

**DR. BARNES, THOMAS GERRARD,
AND DR. JEROME.**

The work of persecution went on. Gardiner, bishop of Winchester, had now, by the six articles, and the removal of the chancellor Cromwell, considerable power in his hands; and he did not fail to make use of it.

The first persons of any note who were victims to these cruel articles, were three men, eminent for their zeal and piety in the service of God, Dr. Barnes, Thomas Gerrard, and William Jerome.

Dr. Barnes had very much promoted the reading of the Scriptures among the students at Cambridge; and many flocked to hear his preaching against the errors of popery. The vice-chancellor and others

tried to persuade him to renounce the truth : but to no purpose.

At length a sergeant at arms was sent from London to arrest him. He was taken openly in the convocation house at Cambridge ; his chambers were searched for Luther's books, but none were found. He was taken before cardinal Wolsey, and examined by him. The cardinal, finding he was firm, committed him to prison for a time. Barnes was at length persuaded to recant ; and to do penance, with others, before the cardinal and a large multitude, at St. Paul's. He was imprisoned for six months in the Fleet. After this he was left more at liberty ; though still considered as a prisoner at Austin Friars.

He escaped to the continent to Luther, where he remained some time. He came once more to London, and preached boldly and faithfully. Gardiner did all he could to entrap him again, and he soon succeeded. Dr. Barnes was requested to preach a sermon, at which Gardiner was present. After

this, he was sent for to Hampton Court, where the king then was, and examined. He was removed thence to the tower of London, from whence he never came out until the day of his burning.

Thomas Gerrard, a curate, in Honey-lane Market, London, (Honey-lane Market formerly stood where the City of London School now stands, in Milk-street, Cheapside,) went to Oxford, taking with him several books, and among others Tindal's translation of the Bible, which he sold to the students there. This was made known to Cardinal Wolsey and the bishop of London: Gerrard was apprehended, and brought before the commissary and others, in St. Mary's Church, Oxford, where they convicted him of heresy, and compelled him to carry a faggot in open procession, from St. Mary's Church to Frideswides, a place not far from St. Mary's. A great fire was made, and all the books suspected of heresy, which could be collected, were burnt. After this, Gerrard, went from place to place, to

escape persecution, until at last he was again apprehended, about the same time as Dr. Barnes, and suffered with him.

William Jerome, vicar of Stepney, was a faithful and diligent preacher of God's word. He had preached many sermons to the people, in which his main object appears to have been, to warn them against the idle traditions, the "cunningly devised fables," the idolatrous and superstitious mummeries, by which the popish priesthood were trying to lead them captives at their will.

He preached a sermon, one Sunday, at St. Paul's, taking for his text, part of the 4th chap. of the epistle to the Galatians, in which he spoke of the difference between the old covenant and the new. He shewed how the children of the free woman Sarah, were freely justified, while the children of Hagar, the bondwoman, could not be, but were in bondage. This great scriptural doctrine of justification by faith was opposed to the whole system of popery,

which makes, in common with all the heathen world, penance, or mortification of the flesh, and other outward observances, necessary to complete justification.

For this sermon he was apprehended, and a charge of heresy was made out against him, for preaching against the popish doctrine of justification, by baptism and penance. "Who doubts," says the historian Foxe, "but if St. Paul himself had been at St. Paul's Cross, and had preached the same words to Englishmen, which he wrote to the Galatians, he had been apprehended for an heretic?" Dr. Wilson, who disputed with Jerome, asserted that good works justified men before God, and were not only necessary but available to salvation. Jerome replied, that all works, whatever they might be, were nothing worth, nor any part of salvation, of themselves; that *they* only referred to the mercy and love of God, who directed the minds and thoughts of those who did them, His mercy and goodness accepting them. Dr. Wilson

was unable to make any reply to this. —How ignorant of the scriptures, were even the most learned of the popish clergy! Our Saviour says, Luke xvii. 10. “When ye shall have done *all* those things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants, we have done that which was our duty to do.” The apostle Paul says, Rom. iii. 20, “By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His sight;” and Eph. ii. 8, 9, “By grace are ye saved through FAITH; and that *not of yourselves*: it is the gift of God: *Not of works*, lest any man should boast.” No wonder that the popish bishops and clergy were so anxious to prevent the circulation of the word of God among the people!

These three faithful witnesses of the truth of the gospel, Dr. Barnes, Gerrard, and Jerome, after being kept in prison for several months, were brought out to Smithfield to be burnt, two days after the death of Cromwell. Dr. Barnes, after confessing his firm belief in the all-sufficiency of the

atonement of Christ, spread out his arms and implored God to forgive him his trespasses: then, turning to the people, he said, "Perchance you know nothing about me, yet do I confess, that my evil 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 as speaking 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 shew and set forth our profession, not to deserve or merit; for that is only done by the death of Christ."

When asked, by a by-stander, his opinion on prayer to saints, he said, "I believe that they are in heaven with God, and that they are worthy of all the honour that scripture willeth them to have: but I say, throughout scripture we are not commanded to pray to any saint; therefore I neither can nor will preach to you, that saints ought to be prayed to; for then should I preach to you a doctrine out of my own head. Whether they pray for us or not, I refer to God. If saints do pray for us, then I trust, Mr. Sheriff, to pray for you within this half-hour; and for every christian man, living in the faith of Christ, and dying in the same as a saint."

Then he cried out, "Is there here any man that knows why I must die? or that by my preaching has been led into any error?" No man answered. "Then," said he, "I am condemned by the law to die, and, as I understand, by an act of parliament; but wherefore I cannot tell, but

probably for heresy, for we are likely to burn; but they who have been the occasion of it, I pray God to forgive them, even as I would be forgiven myself. And Gardiner, bishop of Winchester, if he hath sought or wrought this my death either by word or deed, I pray God to forgive him, as heartily, as freely, as charitably, and without feigning, as ever Christ forgave them that put him to death." After declaring his mind at some length, on several particulars, he called on the people to forgive him, "and to bear him witness, that he detested and abhorred all evil opinions and doctrines against the Word of God; and that he died in the faith of Jesus Christ, by whom he doubted not but to be saved." He desired them to pray for him:—then, putting off his clothes, he prepared himself for death.

Jerome, then made a clear and simple confession of his faith, exhorting the people to brotherly love, to patient endurance in the hour of trial, to consider the re-

proach of Christ, and what He endured for us. He ended his address in these words, “Now, therefore, let all christians put no trust or confidence in their works, but in the blood of Christ; to whom I commit my soul, 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 depart in the true faith of Christ.”

In the like manner, Gerrard exhorted the people, ending as follows,—“I also detest, abhor and refuse all heresies and errors; and if, either by negligence or ignorance, I have taught and maintained any, I am sorry for it, and ask mercy of God: or if I have been so vehement or rash in preaching, whereby any person has taken any offence, error, or evil opinion, I desire of him, and all other persons whom I may have offended, forgiveness. Notwithstanding, to my remembrance, I never preached willingly anything against God’s holy word, or contrary to the true faith;

to the maintenance of errors, heresies, or vicious living; but have always, for my little learning, set forth the honour of God, and right obedience to his laws, as also the king's: and if I could have done more, I would. Wherefore, O Lord, if I have taken in hand to do that which I could not perfectly perform, I desire thy pardon for my bold presumption; and I pray God send the king's grace good and godly counsel, to His glory, to the king's honor, and to the increase of virtue in this his realm. And thus now I yield up my soul unto Almighty God, trusting and believing that He, of his infinite mercy, for His 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 stedfastly in the true faith, perfect hope, and charity."

After this, they engaged in prayer together, imploring the Lord Jesus to be their comfort and consolation in this their affliction,—to establish them with perfect faith, constancy, and patience, through the Holy Spirit. Then taking each other by



the hand, and kissing one another, they quietly and humbly yielded to their tor-

mentors: and, as firmly and as boldly as they had defended the faith, in the prospect of a cruel death, so did they die for it. "Ye that love the Lord, hate evil: He preserveth the souls of His saints, He delivereth them out of the hand of the wicked."—Ps. xcvi. 10.

The king, Henry VIII, gave strict orders, for searching out and bringing to punishment, all who should in any way offend against the six articles; Bonner, bishop of London, whose cruel and blood-thirsty spirit, marked him as one of the vilest men who ever professed christianity, gladly availed himself of the king's order to indulge his cruel disposition.

The first victim of his malice was a poor boy, fifteen years of age, who had spoken against the wafer idol. Although the jury could bring no verdict against him, and declared that the witnesses they had examined contradicted each other, Bonner persevered in the case: nor did he leave it, until this poor boy was committed to the

flames. The prisons of London were not large enough to contain the numbers who were accused of heresy.

JOHN PORTER.

A young man named John Porter was imprisoned, for reading and expounding the scriptures at St. Paul's church. Bonner, some time before, when he wanted to please the king and get power, by appearing to favour the reading of the Bible, had ordered six Bibles to be chained to six desks in St. Paul's church, for the people to read. Many persons used to go there and hear the blessed word of God, while one, more learned than the rest, read to them. John Porter, who had studied the scriptures, and who had an audible voice, attracted a great many listeners; Bonner hearing of this, and being armed with

more power than he ever had before, now shewed his dislike to this reading, and sent Porter to Newgate, where he was fettered both legs and arms, and an iron collar was put about his neck and fastened to the wall of his dungeon. A relation interceded for him, and got him released and removed to the felon's quarter, where murderers and other criminals were kept. Here he began preaching, and exhorting those around him to amendment of life.

For daring to do this, he was taken to the deepest dungeon of all, where he lay loaded with bolts and fetters. Six days after he was found dead. It is supposed he was put into a horrid instrument of torture, called the "devil on the neck," so contrived, that it would bend the neck and body of the strongest man together in a few hours; so that he was crushed. On the last night of his life, those who slept near his dungeon heard the most piteous moans and cries proceeding from it. There was not sufficient evidence to prove the

guilt of his murderers: there is, however, a day coming that will reveal it, when John Porter and his murderers will stand before the judgment-seat of Christ.

TESTWOOD, PEARSON AND FILLMER.

Robert Testwood, a citizen, was so skilled in music, that though he was known to favour the gospellers, the papists obtained his consent to join in the choir at Windsor. He soon offended the popish clergy there, by his bold remarks against their idolatrous practices. Dr. London, the prebendary, had long marked Testwood, along with several others, for destruction. He reported them to Gardiner, bishop of Winchester, who soon sent orders for their arrest.

Testwood, Pearson, Fillmer, and two others, were seized and charged with heresy. Testwood was accused of mocking when the wafer was lifted up, and that instead of worshipping it, he always looked on his book or some other way: "I beseech you," said Testwood, "whereon did he look, that marked me so well."

Pearson was charged with denying transubstantiation, and with saying, that the bread of life is the word of God: "So long," said he, "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."

Fillmer was also charged with denying transubstantiation. His own brother was, by the treachery of Dr. London, and a lawyer of Windsor named Simons, brought as a witness against him. On these charges,

they were all three condemned to death; the two others, who were taken with them, were not condemned.

As they passed through the streets to execution, they called on the people to pray for them, to stand fast in the truth of the gospel, and not to be moved by their afflictions, for it was the happiest thing that ever came to them. Two priests rode beside them, trying to persuade them to recant; "Away" said Pearson, "away with your Romish doctrine, and all your trumpery; we will have no more of it." When Fillmer was come to the house of his brother, who had borne false witness against him, he called three or four times for him to come out. Finding that he would not, he said, "And will he not come? then God forgive him, and make him a good man."

These three blessed martyrs suffered with so much firmness and humility, that many who saw them said, they could at the moment have found it in their hearts to die with them. Shortly after their

deaths, the treacherous conduct of Dr. London, Simons, and another, in procuring their murder, was found out: they were publicly disgraced, and put in the pillory for perjury.

ANN ASKEW.

The popish persecutors knew nothing of compassion or mercy in their dealings with those who were followers of Jesus; they spared neither age nor sex: their hatred to those who dared to oppose their idolatry and superstition was so intense, that nothing but their blood would satisfy them.

We have now to record the cruel sufferings of a faithful servant of Christ, named Ann Askew. She was a lady by

birth and education, and had been for some years an attentive reader of the Scriptures and of the writings of the Reformers. Her husband, a bigoted papist, finding her firmly attached to the truths of the gospel, resolved to sacrifice her. Popery knows nothing of natural affection for heretics; this man, who had sworn to love and cherish his wife, was among the first to give her over to her tormentors.

After several examinations before bishop Bonner and others, she was conveyed to the tower, taken down into a dungeon, and placed upon the rack, to compel her to accuse some ladies, who were suspected of sending her money, and otherwise supporting her in her trouble. Sir Anthony Knevett, the lieutenant of the tower, ordered a gaoler to rack her; he did so, and then was about to loosen her, when Wriothesly, the chancellor, who had been looking on, not satisfied that she should be loosed without making a confession, ordered them to rack her again: the gaoler

refused, stating the weakness of the woman. Wriothesly in a rage threatened to tell the king. He and Rich, one of the council, who was there, then threw off their gowns,



and worked the rack themselves; and, because she lay still and did not cry, they racked her, till her bones and joints were almost plucked asunder, and she was almost dead.

As soon as she was loosed she swooned away. "After that," she says, "I sat two

long hours on the bare floor, reasoning with my lord chancellor: with many flattering words, he endeavoured to persuade me to leave my opinion; but my Lord God, I thank His everlasting goodness, gave me strength to persevere, and will do so, I hope, to the end."

She was then carried back to her place of imprisonment, and Wriothesly and Rich rode away, glorying in their cruelty. Ann Askew being condemned, the papists reported that she had recanted. Hearing of it, she published her confession of faith, which concluded with the following prayer:—

"O Lord, there be now more enemies than there be hairs on my head: but, Lord, let them not 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 upon me, which am thy poor creature; yet, sweet Lord, let me not be terrified by them, 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 to me. Open also, Thou, their blind hearts, that they may hereafter do that thing in Thy sight, which only is acceptable before Thee, and set forth Thy truth aright, without the vain fantasies of sinful men. So be it, Lord, so be it."

Ann Askew had suffered so much from the cruel torture of the rack, that she could not have lived many days, even had it pleased her persecutors to spare her from burning. They had, however, no such intention: the order for her execution soon arrived. Three christian men were ordered to be burned with her: Nicholas Beleman, a priest of Shropshire,—John Adams, a tailor,—and John Lascelles, a gentleman of Henry's court.

Ann Askew was brought to Smithfield in a chair, being too weak either to stand or walk. She was fastened to the stake

with an iron chain. There were many present to witness her dying agonies; among them the lord chancellor Wriothesley who had racked her in the tower, the old duke of Norfolk, the earl of Bedford, and many more. Wriothesley sent letters to her and the others, while at the stake, offering them pardon if they would recant. Ann Askew turned away her eyes, exclaiming that she "came not there to deny her Lord and Master:" her companions followed her example, and refused the proffered pardon. The flames were then kindled, and these faithful servants of Jesus soon exchanged a bed of fire for a mansion of glory.

About the same time, a man named Rogers, who lived in the diocese of Norwich, was condemned by Dr. Repsie, and was burned at the instigation of the old duke of Norfolk. Another named Stile was condemned for heresy, under Tonsal, bishop of London, and was burned in Smithfield, having the book of St. John's Revelations nailed to the stake. Stile rejoiced at

having such a companion with him in his burning.

A short rest from the fires of persecution, now awaited the friends of the gospel.

In 1547, Henry VIII died. It cannot be said of Henry that he was the friend of the Reformation. It is true, he threw off the supremacy or dominion of the pope, and declared that England and England's king, should not be any longer in subjection to the bishop of Rome. It was a joyous day for England, when the pope of Rome was declared to have no power or jurisdiction in our land; when the wealth of our country was no longer sent to Italy, to fill the coffers of a foreign bishop: it was a good thing for England, that so many monasteries were suppressed, for they were proved, many of them, to be places where the vilest crimes were practised. But, in throwing off the dominion of the pope, and dissolving the monasteries, Henry did not throw off the religion of popery: he still clung to the absurd doctrines of that system.

The cruel six articles, of which we have already spoken, page 157, prove that he was no protestant : they were in force to the day of his death ; and we have seen that many were burned for daring to act or speak contrary to them. Besides, Henry “ earnestly entreated the Virgin Mary, and all the holy communion of heaven, to pray for him while he lived, and at his passing hour : and he ordered a convenient altar to be set, honourably prepared, with all things requisite for daily masses ; there to be said perpetually while the world should endure.”

Dr. Lingard, a popish historian, states, that at Paris, a solemn service was performed for the repose of the soul of Henry VIII. And also, that his body lay in state in the chapel of Whitehall, which was hung with black cloth : eighty large black tapers were kept continually burning, twelve lords, as mourners, sat round within a rail : and *every day* masses and a *dirge* were performed. At the commencement

of the service, the Norroy king at arms called aloud, "Of your charity, pray for the soul of the high and mighty prince, our late sovereign Henry VIII." All this proves that the papists did not consider that Henry died a heretic, and out of the pale of their church.

It is therefore a very silly thing, to say that Henry VIII. was the founder of protestantism in England. We have seen that the protest against popery in England began at a very early period; the eyes of the people had been gradually opened to the absurdities practised among them by the priests; and Henry, in throwing off the dominion of the pope, was an instrument in the hands of God for removing the greatest evil under which a nation ever groaned. It required the power and influence of those whose souls were enlightened by the Spirit of God, to build up the glorious structure of the British Reformation.

We shall see, as we go on, that such men were raised up by God; and that by

their instrumentality, the blessings of a pure Christianity, unshackled by the traditions of men, founded only on the word of God, was maintained and established among us. And now the British Christian, unfettered by any human authority, appeals to the open Bible as the only rule of his faith. "May we," says bishop Burnett, "ever value this as we ought; may we, in our temper and lives, so express the beauty of this holy religion, that it may ever shine among us, and may shine out from us to all round about us, and then we may hope that God will preserve it to us, and to our posterity after us, for ever."

Edward VI., the son of Henry VIII., came to the throne on the 28th of January, 1547. He was only ten years of age when he began to reign. His father had appointed sixteen individuals, to conduct the government until Edward came of age. Archbishop Cranmer, and the duke of Somerset, both favourers of the Reformation, were the two principal managers.

Edward, who had been very carefully educated, exhibited decided signs of his attachment to the truth of the gospel at a very early age. At his coronation, seeing three swords of state prepared, to be carried before him, he ordered that a Bible should also be carried in the procession, calling it the "sword of the spirit," and adding, also, "He that rules without it, is not to be called God's minister, or a king."

The work of reformation now went on without interruption. Preachers were ordered to go about the country, and preach on the doctrines of the gospel, and against pilgrimages, and other idolatrous superstitions. All the images were ordered to be taken down; and the candles, which the papists placed on what they called their altars, were removed. A great Bible, in English, was set up in some convenient place, in every church, and the people were encouraged to read it, or to hear it read by others.



In the next parliament, nearly all the persecuting laws, from the first year of the reign of Richard II., to the last of Henry VIII., including the cruel Six Articles, were done away with. It was also ordered that both the bread and wine, in the sacrament, should be given to the people, and the idolatrous mass should be abolished.

In November, 1548, Edward assembled his Lords and Commons, and shewed them an English book of Common Prayer, intended for the use of his subjects. This event was celebrated in the true spirit of the gospel, by a free pardon to all those who were then in prison on account of their obstinate opposition to the work of reformation.

Bonner, bishop of London, opposed these proceedings in his diocese, and, though frequently warned, he still continued disobeying the royal commands, and was at last deprived of his bishopric and sent to prison. Ridley was appointed to succeed him. Bishop Gardiner also rebelled against the king's authority, and, though treated with great mildness, he went so far as to arm his servants and followers, and to call upon the people to resist the Reformation. He also was deprived of his bishopric and imprisoned.

In carrying on these changes, there is very little doubt that many who were en-

gaged in the work went to unnecessary lengths, and used great severity; that there were those who availed themselves of the power that was given to them, to enrich themselves with the spoils taken from the churches, and that the jewels and tinsel and gaudy trumpery of popery, were applied to their own purposes. But it would be very foolish for any one to argue that the work of Reformation was unholy, because here and there men were found who abused the power given them, and sought their own interests rather than the progress of the Gospel. That there were Achans in the camp of the Reformers, there can be no doubt; but still the work of the Reformation was no less a great and a holy work.

One of the last events of Edward's reign was the burning of a young woman, named Joan Boucher: this leaves a stain upon the memory of archbishop Cranmer. She held some strange views respecting the nature of Christ, which brought her under the provisions of a law, made by the

papists, against those who attacked the doctrines of Christianity. Cranmer, from his office, was obliged to sit in judgment upon her: she was condemned, and burnt, much against the wish of the king, who for a long time refused to sign the warrant for her execution.

The burning of Joan Boucher ought rather to be charged upon the cruel and persecuting spirit of the age, than upon archbishop Cranmer. There is ample proof on record, that he was an unwilling agent in her final suffering, though he was certainly blameable for not resisting her execution more decidedly. But he did not stand alone; papists were with him, and about him: and there can be little doubt that he was urged by them to the commission of this crime. The history of Cranmer is sufficient to prove to every honest mind, that his was not a cruel disposition. The high office that he held, as one of the privy council, obliged him to be very decided in punishing disobedience

to the laws of the land : but the worst and vilest of his accusers cannot accuse him of wanton cruelty in so doing.

The work of reformation had proceeded gradually, but surely ; and the mummeries of popery were only practised by those who obstinately and wilfully shut their eyes and ears to an open Bible and a preached gospel : God had sent them “ strong delusion that they should believe a lie,” as it is said in 2 Thess. ii. They still clung to the cruel and persecuting principles of popery ; and it was so ordered, in the providence of God, that another opportunity should be afforded them, of filling up the measure of their iniquity.

The health of the king began to fail. He had been attacked by the measles, and then by the small pox : a rapid decline seized upon his weakened constitution, and it was quite evident to those about him, that he could not live very long. The duke of Northumberland, whose ambition prompted him to try and gain the crown

for his daughter-in-law, the lady Jane Grey, induced the king to make a will, and in it to appoint her his successor. He knew the king's attachment to the reformed religion, and he artfully laid before him the evils that would result, if his sister Mary, who was a bigoted papist, should succeed to the throne.

Edward, whose heart was bound up in the progress of the Gospel, saw the danger that awaited his beloved country, and was induced to agree with the plan of the duke, and to appoint the lady Jane Grey to succeed him. Cranmer did not like the plan, and it was not without great difficulty, and at the special request of the king, that he signed this document or will of the king.

The king now began to sink rapidly. A short time before his death, he founded Christ's Hospital, in Newgate-street, for a school; Bridewell and Bethlehem, for the idle and insane; St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield, and St. Thomas's, Southwark, for the sick and wounded. He signed the

charters for their establishment, on June 26th, 1553, when he was so weak that he could scarcely hold his pen. He praised God for sparing his life until he had completed this excellent work.

All these noble institutions are still existing amongst us, and are proofs of the benevolent influence of pure and undefiled Christianity. They were not built, like the abbeys and monasteries of old, with the vain notion of gaining the favour of God, after a life spent in the vilest sin; they arose from the love of God, implanted in the heart by the Holy Spirit,—that love producing love to tried and afflicted man.

On the 6th of July, 1553, Edward VI. died, at the royal palace, Greenwich. While on his death-bed, and when he thought that no one was near him, he delivered the following fervent prayer: his physician, Dr. Owen, and several other attendants, heard him, and noted it down. "Oh Lord God, free me, I beseech thee,"

out of this miserable and wretched life. Receive me among the number of thine elect, if so be it thy pleasure. Although not mine, but thy will be done. To thee, O Lord, I commend my spirit. Thou knowest how happy I shall be, if I may live with thee in heaven. Yet I would I



might live and be well, for thine elect's sake; that I might faithfully serve Thee.

O Lord God, bless thy people and save thine inheritance. O save thy people of England; defend this kingdom from papistry, and preserve thy true religion in it,—that I and my people may bless Thy most holy Name, through Thy Son Jesus Christ.” Finding that his physician and others were in the room, he exclaimed, “I knew not that you were so near me, I was making my prayer to God:” a short time after, he said, “I am faint,—Lord have mercy upon me; receive my soul;” after which he expired.

Thus ended the short reign of this eminent young prince. He was a faithful servant of God, and has aptly been called the English Josiah, having been instrumental in removing the idolatrous emblems of that degrading superstition, which had so long afflicted our unhappy country; and in directing the minds of the people to the true and simple worship of the living God. He reigned six years and nine months, and did more for the establish-

ment of Christianity, in his short reign, than any king who had reigned before him in England.

After his death, the lady Jane Grey was proclaimed Queen, much against her will, by the duke of Northumberland. She was the victim of the ambitious designs of Northumberland. His object was to raise his own son, Lord Guildford Dudley, who had married Lady Jane Grey, to the crown; and he imagined that, if she was Queen, it might easily be accomplished. He failed, however, in his plans: being very much disliked by the people, on account of his arbitrary conduct, they flocked round the princess Mary, who was the right successor to the throne. Mary solemnly promised her protestant subjects that no alteration should be made in the established religion of the land. Trusting in her word, they supported her claim to the throne, and she was proclaimed queen chiefly by their influence.

The unhappy Lady Jane Grey, who had

only held the crown twelve days, was committed to the tower. Mary's first act was to release those papists who had been imprisoned for their rebellious conduct, during Edward's reign. She made Gardiner, bishop of Winchester, her prime minister,—reinstated Bonner as bishop of London,—and imprisoned archbishop Cranmer, bishops Hooper, Ridley, Latimer, and Myles Coverdale, the translator of the Bible into English.

She soon showed her determination, in spite of her solemn promise, to re-establish popery. Her subjects discovered that the popish doctrine, "that no faith is to be kept with heretics," was faithfully held by this miserable woman. Two holy men, John Huss and Jerome of Prague, had been burned some years before, on the continent, although a solemn promise had been given them that they should be allowed to return safely to their homes. Still we can hardly wonder that men should have doubted the existence of such

an infamous doctrine as this. That it is however too fatally held, the history of popery affords proof most undeniable. Their writers have tried to deny it, but denial cannot avail. It would be a useless doctrine, if it was not denied; for if all men knew that it was an openly-acknowledged doctrine of popery, then there would be no opportunity of acting upon it.

On the 10th of August, parliament met at Westminster, and was opened with a high mass. The queen was present; after mass, the laws for administering the common prayer and sacraments in English, passed in Edward's reign, were repealed. On the 18th, a proclamation was issued, in which the Queen declared her attachment to popery, but that none of her subjects should be compelled to adopt it, *till* that course was resolved upon by common consent. In the meantime, all preachers were forbidden to preach and explain Scripture, without licence. Workmen were busily employed in re-building

the altars, setting up images and crucifixes, and preparing the churches for the worship of the wafer.

The people now saw the Queen's determination to set up popery; and that persecution would soon be used to effect her purpose.

The protestants of Suffolk, who had assisted her in gaining the throne, sent a deputation with an address, reminding her of her promises; they were treated very roughly, and told that they must obey the head. One of them, named Dobbe, was put in the pillory three times. A convocation of the clergy was assembled, under the pretence of discussing the doctrine of transubstantiation; both parties were invited freely to speak their minds upon it. The result proved, that it was only done in order that the popish party might know who those were, that would maintain most zealously the principles of the reformation. John Philpot, archdeacon of Winchester, so ably withstood the

advocates of transubstantiation, that they found the only way to defeat him, was to stop his talking. Philpot, looking up to heaven, exclaimed, "O Lord! what a world is this, that the truth of Thy holy word, may not be spoken and abided by." Some of the doctors, after a while, insisted that he should be allowed to go on. Again he brought the language of Scripture against them; he proved the idolatry of their doctrine; and again they stopped him. Some days after, he again argued with them, and so annoyed them, that they broke up the convocation, impudently claiming the victory.

In 1554, lady Jane Grey and her husband were executed, for treason. Her last hours were very much disturbed by the troublesome interference of one Feckenham, a priest, who had been sent to try and persuade her to deny the faith of the Gospel; but she continued true to the end. She was one of the most learned and pious of the age in which she lived. Within a

fortnight after her death, Bonner, bishop of London, ordered that the names of all persons in his diocese, who kept away from confession at the following Easter, should be taken down, and sent to him. The next month, the queen's order was issued,—“That the supremacy of the pope should be acknowledged in all the dioceses of England:—heretics should be marked for punishment,—that the priests should not marry,—that those who were married should put away their wives,—that processions, holidays, fasts, and all the old ceremonies should be restored, with latin prayers as aforetime:—and that popish schoolmasters should be put in the place of protestants, that the children might be instructed to answer the priests at mass.” This was accompanied with a command to the Lord Mayor, that he should prevent the citizens from leaving London, until after Easter, lest they should escape confession and the mass. All foreign reformers were ordered to quit the kingdom.

Many protestant ministers, being driven away from their parish duties, contrived to leave England.

The first parish church where mass was performed in Mary's reign, was St. Nicholas Cole Abby: the priest, who had married in Edward's reign, was in such haste to shew his obedience, that he sold his wife to a butcher: he was afterwards degraded for immoral conduct.

In the month of April, Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, were conveyed from the Tower to Windsor, and thence to Oxford, to dispute the doctrine of transubstantiation with the popish bishops. The questions to be argued werethree,—1st, whether the natural body of Christ be really in the sacrament, after the words muttered by the priest over it:—2nd, whether after the words of the priest, any other substance remained than the body and blood of Christ:—3rd, whether the mass be a sacrifice for the sins of the quick and the dead. Stephen Gardiner, bishop of Winchester, was

the principal mover of this disputation. The manner in which it was carried on may best be told from a letter which archbishop Cranmer addressed to the council. He says, "Dr. Chedsey, was appointed to dispute against me, but the disputation was so confused, that I never knew the like, every man bringing forth what he liked without order: and such haste was made, that no answer was suffered to be taken to any argument, before another brought a new argument: and when we had answered them, they would not appoint a day to bring forth our proofs, that they might answer us. But why they would not answer us, what other cause can there be, but that either they feared their matter, that they were not able to answer us: or else, for some consideration, they made such haste—not to seek the truth, but to condemn us—that it must be done in post haste, before the matters could be properly heard: for in all haste we were all three condemned of heresy."

After the disputation at Oxford, Dr. Weston and others of the university, pronounced sentence of heresy, against Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer: they were sent to Bocardo, the common gaol at Oxford.

On November 21st, Cardinal Pole arrived in England, as the representative of the pope. He made a speech before the queen and parliament, in which he set forth the wickedness of separating from the pope. The parliament submissively bowed down before the proud priest, while he, in the pope's name, pronounced their pardon, and then declared that the pope once more received England into his favour. On the 3rd of January following, the supremacy of the pope was confirmed by act of parliament: on the 23rd, there was a solemn procession of the host, through the streets of London. The wafer idol was once more lifted up in the churches; the people bowed before it, at the command of the priests, and God was

again insulted, and his worship degraded, by this most stupid idolatry.



WORSHIP OF THE WAFER.

The servants of Christ, who continued faithful to the cause of the gospel, were excommunicated by the priests from the

altars of their churches, with the most awful imprecations. Gardiner, bishop of Winchester, tried to procure the death of the princess, afterwards queen Elizabeth. She was firmly attached to the protestant religion, and being next in succession to Mary, he knew the influence she would have in again restoring the reformed religion, and undoing all his work. He would sometimes say, "that they cut off the boughs and branches, but so long as they let the root remain, (meaning Elizabeth) all was nothing." Through his influence she was imprisoned, and many tricks were tried, to entrap her into an open denial of the "real presence," that they might the more easily punish her for heresy; but they all failed, and, through the providence of God, she was preserved through this wicked reign.

JOHN ROGERS.

The first person for whom the fires of Smithfield were re-kindled, in Mary's reign, was John Rogers, a prebend in St. Paul's Cathedral. He had been a zealous and faithful preacher of the gospel in king Edward's time; and, in turn with others, preached at St. Paul's Cross.

When the queen first came to the throne, and before any popish changes were made, he preached at Paul's Cross, a "godly and vehement sermon," in which he maintained the truth of the gospel, and exhorted the people firmly to abide in it, and to "beware of all pestilent popery, idolatry, and superstition." The council called him to account for this sermon, but he, making a "stout and witty answer,"

was at that time dismissed. After popery was again restored, he was forbidden to preach, and ordered to remain a prisoner in his own house. He might easily have escaped, and gone to Germany, where he would have been quite safe; but, being called to suffer in the cause of Christ, he was content to remain, leaving all in His hands. Bishop Bonner had him removed from his own house to Newgate, where he remained among thieves and murderers.

The account of his examinations was found, after his burning, concealed between the covers of an old book, in a dark corner of his dungeon, where they had escaped the vigilance of his persecutors. It appears from these, that Rogers was brought before the council, and asked by Gardiner, who presided, whether he would conform to the catholic church, and acknowledge the pope as supreme head. He replied that he had never dissented from the catholic church, and that he knew no other head of that church than

Christ; the bishop of Rome having no more authority than any other bishop. When asked why he had acknowledged Henry VIII. to be supreme head of the church, if Christ were the only head, he answered, "that he granted him no supremacy in spiritual things, and that he did not believe that they themselves thought in their hearts, that the king had ever been considered as supreme head in spiritual things."

Winchester, after in vain trying to defeat him in argument, shuffled, saying there were more prisoners to be examined. He offered him the queen's mercy, if he would recant and conform. Rogers complained of their refusal to let him dispute either before them or in writing: "Ye yourselves," said he, "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 ago; and will ye now, without comparing it, have me say and do the con-

trary? I cannot be so persuaded." Winchester said 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." The bishop ordered him back to prison until the morrow, when he was told, he would be again examined.

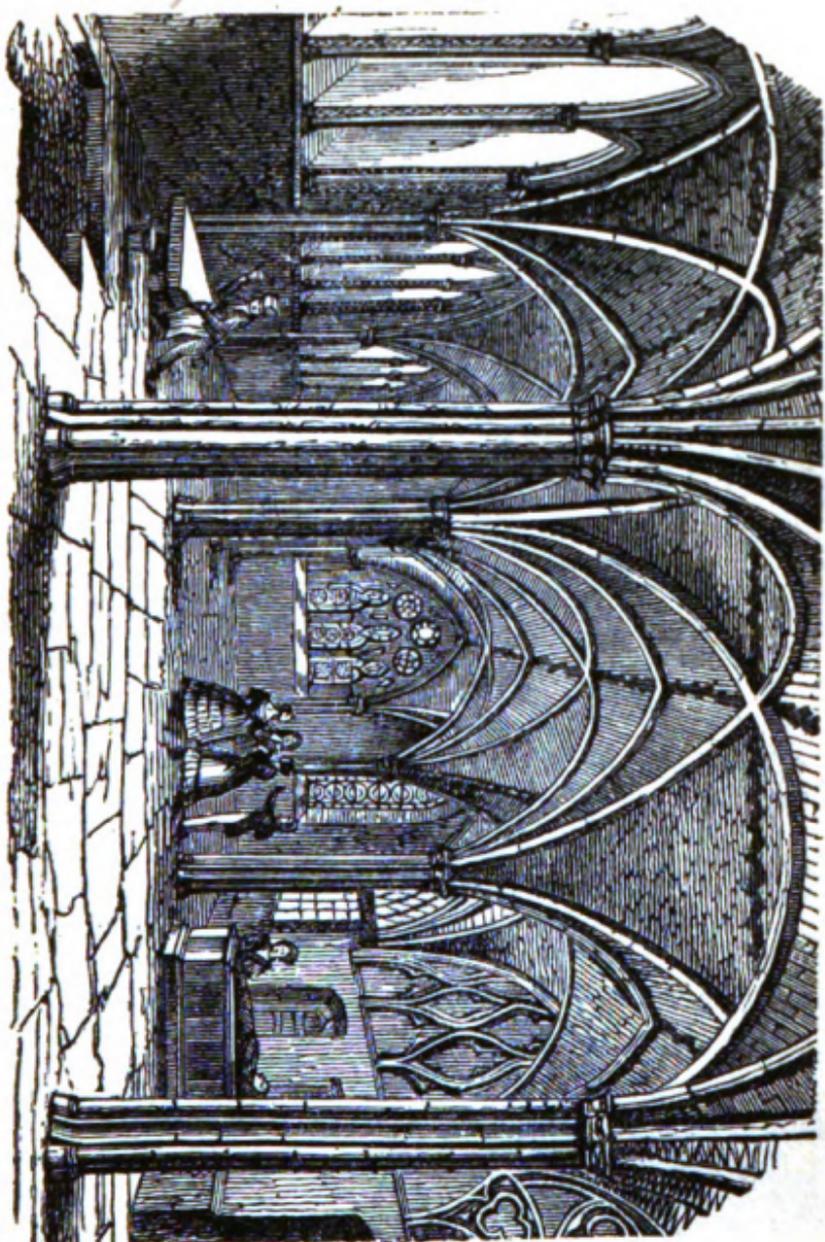
The following are some of the concluding remarks he makes, after this examination; praying for all who might be in the same distress, he says, "that I and they all may despise all manner of threats and cruelty, and even the bitter burning of fire, and the dreadful dart of death; and stick, like true soldiers, to our dear and loving Captain, Christ, our only Redeemer and Saviour; and the only true Head of the Church, that doeth all in us all, which is the very property of a 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 utmost jeopardy of the battle; but that we might 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 wife, being a poor stranger, and all my little souls, hers and my children's; 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 them at the last to everlasting salvation, the true and sure inheritance of all crossed christians.—Amen, amen.”

A few days after, he was again brought before the council, and again Gardiner asked him, if he would recant and receive the queen's mercy: he refused, and demanded permission to dispute for his faith, which was denied him. They questioned

him on transubstantiation, which he denied; several charges were brought against him of preaching against the queen, and contrary to command. None of these were proved, and the time being ended, he was sent back to the compter in Southwark, and ordered to come up on the morrow.

The next day sentence was first passed upon Hooper, then Rogers was brought in, and again asked whether he would submit, to which he again replied by demanding to be heard in his own defence. They then proceeded to excommunicate, degrade, and condemn him, for affirming that the Romish church was Antichrist, and that transubstantiation was a false doctrine. "Well, my lord," said Rogers, "here I stand before God and you, and all this respectable audience, and take them to witness, that I never willingly taught any false doctrine, and therefore I have a good conscience before God and all good men. I am sure that you and I shall all come before a,



INTERIOR OF LADYE CHAPEL, SOUTHWARK,

[p. 214.]

Where Rogers, Hooper and others, were examined before Gardiner, bishop of Winchester.

Judge that is righteous, before whom I shall be as good a man as you, and I nothing doubt 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 from it, I have not been in it these twenty years,—the Lord be thanked.”

He then requested to see his wife, that he might talk with her; this request was brutally refused, and he was sent back again to prison. Early in the morning of the 4th of February, 1555, he was warned by the keeper's wife, at Newgate, whither he and Hooper had been removed from Southwark, to prepare for the fire, as he was to be burned in Smithfield that morning. When brought out of the prison, Woodroffe, one of the sheriffs, asked him if he would give up his doctrines, and recant. Rogers replied, “That which I have preached I will seal with my blood.” “Then,” said Woodroffe, “thou art a

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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 meek reply of Rogers.

As he went to the stake, in Smithfield, he repeated the 51st Psalm. The people rejoiced at his firmness and constancy. His wife and children, eleven in number, the youngest a new-born infant, met him by the way. Bitter as this trial was, Rogers, by the grace of God, was enabled to continue steadfast to the end, committing them to the care of Him whom he knew would provide for the fatherless and the widow; and when, for the last time, pardon was offered him, if he would recant, he utterly refused it. The flames were then kindled; as they rose up, Rogers bathed his hands in them, and seemed rather to rejoice in his tribulation, than to give vent to any expression of his sufferings. This was the first martyr for the truth of the Gospel, in Mary's reign.

LAWRENCE SAUNDERS.

When the proclamation, which prevented preaching without the queen's special license, was put forth, many were found, who continued to preach faithfully to their flocks, the Gospel of Christ. They judged, like the apostles of old, that they "ought to obey God rather than man," they were, "set for the defence of the Gospel," and they did not shrink from their work, though danger and death was continually before them.

Lawrence Saunders, a learned and pious divine, who had been appointed in Edward's reign, first to the living of Church Langton, in Leicestershire, and afterwards to that of Allhallows, in Bread Street, London, continued after the queen's pro-

clamation to preach the Gospel to his flock. He went from London to Leicestershire, to resign his living there, as he was conscientiously opposed to holding two livings at one time. He preached openly and boldly, warning the people against the errors of popery, which he saw were about once more to be established in the land.

This brought upon him the vengeance of Mary's adherents. He was imprisoned for some time, but as he and his friends had supported the claims of Mary to the throne, and there was then no law to punish him, he was set at liberty.

After the proclamation, he came to London. As he came near the city, he was met by Sir John Mordaunt, one of the queen's council, who asked him where he was going. "I have," said Mordaunt, "a church 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." Saunders replied, with earnestness, "How then shall I be discharged before God, if any be sick and desire consolation,—if any want good counsel, or need instruction,—or if any should slip into error, and receive false doctrine?" Mordaunt asked if he had not preached at Allhallows, on a certain day. "Yes, verily," said Saunders, "that is my cure." "I heard you," said Mordaunt, "and will you preach now there again?" "If it please you," replied Saunders, "to-morrow you may hear me again, in the same place, where I will confirm, by God's word, all that I said then, and whatsoever before that time I taught them." Mordaunt, after trying in vain to dissuade him from preaching, went to Bishop Bonner, and told him of the intended sermon.

The next day being Sunday, Saunders preached to his people, in the morning from 2 Cor. ii. 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 subtlety, so your minds should be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ;" He told them, how as christians they only could be espoused to Christ, that they must "be justified by faith in his blood." He compared popery to the subtlety of the serpent, and warned them not to be deceived by it. In the afternoon, he went again to the church to preach, but Bonner sent an officer, and charged him to come before his bishop on pain of disobedience; he went, and found Bonner, Sir John Mordaunt, and several of the bishops' chaplains waiting for him.

The charge brought against him, was treason in disobeying the queen's proclamation, and for preaching heresy and sedition: Bonner undertook to prove that he was a heretic. Saunders replied readily to all that he brought forward, and after a long debate, 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 thereafter ye may loathe bloodsucking, and become a better man." Bonner took care of the writing as a witness against him, and sent him to Gardiner the lord chancellor.

Gardiner not being at home Saunders waited in an outer room with Sir John Mordaunt, who had charge of him, for four hours: when Gardiner came, Mordaunt gave him a paper containing the charge against Saunders. The chancellor when he had read it, asked him how he had ventured to preach after the queen's proclamation, Saunders replied, " that, as he saw perilous times at hand, he did (as he was warned by Ezekiel the prophet,) exhort his flock to persevere and stand steadfastly in the doctrines which they had learned: that he was moved and pricked forward to it by that place of the apostle, wherein he was commanded to obey God rather than man; and moreover, that

nothing more moved or stirred him there-
to than his own conscience." "A goodly
conscience surely," said the bishop, "that
would make our queen illegitimate: would
it not I pray you?" Saunders told him, that
he had never declared the queen illegiti-
mate, "but," added he, "let those take
care, whose writings are yet in the hands of
men, witnessing to the same." This applied
to the bishop, who had himself written
a book in the time of Henry VIIIth, in or-
der to obtain the king's favour, in which
he openly declared that Mary was illegiti-
mate. "We," continued Saunders, "do
only profess and teach the sincerity and
purity of the word: which, although it is
now forbidden us to preach with our
mouths, yet notwithstanding, I do not doubt
but that our blood hereafter shall mani-
fest."

The bishop would hear no more, but ex-
claimed in a passion, "Carry away this
frenzied fool to prison." Saunders said,
"that he did give God thanks, who had

given him at last a place of rest and quietness, where he might pray for the bishop's conversion."

He continued in prison a whole year and three months, during which time he wrote many comforting letters to Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer, and his wife; his letters prove his christian spirit and his knowledge of the scriptures. In writing to his wife, he says, "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 soldiers of Christ. Wherefore, 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 6th chapter to the Ephesians; and pray, pray, pray." He concludes his letter to the bishops at Oxford, thus, "We testify unto you, reverend fathers, that we draw water with joy out of the wells of the

Saviour, and I trust we shall, with you, continually bless the Lord, and give thanks to 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.”

After passing a year and three months in prison, he was brought before his judges.

When charged by them with heresy, he told them, that he held the faith in which he had been brought up from fourteen years of age; having been taught even by those who now judged him, of the usurpation of the bishop of Rome, and the evils which sprung from it. He 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.

The chancellor answered him with taunting, telling him he was not fit to live upon earth, and that he should so understand within seven days, bidding them to take him away. "Welcome be it," said Saunders, "whatever 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 innocent blood, truly it will cry: the spirit of God rest upon all your honours, Amen."

After this he was excommunicated, delivered to the secular power, and taken to prison by the sheriff of London.

On the 4th February, the bishop of London went to his prison to degrade him. When the wretched mummery was over, Saunders said to him, "I thank God I am not of your church."

The next morning, the sheriff of London delivered him to the queen's guard, who were appointed to carry him to the city of Coventry, to be burned. When he was come to Coventry, he was met by a poor

shoemaker, whom he used to employ. The shoemaker, knowing that he was to be burned, exclaimed, "O my good master, God strengthen and comfort you." "I pray thee, good shoemaker," said Saunders, "to pray for me, for I am the unmeetest man for this high office, that was ever appointed to it; but my gracious God and dear Father is able to make me strong enough." He was put into the common prison for the night, where he spent most of the time in prayer, and in teaching the prisoners.

The next day, February 8th, 1555, he was led forth to the park, clothed in an old gown. He was barefooted, and, as he went along, he several times cast himself on the ground, and prayed earnestly. When near the stake, the officer who attended him told him that he was one of them who 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." Saunders answered him, "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." This noble and faithful reply so provoked the officer, that he cried out, "Away with him!" and away he went, with cheerful courage, to his painful death. He embraced the stake in his arms, and kissed it, saying, "Welcome! the cross of Christ,—welcome! everlasting life."

His cruel enemies made the fire of green wood, which burning very slowly, and sending forth a great smoke, increased and prolonged his sufferings. He was a long time in agony of body, but no murmur escaped his lips. He regretted not that

he was called to die in defence of the Gospel of Christ; he knew that all God's promises were, "Yea and amen in Christ Jesus;" he knew that God hath promised concerning every one of his believing children, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee,"—and he doubtless rejoiced that he was counted worthy to suffer for the name of Christ, knowing that a bright and glorious inheritance awaited him, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."



BISHOP HOOPER.

BISHOP HOOPER.

The faithful and pious Hooper, bishop of Gloucester, was the next victim to the cruel and blood-thirsty spirit of popery. He was condemned at the same time that the martyr Rogers was, and expected to be burned in Smithfield, with him; but he learned on the evening of that day, that he was to be taken down to Gloucester, to be burned in his own diocese. This was a cause of rejoicing to him, as he hoped that his martyrdom would be the means of confirming those who had heard the "wonders of redeeming love" from his lips, in that place.

He was waked at four o'clock the next morning, and was taken by six of the queen's guards, before it was light, to the

Angel Inn, by the church of St. Clement, in the Strand, then in the fields. Muffling his face with a hood, so that he might not be known, they went on their way to Gloucester. In three days they arrived at the city of Gloucester, where they were met by a crowd of persons, who mourned over the fate of their beloved pastor.

Sir Anthony Kingston was, by the queen's letters, ordered to superintend his burning. This man had been converted by the faithful preaching of bishop Hooper, but, through fear of death, had conformed to the queen's proclamation. When he saw Hooper, he burst into tears, and implored him, "to consider that life was sweet and death was bitter; and seeing that he might have life, he desired him to live, as hereafter life might do good." "Indeed," said the bishop, "I am come hither to end this life, and to suffer death here, because I will not deny the truth that I have heretofore taught amongst you, in this diocese. I thank you for your

friendly counsel, though it is 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 that I have for the one, and the terror and fear of the other, I do not so much regard 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 meantime, to commend me to God's mercy in your prayers."

Kingston wept bitterly, at parting with him, telling him that it was through his preaching that God had brought him to forsake and detest his sins.

The next day, a blind boy, named Drowry, was, after entreating his keepers very strongly, brought to him. Hooper,

on conversing with him, found him dear in his knowledge of the truth, and steadfast in maintaining it. "Ah! poor boy," said he, "God hath taken from thee thy outward sight, for what cause 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 truth. God give thee grace, continually to pray unto Him, that thou lose not that sight, for then wouldst thou be blind both in body and soul." This poor blind boy was afterwards burned.

When the mayor and sheriffs came to him, he requested that there might be a quick fire, shortly to make an end of him, adding, "I am not come hither as one enforced or compelled to die, for it is well known I might have had my life, with worldly gain,—but as one willing to offer and to give my life for the truth, rather than consent to the wicked papistical religion of the bishop of Rome."

On the 9th February, 1555, he was led

forth from prison, to a place before the cathedral, where he had so often preached salvation by faith in the blood and righteousness of Christ: he went leaning on a staff, being very weak from his long imprisonment. A crowd, amounting to seven thousand people, were assembled to witness the last moments of their faithful and affectionate bishop. He was forbidden to speak to them, the Romish bishops had threatened to cut out the tongues of those who attempted to speak to the multitudes who witnessed their martyrdoms; so fearful were these cruel men, of the effects of their exhortations.

Hooper knelt down and prayed; a box, said to contain his pardon, if he would recant, was set before him; when he saw it, he exclaimed, "If you love my soul, away with it! if you love my soul away with it!" While he was praying, one or two persons stepped forward and heard part of his prayer, as follows, "Lord, 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 to be a partaker of thy joys, where Thou sittest in equal glory with Thy Father. For well Thou knowest, Lord, wherefore I am come hither to suffer, and why the wicked 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 contamination 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: which with as much diligence as a poor wretch might, I have set forth to Thy glory. And well Thou seest, my Lord and God, what terrible pains and cruel torments are prepared for Thy creature: such Lord, as without thy strength, none are able to bear or patiently to pass. But all things that are impossible with man, are possible with Thee: there-

fore strengthen me of 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." As soon as the mayor saw those who were listening, he ordered them away, so they could hear no more.

Three irons were then brought to bind him to the stake ; one for his neck, another for his middle, and a third for his legs : " You have no need," said he, " thus to trouble yourselves, for I doubt not, but God will give me strength sufficient to abide the extremity of the fire, without bands : notwithstanding, suspecting the frailty and weakness of the flesh, but having assured confidence in God's strength, I am content that you do as you shall think good." So he was bound by the middle to the stake, refusing to be bound by the neck and legs, saying, " I am well assured I shall not trouble you." The man who was ordered to light the fire, came and asked his forgiveness. Hooper said, " He

knew not any offence that he had committed against him :” “ O sir,” said the man, I am appointed to make the fire,”—“ thou dost not offend me,” replied Hooper, “ God forgive thee thy sins, and do thine office, I pray thee.”

Two horseloads of green faggots had been brought to the place, when kindled, they burned slowly, and there being a high wind, the flame was blown from him, so that his poor body was only scorched and blackened. A few dry faggots were then brought, and a new fire kindled, but that had little power owing to the wind. While he was thus suffering, he prayed mildly, not very loud, “ O Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy upon me, and receive my soul.” He wiped both his eyes with his hands, and cried out, “ For God’s sake, good people, let me have more fire :” all this time his lower parts had only been burning. A *third* fire was then made, more fierce than the others. He exclaimed, “ Lord Jesus have mercy upon me ! Lord

Jesus have mercy upon me ! Lord Jesus receive my spirit !” These were the last words he was heard to utter : but even when he was black in the mouth, and his tongue swollen, so that he could not speak, yet his lips moved till they shrunk to the gums ; he knocked his breast with his hands until one of his arms fell off, and then knocked with the other, until by keeping up the fire, his strength was at length exhausted : he fell forward.—Men nor devils could no longer afflict him ; all that they could do, they had done ; the moment had come, when their malice and their rage, was as weak as they were vile ; their hour and their power, was over ; Hooper, the good, the faithful, and the patient, was now, ‘absent from the body and present with the Lord.’

He had been for nearly three quarters of an hour, exposed to the flames ! he bore patiently the bitter pains, moving neither forwards nor backwards, but died as quietly as a child in his bed. He had been

faithful in declaring the counsel of God, among the people, over whom he had been set: and God gave him that strength, which alone can be realized by those, whose sole trust and confidence is continually in the Lord God of Hosts.

It is supposed, that it was by order of Gardiner, that green wood was used on these occasions, that the prolonged sufferings of the martyrs, might be the more terrible to those who beheld them.

Some years since, when there was occasion to dig the spot, which had always been pointed out as the place where Hooper was burned, the remains of the stake and a piece of the iron were found.

DR. ROWLAND TAYLOR.

The papists, at the commencement of this persecution, seem to have taken for their victims, some of the most faithful and eminent of the servants of God, in order to frighten the people more effectually, from what they termed heresy.

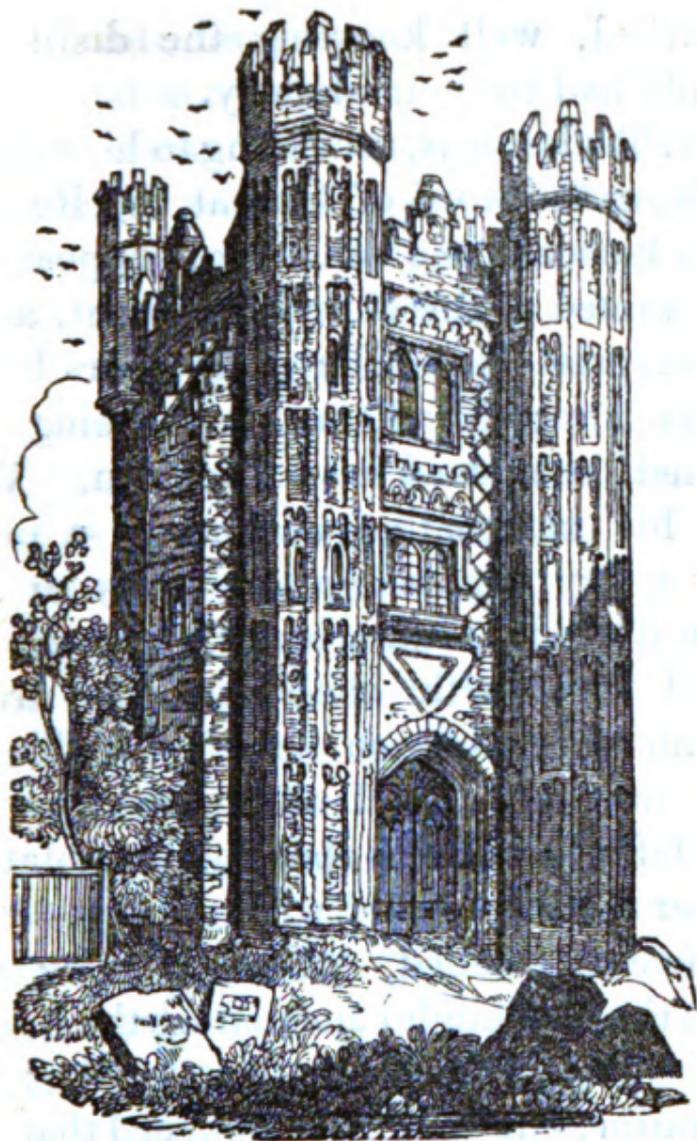
Dr. Rowland Taylor, vicar of Hadleigh, in Suffolk, a learned man in both the civil and canon law, a zealous and pious divine, was next called to suffer for the truth of the gospel.

Hadleigh, was one of the first towns in England, which received the word of God, under the preaching of the martyr Bilney. It is recorded, that men, women, and children, were so faithfully trained in the right knowledge of the truth, that the whole

town seemed rather a university, than a town of cloth makers, and of labouring people. Dr. Taylor, had preached the gospel in Hadleigh, during the reign of Edward VIth, but as soon as Mary came to the throne, and her determination to establish popery again was known, he became an object of popish vengeance.

Two men, in Hadleigh, named Tester and Clerk, both bigoted papists, taking advantage of the queen's proclamation, determined to set up the popish idolatry in Hadleigh church. They hired a popish priest named John Averth, a man of notoriously bad character, an open adulterer, to assist them, by saying mass in the church. The altar was built up in great haste and secrecy, but it was found out, and some of the protestants of Hadleigh pulled it down at night time: they again built it up, and set a watch to guard it till they used it.

The next day, Foster, Clerk and John Averth, with all his trumpery, came to the church, to perform the popish mummery;



HADLEIGH RECTORY.

they were guarded by papists, armed with swords and bucklers to prevent their being

disturbed, well knowing the dislike the people had to their idolatry.

Dr. Taylor, was, according to his custom, studying the word of God at the Rectory. when he heard the bells ring, supposing he was wanted at the church, he went, and to his surprise found the great doors barred against him; the chancel door being only latched, he opened it and went in. What was his indignation at finding a popish altar set up, a popish priest ready to raise the wafer idol, and a band of armed men round him with their swords drawn. "Who made thee so bold," said Taylor, "to enter this church of Christ, to profane and defile it with this abominable idolatry?" Foster started up, and with a furious countenance exclaimed, "Thou traitor; what doest thou, to hinder and disturb the queen's proceedings?" Dr. Taylor answered, "I am no traitor, 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 go hence, and not to presume here to poison Christ's flock with such popish idolatry. "Besides," added Taylor, "thou doest against your canon law, which commands that no mass be said, but at a consecrated altar." The priest, hearing this, shrunk back, and would not have gone on, had not Clerk started up and said to him, "Be not afraid, you have a superaltar." A superaltar is a stone consecrated by the popish bishops, commonly of a foot long, which the papists carry instead of an altar, when they say mass for money in gentlemen's houses.

Dr. Taylor and his wife were then thrust out of the church, by the armed men, and the doors were made fast, lest the people should stop them. Shortly after this, Foster and Clerk complained of Dr. Taylor, to Gardiner, bishop of Winchester, who sent an order to him to appear in his presence, to answer the complaints made against him. His friends besought him

to go out of the kingdom, telling him he would get no justice at Gardiner's hands, but that imprisonment and a cruel death awaited him, if he went before him. "Dear friends," said Taylor, "I most heartily thank you for having such tender care over me ; and although I know there is neither justice nor truth to be looked for at my adversaries' hands, yet know I my cause to be so good and righteous, and the truth so strong upon my side, that I will, by God's grace, go and appear before them, and to their beards resist their false doings."

Dr. Taylor, accompanied by John Hull, his faithful servant, set out for London. When he arrived there, Dr. Taylor presented himself to the bishop : when Gardiner saw him, he began, according to his common custom, by abusing him, calling him knave, traitor, and heretic. Taylor heard him patiently, and then replied, " My lord, I am neither traitor nor heretic, but a true subject and a faithful christian

man, and am come according to your commandment, to know wherefore your lordship hath sent for me." Then said the bishop, "Thou villain, how darest thou look me in the face, for shame?—knowest thou not who I am?" "Yes," said Dr. Taylor, "you are Dr. Stephen Gardiner, bishop of Winchester, and lord chancellor, and yet but a mortal man, I trow. But if I ought to be afraid of your lordly looks, why fear you not God, the Lord of us all? How dare you, for shame, look any christian man in the face, seeing that you have forsaken the truth, denied our Saviour Christ and his word, and done contrary to your own oath and writing? With what countenance will you appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, and answer to your oath, made first to king Henry VIII, and afterwards to the blessed king Edward, his son?" "Tush! tush!" said the bishop, "that was Herod's oath, unlawful, and therefore worthy to be broken; our holy father, the

pope, hath discharged me of it." He then ordered Taylor to be confined in the King's Bench prison, where he remained a whole year. In the prison, he found the faithful and learned John Bradford, with whom he spent the time in prayer, and the reading of God's Word.

On the 31st of January, 1555, Taylor and Bradford were brought up, and charged with heresy and sedition. When asked if they would submit to the bishop of Rome, they boldly answered, "that they would not depart from the truth, and submit to the Romish Antichrist; but thanked God for his great mercy, in that He counted them worthy to suffer for His Word and Truth." The bishops, finding them so firm in the defence of the Gospel; at once condemned them to the flames; they were then committed to the Clink.

As Dr. Taylor passed the crowd who had gathered round St. Saviour's church, Southwark, he exclaimed, "God be praised, good people, I am come away

from them undefiled, and will confirm the truth with my blood." At night time, he was removed to the Compter, in the Poultry. A protestant place of worship now stands where this prison then stood. He was taken from the Compter at two o'clock in the morning, and conveyed to the Woolsack Inn, Aldgate, by the sheriff of London and his officers,

His wife, and two of his children, who had watched all night for him, under the porch of St. Botolph's, Aldgate, here met him, and were allowed by the sheriff to speak with him. Taylor knelt down, and prayed with them: at this sight, the sheriff, and many who were with him, could not forbear weeping. Dr. Taylor then 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 his children, saying, "I pray you, stand strong and stedfast unto Christ and His Word, and keep from

idolatry." At eleven o'clock, the sheriff of Essex received him, and they went on their way towards Hadleigh, in Suffolk.

When they were come to Brentwood, they put a hood over Dr. Taylor's face, lest the people should recognise him. They arrived at Hadleigh on the 8th of February. As they passed the bridge, a poor man and his five children fell on their knees, the man exclaiming, "O dear father and good shepherd, may God help and succour thee, as thou hast many a time succoured me and my poor children." The street was lined with people, who wept and lamented that their good shepherd should be thus taken from them. He told them, often, that he had preached to them God's Word and truth, and had come to seal it with his blood.

They led him at once to Aldham Common. A stone still marks the place where he was burned. Being told he was to suffer here, he exclaimed, "Thanked be God, I am now even at home," and

tore off the hood from his head. When the people saw once more that face that had so often smiled upon them, they burst into tears, and cried out, "God save thee! Jesus Christ strengthen thee and help thee! the Holy Ghost comfort thee!" He would have spoken to them, but one of the guards thrust his pike into his mouth, and stopped him. Dr. Taylor then knelt down, and prayed. A poor woman came and knelt down with him: they threatened to ride over her, but she would not stir.

The sheriff had some trouble in finding persons to pile up the faggots, and light them. At length four men came forward: they were, Mullein, a known bad character, —Joyce, a drunkard, —Warwick, who had been engaged in a popish rebellion, in Edward's days, —and King, a play manager: men who, by their vile lives, were well fitted for so vile a purpose. Warwick wantonly threw a faggot with such violence at Dr. Taylor, as to draw blood.

“O friend,” said their patient victim, “I have harm enough; what need of that?” He then repeated the 51st psalm, in English. Sir John Shelton struck him on the mouth, saying, “You knave, speak Latin.” The fire was then kindled. Dr. Taylor held up his hands, and cried aloud, “Merciful Father of heaven, for Jesus Christ my Saviour’s sake, receive my soul into thy hands!” After that, he stood erect in the fire: he moved not, — he murmured not; with his hands folded together, he awaited his departure to glory. He so wearied his tormentors by his patience, that at last Joyce, the drunkard, struck him down with his halberd.

Among his persecutors were some who had pretended to be zealous protestants in Edward’s reign, and who again called themselves protestants in Elizabeth’s reign.

The day after Dr. Taylor’s martyrdom, Newall, the new popish priest of Hadleigh, preached a sermon, in which he told his

hearers that Dr. Taylor's firmness to the end was given him by the devil: so bitter and so violent was the spirit of the priest, against this faithful servant of Jesus!

Thomas Tomkins, a weaver of Shore-ditch, was the next victim of popish enmity. He was treated with great cruelty by the brutal Bonner, bishop of London.

At one time, the bishop, with his own hands, forcibly pulled out a part of his beard; at another, he had him into the hall of his palace, at Fulham, and in the presence of several of his clergy, took the candle off the table, seized hold of the poor weaver's fingers, and held his hand over the flame, until the veins and sinews shrunk, and the blood spirted into the face of Harpsfield, who was nearest to him. Tomkins, expecting his death was at hand, said to himself, "O Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." He afterwards, told a friend, that his mind was so supported, while his hand was burning, that he felt no pain.

On the 8th of February, 1555, he was again brought before Bonner, and condemned, for a writing he had signed, about a month before, to the following effect,—
“Thomas Tomkins, of Shoreditch, of the diocese of London, doth believe that, in the sacrament of the altar, under the forms of bread and wine, there is not the *very body and blood* of our Saviour Jesus Christ in substance, but only a token or remembrance thereof; the very body and blood of Christ being only in heaven and no where else.” He was burned in Smithfield, on the 16th of March, at eight in the morning. He was enabled to “endure unto the end,” with much patience and resignation.

WILLIAM HUNTER.

William Hunter, an apprentice to a silk-weaver, in Coleman-street, London, was the next sufferer for the truth. He was only nineteen years of age. A priest, named Atwell, found him one day in a chapel, at Brentwood, in Essex, reading a Bible that was chained to the desk. The papists had forgotten to remove it. The priest found fault with him. "Why meddlest thou with the Bible," said he, "knowest thou what thou readest? and canst thou expound the Scriptures?" "I take not upon me," replied Hunter, "to expound the Scriptures, but finding the Bible here, I read it for my own comfort." "Ah!" exclaimed Atwell, "it was never merry world, since the Bible came

abroad in English." "Say not so, Father Atwell," exclaimed Hunter, "It is God's Book, out of which every one that hath grace may learn to know what pleaseth God, and what is displeasing to him." After some further conversation, Atwell told him, that if he did not turn, he, as well as many other heretics, would broil for their opinions.

Shortly after, the justice sent for his father, and told him to bring up his son before him; the father exclaimed, "What sir, would you have me bring my son, that he may be burned?" However, he was compelled to bring him; the justice sent him to Bonner: the bishop, by promises and soft words, tried to shake his faith, but, finding he could not by these means, he ordered him to be put in the stocks, where he was kept for two days and two nights, with only a crust of brown bread, and a cup of water, to support him during the whole time. He was then examined; and, being still constant to the truth, was



sent to prison; the jailor having strict orders to put as many irons upon him as he could bear.

After nine months confinement, he was again brought before the bishop, and examined chiefly upon the bodily presence

of Christ in the wafer. His answers were so plain and simple, that the bishop at once condemned him as a heretic: before, however, he sent him away, he offered him forty pounds, and told him, he would set him up in business, or make him steward of his own house, if he would recant. Hunter thanked him, but added, "If you cannot persuade my conscience by Scripture, I cannot find in my heart to turn from God for the love of the world; for I count all worldly things but loss and dung, in comparison with the love of Christ."

Ah! how few there are, it is to be feared, in the present day, whose hearts are so filled with the love of Christ, as to deny worldly riches and honours, and to prefer a cruel death, rather than dishonour that precious Saviour, whom they profess to serve!

On the 28th March, 1555, he was sent to Brentwood, his native place, and ordered for burning on the following Tuesday. His parents, who were christians, rejoiced

at the firmness and patience of their son, and encouraged him to persevere unto the end. His mother told him, she was happy to have a child, who could find it in his heart, to lose his life for Christ's sake. "God be with thee, son William," said his father. "God be with you, father," said Hunter, "I trust we shall meet again, where we shall rejoice together." Before he was tied to the stake, a pardon was again offered him, if he would recant, but he refused it: when fastened to the stake, he requested the people to pray for him, while he was alive. "Pray for thee," said his old enemy, the justice, "I will no more pray for thee, than I would for a dog." "I pray God, this may not be laid to your charge at the last day!" was the meek reply of this faithful youth. He suffered the torture of the fire, with the same patience and courage with which he had maintained the truth before its bitterest enemies. He had no learning, he knew little of this world's wisdom: but God had

strengthened his mind, and prepared him to stand before the rich and mighty of this world, and to confound all their wisdom. It appears, that he was a youth given to much earnest prayer; and therefore he felt that God was nigh unto him, and that He would uphold him in all his ways.

Thomas Higbed, and Thomas Causton, were both burned on the following Wednesday. They were both gentlemen of wealth and influence in Essex: their love for the Gospel was such, that they not only believed it themselves, but encouraged and supported others in the belief of its saving truths. They were, therefore, charged with knowing many heretics, whom they commended and maintained. The confession of faith, drawn up by these gentlemen, was so clear and scriptural, that it could not be questioned by any honest argument; it proves that they were burned for holding the same doctrines which all Christian Protestants believe in the present day, "none daring to make them

afraid." Higbed, was burned at Hornder, and Causton. at Raleigh.

The counties of Essex and Suffolk seem to have been especially marked out by the papists, as containing many of the most active and zealous promoters of the reformation, and were visited by them with a cruel persecution. It is somewhat remarkable, that the unhappy Queen Mary derived most of that support which placed her on the throne of England, from these two counties, and the adjacent one of Norfolk: she had promised them not to interfere with their religion; and yet Essex, Suffolk and Norfolk were among the first that were visited by the fierce spirit of popish bigotry.

Besides those already named, there were William Piggott, a pious butcher, burnt at Braintree; Stephen Knight, a barber, burnt at Malden; and John Lawrence, a priest, burnt at Colchester. Lawrence, from long confinement and cruel treatment, was so weakened that he

could not stand. He was taken to the stake in a chair, and burned in a sitting posture.



BISHOP FARRAR,

Farrar, bishop of St. David's, in Wales, a man eminent for piety, and godly zeal in the spread of the Gospel, was the next

who was marked out for destruction. His bishopric was taken from him, and given to a papist. This popish bishop was appointed to be his judge. He was offered pardon on the following terms:—"That he would renounce matrimony; that he would acknowledge the fable of the real presence; that he would admit the mummeries of the mass; that he would declare that general councils, lawfully assembled, never did nor can err; that men are not justified by faith only, but that hope and charity were necessary for justification; and that the catholic church (by which was meant the pope and the bishops) hath power to expound scripture, and settle all disputes in religion."

Farrar faithfully and boldly denounced these doctrines, as contrary to the Word of God; and was condemned to the flames, and burned on the 30th March, 1555, in the market-place of Caermarthen, in Wales.

The bishop told a young man, who had

sorrowed over the painful death that he was about to undergo, if he saw him once stir in the flames, to give no credit to his doctrine; and it is recorded that he so patiently endured, that he never shrank, but that he stood firmly, holding up his burnt stumps, till a papist struck him on the head with a staff, and he fell down into the fire. So marvellous was the grace with which God upheld his faithful servants, whose whole faith and confidence in the hour of their bitterness rested entirely upon His precious promises, that even the scorching flame could not draw from them one murmuring sigh.

A poor fisherman, named Rawlins White, who had been converted in king Edward's reign, next fed the flames. Not being able to read, he sent his son to school, and, when he had learned to read, he made him every evening read the Bible or some pious book aloud to him. This poor fisherman stored up so much scripture in his memory, by this means, and

made such good use of it among his neighbours, that he was instrumental in the conversion of many souls. He was taken before the bishop of Llandaff; and, being examined, was committed to Cardiff Castle, as a heretic, where he remained a whole year. He had many opportunities of escape, but he felt that God had called him to suffer for His Name's sake, and that he must not desert his post.

Rawlins was again brought before the bishop, who urged him to turn again to the true church. Not being able to argue, he replied, "My lord, I thank God I am a christian man, and I hold no opinions contrary to the Word of God: if I do, I desire to be informed out of the Word of God, as a christian man ought to be." The bishop told him that he must condemn him, but that they would first pray to God for his conversion. "Ah!" said Rawlins, "now you act like a godly bishop: Christ said, 'Where two or three are gathered together, in my Name, I will be

in the midst of them,'—if your request be agreeable to his will, and ye pray as ye should pray, without doubt God will hear you. I will pray also: I know that my God will both hear my prayer, and grant my desire." They then pretended to pray for him: Rawlins knelt down, and prayed for himself. After the bishop had gone through this mockery, he turned to Rawlins, and again asked him to recant. "No, my lord," said he, "Rawlins you left me, and Rawlins you find me, and, by God's grace, Rawlins I will continue; certainly, if your prayers had been just and lawful, God would have heard them: but you honour a false god, and therefore God has not granted your desire. But I am a poor simple man, as you see: God hath heard my complaint, and I trust He will strengthen me in His cause." They then proceeded to say mass. When the priest held up the wafer, Rawlins entreated the people to bear witness, that he would not bow down to the wafer idol. They then

condemned him at once to be burned. When at the stake, he, with his own hands, cheerfully assisted in placing the straw and faggots around him. A priest stood up, on a stage, and addressed the people. Rawlins heard him quietly until he defended the fable of the real presence: then the martyr exclaimed, "Did not Christ say, 'Do this *in remembrance* of me'?" This silenced the priest. The fire was then kindled: as the flames arose, Rawlins bathed his hands in them, till they were consumed. When his legs were burnt away, his body fell over the chain, into the fire. His sufferings were very great, but he was enabled to bear them with christian courage, exclaiming often, "O Lord, receive my soul! O Lord, receive my soul!" Thus, this poor simple fisherman had so learned to love the truth of God's Word, as not to fear what man could do unto him: but, by the grace and strength of God, he endured unto the end the bitter pains of death, knowing that,

henceforth there was laid up for him a crown of glory.

It being Easter time, the papists stopped the burnings, lest they should interfere with the idolatrous ceremonies practised by them at that time. After Easter they began their cruelties again.

On the 24th of April, 1555, George Marsh, formerly curate to Saunders, the martyr, was burned at Chester. A barrel of pitch and tar was placed over his head, so that the heat melting it, caused the scalding tar to drop upon him, and greatly increased his torments. After he had for a long time endured the flames, and the by-standers thought him dead, he suddenly stretched forth his hands, and exclaimed, "Father of heaven, have mercy upon me!"—He then fell asleep in Jesus.

On the 30th of May, John Cardmaker, prebendary of Wells, and John Warne, an upholsterer in Walbrook, were burned in Smithfield. When they were bound to

the stake, the people shouted, "God be praised! the Lord strengthen thee, Card-maker, the Lord Jesus receive thy spirit!" The papists had spread a report that Card-maker would recant, and therefore the people were rejoiced to find that it was false, and that he faithfully suffered for the truth.

John Simpson and John Ardeley, husbandmen of Great Wigborough, in Essex, were next examined before Bonner. They acknowledged the true church of Christ, as spoken of in the Scriptures, but as to the church of Rome, and other foreign churches, they said they had nothing to do with them: and as to that maintained in England, "if it were ruled by the Word of Life," said they, "it would not go abroad to condemn them and others of heresy."

Bonner having examined them, in the consistory of St. Paul's, and finding them unwavering in the defence of the truth, angrily exclaimed, "Have them away!" At these words, the people who were as-

sembled rushed to the door, in order to see the prisoners on their way to Newgate. This caused some noise and confusion. Bonner and his clergy hearing a great tumult, their guilty consciences were alarmed, and they thought the people intended to do them some harm. Starting from their seats, they hastened to a private door, and escaped as fast as their coward hearts would let them. "The wicked fleeth when no man pursueth: but *the* righteous is bold as a lion."

On the 10th of June, these martyrs were burned: Simpson at Rochford, and Ardeley at Raleigh. Several others were burned in Essex at this time. Among them was Thomas Hawkes, a gentleman of property and family, who was charged with having refused the priests permission to baptize his infant child according to their heathenish ceremony. Shortly before his death, some of his friends, who expected to suffer the same torment, asked him, if the fire should prove tolerable, and

could with patience be endured, to lift up his hands as a sign to them. When the hour of his trial came, his friends watched anxiously for the appointed sign. The fire had shrivelled up his skin, and had so swollen his throat, that he could not speak. After a long time, and when his friends thought all was over, he suddenly raised up his hands, "burning with a light fire, and, greatly rejoicing as it seemed," struck them together three times: at this sign, they all shouted for joy. Afterwards he sunk down and expired.

Thomas Watts, a draper, of Billericay, in Essex, seeing the probability of his being taken and burnt, for his attachment to the Gospel, sold off all his stock, and gave great part of the money to the poor; thinking it much better that they should have it, than the persecutors.

On the 26th of April, he was seized and taken before Lord Rich and Justice Brown. Lord Rich charged him with not hearing mass, but going, instead, to conventicles

in corners. Justice Brown asked him who had taught him this religion. "I learned it of you, sir," said Watts, "and of none more than you: for, in king Edward's days, you spoke against the religion now used,—no preacher more so. You then said the mass was abominable, wishing that none should believe therein, but that our belief should be only in Christ."

Brown had, like many others in those days, preferred "the pleasures of sin for a season," to suffering "affliction with the people of God." He had not only forsaken the Gospel, but assisted in persecuting those who adhered to it.

Brown sent Watts to bishop Bonner; who, finding him firm in the truth, condemned him, and ordered him to Chelmsford, to suffer there. Watts took leave of his wife and six children, beseeching them to beware of turning to the abominable papistry: "Let not," said he, "the murdering of God's saints cause you to fear: but let it strengthen you in the Lord's quarrel;

and I doubt not but He will be a merciful Father unto you." Two of his children wanted to be burned with him; but he was taken from them, and carried to the fire, where he cheerfully laid down his life for the truth of the Gospel.

In May, six weavers were sent from Coggeshall, Essex, to London, to be examined before bishop Bonner. Three of them recanted; the other three would not, and were burned,—Nicholas Chamberlain, at Colchester; Thomas Osmund, at Manningtree; and William Bamford, at Harwich.

JOHN BRADFORD.

We have now to relate the trials and sufferings of one of the most eminent and faithful of the servants of God in those days,—John Bradford. He had been appointed, in king Edward's days, a prebend of St. Paul's, with licence to preach, by the good bishop Ridley. "For three years," says Foxe, "he walked faithfully, and laboured diligently; he sharply opened and reproved sin; he sweetly preached Christ crucified; he pithily impugned heresies and errors; and earnestly persuaded the people to lead godly lives."

On the 13th August, 1553, being the first year of Mary's reign, Bourne, bishop of Bath, preached at Paul's Cross. His

sermon was so popish, that the people who heard him would not let him go on; and though Bonner, bishop of London, and the lord mayor, were both present, they could not stop their outcries. Bourne, being afraid that his life was in danger, asked Bradford, who was behind him, to try and quiet the people. The moment they saw their old friend, they cried, with a great shout, "Bradford! Bradford! God save thy life, Bradford!" He exhorted them to be quiet, and patient, and to go peaceably to their homes. His words were like oil upon the troubled waters: no sooner did they hear the advice of their faithful pastor, than they followed it, and peace was restored.

Bourne, however, did not feel himself to be safe: he begged of Bradford not to leave him until he was safely housed. Bradford walked behind him, shadowing him from the people with his gown, until he got to the school-house. As they went along, one gentleman exclaimed, "Ah!

Bradford! Bradford! thou savest him that will burn thee."

Three days after this, Bradford was sent to the tower, and charged with seditious conduct at St. Paul's Cross. From the tower he was conveyed to the King's Bench prison, Southwark, and after that to the Compter, in the Poultry, London. In the last two places, he preached twice a day. By the kindness of his keepers, many persons were allowed to hear him. Such confidence was placed in him by the keeper of the King's Bench, that he permitted him to go into the city, to visit a sick person. Bradford returned to prison at night time. Though he had many opportunities of escaping, he never availed himself of them, but spent his time in doing good to the souls of men.

After an imprisonment of fifteen months, he was brought before the savage Bonner, and his companion in murder, bishop Gardiner. They first charged him with sedition; but Bradford so completely cleared

himself of that, that they were obliged to have recourse to their old charge of heresy. They asked him his opinion of the sacrament. Bradford told them he had sworn, at six different times, not to consent to any jurisdiction or authority of the pope in England; that if they put questions to him by the pope's authority, he dared not, for his oath's sake, answer him. "Tush," said Gardiner, "Herod's oaths a man should make no conscience at." "My lord," said Bradford, "they were according to God's Word, as you *yourself* have affirmed, in *your book* of 'True Obedience,'"—a book written by Gardiner, in Edward's reign, against the authority of the pope in England. This for a time silenced Gardiner.

At his next examination, they again questioned him on the sacrament: the answers of Bradford were so clear and scriptural, that his opponents, with all their cunning and perversion of scripture, were not able to perplex him, nor to turn him

from the truth. The firm and bold, yet modest manner of this noble champion of the Gospel, was well contrasted with the coarse bullying and abuse of Bonner and Winchester. Finding, at length, that they could neither prevail over him in argument, nor persuade him to accept the Queen's pardon and return to the bondage of popery, they condemned him to the flames.

He remained in prison six months after his condemnation, during which time he was visited by many learned men, who disputed with him on the authority of the church, and the real presence of Christ in the wafer; but Bradford had read his Bible to such good purpose, and his mind was so stored with the truths of Scripture, that his opponents were unable to answer him. The bishops were very anxious that Bradford should recant. His great learning, his fervent piety, and his kind and gentle disposition, had so endeared him to the minds of the people, that the

news of his recantation would have shaken the confidence of many of the weaker brethren. The bishops knew this, and therefore tried every means they could, but without any success. At length it was determined to put his sentence into execution.

One afternoon, in July, 1555, the keeper's wife came to Bradford, in much trouble, and said, "O master Bradford, I come to bring you heavy news: to-morrow you are to be burned, and your chains are now buying, and soon you must go to Newgate." On hearing this, Bradford took 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."

That night, about 12 o'clock, when it was thought no one would be about, they carried him to Newgate; but the people got notice of it, and a great multitude ac-

accompanied him from the Compter, in the Poultry, to Newgate; they went along, bidding him farewell, and praying for him, "with most lamentable and pitiful tears."

At Newgate, Bradford found a young man, who was to be his companion in suffering. This young man, named John Leaf, was an apprentice to a tallow-chandler in London, he had been a scholar of the martyr Rogers: Bonner moved him to return to Popery; Leaf, with great courage and spirit, said, "My Lord, you call my opinion heresy: it is the true light of the word of God:" adding that he would never forsake it while breath was in his body.

These holy men were led forth to Smithfield at nine o'clock, with a great company of armed men. An immense multitude had assembled; many of them had been there from four o'clock in the morning. When they came to the stake, they both fell down on their faces, and remained in earnest prayer for an hour; the sheriff then said to them, "Arise and make an end, for the

press of the people is great." They rose up. Bradford put off his clothing and went to the stake, he lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven, and exclaimed in the hearing of the people, "Oh England, England, repent thee of thy sins! beware of idolatry, beware of false antichrists, take heed they do not deceive you!" The sheriff bid them tie his hands if he would not leave off speaking. "O master sheriff," said Bradford, "I am quiet, God forgive you this." Then turning his head towards his fellow sufferer, he said, "Be of good comfort brother, for we shall have a happy supper with the Lord this night." He then embraced the reeds that were piled about him, saying, "Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth to life, and few there be that find it." "And thus," saith Foxe, "they both ended their mortal lives without any alteration of countenance, being void of all fear, hoping to obtain the prize for which they had long run; to which may Almighty God happily conduct us, through



the merits of Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour. Amen.”

The prisons were now filled with Christians: many died in their cells; some by the treatment they received, others through diseases brought on by the damp and impure state of the prisons. The bodies of those who thus died were cast forth, like those of dogs, into ditches and bye places.

The bishop's spies went about to find out those who followed the gospel: they entered into houses without any notice,

and ransacked every hole and corner for heretical books: they "laid wait to deceive" the unwary; they pretended at times to talk kindly to many, in order to "entangle them in their talk."

One of these spies, named Beard, walked into a house in Lothbury, occupied by a man named James Trevisam, who had been bed-ridden a long time, and over-heard some one reading the Bible to him: this was enough; he took the wife and three other persons then in the house to prison, where they remained for a fortnight, when they were released. Beard brought a cart to the door, and would have taken the sick man out, but the neighbours prevented him: Bonner, hearing of this, declared, that if Trevisam recovered he should be burned, and if he died, he should be buried in a ditch.

Death shortly afterwards put an end to his sufferings; but the fierce hatred of the papists was not satisfied. The priest compelled his friends to take the body, on a

table, to Moorfields, where it was buried. During the night, the body was taken up, and left naked on the ground. It was again buried by his friends. A fortnight afterwards, bishop Bonner sent an officer to the grave, who stood over it, and summoned the dead man to appear at St. Paul's, before the bishop, and to answer to the charge of heresy. Thus they showed their disappointment, when a victim, for whose blood they had thirsted, was removed from their grasp by death.

It would require a very large book, to give a particular account of all the Christians who were burned in the reign of Queen Mary; we can only give, in this little volume, a very short history of many of them.

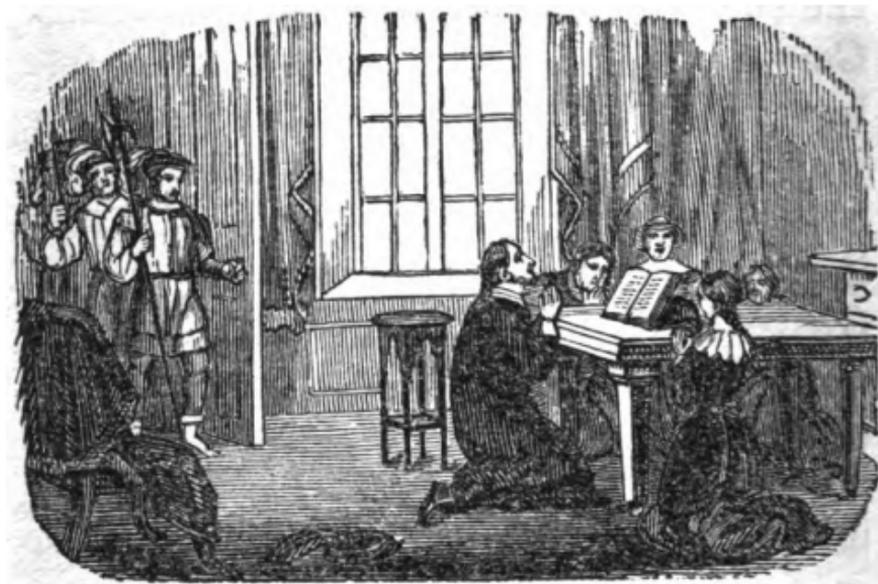
On the 12th of July, 1555, Bland, vicar of Adisham, in Kent, Frankishe, vicar of Rohenden, with Shetterden and Middleton, were all burned in one fire at Canterbury. Nicholas Hall, a bricklayer of Dartford, was condemned for denying the popish sacrifice

of the mass; and burned at Rochester. Margaret Polley and Christopher Waid next suffered. Margaret Polley was a widow, and Waid was a linen weaver at Dartford. He was burned on the Brent, near Dartford. At the stake he repeated the last verse of the 86th Psalm, "Shew me a token for good; that they which hate me may see it, and be ashamed: because thou, Lord, hast holpen me, and comforted me." A friar began preaching to the people; but Waid cried out to them to beware of popery, and continued to do so until the friar gave up the attempt to preach and went away. His last words were, "Lord Jesus, receive my soul!" His hands were clasped together in the attitude of prayer, and continued fixed in that position, even after he was dead.

Margaret Polley was burned at Tunbridge. This poor widow was the first female burned in Mary's reign. "Pure religion, and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the father-

less and the *widows* in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." But the religion of popery is not "pure and undefiled religion," and therefore it burnt the *widow*.

On the 22nd of July, Dirick Carver, a brewer, of Brighton, was burned at Lewes, in Sussex, and the next day, John Launder, of Gadstone, was burned at Steyning. They had been detected, by the bishop's



spies, in the act of prayer, at Carver's house, and were confined in Newgate se-

veral months. Carver, who was a rich man, was charged also before Bonner, with having an English Bible in his house, and with having used *English prayers*. Launder was charged with being present with Carver.

When Carver was brought to the place of burning, a barrel was set up, and his Bible thrown into it. He seized the Bible, and threw it out among the crowd: but the sheriff ordered it to be put back again. Carver then spoke to the people, as follows: "Dear brethren and sisters, bear witness that I am come to seal with my blood Christ's gospel, because I know that it is true. Because I will not deny God's Gospel, and be obedient to man's laws, I am condemned to die. Dear brethren and sisters, as many of you as believe in the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, unto everlasting life, see that ye do the works belonging to the same; and as many of you as do believe in the Pope of Rome, or any of his laws which he sets forth in

these days, you do believe to your utter condemnation: and, without the great mercy of God, you will burn in hell perpetually." He then entreated the forgiveness of all men, adding, "O Lord, my God! Thou hast written, 'He that will not forsake wife and children, house, and all that he hath, and take up the cross and follow Thee, is not worthy of Thee;' but Thou, Lord, knowest that I have forsaken all to come to Thee. Lord, have mercy upon me, for unto Thee I commend my spirit, and my soul doth rejoice in Thee." The fire was kindled: and the blessed martyr's prayer was soon exchanged for the song of praise in the realms of bliss. Thomas Iveson, who was taken at the same time as Carver, was next burned, at Chichester.

James Abbes was brought before the bishop of Norwich, and being persuaded to recant, gave way. He was set at liberty, and a piece of money was given to him by order of the bishop. No sooner was

he free, than his conscience smote him: he felt that he had betrayed his Master, and had denied Him before men. He therefore went back to the bishop, threw down the money, and said he repented of his weakness. He was burned at Bury, on the 2nd of August, 1555.

On the 8th of August, John Denley, a gentleman of Maidstone, was burned at Uxbridge. When the fire was kindled, he began to sing a psalm: Dr. Story, a brutal persecutor, ordered a faggot to be thrown at his face. It hurt him severely, and made him put his hand to his mouth. "Truly," said the savage Dr. Story, to the ruffian who threw the faggot, "thou hast spoiled a good song." Denley, hearing this, lifted up his hands, went on with the psalm, and died with the praises of God in his mouth.

Patrick Packerham was also burned at Uxbridge, on the 28th of July. Bonner tried hard to make him recant; but Packerham boldly told him that the church in

which *he* believed was no church of Christ, but was the church of Satan: and that he would never belong to it. He was therefore condemned by the bishop, and given over to the sheriff to be burned.

John Newman, a pewterer, of Maidstone, who was taken at the same time as Denley, was examined before Dr. Thornton and others, on the "cunningly devised fable" of the bodily presence of Christ in the wheaten wafer. He answered all that his judges brought against him, from the Word of God: his knowledge of the blessed book enabled him to defeat all they could say. They charged him with obstinacy: his reply was very beautiful: "Nay, I stand not to mine own opinion," said he, "I take God 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. I take God to witness that I do nothing of presumption, but that which I do is only of my conscience; and if there be a farther truth than I can 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 any man else) therefore I trust you will bear the more with me, seeing it must be wrought by God. When it shall please God to open a farther truth to me, I shall receive it with all my heart, and embrace it." Thus this poor pewterer would believe nothing, but what could be proved from the Word of God. He sealed the truth with his blood; being burned at Saffron Walden, on the 31st of August, 1555.

About the same time, Richard Hook was burned at Chichester, and six others, on the charge of heresy, in one fire at Canterbury. Their names were, Coker, Lawrence, Hooper, Wright, Collier and Stere.

Elizabeth Warne, the widow of John Warne who was burned with Cardmaker, on the 30th of May, had been confined in

prison for more than six months. She was brought before Bonner, and examined. He found her prepared to follow, even to death, the faith of her martyred husband: he therefore condemned her to the same cruel death. She was burned at Stratford le Bow.

GEORGE TANKERFIELD.

The next victim of popish cruelty was George Tankerfield, a cook, in London. He had been a papist, in king Edward's reign, but the horrible cruelties practised upon the Protestants, in Mary's days, by the authority of the popish party, opened his eyes. He felt that the system that could devise such murderous doings could not be of God. He prayed earnestly that God would teach him the right way: he

read the Testament, and was converted to the truth of the Gospel. He not only hated the doctrines of popery, but exhorted all his friends to do the same.

Beard, one of the bishop's spies, went to Tankerfield's house, when he was out, and told his wife that her husband was wanted to cook a banquet at Lord Paget's. She, in the simplicity of her heart, treated the treacherous ruffian with great kindness, and gave him some refreshment, while she went and called her husband. He directly thought how it was, and said, "A banquet, wife? Indeed it is such a banquet as will not be pleasant to the flesh : but God's will be done." When she came home again, and found that Beard's object was to take her husband to prison, in the madness of her feelings she snatched up a spit, and would have killed the wretched spy, had she not been prevented by a constable, who came to his assistance.

Tankerfield, after having been imprisoned six months, was brought before

Bonner. He declared, with much firmness, before the brutal bishop, that the mass was full of idolatry and abomination, and against the Word of God; that there are but two sacraments in the church of Christ,—Baptism and the Lord's Supper. To these assertions he said he would stand; and so he did, even to the end.

Being condemned, he was taken to St. Albans, on the 26th of August, to be burned. They stopped at the Cross Keys Inn, where many persons came to see him; some to mock and dispute with him, others to console him, and to bless God for his patience and constancy. He sat down before the fire, pulled off his shoes and stockings, and put his leg into the flame; but on feeling the pain, he quickly withdrew it. He then told those that stood by, how the *flesh* persuaded him one way, but the spirit another. "The flesh saith, 'O fool! wilt thou burn, and needest not?' The spirit saith, 'Be not afraid: for this is nothing, compared with eternal

fire.' The flesh saith, 'Do not leave the company of thy friends and acquaintance, that love thee, and will let thee want nothing.' The spirit saith, 'The company of Jesus Christ, and His glorious presence, doth exceed all earthly friends.' The flesh saith, 'Do not shorten the time: for if thou wilt, thou mayest live much longer.' The spirit saith, 'This life is nothing compared with the life in heaven, which lasteth for ever,' &c." During this time, the sheriffs and their officers were regaling themselves at a wedding feast, in the neighbourhood. At two o'clock in the day, they left the wedding party, to superintend the burning of their victim.

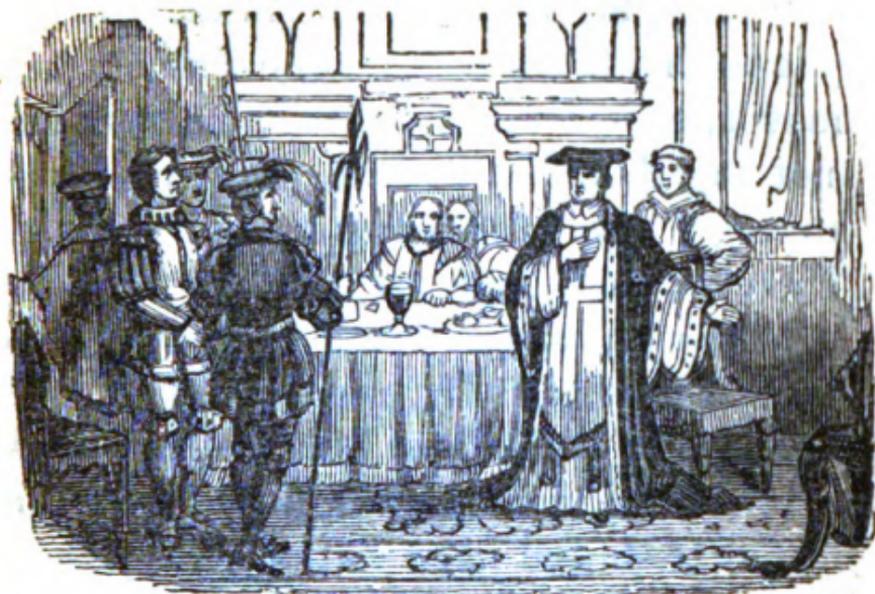
He was led to a green, at the west-end of St. Alban's Abbey Church. The fire was kindled: he embraced the flames as they rose about him, and showed in his patience and constancy that the spirit had indeed triumphed over the flesh. He was, in the time of tribulation, made more than conqueror, through Him who had loved him, and given Himself for him.

ROBERT SMITH.

Robert Smith, who had been a clerk at Windsor in the days of king Edward, was deprived of his office and imprisoned, when Mary came to the throne.

Bonner had Smith brought before him, while he was at supper with the lord mayor and one of the sheriffs. On one side of the table stood the ferocious bishop, surrounded with the luxuries of life; before him stood one who had learned to fear God rather than men, who heeded not the savage expressions nor the coarse language of his judge, but was prepared to testify the truth of the Gospel before all who opposed it.

The charges against Smith were brought in and read. Bonner turned to the lord



mayor, and said, “ Well, my lord mayor, your lordship hath heard somewhat what a stout heretic this is, and that he hath 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,*—yet here, before your lordship, I desire him to turn, and I will, with all speed, dispatch him out of all troubles : and this I declare before your lordship, and all this audience.”

“Why, my lord,” said Smith, do you put on this fair appearance, before my lord mayor, to make him believe that you seek not my blood, to cloke your murders, through my obstinacy, as you call it? Have you not had my brother Tomkins before you, whose hand when you had burned most cruelly, you burned 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 most true subjects, as their goods and bodies have made known? And seeing you have shewn so little mercy to these saints, shall it seem to my lord and this audience that you will shew me more favour? No—no, my lord; but if you mean as you say, why then do you examine me concerning that which I am not bound to answer you?”

Bonner replied not to this bold statement, but turned at once to the old subject of the bodily presence of Christ in the wafer of dough. Smith told him that he

used the Word of God to suit his own purposes ; and he quoted our Saviour's words, to prove that the bread and wine, in the sacrament, were both used to bring to remembrance the purpose for which our Saviour suffered. " This do in *remembrance* of me;" and also of St. Paul, in the Corinthians, " As oft as ye eat this *bread*, and drink this *cup*, ye do shew the Lord's death till He come."

Bonner answered not. Smith was taken back to prison, the gaoler being charged to keep him in closer confinement than before. He was again brought up, and examined by Bonner. His answers were firm and scriptural. Bonner, finding that he could not frighten him, read the sentence against him, and condemned him to the flames. He was burned at Uxbridge, on the 8th of August, 1555.

Many of the persons who witnessed his death were [comforted and strengthened in their faith, by the patience and calmness of this faithful sufferer. He told

them to think well of his cause, and not to doubt but that his body, dying in such a cause, would rise again. "And," added he, "I doubt not but that God will show you some sign of this." And so it was, that when he was half burned, and black with the fire, the people thinking he was quite dead, he suddenly rose upright before them, lifted up the stumps of his arms, and clapped them together; thus shewing his joy in the Lord. Bending down again, and hanging over the fire, he slept in the Lord, and ended this life.

The following beautiful lines were written by this blessed martyr, while he was confined in Newgate:—

“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 the boat—haul up the sail—
Put from the shore;
And be thou sure thou shalt attain
Unto that port that shall remain
For evermore.”

About the same time, Stephen Harwood was burned at Stratford, and Thomas Fust, at Ware; also William Hale, at Barnet. Besides those who were burned, many died in prison, from the cruel treatment they received. Robert Samuel, a faithful preacher of the gospel in king Edward's days, was burned at Ipswich, on the 31st of August, 1555. He had been minister of Barfield, in Suffolk. The bishop's spies, knowing his principles, laid wait for him; and, after watching for some time, they surrounded his house with a company of their servants, at the dead of night, and took him away from his family to Ipswich gaol. He was afterwards carried to Norwich, where the bishop Hopton treated him with great cruelty. He was kept in a very close prison, chained upright to a great post, so that, standing only on tip-toe, he was obliged to support the whole weight of his body. He was allowed only two or three mouthful of bread, and three spoonsful of water, per day, just to keep

him alive. Foxe, in his Book of Martyrs, when relating this cruelty, forcibly exclaims, "O worthy constancy of the martyr! O pitiless hearts of papists! worthy to be complained of, and to be accused before God and nature! Oh, the wonderful strength of Christ in his members!—Whose heart, though it had been made of stone, would not have relented at these intolerable cruelties and pains above nature?"

Samuel was at length brought to the stake. His fierce tormentors, though they could torture his body, and take away his life, could not take away that blessed peace of mind which God had given him. He was faithful and true to the cause of his Master, and he was so strengthened in the bitter agonies of death, that he suffered, without murmuring, all the vengeance of his persecutors. What christian would wish to exchange the sufferings of the pious Samuel, with his Saviour's favor, for the ease and prosperity of his popish

persecutors, with their guilty consciences, and blood-stained practices ?

William Allen, a labouring man, was burned at Walsingham, in September, 1555. He was charged with refusing to join in a popish procession. He told the bishop, that if he saw even the king and queen follow in procession, or kneel down to the cross, he would not. For this, sentence of condemnation was passed upon him, and he was given over to the sheriffs. He shewed such constancy at his martyrdom, and had such credit with his judges, on account of his upright and well-tryed conversation among them, that he was allowed to go untied to the stake. When there, he was fastened to it with an iron chain, and stood in the fire quietly, without shrinking, until he died.

Robert Coo, of Milford, an aged man, was charged with refusing to receive the wafer. He was asked by the bishop, whether he would not obey the queen's laws. "As far as they agree with the

Word of God," said Coe, "I will obey them." The bishop then said, "Whether they agree with the Word of God or not, we are bound to obey them, even if the king were an infidel." "Why," replied Coe, "if Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego had so done, Nebuchadnezzar had not confessed the living God." The bishop then condemned this venerable man, and he was shortly afterwards burned at Yoxford, in Suffolk.

Thomas Cobb, a butcher, dwelling at Haverhill, was burned at Thetford. He was examined before Dunning, chancellor of Norwich; being questioned about the "real presence of Christ in the wafer," he said, "that the body of the Lord Jesus Christ, born of the Virgin, was in heaven, because he read in Scripture, that Christ did ascend, and never did descend since; therefore, he had not learned in Scripture that Christ could be in the sacrament."

The prisons were at this time so full,

that they did not know where to place their victims, whom the bishop's spies were continually betraying. The more persons they burned, the more did the friends of the gospel seem to increase, both in number and in boldness. God was indeed making the "wrath of man to praise him." It was a time of trial to His faithful servants, but it was also a time when they realized His power and grace, as sufficient for them.

On the 6th September, George Cotman, Robert Streater, Anthony Burward, George Broadbridge and James Tutty, all Kentish men, were burned in one fire, at Canterbury. Thomas Hayward and John Goreway, were also burned at Litchfield, about the middle of the same month.

The next who suffered persecution for the truth's sake, was Robert Glover, whose family, for more than a century, resided at the manor-house of Mancetter, Warwickshire.

There were three brothers, John, Ro-

bert and William, who had been converted in Edward's days. Their zeal and piety were known to all around them. When the popish Queen Mary came to the throne, and persecution commenced, the bishop of Coventry, who had heard the report of the piety of these brothers, marked them as objects of his malice; he wrote to the mayor of the town, to apprehend John the eldest, as soon as might be, but the mayor of Coventry having a regard for John Glover, let him know privately the order of the bishop. John and William escaped from the house; scarcely had they done so, when the bishop's officers rushed into the house with a warrant to convey him to prison. Robert Glover was confined in bed, by a long and painful illness. The officers not finding the elder brother, took the sick man from his bed to the sheriff, who would feign have dismissed him, but the officers, with many angry words, insisted that he should be kept in prison.

The sheriff was obliged to submit, and Robert Glover was confined in prison until the bishop came. Thus was this good man taken from a sick-bed to a prison; no crime was laid to his charge; his godliness was known to all around him: he loved the Word of God, he hated those things which God hates—idolatry, blasphemy and superstition; he warned earnestly and affectionately his neighbours to flee from these things. This was his offence, and for this he was to suffer.

In a letter to his wife, he says, “After I came into prison, and had reposed myself there awhile, I wept for joy and gladness, musing much on 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 imperfections, inability, sinful misery, and unworthiness; and on the

other side, the great goodness 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 hinder Thee in choosing 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."

On the next day, a Mr. Warren came to the prison, and desired the gaoler to take Glover to the bishop: the martyr charged him with thus cruelly seeking his death, Warren told him, that he need not fear if he would be of his belief. The martyr prayed that God would open his eyes, and give him repentance before it was too late. Being brought before the bishop, he was accused of not going to church: Glover 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 ; and asked the bishop to shew one jot or tittle of Scripture in proof or defence of the mass. The bishop said, he came to teach and not to be taught ; and Glover said, 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," said 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 farther privilege of pre-eminence than they had." To this, the bishop did not reply, but after some further conversation, he sent Glover back to prison, saying, " that he would, at the end of the visitation of his diocese, weed out such wolves.

The next morning, he was warned by his fellow prisoners to be prepared to go to Litchfield, there to wait the bishop's orders, " which tidings," writes he, " at

first 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 have come to my answer: but I rebuked immediately, with God's Word, this infidelity in myself. What make I of God? is not his power as great in Litchfield as in Coventry? doth not His promise extend to Litchfield as to Coventry? and again, 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 day, 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."

At Litchfield, Robert Glover was confined in a prison, which he thus describes : “ Narrow of room, strong of building, and very cold ; with small light, a bundle of straw instead of a bed, without chair, form, or any other thing.” He remained there, till the bishop came to “ weed out all such wolves,” as he had promised.

When brought before the bishop, he was sneeringly asked how he liked his imprisonment. He answered not ; and when he attempted to reply to the arguments brought against him, the bishop cried out, “ Hold thy peace ! I command thee, by the virtue of obedience, to hold thy peace ! ” calling him, at the same time, “ a proud and arrogant heretic.”

Finding that he was faithful to the truth of the Gospel, they condemned him. The spirit of Glover seems to have been much cast down, before his martyrdom. He continued in prayer the whole of the night before his burning, and had even come in sight of the stake, before he felt that the

presence of God was with him. When near the stake, he seemed as if he was suddenly filled with comfort, and a foretaste of heavenly joys: he clapped his hands together, and turning to a friend, who knew his doubts, he exclaimed, "He is come!—He is come!" and went to the stake, and endured all the agonies of his cruel death with cheerfulness. Cornelius Bungay, a capper, who had faithfully protested against the blasphemies of popery, was burned with him.

The brothers of Robert Glover, though they escaped the flames, were nevertheless victims of popish cruelty.

The eldest, John, was hunted after, several times; his wife was seized, and taken before the bishop, at Litchfield. What with anxiety for his wife, and a severe cold, which he caught by sleeping in the woods, when hiding from his persecutors, John Glover was laid upon a sick bed, and shortly after died. He was buried in the churchyard, by his friends,

without any religious ceremony. Six weeks after, the chancellor of the diocese called the priest to account for allowing the body of a heretic to be buried in the hallowed ground. He ordered him to read a bill of excommunication from the pulpit, pronouncing John Glover to be a lost soul, and at the end of twelve months, he was to have the bones taken up, and thrown into the road, so that carts and horses might go over them; the bishop then would come, and hallow the place again.

William, the third brother, died about the same time. The good people of Werne, in Shropshire, attempted to bury his body, in the churchyard; but the priest interfered, and the body laid there, unburied, for two days and a night, while the priest went to inform the bishop, who sent word that the body should be taken away again, by his friends, and that no one should attempt to bury it in consecrated ground. It was buried in a broom field.

William Glover will, at the glorious resurrection of the dead, rise from his grave in a field, to meet his Lord with joy. His persecutors will also rise from the hallowed churchyard, and will call upon the rocks and the hills to fall upon them, and cover them from the presence of their angry Judge.

After the martyrdom of Robert Glover, and Cornelius Bungay, two others were tried and condemned for heresy. They were William Wolsey and Robert Pigott.

Wolsey was constable at Wells, and appears to have been well acquainted with the Holy Scriptures. He was brought before a justice, at Wells, and bound over to appear at the next sessions. The Romish priests visited him, and tried to persuade him to leave the Scriptures alone. "Good master doctor," said Wolsey, "What did our Saviour Christ mean, when he spoke these words:—'Woe be unto you, scribes and Pharisees, ye hypocrites! for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven be-

fore men ; ye yourselves go not in, neither suffer ye them that come to enter in.'?" Thus, by a simple scriptural question, did this poor man defeat all the cunning arguments of the priests.

Pigott was prosecuted by the inquisitors of his parish, and committed to gaol. The prisoners were visited by Peter Valentine, a foreigner, and chaplain to the bishop. To their great joy, they found that he was a follower of the Gospel. " My brethren," said he to them, " I have been chaplain here for twenty years, wherefore take it in good part that I am come to talk with you. I promise not to pull you from your faith, but I require, and desire, in the name of Jesus Christ, that you stand to the truth of the Gospel, and the Word ; and I beseech Almighty God, for His Son, Jesus Christ's sake, to preserve both you and me unto the end ; for I know not how soon I may be in the same case as yourselves."

Wolsey and Pigott were condemned on

the 9th of October, 1555, and burned at Ely, on the 16th. A popish priest preached to the people while they were preparing for the stake: a priest, named Collinson, came and told them what the preacher said. Wolsey called the Almighty to witness, that he refused no doctrine set forth in the Scriptures, but firmly believed, that all things necessary for salvation, were contained in that blessed book: he asked for-



givenness for his enemies who had falsely accused him. A great quantity of New

Testaments were brought, and heaped up on the fire; Wolsey and Pigott each seized one of them, and, clasping them closely, repeated the 106th psalm, and in this way they suffered burning, cheerfully; rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer for the sake of Christ.

RIDLEY AND LATIMER.

In the same year, month, and day, that Pigott and Wolsey were burned, those eminent servants of God, Ridley, bishop of London, and Latimer, bishop of Worcester, suffered at Oxford. These holy men had been very active and zealous in promoting the progress of the Reformation, in the days of Edward the sixth. When Mary came to the throne, they were imprisoned first in the tower of London, and afterwards in the Bocardo tower at Oxford. On the 30th September, they were brought before the judges, who were seated in state, in the divinity schools at Oxford. Ridley was first examined: he denied the authority of the pope, and of Cardinal Pole, his legate, who was present; he would not

take off his cap when they requested him, lest they should suppose by doing the cardinal reverence, he acknowledged his authority from the pope.

The bishop of Lincoln, in a long speech, exhorted him to recant, and to turn to what he called the "Church Universal." Ridley replied to him, saying, "My Lord, I acknowledge an unspotted church of Christ, in which no man can err; out of which, no man can be saved: which is spread throughout the whole world, that is, the congregation of the faithful, where Christ's sacraments are duly administered, his gospel duly preached and *followed*: there does Christ's church shine as a city upon an hill, and as a candle in a candlestick: it is such as you, that would have the church of Christ bound to a place, who appoint the church of Rome, that there, and no where else, is the foundation of Christ's church. But I am fully persuaded that Christ's church is every where founded, in every place where His gospel

is *truly* received and *effectually* followed; when I perceive the greatest part of christianity to be infected with the see of Rome, I look to the usage of the primitive church, which I find clearly contrary to the pope's decrees. Wherefore it requires that I prefer the antiquity of the primitive church before the novelty of the Romish church.

The bishop of Lincoln here stopped Ridley from saying any more; and after a long speech, in which he entirely failed, in proving that the pope had any scriptural authority for the power he dared to exercise; he told Ridley, that he had exceeded their instructions, in allowing him to say as much as he had said, that he should now have the articles upon which he was charged, and that on the morrow, they would require his answers to them. The charges brought against him were: that he had denied that Christ was present, bodily, in the wafer of dough, and that the popish sacrifice of the mass was not any sacrifice for the sins, either of the dead or living.

The next day, when Ridley was again brought before his unjust judges, he refused to acknowledge their authority, as they pretended to hold it from the pope. They would not allow him to question it, but pressed him to speak only concerning the articles of the Sacrament of the wafer, and the sacrifice of the mass; he then denied that either had any warrant in Scripture; and, after a long discourse, which they could not reply to, he was dismissed, and Latimer was called for.

The appearance of Latimer, is thus described:—"He had his hat in his hand, having a handkerchief on his head, with a night-cap and a great-cap, such as townsmen use, with flaps to button under his chin, wearing an old threadbare gown of Bristol frieze, girded round him with a penny girdle, at which hung his Testament by a leathern string, and his spectacles hung round his neck." The bishop of Lincoln exhorted him to return to the Romish faith, and talked about the unity of the church,

and that it was founded upon Peter saying, that if he continued a rotten member he must be cut off.

Latimer then asked leave to speak, and it being given, he proceeded to say, "Your lordship greatly exhorted me, in many words, to the unity of the church, I confess a Catholic church, spread throughout the world, in which no man may err, and without which unity of the church, no man may be saved: but I know perfectly, by God's Word, that this church is in all the world, and hath not its foundation in Rome only, as you say." The bishop accused him of want of learning. He told them, how they had kept him in prison without book, pens, or ink, for so long a time, and then brought him out to answer their charges. "You deal with me," said he, "as though two persons were appointed to fight for life and death, and overnight the one, through friends and favour, is cherished, and has good counsel given him, how to encounter his enemy. The other,

for envy or want of friends, is set all night in the stocks. In the morning, when they meet, the one is in full strength, the other almost dead with feebleness. Think you not, that to run such a man through with a spear is a goodly victory?" After further conference, he was dismissed till the next day, though he entreated them to finish with him at once.

On the morrow, Ridley and Latimer were again brought before their judges. Ridley asked permission to read the answers he had written to the charges made against him, but he was refused. He then claimed the promise they had given him, the day before, that he should be allowed to say forty words against the pope's authority. This was allowed, but before he had concluded the first sentence, they stopped him, saying, that his number of words was finished. One of them, hypocritically said, that he was sorry for him. "I believe it, my lord," said Ridley, "for it will, one day, be burdensome to your soul."

They then proceeded to read the usual condemnation, and he was taken back to prison. Latimer was next brought in, and after a long conference, was likewise condemned.

Shortly afterwards, the popish bishop of Gloucester, with his attendants, went to prison, to degrade Ridley: they first dressed him, by force, in all the finery of a popish priest, going to say mass; and then proceeded, in the usual manner, to take them off. Ridley spoke loudly against their idle mummery. They threatened to gag his mouth, if he would not be quiet. When they put the Gospels in his hand, and then took them away, saying, "We do take from you the office of preaching the Gospel," he sighed, and looking up to heaven, he exclaimed, "O Lord, forgive them their wickedness."

When they had done, Ridley wanted to talk with the bishop, but one of them said, "You now are out of the church, and we may not talk with any that are out

of the church." He was then given into the custody of the bailiffs of the town, with strict orders to allow no man to speak to him. That same evening, he supped with the family of the mayor. He invited all of them to be at his marriage, on the morrow; and when his brother offered to sit up with him, all night, Ridley refused, saying that he meant to go to bed, and sleep as quietly as ever he did in his life.

The place appointed for the martyrdom of these bold and faithful champions of the Gospel, was on the north side of the town, in the ditch over against Baliol College. The queen, knowing that Ridley and Latimer were much beloved by the people, and fearing lest they would attempt to prevent their burning, had ordered the Lord Williams, and the householders of the city, to be armed, and to be present, to prevent any tumult.

When all was ready, the prisoners were brought forth. Ridley came first; and, as he passed by the prison where Cranmer

was confined, he looked up at the window, in hope that he might see him, and say farewell to him. But Cranmer was busy, disputing with some friars at the time, and knew not that they were passing. Ridley, looking back, saw Latimer coming, to whom he said, "Oh, are you there?" "Yea," said Latimer, "as fast as I can follow." When they came to the stake, Ridley embraced Latimer, and comforted him, saying, "Be of good cheer, brother, for God will either assuage the fury of the flame, or else strengthen us to abide it."

They knelt down, and prayed earnestly, for a time, and then talked together. Dr. Smith, a popish priest, preached from a text, very often used in those days by the papists, and awfully perverted by them, from its true meaning:—"Though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." (1 Cor. 13.) He abused the martyrs, told them that they were like Judas, and bid the people beware of them, as heretics, who died out

of the church. And thus, this man could take a verse out of the Word of God, and apply it to these good men, who were about to suffer for their *charity* or love to the Gospel, and the souls of men. In that same chapter from which Dr. Smith took his text, we find it written that "*Charity suffereth long, and is kind;—is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;—beareth all things, endureth all things,*" &c.; and yet these persecutors could talk of charity, while they tortured and destroyed, in the most cruel manner, those who believed not as they did.

When he had done preaching, Ridley wished to answer him; but they would not allow him to speak, unless it was to recant. "Well," said Ridley, "so long as the breath is in my body, I will never deny my Lord Christ, and his known truth; God's will be done in me; I commit our cause to Almighty God, who shall impartially judge all." Latimer said, "There is nothing hid, but it shall be made mani-

fest; he could answer Smith well enough, if he were permitted."

They were then commanded to prepare for the fire. When ready, Ridley held up his hand, and said, "O Heavenly Father, I give Thee most hearty thanks, for that Thou hast called me, to be a professor of Thee, even unto death: I beseech Thee, Lord God, take mercy upon this realm of England, and deliver the same from all her enemies."

The blacksmith then took a chain of iron, and fastened it round them. While driving a staple into the stake, Ridley said, "Good fellow, knock it in hard; for the flesh will have its course." His brother brought him some gunpowder in a bag. "Have you any," said he, "for my brother?" meaning Latimer. When told that he had, he said, "then give it to him, lest you be too late." So he carried some gunpowder to Latimer. Then they brought a faggot, kindled with fire, and laid it down at Ridley's feet, Latimer exclaimed, "Be of

good comfort, brother Ridley, and play the man; *we shall this day, light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust, shall never be put out.*"

The fire was then kindled. When Ridley saw the flame coming towards him, he cried with a loud voice, "Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit; Lord, receive my spirit." Latimer exclaiming as earnestly, at the same time, "O Father of heaven, receive my soul." He soon died, and seemed as if he suffered very little pain: Ridley lingered much longer, the wood was piled too high, and the fire burned only underneath him, he implored them to let the fire come to him; his brother, not understanding him, heaped up more faggots, intending to lessen his sufferings: his legs were consumed, before his body was touched. He still continued calling upon God, every now and then, saying, "Let the fire come to me, I cannot burn." At length, one of the by-standers pulled off some of the faggots, the flames rose, and

exploded the gunpowder ; after which, he was seen to stir no more.

His cruel agonies were now ended, and Ridley left the frowns and the wrath of his tormentors, to meet the smiles and the welcome of that Redeemer, who hath said, "Whosoever will lose his life for my sake, shall find it."

The death of these eminent men made a deep and lasting impression on the minds of many. Instead of destroying what the papists called heresy, by burning those who loved the gospel,—there is no doubt, that thousands were brought by the grace of God to love that Gospel, which those holy martyrs prized so dearly, that they laid down their lives rather than deny its blessed doctrines. May we so love the precious Word, and grow therein, that "we may be followers of them who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises !"

On the day of Ridley and Latimer's burning, that bitter opponent of the gospel and its followers, Gardiner, bishop of Win-

chester, would not dine until he received the news that Ridley and Latimer were burned. About four o'clock, a messenger arrived, who told him that fire had been set to the pile; he then sat down to dinner with much glee, but while feasting himself, he was suddenly seized with a horrible disease, which in a few days brought him to his grave.

His condition both of body and mind were truly awful: Pilkington, bishop of Durham, says, that "he rotted above ground, so that it was scarcely possible to get any one to come near him." He frequently exclaimed, "I have sinned like Peter, but have not repented like him."

The bishop of Chichester, knowing well, that the false doctrines of popery could not afford consolation to this wretched man, endeavoured to comfort him with the promises of God's mercy, and of justification through faith, in the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ. He repeated passages of scripture to the same effect,

but Gardiner had persecuted and burned many, for teaching and believing these precious truths, and now this hardened sinner had no hope. "What," said he to Chichester, "will you open that gap now? Then farewell altogether: to me and such other in my case, indeed you may speak it; but open this window to the people, and then farewell altogether."

Gardiner on his dying bed, could not deny, that "being justified by faith we have peace with God," is God's own truth, yet he dreaded the idea of its being preached among the people. He well knew that it had brought about the Reformation, and struck the heaviest blow at the Romish church, which it had ever received.

What a dreadful scene was Gardiner's death-bed: tortured in body and in mind, he suffered infinitely more than the holy martyrs whom he had so cruelly pursued to death. Let us pray,—"From hardness of heart and contempt of thy word and commandment, Good Lord, deliver us!"

Besides those who were burned in this wicked reign, there were many who died in Lollard's tower, and other prisons, from the cruel and severe treatment they endured. Their bodies were often thrown out into the fields; where kind friends used to bury them in the middle of the night, or early in the morning: many were



thrown into the Finsbury Fields. The Archers of Finsbury would assist in burying them, singing psalms over their graves. The disfigured corpses were often

wetted with the tears of women and children, who recognized in them the husbands and fathers, that had been torn from their homes on charges of heresy.

Such were some of the scenes of misery in our own dear England, when popery had power; then bonds, imprisonment, mockings, and death, were the means by which popery tried to make converts: thus proving, that popery,—which is “always the same,” as its followers boast—is not Christianity!

John Webb, George Roper, and Gregory Parke, were all burned at one fire at Canterbury, in the same month: “abiding most patiently their torments, and counting themselves happy and blessed of the Lord, that they were made worthy to suffer for Christ’s Gospel sake.”

About the 7th December, James Gore, died in the prison at Colchester; he had been imprisoned for the truth of the Gospel.

On the 13th, William Wiseman, a cloth-worker of London, died in the Lollard’s

tower; his body was thrown out in the fields. The priests commanded that no one should bury him, he having died a heretic.

JOHN PHILPOT.

Next follows the martyrdom of John Philpot, archdeacon of Winchester, who was burned in Smithfield, on the 18th December, 1555. He was a learned and godly man, well skilled in the Hebrew language, a thing very uncommon in those days. He had distinguished himself in good King Edward's days, by his gospel preaching, and his zealous and fervent piety: when Mary came to the throne, he was imprisoned, for continuing to defend

and maintain the principles of the Gospel. The papists were very anxious to bring him over to their cause, as they knew, that his great learning and abilities would be useful to them; they therefore subjected him to many wearisome examinations, and to much cruel treatment. Philpot managed to leave behind him, in spite of the vigilance of his enemies, an account of thirteen of his examinations, and the cruelty with which he was treated.

After having been confined in prison for a year and a half, he was brought up and examined at Newgate sessions hall, by Dr. Story and others. They charged him with denying the mass, telling him he was a heretic, and out of the church. Dr. Story said to him, "Thou shalt go to the Lollard's tower, and be handled there like a heretic as thou art." This Dr. Story boasted that there had been none burned, but what he had spoken with them, and had a hand in their burning.

He was confined with others, in a dun-

geon, at the end of Bonner's coal-house, in Paternoster Row, without fire or candle, in the month of November: while there, he conversed with his fellow prisoners on the truth of the gospel, so that they were much encouraged and comforted. His keepers finding this to be the case, accused him of "strengthening the other prisoners in their errors:" he was in consequence removed to the Lollard's tower, at St. Paul's.

He was again examined on the 16th December, when after much abuse, Bonner told him as follows, "You think, because my lord chancellor, Gardiner, is dead, that we will burn no more: yes I warrant you, I will despatch you shortly, unless you recant." To which Philpot replied, "that he had not thought to have been alive till then, but well roasted to ashes."

After this, Bonner ordered him to be set in the stocks, separate from his companions: "God be praised," said this noble martyr, "that he hath thought me

worthy to suffer any thing for his name's sake. Better it is to sit in the stocks of this world, than to sit in the stocks of a condemned conscience."

Philpot underwent thirteen tedious examinations, in which no man could have suffered more abuse than he did, or be treated with more scoffing or mockery. He replied so well and so boldly to every argument that they could bring forward, being a very learned man, that they had no other way of answering him left, than that of mocking and derision. They were very anxious to induce him to recant, well knowing, that if he did, his well known piety and great learning, would be of great weight in discouraging those christians, who were not so learned as he was.

But finding all their artifices of no use, Bonner, at length read his excommunication: while he was reading it, Philpot exclaimed, "I thank God, that I am a heretic, out of your cursed church; I am no heretic before God: but may God bless

you, and give you grace to repent your wicked doings; and let all beware of your blood-thirsty church."

He was then sent back to prison, where Alexander, the chief keeper, ordered him to be set on a block, and as many irons fastened upon his legs, as he could bear: and because he could not pay him four pounds, as a fee for taking them off, he had him cast into a dark dungeon.

The sheriff, hearing of this cruel treatment, sent orders that his fetters should be taken off. The keeper was obliged to obey his orders; but was so enraged with the sheriff, that he declared he would the next day report him, as a favourer of the heretics.

On Tuesday, December 17, a messenger came from the sheriffs, bidding Philpot make ready, for the next day he would be burned. Philpot answered, "I am ready; God grant me strength, and a joyful resurrection!" In the morning, the sheriffs came, about eight o'clock, to fetch him.

They led him to Smithfield. As they went along, the road was found to be very dirty, and two officers lifted him up, to carry him to the stake. Then said he, merrily, "What! will you make me a pope? I am content to go to my journey's end on foot." When he came into Smithfield, he kneeled down, and exclaimed, "I will pay my vows to thee, O Smithfield!" He kissed the stake, saying, "Shall I disdain to suffer at this stake, seeing that my Redeemer did not refuse to suffer a most vile death, upon the cross, for me?" He then repeated the 106th, 107th and 108th Psalms; and, when he had finished, he said to the officers, "What have you done for me?" Each of them told him what they had done, and he rewarded them with money. He was then chained to the stake, and the faggots were kindled.

His sufferings were soon over. No more was the dungeon, the stocks and the heavy irons, to be his bitter portion:—no more was the brutal abuse of the savage Bonner

to be heard by him. The time of his tribulation had now passed away—the hour and the power of darkness had, to him, ceased for ever—his portion was to enter into the joy of his Lord. May the place of his rest be ours!

The people showed so much sorrow for the sufferings of Philpot, and expressed their grief so plainly and openly, that a letter was sent to the lord mayor, from the queen's council, ordering that persons should in future be appointed, to attend the execution of heretics, and to apprehend any who should "*comfort, aid, or praise them.*"

Miles Coverdale, who translated the Bible into English, gives the following account of the sufferings of the followers of the Gospel, during this time. "Many," says he, "were imprisoned in dungeons, ugly holes, dark, loathsome and stinking corners; others loaded with fetters and chains, so that they could scarcely stir; some fastened in the stocks, with their legs

upwards, and their necks secured to the wall, with iron collars; sometimes with one leg or hand in the stocks, and the other out, without stone or stool to sit upon, to ease their tormented bodies; others kept in what were called, 'Skeffington's gyves,' a frame of iron, by which their bodies were almost bent double. Many suffered from want of food: in several instances, they were starved to death. Their popish persecutors often boasted that they would compel them to 'eat their fingers' ends,' for hunger. All these torments, and many more, were practised by the papists."

These sufferers, though denied the use of pens, ink and paper, often managed to give their friends an account of their trials for their belief of the Gospel. "Sometimes, instead of pens, they used small pieces of lead, pulled from the window, and the want of ink was supplied by their own *blood*." Some of the letters thus written, are referred to by the writers of

those times, and have been aptly described as the fit memorials of a bloody reign.

The awful death of bishop Gardiner, seems to have made no impression on the mind of the brutal Bonner; he has been styled, and justly, "the high priest of blood." He still went on in his murderous work.

On the 27th January, 1556, seven martyrs were condemned by him, and all burned at one fire in Smithfield.

They were, Thomas Whittle, a priest, who had faithfully preached the gospel in Edward VIth's reign; Bonner told him he should be kept on bread and water, and in his rage struck him violently with his fist, first on one cheek then on the other; Whittle was then by his orders, led away to a small cellar used for storing salt, where he was kept two days and nights without even straw to lie upon. He was persuaded in his trouble to sign a paper against the truth, but feeling afterwards no peace on account of this cowardly act, he

asked permission to tear off his name, which was granted him. Shortly afterwards he was condemned.

Bartlett Green was the son of a gentleman, who had been brought to the truth of the gospel, through the preaching of the reformer Peter Martyr at Oxford. A report had gone abroad in Germany, that Queen Mary was dead; Green in writing to a christian friend there, merely said, "the Queen is not dead." For this, he was seized as a traitor, but not being able to convict him of treason, his persecutors had recourse to the old charge of heresy, and on this charge he was condemned. He was scourged and beaten with rods by Bonner.

Thomas Brown was an artificer in the parish of St. Bride's, Fleet Street. He was informed against for not attending the popish service.

John Tudson was similarly condemned.

John West, a shearman from Essex, was condemned at the same time.

Isabel Foster, the wife of John Foster, a Cutler, in Fleet Street, was also condemned for not going to the popish mass.

Joan Warne, or Lashford, was doomed to destruction on a similar charge. Her father and mother were both burned before her, as will be found recorded in a former place.

These seven martyrs proved that they had learned to fear God rather than men, and endured their sufferings with great constancy.

On the 31st June, five more were burned at Canterbury: John Lomas, of Tenterden, Agnes Snoth, a widow, Ann Allbright, Joan Sole, and Joan Cotman, widow of George Cotman, who was burned September, 1555.

These five martyrs, were burned at two stakes in one fire; while burning they sung psalms; their faith and patience was so great, that Sir John Norton, who was ordered to attend their burning, was deeply affected.



ARCHBISHOP CRANMER.

We have now to record the sufferings of one of the most eminent of the reformers of England, Archbishop Cranmer ;

no man, perhaps, has ever been more vilely slandered than Cranmer, and it is not too much to say, that few have ever given less occasion to the enemies of the gospel to blaspheme, than he did.

Let our young readers remember, that in the accounts they have been reading of the martyrs of Jesus, none have been spoken of as *perfect* in their day and generation; they were "born in sin and shapen in iniquity" as we all are, and it was the sovereign grace of God alone, that "plucked them as brands from the burning," and transplanted them into the kingdom of his dear Son, to glorify his name for ever.

Cranmer, was a saint of the most High God. He had in his life time, like every redeemed child of God, been a sinner—a grievous sinner. Let our young readers then, bear in mind, whenever they hear any one attack the character of the "gentle Cranmer," (and there are even in the present day, those, who in the ignorance and

unbelief of their hearts do so,) let them bear in mind, that there is no argument that can be brought against the eminent zeal and devotion of Cranmer in the cause of God, that cannot be as safely brought against Noah, David, the apostle Peter, and others of whom the Word of God records, that though they were chosen to be his servants, yet they were not without sin. It was the grace of God alone, that preserved *them* from being "sifted as wheat," by the enemy of souls; it was that same grace that preserved Cranmer.

Cranmer was a powerful instrument, in the hands of God, for carrying on the Reformation of religion in England. In the reign of Henry VIIIth, he boldly protested against the supremacy of the pope; he favoured the circulation of the scriptures, and it was through his means, that king Henry ordered that a Bible should be set up in every church, and the people encouraged to read it.

He was also useful in doing away with

those ~~sinks~~ of iniquity, the ~~monasteries~~; but he objected to their funds being used by the king for his own purposes: he wished to see their wealth applied to building and maintaining schools, alms-houses and hospitals.

When the cruel six articles (see page 157,) were brought before the parliament, Cranmer boldly opposed them, even though king Henry himself was present, and spoke in their favour. The king ordered him to quit the house, but Cranmer would not, saying, "it was God's cause, not man's, and he would protest against it to the last."

His bold and upright conduct gained him the favor of the king, which so annoyed his opponents, that they conspired to ruin him. The king discovered the plot, and gave Cranmer power to examine further into it, when to his grief and astonishment he found among the conspirators, many who owed all their worldly prosperity, to his bounty and kindness.

He freely forgave them, and took them again into his favour. His forgiving spirit was so well known, that it was a common saying, "Do my lord of Canterbury an ill turn, and you make him your firm and constant friend."

During the short reign of Edward VIth, Cranmer was actively engaged in the work of reformation; he encouraged faithful preachers of the gospel, and licensed many to go through the towns and villages, and preach in every church to the poor and ignorant. He dealt so gently with those who opposed his plans, that it was often said to him, "If ever it comes to their turn they will shew you no such favour." Cranmer afterwards proved this by experience.

There is one act, however, of Cranmer's life, which shows that he was not entirely free from the persecuting spirit of popery. He, with much difficulty, moved king Edward to sign a warrant for the burning of a poor fanatic, named Joan Bocher, commonly called Joan of Kent.

This poor woman denied the proper incarnation of our Saviour: she was examined before the council, who finding her very obstinate, condemned her; the statute for burning heretics was not then done away with. Cranmer was not present when she was condemned, although he procured the warrant for her burning: yet he and Ridley continually visited her, took her home to their houses, and tried all they could to induce her to give up her errors.

Twelvemonths after, the council finding her still obstinate, ordered her to be burned. This was a sad blot upon the character of Cranmer, and though much may be said about his popish education, and the intolerant times in which he lived, yet we cannot excuse so cruel a deed.

When Mary came to the throne, she seemed bent upon the destruction of Cranmer. Cranmer had interceded with Henry VIIIth, who intended to put her to death, and induced the king to spare her.

This kindness was forgotten by the popish queen, in her hatred to his religion.

On the 12th September, 1555, Cranmer was examined before the commissioners at Oxford; he was charged with having a wife, and having heretical books, and with having publicly maintained heresies in the disputation at Oxford, and with various other articles. The commissioners commanded him to obey a citation from the pope, which required that he should appear in person before the pope, at Rome, within eighty days from that time. Cranmer stated his willingness to go, saying, "that God would put it into his mouth to speak to His truth there as well as here."

But it was a mere mockery; for they kept him confined in prison, and when the eighty days were expired, he was condemned at Rome as obstinate, because he would not appear; his archbishopric was taken from him and given to Cardinal Pole, and he was burned in effigy at Rome.

This decree of the pope came to Eng-

land in February, 1556; Thirleby, bishop of Ely, and bishop Bonner, were sent to Oxford to condemn Cranmer. They dressed him up in all the garments of a popish bishop, only, that instead of being made of the usual materials, they were made of old canvass.

They then proceeded to degrade him. This was in the choir of Christ church. Bonner, who had long hated him, exulted at his downfall. He stretched out his hand, and pointing at him, exclaimed, "There is the man, that hath ever despised the pope's holiness, and now is to be judged by him. This is the man that hath pulled down so many churches, and now is come to be judged in a church,—this is the man that despiseth the blessed sacrament of the altar, and now is come to be condemned before that blessed sacrament hanging over the altar." Bonner went on abusing him, for some time; Thirleby often pulled his sleeve to stop him, but to no purpose.

After all this mockery was finished, they began to degrade him, by first taking away from him the crosier. Cranmer refused to give it up, and pulling a paper out of his left sleeve, he gave it to them. It was an appeal to the next general council. It was not admitted, and they went on in their work of folly. After taking from him the canvass garments they had put upon him, a barber clipped his hair round about, and the bishop scraped the tops of his fingers, where he had been anointed. Bonner was as rough and unmannerly towards him, as the other bishop was soft and gentle. They then put upon him a beadle's gown, old and threadbare, with a townsman's cap on his head, Bonner exclaiming, "Now you are, 'my lord,' no more;" and when he again spoke of him, he said, "This gentleman here," &c. Thus attired, he was led back to prison.

We have now seen the patience and firmness, with which Cranmer endured the wanton revilings of his persecutors: he had

never shrunk, even before kings, from a plain and earnest defence of the Gospel. He had often before been in danger, from his enemies, but he never gave up the truth, to gain the favour and good-will of any one. He was now again to be submitted to temptation, and we shall see that, for a time, his faith failed him.

The counsellors of the Queen, though they knew that his death was resolved upon, yet they felt, that if he died bearing an open and bold testimony against popery, the effect would be very great upon the minds of the people, by whom he was beloved, and his persecutors would become the objects of their hatred. They therefore determined to use every artifice they could, in order to get him to sign a paper of recantation. For this purpose, they took him from prison, to the house of the dean of Christ Church, and treated him with every kindness and respect; he was promised life, and restoration to his see, or the choicc of retiring into private life, if

he would but sign. Their kind treatment succeeded with the gentle spirit of Cranmer. The paper they first showed him, was very artfully drawn up, and did not call upon him to renounce his opinions, but "to submit to the laws of the pope and Queen, so far as God's laws and the laws and customs of this realm will permit." After this, he was gradually induced to sign five other papers, each written in stronger and plainer terms.

Having completed their work of treachery, they left the unhappy archbishop to his own reflections; while they went and proclaimed to the world his weakness.

Shortly after this, the Queen commanded Dr. Cole, to prepare a funeral sermon for the burning of Cranmer, against the 21st of March. Dr. Cole visited Cranmer on the 20th of March, and talked kindly with him: the next morning, he again saw him, and told him he must prepare to be present at a public sermon that day, and gave him fifteen crowns to give to the poor. The

archbishop, though kept in ignorance of the near approach of his burning, yet was suspicious of their intentions, and being miserable in his mind, he earnestly implored the mercy and forgiveness of God, and then wrote down a clear statement of his faith in the Gospel, and a prayer, which he intended to say to the people.

Shortly after nine o'clock, on the 21st of March, 1556, archbishop Cranmer was led forth from prison to St. Mary's Church, Oxford; he was taken to a small stage or stool, before the pulpit, where he stood lifting up his hands to heaven and praying earnestly, until Dr. Cole came into the pulpit. It were too long to detail the sermon, which concluded with a reference to Cranmer's recantation. Cole described it as the work of God. "With what great grief of mind," says Foxe, "Cranmer stood all the time hearing this sermon, the outward motions of his body and countenance were better expressed than any man can declare. A man might have seen the

image of perfect sorrow lively expressed in him,—more than twenty distinct times the tears flowed abundantly, dropping down from his fatherly face, especially when they recited his prayer, before the people. It is marvellous what pity and commiseration moved all men's hearts, that beheld so heavy a countenance, and such abundance of tears in an old man of so reverend dignity."

After Cole had finished his sermon, he told the people to stop and hear from Cranmer's own lips a profession of his faith, that they might all know that he was a catholic indeed. "I will do it," said the archbishop, "and that with a good will." He then drew forth the profession of faith he had written in the prison; he knelt down and asked forgiveness of God for all his past sins: rising up, he exhorted the people to obedience, and to seek after the good of their souls.

After reciting the creed, he said, "I believe every article of the catholic faith,

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CRAMMER'S CONFESSION AT ST. MARY'S, OXFORD.

Here Archbishop Cramer stood up before Dr. Cole and all the people, and solemnly renounced his recantation.

every word and sentence taught by our Saviour, Jesus Christ, his apostles, and prophets in the Old and New Testament. And now come I to the great thing which so troubleth my conscience, more than any thing that ever I did or said in my whole life, and that is, the setting abroad of a writing contrary to the truth, which, now, I renounce and refute, as things written with my hand, contrary to the truth which I thought in my heart; and written for fear of death and to save my life if it might be; and that is, all such bills and papers which I have written or signed with my hand, since my degradation, wherein I have written many things untrue. And, forasmuch as my hand offended, my hand shall first be punished for it; for when I come to the fire, it shall first be burned. As for the pope, I refute him, with all his false doctrine, as Christ's enemy and Antichrist." He then went on to speak of the sacrament, but the enraged and disappointed papists would hear no more: Dr. Cole cried out

from the pulpit, "Stop the heretic's mouth and take him away," when he was pulled down by some friars, and led away at once to the stake: the friars, vexing, troubling and threatening him most cruelly, all the way he went.

When he came to the place where Ridley and Latimer were burned, he kneeled down, and prayed for a short time; he then rose up and put off his garments to his shirt, which reached down to his feet: his head was so bare that not one hair could be seen upon it, his beard was long and thick. His grave and sorrowful countenance moved the hearts both of his friends and enemies.

An iron chain was put round him, and he was fastened to the stake. As soon as the wood was kindled, and the fire came near him, he held out his right hand in the midst of the flame, so steadfastly and immovably, that the people saw his hand burned off before his body was touched: his eyes were lifted up to heaven, while he

often cried out, "This unworthy right hand." He stood all the time of his burning so firmly and patiently, that he seemed to move no more than the stake to which he was bound. "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," were the last words Cranmer was heard to utter. Earth with its trials, was exchanged for heaven and its happiness: he had sown in tears and now reaped in joy. True, he had once, as we have seen, "drawn back," but the closing scene of his life, proves, that he was not "of them who draw back unto perdition, but of them that believe to the saving of the soul." "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin," and Cranmer felt that being cleansed in that precious blood, "there was One, who was able to present him faultless, before the presence of His glory, with exceeding joy."

The rage of Bonner and the other bishops, at the complete failure of their treachery, knew no bounds. Cranmer, in spite of all their efforts, had left a faith-

ful testimony to the truth of the Gospel behind him, and the minds of the weaker brethren, were encouraged and strengthened by it. The popish bishops seemed determined to revenge themselves on all who held the faith in which Cranmer died. The persecutions went on more fiercely than ever.

Shortly after, two females were burned at Ipswich, Agnes Potten and Joan Trunchfield. Their offence consisted in declaring that Jesus Christ was at the right hand of the Father in heaven, and could not be in the wafer: for this they were condemned. Their constancy at the stake was wonderful, they so boldly stood to the confession of God's word; they earnestly besought the people to keep to the Word of God, and not to trust to man's devices and inventions, but to despise the Romish Antichrist with all his superstitions and false doctrines.

Next to these women, were burned at Salisbury, on the 24th March, John Spicer,

a mason, William Coberley, a tailor, and John Maundrel, a husbandman. When asked by the bishop of Salisbury about their faith, they answered, "that they believed in God the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost; the twelve articles of the creed; and the Holy Scriptures, from the first of Genesis to the last of Revelations." But this would not do, they were questioned about the real presence, the supremacy of the pope, and the worship of images: when asked whether images ought to be in the churches, Maundrel replied, very drily, "that wooden images were good to roast a shoulder of mutton, but an evil in the church, seeing they were an occasion of idolatry."

They were burned in one fire, at Salisbury: Coberley suffered very much, the wind blowing the flames from him, so that his left arm was burned away to the white bone, and his body only scorched; he stooped over the chain, and knocked upon his breast with his right hand; the

blood issued from his mouth. Shortly after, when all thought he was dead, he suddenly rose up again, and then expired.

On the 23rd April, six men of Essex, suffered in Smithfield; Robert Drakes, a minister, William Tyms, a curate, Richard Spurge, a shearman, Thomas Spurge, his brother, a fuller, John Cavel, a weaver, and George Ambrose, a fuller.

Tyms had preached the gospel in the woods, near Hockley, and was taken and examined by Justice Tyrrell, a cruel persecutor. "When I see," said Tyrrell to him, "the blessed crucifix, it makes me think of God." To which Tyms answered, "Sir, if an idol that is made with men's hands, makes you remember God, how much more ought the creatures of God, as man, being his workmanship, or the trees that bring forth fruit, make you remember God?"

Tyrrell, enraged at this reply, called him a traitorly knave, and sent him to Bonner. While in prison, he wrote a letter to one

of his flock; it ended with his own name, and these words, written in blood, "Continue in prayer,—ask in faith, and obtain your desire."

When Robert Drakes was examined, he boldly maintained his protest against the Church of Rome. "As for your Church of Rome," said he, "I utterly defy and deny it, with all the works thereof, even as I deny the devil and all his works." The rest returned similar answers, and were all condemned. Their constancy was unshaken to the end. To them, the flames of Smithfield was the pathway of glory, therefore, they endured, "as seeing Him who is invisible."

Joan Beach, widow, of Tunbridge, and John Harpole, of Rochester, were examined by Maurice, bishop of Rochester, who condemned them quickly to death; they suffered in one fire, in the town of Rochester, about the beginning of April, 1566.

Next to these, followed the martyrdom of

John Hullier, curate, of Lynn, in Norfolk. He was examined in St. Mary's church, Cambridge. Being condemned, sentence was read against him, by Dr. Fuller, and the mummery of degradation performed. When they had done, Hullier said, "This is the joyfulest day that I ever saw, and I thank you all, that ye have delivered and lightened me of all this paltry gear." A bystander, seeing a Testament in his hand, forced it from him, and flung it away some distance, in a rage.

On Maundy Thursday, April 2nd, he was led to the stake, near Jesus's College, Cambridge. Many of the bystanders openly prayed for him, which greatly enraged the papists, who said that he ought not be prayed for—for that being condemned it could profit him nothing. When the flames died away, the skeleton of the martyr remained entire, in an upright position chained to the stake. The crowd rushed forward, eagerly seized his remains, and divided them among them-

selves, not to be worshipped as popish relics, but to be kept in remembrance of popish cruelty.

On the 28th April, 1556, six martyrs were burned together, at Colchester; they were Christopher Lystor, husbandman, John Mace, apothecary, John Spencer, weaver, Simon Joyne, sawyer, Richard Nicholls, weaver, and John Hammond, turner. Bonner had his hands so full at this time, of victims, that he made quick work of their examinations. He had these six brought to his house, at Fulham, and in the open church, put the usual questions, as to their belief. Spencer said, "that the church malignant, which is the Church of Rome, is no part of Christ's catholic church, and that he neither hath nor doth believe the doctrine and religion taught and set forth in the same Romish malignant church."

Nicholls declared, that his faith was builded on the doctrine, set forth in the time of Edward VI. and he would continue

in the same unto his life's end: God assisting him. They all spoke against the mass, and the wafer, as "contrary to God's Word and glory." They spoke of the pope as an oppressor of Christ's church and Gospel, and that he ought not to have any authority in England. They also declared, "that they utterly abhorred the Church of Rome, for putting down God's book, the Bible, and setting up the Babylonish mass, with all other of Antichrist's merchandize."

Finding them firm and unmovable in the truths they professed, Bonner condemned them; and the same evening procured the Queen's writ for their burning. They were taken down to Colchester, where, in the flames, they most cheerfully ended their lives, to the glory of God's holy name, and the great encouragement of others.

Hugh Laverock, a painter, sixty-eight years of age, and crippled in his limbs, with John Apprice, a blind man, were accused of

heresy, and sent to Bonner. These two poor helpless men, proved that they were rich in grace, and strong in faith. They replied to Bonner's questions with simplicity and truth: "I cannot find in the Scripture," said Laverock, "that the priests should lift up over their head a cake of bread." "Your doctrine which you set forth and teach," said John Apprice, "is so agreeable with the world, and embraced by the world, that it cannot be agreeable with the Scriptures of God; and you are not of the catholic church, for you make laws to kill men, and make the Queen your hangman." Bonner, irritated with their boldness, condemned them the same day, in the church at Fulham; and turned them over to the temporal officer as quickly as possible.

They were taken in a cart from Newgate to Stafford-le-bow, on the 15th of May, 1556. When fastened to the stake, Laverock flung away his crutch, and comforting his blind companion, said to him,

“ Be of good comfort, my brother, for my lord of London is a good physician. He will heal us both shortly; thee of thy blindness, and me of my lameness.” And so, patiently these two good saints of God suffered together.

Our Saviour declares in his sermon on the mount, “ Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.” How awfully does this passage shew that Bonner, the cruel and blood-thirsty Bonner, was without God, without hope, without Christ, in the world.

Four women, of Essex, were next condemned. They were—Catherine Hut, a widow, and Joan Horns, Elizabeth Tackvel and Margaret Ellis, maidens.

Catherine boldly said to Bonner, when questioned concerning the wafer-god, “ I deny it to be God, because it is a dumb God, and made with men’s hands.” Joan Horns likewise said, “ If you can make your God to shed blood, or to shew any condition of a true living body, then will

I believe you : and, in the way which you call heresy, I trust to serve my Lord God." As to the Romish see, she said, " My lord bishop, I forsake all her abominations, and from them, good Lord, deliver us." The other two made a faithful confession of the truth. Bonner condemned them all to the flames : but before the day of their suffering arrived, Margaret Ellis " fell asleep in Jesus," in the prison, at Newgate.

On the 16th of May, the other three were led to Smithfield ; and, " there they died more joyfully, in the flaming fire, than their persecutors in their beds."

Our readers may remember, that just before the martyrdom of bishop Hooper, at Gloucester, a blind boy, named Thomas Drowry, came to him, to talk with him on the truths of the Gospel ; and that bishop Hooper found him, " clear in his knowledge of the truth, and stedfast in maintaining it." (See p. 234.) He was now to have the trial of his faith.

He was apprehended, and examined by Dr. Williams, the chancellor of the diocese, in the consistory court of the cathedral. Finding that he did not believe in transub-



stantiation, he said to him, "Thou art a heretic, and shall be burned; but who has taught you this heresy?" "You, master

chancellor," said the boy. "Where, I pray thee?" exclaimed the astonished chancellor. "Even in yonder place," said the boy, turning towards the pulpit, the position of which he remembered. "When did I teach thee so?" "When you preached there (naming the day), a sermon to all men, as well as to me, upon the sacrament, you said that the sacrament was to be received spiritually, by faith, and not carnally and really, as the papists have heretofore taught." The hardened apostate replied, "Then do as I have done, and thou shalt live, as I live, and escape burning." "Although you can mock God, the world, and your conscience," said the blind boy, "yet will I not do so." "Then God have mercy upon thee," said the chancellor, "for I will read thy condemnation." "God's will be fulfilled," was the meek reply of Drowry. The registrar interfered, and wanted the chancellor to get somebody else to read the sentence, and not to read his own condemnation,

but the heart of the chancellor was seared, as with a hot iron, and he condemned the boy to a cruel death, for believing those things, which he himself had actively taught in king Edward's days.

On the 5th of May, Drowry was taken to the stake, at Gloucester, and burned along with Thomas Croker, a bricklayer, who was condemned on a like charge. They went through the fiery trial with faith and patience. They had not been ashamed of Christ before men, and they were now called to "enter into the joy of their Lord."

On the 21st of May, Thomas Spicer, John Denny and Edward Poole, were burned at Beccles; Spicer was but nineteen years of age, he was taken from his bed, early in the morning, and put into a dungeon at Eye, in Suffolk, along with Denny and Poole. Dunning, the chancellor of Norwich, and Mings, the registrar, examined and condemned them as heretics; they were burned the next day, before the

writ for their burning could have arrived from London. So little did the popish tyrants at this time, regard even the appearance of justice in their deadly work.

On the 6th of June, Thomas Harland, John Oswald, Thomas Avington, and Thomas Reed, were all burned in one fire, at Lewes, in Sussex. Harland was charged with not attending mass; he said, that after the mass was restored, he never had any will to hear it, because it was said in Latin, which he did not understand. John Oswald told his judge, "that fire and faggots could not make him afraid; but as the good preachers of king Edward's days, had suffered and gone before, so was he ready to suffer, and follow them." These four all suffered with constancy.

At Leicester, a pious young man, servant to a merchant, suffered for the truth, being burned there, on the 26th of June. His name is not recorded.

On the 29th of June, Thomas Woods, a minister, and Thomas Miles, were burned

at Lewes, for their bold and faithful opposition to the wicked doctrines of popery.

The county of Essex was highly favoured with able ministers of the gospel, in the reign of Edward the VIth. It now furnished the flames with many zealous martyrs. We have already spoken of some. At this time, about the 27th of June, no fewer than thirteen laid down their lives for Christ's sake, and the Gospel's. They were burned in one fire, at Stratford-le-bow. After they were condemned, they were carried from Newgate to Stratford-le-bow, and some of them placed in one chamber, and the rest in another: the sheriff then went to see one party and told them, that the others had recanted, and that therefore, their lives would be spared, and that if they would do the same, they might also be saved. They told him, "that their faith was not built on man, but on Christ crucified." Finding that he could not move them from the Gospel, he then went to the others, and told them

the same falsehood. He found that they were as firm and decided for Christ as their brethren, and that his treacherous trick was of no use. They were then led forth to the place of their suffering, and when they were all together, at the stake, they prayed earnestly to God, and joyfully went through the flames to their heavenly rest. The eleven men were tied to three stakes, and the two women were loose in the midst. They suffered unmoved, and their firmness was so great, that the immense multitude assembled to witness their death, were astonished. The Sunday after they had been condemned, and while they were yet in prison, waiting their sentence, Feckenham, a popish priest, dean of St. Paul's, had preached at St. Paul's Cross, and told the people that they had as many religious opinions, as there were persons among them. Hearing of this vile slander, these blessed martyrs drew up a paper, and signed it with their own names, in which they proved that they

were all agreed in the great truths of the Gospel, and in their opposition to the false doctrines of popery.

On the 30th of June, Roger Bernard, Adam Foster, and Robert Lawson, were martyred in one fire, at St. Edmundsbury, Suffolk. When Bernard was examined, the bishop pointed to the pix or box, in which the wafers are kept over the altar, and said to him, "Thou stupid fellow, whom seest thou yonder?" "I see nobody there," answered Bernard, "do you, my lord?" "Why, naughty man," said the bishop, "dost thou not see thy maker?" "My maker!" exclaimed Bernard, "No, I see nothing but a few clothes hanging together." The bishop, in a great rage, then rose up, and ordered the gaoler to take him away, and to lay enough irons upon him, adding, "I will tame him, before he go from me." He was again examined, and the priests tried to flatter him, and with soft words to entice him to yield up his faith, but to no purpose. They then

threatened him with the stocks, with whipping and burning; but nothing could induce him to deny Christ before men. "Friends," said he, "I am not better than my master Christ, and the prophets, whom your fathers served after this manner; and I, for His name's sake, am content to suffer the like, at your hands, if God shall so permit, trusting that He will strengthen me in the same, according to His promise, in spite of the devil, and all his ministers." He was then condemned to the fire.

Adam Foster, aged twenty-six, was seized in his own house, because he would not go and hear mass. He was sent to Norwich, and there condemned by bishop Hopton. Also Robert Lawson, a single man, aged thirty, a linen weaver: he was charged with not going to mass, and was likewise condemned. They suffered with much patience, rejoicing in hope, and were the means of encouraging many to continue steadfast to the end.

On the 16th of July, Julius Palmer,

John Gwyn, and Thomas Askin, suffered martyrdom.

Julius Palmer was born at Coventry. His father, who had been the mayor of Coventry, sent him to the University of Oxford, where he soon distinguished himself by his diligence in learning. During the reign of Edward VI., he was a bigoted papist, and mocked and despised the preachers of the Gospel, persuading many of his friends not even to go and hear them. He was suspected of writing some slanderous verses against Dr. Haddon, president of the college, and though this was not proved against him, yet his enmity to the truth, and the scorn with which he treated the officers of the college, were such, that he was dismissed altogether.

When Mary came to the throne, he was again admitted to Magdalen College, as a zealous Romanist. But Palmer was no longer a scoffer and despiser: no more did his mouth speak bitter things against the servants of God, or his pen write

against the doctrines which they preached. That, "still small voice, that gently whispers love," had reached his heart,—“the grace of God, that bringeth salvation,” had appeared to him, and Palmer was a Christian. He was a witness of the patience and firmness of Ridley, Latimer and Cranmer, in the flames at Oxford, and exclaimed in the hearing of many, “Oh raging cruelty! Oh tyranny tragical, and more than barbarous!” From that time he studied the word of truth diligently, and was bold and decided in contending for it.

One day a fellow of Trinity College, named Barwich, after arguing for some time with him, said, “Well, Palmer, well; now thou art stout and hard in thine opinion, but if thou wert once brought to the stake, I believe thou wouldst tell another tale; I advise thee, beware of the fire, it is a serious matter to burn.”—“Truly,” said Palmer, “I have been in danger of burning once or twice, and hitherto, I thank God, I have escaped it. But I judge verily

it will be my end at the last; welcome be it, by the grace of God! Indeed it is a hard matter for them to burn, that have the mind and soul linked to the body, as a thief's foot is tied in a pair of fetters; but if a man be once able, by the help of God's Spirit, to separate and divide the soul from the body, for him it is no more mastery to burn, than for me to eat this piece of bread."

Shortly after this, he went to see his mother, at Evesham, but she was a papist, and proved herself one of those of whom St. Paul speaks of, (Rom. 1. xxxi.) "Without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful." She told him, that he should have Christ's curse and hers, wherever he went. "Your own curse," said he, "you may give me which God knoweth, I never deserved; but God's curse you cannot give me, for he hath already blessed me."

He then went to Reading, where he had been a schoolmaster, and was there betrayed by treacherous men, into the hands

of the persecutors, who after several examinations, condemned him to the flames. Within an hour before he went to the stake, he spoke to his fellow martyrs Gwyn and Askin, who were to suffer with him for the truth of the Gospel, before many others. "Brethren," said he, "be of good cheer in the Lord, and faint not, remember the words of our Saviour, Christ, where he saith, 'Happy are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you for righteousness' sake; rejoice and be glad, for great is your reward in heaven.' Fear not them that kill the body, and be not able to touch the soul. God is faithful and will not suffer us to be tempted farther than we shall be able to bear it. We shall not end our lives in the fire, but make a change for a better life: yea, for coals we shall receive pearls: for God's Holy Spirit testifieth to our spirits, that He hath, even now, prepared for us, a sweet supper in heaven, for His sake, who suffered first for us."

When they were brought to the stake,

Palmer said to those assembled, " Good people pray for us, that we may persevere to the end : and for Christ's sake, beware of popish teachers, for they deceive you." A servant of one of the bailiffs, on hearing this, threw a faggot in his face, which caused the blood to gush out, for which, the sheriff, with his staff gave him a blow, which made the blood flow from the brutal tormentor's ears.

When the fire was kindled, these three faithful martyrs lifted up their heads to heaven, as quietly and cheerfully as though they felt no smart, and exclaimed, " Lord Jesus, strengthen us ! Lord Jesus, assist us ! Lord Jesus, receive our souls !" and so continued without any struggling, until the fierce flames wafted them to their eternal home.

Thomas More, a servant, at Leicester, was brought before the bishop for saying, " that his Maker was in heaven, and not in the wafer." For this, he was condemned by the bishop, in St. Margaret's church,

Leicester. He suffered in the fire, a glorious martyrdom, about the 26th of June, 1556: near this time, Thomas Dungate, John Foreman and Mistress Tree, were burned at Grinstead, in Sussex.

Joan Waste, a poor blind woman, of Derby, about the age of twenty-two, was brought before the bishop, for refusing to join the popish services. Though blind, she contrived to knit ropes for her living, and such was her desire to obtain for herself the Word of God, that she saved money enough, out of her hard earnings, to buy a Testament. John Hart, an aged man, many times read chapters to her, and when he was prevented by sickness, or was otherwise occupied, she would go to John Pemerton, clerk of All Saints church, Derby, or to other persons who could read, offering a penny or two for reading so many chapters, if they would not read willingly. She thus treasured up in her mind, many passages of Scripture. "The entrance of God's Word, gave light to her

soul, and a mouth and wisdom, that all her adversaries were not able to gainsay or resist." She told the bishop, "That she believed as the Holy Scriptures taught her, and as she had heard them practised by many learned men, of whom, some had suffered imprisonment and some death. She asked if they would do so for the doctrines of popery, if not, she desired them not to trouble her, being a blind, poor and unlearned woman, adding, that by God's assistance, she was ready to yield up her life in the faith of the Gospel. Sentence was pronounced against her, and she was delivered over to the bailiffs of Derby. She was kept in prison about five weeks after this, and then taken to a place called the Windmill Pit, near the town of Derby, where she was burned; her brother, Roger Waste, holding her by the hand. She called upon the people assembled to pray for her, while she prayed for herself. She kept earnestly calling upon Christ to have mercy upon her, until her sufferings

were over, and she was taken to the presence of Him, whom her soul loved.

Edward Sharp, a godly and pious man, was burned at Bristol, on the 8th of September; and on the 25th, another martyr, a carpenter, whose name is not told, was also burned, at Bristol.

In September, also, were burned at Mayfield, in Sussex, four persons, two of their names only are recorded, John Hart and Thomas Ravensdale; their fellow martyrs, were a shoemaker and a currier. John Horn and a woman were burned together, at Wootton-under-edge, Gloucestershire. "So glorious," says Foxe, "did the Lord work in them, that death to them was life, while life with an evil conscience was death."

William Dangerfield, of Wootton-under-edge, was taken to prison on a charge of heresy, about this time, and kept there until his legs were almost fretted away, by the heavy irons that were put about him. While he was yet in prison, his wife and

her infant baby, fourteen days old, were taken to prison, leaving behind nine other



children unprovided for. The cruel wretches placed her in a gaol, among thieves and murderers, where there was no fire, so that she was obliged to warm the clothes in her bosom, before she could wrap them round the infant. The brutal bishop Brooks then sent for her husband, and told him that his wife had recanted, and worked upon his feelings, as a hus-

band and a father, until he promised to sign a paper of recantation. He was then allowed to see his wife, who was deeply afflicted, when he told what he had done : he then began to bewail his promise, and prayed to God that he might not live “ to call evil good, and good evil, or to put darkness for light, and light for darkness.” Shortly afterwards, he died, worn out with his painful imprisonment, and with sorrow of heart.

His wife was still kept in prison, and treated with much severity, *so that her baby from want of proper nourishment, soon after died.* The poor sorrowing mother remained not long behind ; she shed the bitter tear over her dear child, thus left to perish, by her wretched persecutors, and then was called to join it and her dear husband, in the glory of heaven. The coldhearted, blood-thirsty monsters, who could perpetrate these cruelties boasted of belonging to the “ true Catholic Church of Christ.”

The mother of Dangerfield, a helpless old woman, eighty years of age, also died shortly after, through want of that care and attention, that had been bestowed upon her, by her son and his wife. What became of the nine poor orphans left behind is not recorded.

The heart sickens at these accounts of the cruelties which the Protestants endured, when Popery had full power in England, to carry out its blood-thirsty principles, yet there is much more to relate.

Five persons, named Clark, Foster, Chittenden, Archer, and a female named Alice Potkin, suffered the cruel death of starvation, in prison, at Canterbury. A letter was written, by some of their fellow prisoners, and thrown out of the prison window; it concludes thus—"We write not this letter that we should not be famished, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, but for this cause and intent, that they, having no law to famish us in prison,

'should not do it privily, but that the murderers' hearts should be openly known to all the world, that all men may know of what church they are, and who is their father.'

In the month of October, a shoemaker, "a true witness and disciple of the Lord," was burned at Northampton; also a man named Hooke, at Chester.

In the month of January, 1557, six martyrs fed the flames, in one fire, at Canterbury. Their names were, Stephen Kempe, of Norgate, William Waterer, of Beddingden, William Prouting, of Thornham, William Lowick, of Cranbrook, Thomas Hudson, of Salenge, and William Hay, of Hithe. Two of their companions, Nicholas Final, of Tenterden, and Matthew Bradbridge, of Tenterden, were burned at Ashford, on the next day; and two others, Thomas Stevens, of Beddingden, and John Philpot, of Tenterden, were burned at Wye. These ten martyrs were companions in prison, at Canterbury, with those five

who were starved to death. They had suffered much in their prison, but they still firmly protested against the church of Rome; they denied the five false popish sacraments; they rejected the mass; the hearing of Latin prayers; the worship of saints, and justification by works. They were faithful unto death. The fire could not quench their love to Jesus; they died for His name's sake, to live with Him for ever.

Justice Brown, a cruel persecutor, went to Colchester, and caused every house to be searched for heretics, saying that Colchester was a harbour for all the heretics, and ever was. What a blessed testimony to the progress of the Gospel, in Colchester, was this!

Well, he soon found twenty-two men and women, who were willing to leave their homes and their friends, and follow Christ, even though it was through much tribulation. He had them pinioned together, and driven up to London, like sheep for the slaughter.

They were taken before Bonner, at Fulham, but their number, and their faithful warning against popery, given to the crowds that followed them, made the cruel bishop fearful, lest, if he condemned them all at once to the flames, the multitude would be enraged; so they were all let off, for the time, by signing a paper, which was written in such general terms, that they could sign it without surrendering their Gospel principles.

After these, five persons were burned in Smithfield, on the 12th of April: Thomas Loseby, Henry Ramsay, Thomas Thirtell, Margaret Hyde, and Agnes Stanley. When examined before Bonner, in his palace, at London, Loseby said, "God give me grace and strength, to stand against you, and your sentence, and also against your law, which is a devouring law, for it devours the flock of Christ." Thirtell said, "My lord, if you make me a heretic, then you make Christ and all the twelve apostles heretics; for I am

in the true faith, and will stand in it, for I know full well I shall have eternal life."

Margaret Hyde told the bishop that she was in the true faith, and would never forsake it; and Agnes Stanley said, "I had rather every hair of my head were burned, than that I should forsake my faith and opinion, which is the true faith." Firmly and faithfully these martyrs endured their final sufferings in the flames; the power that emboldened them to declare the faith of Christ before Bonner, strengthened them to pass through the fire to their heavenly home.

In the month of May following, William Morant, Stephen Gratwick, and one King, were burned in St. George's Fields, Southwark. Gratwick, who belonged to the diocese of Chichester, objected to being tried by the bishop of Winchester; they told him that his bishop would soon be there. Shortly after a priest entered, who pretended to be the bishop of Chichester, and was greeted by those present as if he

really was. The imposter, who played this trick, then began to examine him: Gratwick, who did not know the bishop, began to complain of his treatment. Bishop White, of Winchester, the successor of the infamous Gardiner, whose horrible death we have recorded, said to him, "The last day thou wast before me, on Sunday, in St. Mary Overy's church, Southwark, (now called St. Saviour's), thou didst reprove my sermon, and hadst a thousand by thee, at the least, to bid God strengthen thee; but *now* let me see him *here*, that dare open his mouth to bid God strengthen thee, and he shall die the death that thou shalt die?"

It appears, the bishop in his sermon at St. Saviours, had called these martyrs who were present, Arians and Anabaptists, and when they publicly denied it, he bid them be silent, or their tongues should be cut out. He was well fitted to walk in the steps of his predecessor, the brutal Gardiner. These martyrs died faithfully: main-

taining to their last breath the truth of the gospel.

Richard Sharpe, a poor weaver, and Thomas Hale, a shoemaker, were burned at Bristol, in this month. Sharpe had, the year before, recanted, but his conscience so troubled him, that his flesh wasted away, his countenance was changed, and he could not labour as before, at his occupation. Unable longer to contain himself, he went into the Temple Church, Bristol; after mass, he stood at the door of the choir, pointed towards the altar, and cried, with a loud voice, "Neighbours, hear me record, that yonder idol is the greatest and most abominable that ever was; and I am sorry that ever I denied my Lord God." He was seized that same night, and, for denying the blasphemous fable of the wafer god, was condemned. Hale was also taken at night, from his bed. The charge against him was the same. He said to his persecutors, "You have sought my blood these

two years, and now much good do you with it."

These two faithful men were bound back to back, at the stake. They rejoiced that they were called to die for the Lord Jesus, and suffered the pains of death with firmness and resignation.

On the 18th of June, there were seven martyrs burned at Maidstone; two men and five women. John Bradbridge, of Staplehurst, Walter Appleby, of Maidstone; Petroni, his wife; Edmund Allen, of Frittenden; Katherine, his wife; John Manning's wife, of Maidstone; and Elizabeth, a blind maiden.

Allen's examination, alone, is preserved. He was a miller, in Kent. In a year of great scarcity, he sold his corn to the poor at half the market price, and also fed their souls with the bread of life, by reading and explaining to them the Word of God. He might have given the whole of his substance away, and no one would have objected; but the moment he spread

abroad the truths of the Góspel, they laid hands upon him! Oh, how well they seemed to know that the reading and circulating of the Bible would be the ruin of popery!

Sir John Baker, knight, before whom he was examined, after taunting and reviling him, said, "Who gave thee authority to preach and interpret? Art thou a priest? Art thou admitted thereto? Let me see thy licence." The simple but beautiful reply of Allen, to this, is worthy of being treasured up in the mind of the reader: "Why are we called Christians," said he, "if we do not follow Christ—if we do not read his law—if we do not interpret it to others, that have not so much understanding? Is not Christ our Father? Shall not the Son follow the Father's steps? Is not Christ our Master? and shall the scholar be prohibited to learn and preach his precepts? Is not Christ our Redeemer? and shall we not praise His name, and serve Him that hath redeemed us

from sin and damnation? Did not Christ, being but twelve years of age, dispute with the doctors, and interpret the prophet Isaiah? And yet, notwithstanding, he was neither of the tribe of Levi, who were priests, but of the *royal* tribe of Judah; neither had he taken any outward priesthood, wherefore, if we be Christians, we must do the same."

After further examination, they put him in the stocks till the next day; when he was again brought up and condemned. He was burned along with Katherine his wife, and five others, on the 18th June, 1557.

In the town of Canterbury, soon after, seven more of the saints of God, went through their fiery trial: four of them were women. The cruel treatment of one of them, Alice Benden, is recorded by Foxe, at some length. She would not attend the mass, nor confess to a priest, and for this, was confined in a vault, called Monday's Hole, in the castle at Canter-

bury. It appears that her husband, who was a papist, betrayed her into the hands of her enemies. Yes! he who had promised to love and cherish her, and who ought to have been ready to lay down his life in her defence, betrayed her. Oh, how popery seems to harden the heart: the father ill-uses his own son; the mother bestows her curse upon him: and the husband betrays his wife to prison and to death.

While in that prison, she lay only on a little short straw, between the stocks and the stone wall: there she remained nearly nine weeks, during which time, she could not change her clothes. At first, she lamented her trials very bitterly, but one night as she was pouring out her soul to God, in prayer, repeating this verse, of the xlii. Psalm, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul?" she received comfort in the midst of her miseries; and from that time continued to have "joy and peace in believing."

At the latter end of March, 1557, she was taken before the bishop, and asked whether she would go home and attend mass: he promised to shew her great favour, if she would. She replied, "I am thoroughly persuaded by the great severity you have already shewn me, that you are not of God, neither can your doings be godly, and I see that you seek my utter destruction." She told him that she was then lame, through a cold taken in the damp prison, so that she could not move without pain. The bishop delivered her from that filthy hole, and sent her to Westgate.

After she had changed her clothes, and purified herself from the dirt of her old prison, her skin peeled off. She was condemned, with her six companions, and burned on the 19th June. Their names were John Fishcock, Nicholas White, Nicholas Pardue, Barbara Final, widow, — Bradbridge, a widow, and the wife of one Wilson. At the stake, "they kneeled

down and made their humble prayers unto the Lord, with much zeal and affection, as even the enemies of the cross of Christ could not but praise them,—in the midst of the flames they yielded their souls and lives, gloriously, into the hands of the Lord.”

Alice Benden, while at the stake, gave away her handkerchief, and some white lace; she also requested her brother, Roger Hall, to give back to her father, a bowed shilling of Philip and Mary's reign, which he had sent her, when she was first taken to prison; in order to satisfy him, that she had kept it, and never lacked money.

Ten martyrs were burned, on the 22nd June, at Lewes, in Sussex. The troubles of one of them, Richard Woodman, an iron worker, at Warbleton, in Sussex, only are recorded.

When Queen Mary came to the throne, the priest of his parish, who had in king Edward's days, preached the Gospel to the people, and exhorted them to walk in its

truths, now, to save himself from trouble, preached the wicked doctrines of popery. Woodman, reproved him for his cowardly conduct. He was informed against, seized, and taken to London, where he was imprisoned nearly a year and a half. On the day that Archdeacon Philpot was burnt, Bonner sent for him, and four others, and set them at liberty, desiring that they would speak well of him. This surprised them much, as only two days before, he had told them they should be condemned.

It appears that the burning of Philpot raised the indignation of so many of the people, that Bonner was afraid to go on burning any more, just then : this accounts for the delivery of Woodman and his companions. He was not, however, allowed to be long at liberty ; a warrant was soon after issued for his apprehension.

He hid himself under the trees in a thick plantation, near his own house ; where, with his Bible, pen and ink, he remained

nearly seven weeks, his wife bringing him food every day. He then managed to escape to the coast, and then went over to Flanders. But his love for his home and wife was such, that he could not rest there. In three weeks he returned, and abode in his own house for more than a month, unobserved by his enemies, who believed him to be far away out of their reach. But the hour of his betrayal came, and the instruments of it, *were his own father and brother*. He had given them considerable property, for the purpose of paying his debts, and supporting his wife and children while he was away. They told him when he came back, there was not enough: he requested to see a statement, but they unwilling to give it, informed the sheriff that he was at home. Twenty men surrounded his house in the evening, and after his concealing himself in a loft some time, he was seized as he was escaping from it. His treacherous father, who now saw him in the hands of his enemies, told him not to

persevere in his heresy. "This way," said Woodman, "was appointed of God for me, to be delivered into the hands of mine enemies, but woe to him by whom I am betrayed. It would be good for that man if he had never been born, if he repent not with speed. The Scriptures are now fulfilled on me, 'for the father shall be against the son, and the brother shall deliver the brother to death;' as it is this day come to pass."

On the 12th April, 1557, he was again brought to London, and examined six times, by the bishop of Chichester, who treated him very gently, and made him dine with him. Winchester, said to him, "We go not about to condemn thee, but to save thy souls, if thou wilt be ruled, and do as we would have thee." "To save my soul?" exclaimed Woodman, "Nay, you cannot save my soul, my soul is saved already; I praise God, therefore, there can no man save my soul, but Jesus Christ; and He it is, that hath saved my soul before the

foundation of the world was laid,"—quoting Eph. 1. iv.

"And so," writes Woodman, "he read forth the sentence in Latin, but what he said, God knoweth, not I: God be judge between them and me. When he had done, I would have spoke my mind to them, but they cried, 'Away, away with him!' So I was taken to the Marshalsea again."

He was burned at Lewes, along with George Stevens, W. Maynard, A. Hostman his servant, J. Morris, with his aged mother, Margery Morris, Thomasine Wood, Mr. Maynard's maid servant, Dennis Burgess, and two married women, named Ashdown and Grove.

Simon Miller, a native of Lynn, Norfolk, and Elizabeth Cooper, a pewterer's wife, were burned at Norwich, about this time. Miller, coming to Norwich, saw a vast number of people leaving the mass-house, where the idolatrous service had just been performed. Some remarks made by him,

excited suspicion. He was taken before chancellor Dunning. While being examined, one of them that stood by observed the corner of a bit of paper projecting from his shoe; it was taken out, and proved to be his confession of faith in the doctrines of the Gospel. The chancellor asked him whether he would abide by what he had written: he told him that he would. He then ordered him to be confined in the bishop's prison-house.

The uprightness of this good man was such, that his keeper allowed him to leave the prison, and go to Lynn, to his family, on his bare promise to return as soon as he had set his house in order. He settled all his worldly affairs, and returned to prison, there in patience to await his martyrdom.

Elizabeth Cooper had some time before been tried, as a heretic, and to save her life had recanted; but her conscience so troubled her, that she went to St. Andrew's church, and before all the people stood up,

and told them she was heartily sorry she had recanted, and desired them not to be deceived, or to take her doings, before that, as an example.

She was taken, and condemned to be burned, along with Simon Miller. When the flames first reached her, she shrunk a little, and cried out; but Miller bid her be of good courage, saying, "We shall have a joyful and a sweet supper." She seemed strengthened, after this, and endured her cruel death with patience and resignation.

Our readers will recollect that twenty-two protestants had been driven up, like sheep for the slaughter, from Colchester to London, and, upon a short examination, were set free. Many of them afterwards were burned: of this number were William Munt; Rose Allen, his daughter; and Alice Munt, his wife.

On a Sunday, at two o'clock in the morning, their house was surrounded by one Edmund Tyrrell, and his constables.

This Edmund Tyrrell, it appears, was a descendant of the Tyrrell who smothered the young princes, in the tower. The officers went into the bed-room, and desired them to get up, and go to prison. It is worthy of notice, that many of the martyrs were seized, and conveyed to prison, in the darkness of night; these persecutors were afraid of carrying on their cruel work in the broad daylight. “They *loved darkness* rather than light, because their deeds were evil.”

Mrs. Munt was very sick, and requested Rose to go and fetch her some drink, before she went with the officers to prison. Rose Allen took a stone pitcher in one hand, and a candle in the other, and went away to fetch it. As she came back, Tyrrell met her, and told her to give her parents good counsel, and to advise them to keep to the true church. “Sir,” said Rose, “they have a better instructor than I, for the Holy Ghost teaches them, I hope, who I trust will not suffer them to

err." "Why," exclaimed Tyrrell, "art thou still in that mind, thou naughty hussey? It is time to look after such heretics, indeed." "Sir," said Rose, "with what you call heresy I worship my Lord God : I tell you the truth." Tyrrell told her that she would burn with the rest, for company's sake. "No, sir," answered Rose, "*not* for company's sake, *but* for Christ's sake, if so I be compelled ; and I hope in his mercy, if he call me to it, he will enable me to bear it." "Sirs," said Tyrrell, turning to his companions, "she will burn, do you not think it?" "Marry, sir," said one of them, "try her, and you shall see what she will do."

The inhuman wretch then took the candle from her, seized her wrist, and held the flame under the back of her hand, until the sinews cracked, abusing her all the time in the vilest language, because she did not cry out. She told him, she had no cause to cry out, but rather, she thanked God, to rejoice, and that he had

more cause to weep than she, if he considered the matter well. When the sinews broke, he thrust her from him, with the most insulting language. "Sir," said she, "have ye done what ye would do?" "Yea," said he, "and if thou like it not, mend it." "Mend it," said she, "nay, the Lord mend you, and give you repentance, if it be his will: and now, if you think good, begin at the feet and burn the head also; for he that set you to work will pay you your wages, one day, I warrant you." She then took the drink to her mother, while they went on searching the house for more heretics.

This kind of cruelty was common with the persecutors of that day. Besides Tomkins and others, a blind harper was brought before Bonner. The bishop said, that the blind wretches who followed heretical preachers, would be the first to draw back from the fire, when they felt the flames. The blind man replied, that if every joint in his body was burned, still he trusted he

would not shrink. Bonner sent for a burning coal, and told his men to put it in the blind man's hands: they held it there till he was severely burned.

The officers found John Thurston and Margaret, his wife, and took them along with Munt, his wife, and Rose Allen, to Colchester Castle. John Johnson, or Alikier, of Thorpe, in Essex, aged thirty-four, was taken and thrust into the same prison with them.

Six other prisoners lay at the same time, in Mote Hall, Colchester; their names were William Bongeor, glazier, Thomas Benold, tallow-chandler, W. Purcas, fuller, a young man, Agnes Silverside, or Smith, a widow, Helen Ewring, who was one of the twenty-two, who had been driven to London, and Elizabeth Folks, a young maiden, twenty-years of age.

These martyrs had several examinations. William Bongeor said, that the "sacrament of the altar, was bread, is bread, and remains bread." To this he stood firmly,

and was condemned. Thomas Benold and W. Purcas, of Bocking, affirmed the same, and were also condemned. Agnes Silver-side said, she loved not the consecration. This good old woman was sixty years of age; she spoke with such judgment and boldness, that it rejoiced the hearts of many, to see her patience under the taunts of her enemies. Helen Ewring denied all the laws set forth by the pope, with her whole heart. Elizabeth Folks, the young maiden, was asked, whether she believed the presence of Christ's body to be in the sacrament, substantially and really, or no. She replied, that she believed that it was a substantial lie, and a real lie. They then asked her, concerning confession to a priest, the mass and the authority of the pope. She boldly told them, that she would neither use nor frequent any of them, by the grace of God, but utterly detest and abhor them, from the bottom of her heart, and all such trumpery. When her sentence was read, she knelt down, and

lifting up her hands and eyes to heaven, praised God that she was ever born to see that most blessed and happy day, that the Lord would count her worthy to suffer for the testimony of Christ, and, "Lord," said she, "if it be Thy will, forgive them that have done this against me, for they know not what they do."

William Munt, aged sixty-one, said the sacrament of the altar, was an abominable idol, and that if he should observe any of their proceedings, he should displease God, and bring His curse upon him. He was sentenced with the others.

Alice Munt and John Johnson, were examined, and being found immovable in the truth, were also condemned.

Rose Allen, the daughter, was questioned on confession, the mass and the seven popish sacraments, she answered stoutly, that they stank in the face of God, and she durst not have to do with them for her life, neither was she any member of theirs; for they were the members of anti-

christ, and would have, if they repented not, the reward of Antichrist. Being asked concerning the pope, and the see of Rome, she said, that she was none of his, "As for his see, it is for crows, kites, owls, and ravens to fly in, for by the grace of God," added she, "I shall not live in that see, neither will I have anything to do with it." Sentence was then read against her, and she was taken back to prison, where she sang the praises of God, with great joy, to the surprise of many.

The six who were imprisoned in Mote Hall, were burned on the 2nd of August, 1557, between six and seven o'clock in the morning, on a plot of ground, hard by the town wall of Colchester. Their cruel tyrants disturbed them in their prayers, and when Elizabeth Folks was being chained to the stake, the officer in fixing the staple, missed his aim, and struck her a heavy blow with the hammer, upon the shoulder bone; she lifted up her eyes to heaven, prayed earnestly, and then began exhorting

the people. When they were all fastened to the stakes, and the fire was lit, these faithful servants of Christ, clapped their hands together, rejoicing that they were so soon "to enter into the joy of their Lord."

The bystanders, animated by their courage, cried out, "The Lord strengthen them, the Lord comfort them, the Lord pour His mercies upon them;" with many such expressions. Thus, died these saints of God: for them, death had no sting, and the grave no victory. By the grace of God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, they triumphed over both.

In the afternoon of the same day, William Munt, Alice Munt, Rose Allen and John Johnson, were brought forth into the castle yard, Colchester, and fastened to the stake. They earnestly exhorted the people to flee from idolatry: and suffered their martyrdom as joyously, as those who had gone before them. Thus, ten persons, in one day, laid down their lives for

Christ's sake, in the Protestant town of Colchester.

Among those who suffered for the truth at this time, was George Eagles, a tailor by trade, who being well acquainted with the Scriptures, and possessing great eloquence, was very useful in spreading the Gospel, and in encouraging those who were persecuted. He went about among them, living sometimes in woods and in fields for months together. After having thus served the cause of Christ, for nearly two years, especially in Colchester, spies were sent out after him, with orders to bring him either dead or alive: not being able to find him, a reward of twenty-pounds, in the queen's name, was offered to any who should bring him to judgment.

He was seen one day at Colchester, in a crowd, and being pursued, hid himself in a cornfield; one of his pursuers climbed a tree, and stayed there watching, after his companions had gone. Poor Eagles,

thinking they were all gone, rose from his hiding place, and knelt down to pray; while in this position, the treacherous spy descended the tree, seized him, and conveyed him to prison.

An act of parliament had been passed, which declared that if six men secretly met together, they should be seized as traitors to the state, and suffer death as such. The popish persecutors, contrary to their usual practice, determined to condemn Eagles by this law. He was taken from Colchester to London, to be tried by the bishop, who sent him back to Chelmsford, to be tried by the court of session there, for treason.

He was charged with having assembled the people together; and with having prayed that God would change the queen's heart, or take her away. He acknowledged that he had prayed that God would change her heart, but denied that he had prayed that she should be taken away. He was, however, condemned as a traitor;

and his sentence was, that he should be hanged, drawn and quartered. No evidence was produced, that proved him a traitor : his bold and public maintenance of Gospel truth, which they called treason, was the only charge proved against him. Two thieves were condemned to suffer with him. One of them gave strong proof that the christian advice of Eagles was made useful to him, and he died repenting of his sins, crying to Christ for mercy. The other mocked him ; and when the sheriff called upon him to pray, he could not utter a word ; though the Lord's Prayer was repeated to him, he could not say it. His heart was hardened, and he died without hope : an awful warning to those who forget God, and despise the Gospel of His grace. Atrocious were the cruelties practised upon Eagles. He was hanged for a short time, and then cut down alive ; his neck was mangled with an axe, and his body opened ; his heart was torn from his body, before he expired. His corpse was

then cut in four parts, and set up in four towns, where his pious labours had been most useful.

Richard Crashfield, a godly man, was the next who bore witness to the truth of the Gospel. He was examined by Dunning, chancellor of Norwich, chiefly on the fable of the real presence. He answered, "My faith is fully grounded and established, that Christ Jesus, the *Easter Lamb*, hath offered His blessed body a sacrifice to God the Father, as the price of my redemption; for by that *only sacrifice* all the faithful are sanctified, and He is our *only Mediator*, and He hath made perfect our redemption. This he hath done **ALONE**, without any of *your daily oblations*." It may be well here to remark, that the term *Easter* is derived from an old Saxon word, *Æstre*, meaning rising, or resurrection, so that, by the *Easter Lamb*, Crashfield meant the *risen Lamb*. "Do you offer Christ's body?" said he, "then Christ's sacrifice was *not perfect*."

Dunning reminded him of the text, "Thou shalt fear Him who hath power to kill both body and soul, in hell," telling him that the church of Rome had that power. Crashfield answered this wicked perversion of scripture, in the words of Christ, (John x. 18) "No man taketh it (my life) from me, but I lay it down of myself; I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again." "Therefore," said he, "Christ, the Son of God, did offer His blessed body, *once for all*. And if you presume to offer His body daily, then your power is above Christ's power."

They then silenced and condemned him. This was the quickest method of getting over the difficulty: they had the power in their hands, and they did not fail to use it. He was burned at Norwich, on the 5th of August.

A young man, named Carman, was committed to prison, for sympathising with the martyr at the stake.

About the same time, a man named

Fryer, and a woman, the sister of the martyr, George Eagles, were burned at Rochester, for their faithful opposition to popery.

Joyce Lewes, the wife of a gentleman living at Mancetter, in Warwickshire, was called to endure tribulation, on account of her faith. She had been brought up in luxury, and had loved the pleasures of this present world. Her mind became seriously impressed, at hearing of the cruel burning of that excellent minister of the Gospel, Lawrence Saunders. She was led to doubt the christianity of a church that could persecute to the death so good a man.

Through the instrumentality of John Glover, brother to Robert Glover, the martyr, who lived at the manor-house, at Mancetter, she became convinced of the monstrous absurdities of the mass, and many other things which the papists declared to be necessary for salvation. Such was the good effect of his spiritual instruction, that she ceased from those pleasures

that she had so long pursued, and was only anxious to serve the Lord, in spirit and in truth.

She hated the mass; and when compelled by her husband to attend the popish worship, she turned her back upon the "holy water," as it is impiously called. For this, she was accused to the bishop as a despiser of the sacraments. A citation from the bishop was sent to her husband's house. The officer gave it to her husband, who, when he saw what it was, fell in a violent rage, held a dagger to the man's heart, and declared that if he would not take the paper back, he would make him swallow it. The officer was compelled to swallow it: he then made him drink to it, and sent him away. Immediately after, Lewes and his wife were taken before the bishop. Lewes submitted, and entreated for favour. The bishop consented to pardon him, on condition that his wife also would submit: but she boldly refused, saying, "that in turning her

back upon the holy water she had neither offended God, nor any part of His laws."

The bishop was much offended; but, being a gentlewoman, "he would not," he said, "take any advantage of her words, but would give her a month's respite." He bound her husband in a bond of one hundred pounds, that he would bring her again.

From that time, Mrs. Lewes gave herself to most diligent prayer, and calling on the name of Lord. When the month was almost expired, John Glover and others advised her husband not to take her to the bishop, but to try and save her, and rather to forfeit the hundred pounds than be the means of sending his own wife to the flames. But popery had hardened his heart against her, and he told them he would not lose or forfeit anything for her. "And so, like a murderer of his own wife, he carried her to the cruel bishop, before whom she was examined, and, though threatened with death, was more bold than

she was before." She was sent to such a filthy prison, that a female who was appointed to be with her, unable to endure the noisome smell, fainted away.

After being imprisoned twelve months, she was brought up to receive judgment. When the bishop asked her why she would not attend the mass, and the sacraments, she answered, "Because I find not these things in God's Word, which you so enforce, and magnify as things most necessary for the salvation of men. If these things were commanded in the Word of God, I would with all my heart receive, esteem and believe them." The bishop said, "If you will believe no more in religion than what you find in the scripture, you are in a damnable case."

She was amazed at this monstrous doctrine, and told the bishop that it was ungodly and wicked: being then condemned, she remained a whole year in prison; the sheriff then in office refusing to put her to death, for which he was in danger of his

own life. At eight o'clock on the morning of her execution, the newly appointed sheriff came to her prison, and told her she had but one hour to live: at the end of that time, she was led forth with a number of armed men, a great crowd following. She had been so long shut up in her noisome prison, that the change of air made her faint; the sheriff allowed some refreshment to be brought. Mrs. Lewes took the cup, and said, "I drink to all them that unfeignedly love the gospel of Jesus Christ, and wish for the abolishment of popery," some of those present drank with her, wishing the same, for which, they were afterwards compelled to do penance.

When the fire was kindled, she neither struggled nor stirred, but only lifted up her hands towards heaven. The fire was fierce, and her sufferings were soon over.

Four constant professors of Christ were burned at Islington, on the 17th September, 1557. Ralph Allerton, Richard Roth, James Austoo and his wife. Allerton un-

derwent a long examination, in which Bonner heaped every kind of abuse on him, ending by exclaiming, "Have the knave away; let him be carried to '*Little Ease*,' at London, till I come." This horrible place was a dark dungeon, wherein the prisoner could neither sit, stand or lie, without pain.

Austoo and his wife were examined on the sacraments: they both declared that the mass was false and unscriptural, and they rejected it: Bonner then condemned them.

Roth was examined secretly; he said to Bonner, "My Lord, you bring us to our examinations by night, that the people should not see and behold your doings." He was accused as a favourer of heretics, and condemned. They were burned in one fire; joyfully they suffered the pains of death, assured that Jesus, who had overcome death for them, would receive them unto himself.

On the same day, Margaret Thurston

and Agnes Bongeor, were burned at Colchester. The husband of Thurston had died in prison, in Colchester Castle. Agnes Bongeor had to endure the bitter trial of parting with her infant child; she had suckled it in prison: a mother's love and care, had tended its earliest wants. It was now, by the cruelty of those who boasted that they were Christians, to be deprived of both. Popery regarded neither the widow nor the orphan. Popery, in common with all the pagan systems of idolatry and superstition, knows nothing of pity or affection, when its own interests are at stake. These two women died in faith, giving glory to God.

On the 20th September, John Kurde, a shoemaker, of the parish of Syrsam, in Northamptonshire, was burned in the stone pits, near the north gate of that town. The sentence of death was passed upon him, in the church of All Saints, Northampton.

John Noyes, a shoemaker, at Saxfield, in Suffolk, was charged with not attending

mass, and with denying the presence of Christ in the wafer of dough. He was condemned and burned at Saxfield. There was great difficulty in procuring fire to light the faggots. The people had most of them put out their fires, it was suspected on purpose. Lovel, the high constable, saw smoke rising from one of the chimnies; he desired the door of the house to be broken open, and sufficient fire to be taken. Noyes, while at the stake, thus addressed the people, "They say they can make God of a piece of bread; believe them not, good people; bear witness that I do believe to be saved, by the merits and passion of Jesus Christ, and not by mine own deeds." The fire being at length kindled, he exclaimed, "Lord, have mercy upon me! Christ, have mercy upon me! Son of David, have mercy upon me!" and with these words, yielded up his spirit to Him who had redeemed him. A dungeon, at Eye, and the Guildhall of Norwich, had both echoed to the prayers of this martyr.

A poor servant man, who witnessed his burning, exclaimed, "Good Lord, how the sinews of his arms shrink up." For this, he was taken into custody, charged with encouraging heresy, set in the stocks, and then whipped round the market place.

When Simon Miller and Elizabeth Cooper, were burned in the Lollard's pit, at Norwich, there stood by a poor woman, named Cicely Orme, who was heard to say, "That she would drink of the same cup that they drank of;" meaning, that she was willing to suffer in the same holy cause. For this, she was taken to the chancellor, who inquired of her concerning the wafer, asking her what that was which the priest held over his head. She told him, it was *bread*, upon which she was sent to prison. Offers of liberty were made to her, if she would attend mass, and keep herself quiet; but she had once before, through the fear of death recanted, and had learned that it was better to suffer patiently all that her enemies could do, than to deny

her Lord. She now stood firm in the truth, and was condemned to die.

On the 23rd of September, between seven and eight in the morning, she was carried to the same stake, where Miller and Cooper had suffered before her. Having prayed, she addressed the people, saying, "I believe in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, three persons and one God: this I will not recant, But I do recant, utterly, from the bottom of my heart, the doings of the pope of Rome, and all his popish priests, I utterly refuse, and never will have to do with them again, by God's grace. And, good people, I would you should not think that I expect to be saved, because I offer myself to die for the Lord's cause. I look to be saved by the death and sufferings of Christ, and this my death is, and shall be, a witness of my faith, unto you all, here present. Good people, those of you who believe as I believe, pray for me."

She then kissed the stake, and said,

“Welcome the cross of Christ.” When the fire was kindled, she exclaimed, “My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit rejoiceth in God my Saviour.”

She put her hands together against her bosom, and with her eyes towards heaven, moved them gradually upwards, until the sinews burst in the scorching flame. She then fell down. Her last breath was wafted away, as quietly on the fresh breezes of the dawning day, as though it had gone forth in sleep,—she slept in Jesus.

Oh, what a contrast between the holy peace and patience, that this poor woman felt in the hour of her suffering, and the turbulent and furious passions, that raged in the hearts of her persecutors! Is not the grace of God sufficient for His people, in all their trials?

Foxe mentions the names of thirteen laymen, three women, and a priest, who were burned in the diocese of Chichester, about this time, but none of the particulars are recorded.

Thomas Spurdance, a servant of the queen, was betrayed by two of his companions. Dunning, the chancellor of Norwich, examined him concerning penance, confession, and the sacrament of the altar. Spurdance said, that the bread received is not God. "God dwelleth not in temples made with men's hands; neither will be worshipped with men's hands; and therefore," said he, "you do very evil, to cause the people to kneel down and worship the bread, for God did never bid you to hold it above your heads; neither had the apostles such a custom." Also, "If you can prove, by the Word of God, that you should have graven images set up in your church, for laymen's books, or that you should worship God by them, or have ceremonies, such as you have,—prove them, and I will do them."

Sentence was passed on this faithful witness, and he was burned at Bury, in Suffolk, in the month of November.

The fires of Smithfield were next re-

kindled. John Hallingdale, William Sparrow, and Richard Gibson, were burned there on the 18th November. Besides the usual charges, Hallingdale was charged with having his child christened with the English service, as used in the days of Edward VI., instead of the popish one.

Sparrow was charged with falling again into heresy, having once recanted, and with selling heretical and blasphemous ballads to the people; which ballads, were in truth, hymns and godly poems. His defence was that they were founded on God's Word. He declared, that he was sorry he had ever recanted, it was the worst deed he ever did. Being finally asked by Bonner, whether he would renounce his opinions, he said, he would not, adding, "That which you call heresy, is good and godly; and if every hair of my head were a man, I would burn them all, rather than go from the truth." He declared the mass to be nought, and abominable; and was then sentenced to death.

Gibson had been confined in prison two years for debt, having been surety for a false friend. He was accused of putting forth heretical doctrines, among his fellow prisoners. Bonner tried in vain to weaken his faith, or to persuade him to recant. He therefore condemned him. Gibson exclaimed, "Blessed am I, that am cursed at your hands. We have nothing now, but 'Thus will I!' for as the bishop saith, so must it be: and it is no heresy, to turn the truth of God's Word into lies, and that you do." These three servants of Christ endured the flames with great constancy.

John Rough and Margaret Mearing, were also burned in Smithfield, on the 22nd of December, 1557; Rough, in king Edward's happy reign, had held a living in Yorkshire, and was chaplain to the earl of Arran. When the popish Mary came to the throne, he fled to Germany. Shortly afterwards, he came to London, and was chosen the minister of a congregation, which met, secretly, to worship God.

A treacherous spy, who had contrived to get in amongst these God fearing people, betrayed them, and twenty-two of them were taken as heretics, among them was John Rough.

While being examined by Bonner, he declared that he had been twice to Rome, and was sure that the pope was antichrist, for he had there seen him publicly carried on men's shoulders, with the consecrated wafer before him, and that the people paid more respect to the pope than they did to the wafer, which they were taught to believe was their God.

At this, Bonner rose up, and in a great passion, exclaimed, "Hast thou been at Rome, and seen our holy father, the pope, and dost thou blaspheme him in this manner?" He then rushed towards him, and by main force pulled out a great quantity of his beard, after which he condemned him to death.

Margaret Mearing, who was one of his congregation, had been suspected by many

on account of her introducing hastily strangers among them, and being somewhat too busy in her talk, thinking she was a spy, Rough had expelled her: on which, in a moment of anger, she threatened revenge.

But on hearing that her minister, Rough, was in prison, in the Gate House, at Westminster, she put some linen and provisions in a basket, and contrived to procure admission to him; he was much comforted in finding that she was true of heart, and prepared to die in defence of the gospel.

On the next Friday, while talking with a friend at the end of Mark Lane, she saw Cluny, a well known officer of Bonner, going down the street. "Surely," said she, "he goeth to my house," she followed him, and asked him what he wanted, he took her to the bishop, and on the next Wednesday she was burned along with her faithful pastor, John Rough.

Cuthbert Sympson, was among the number of those who were apprehended

with Rough ; he was a deacon, and kept the names of those who secretly worshipped God together. The papists found out this, and wanted him to give their names who thus met together : he refused, and was put upon the rack for three hours.

On the next Sunday he was again examined, when the lieutenant of the tower swore that he should tell all he knew. His two fore-fingers were tied together, and a barbed arrow was drawn backwards and forwards between them, until the flesh was torn away.

They then racked him twice, but he still refused to betray his christian brethren. Five weeks after this, he was sent to Bonner, who caused him to suffer more pain : he was placed in what were called "Skeffington's gyves," an iron engine which kept the body bent in an agonising position, without any rest. Bonner was compelled to admit, that he was the most patient sufferer that ever came before him.

Cuthbert Sympson was burned in Smith-

field, along with Hugh Foxe, and John Davenish, members of the same congregation, in the month of March, 1558. They were the first martyrs in this last year of the unhappy Mary's reign.

. On the 9th of April, William Nicholl, an honest simple-hearted christian, was burned at Haverfordwest, in Wales. On the 19th, William Seaman, a husbandman, Thomas Hudson, a glover, and Thomas Carman, were burned at Norwich.

Carman had declared his willingness to suffer, when witnessing the burning of Crashfield. Seaman had been long sought after. That fierce persecutor, Sir John Tyrrell, had himself searched Seaman's house, in the night. He was at length betrayed by a treacherous companion, whom he thought was his friend. It is remarkable, that his wretched betrayer, Baulding, who was in the vigour of life and health at the time, never after seemed to thrive, but pined and withered away.

. Seaman left a wife, with three little.

infants. His wife, for maintaining the truth, was after his death driven from her native place, a beggar.

Thomas Hudson had, at thirty years of age, learned to read, and so was enabled to study the scriptures for himself. He travelled about in Suffolk, for some time, to avoid his persecutors. Being anxious about his wife and children, he at length returned to his home. They contrived to make a sort of chamber, inside a pile of logs, where he could conceal himself all day; his poor wife taking great care of him all the time. Here he continued six months, reading and praying: he then, feeling much bolder, left his concealment, and openly denounced the mass, and all its trumpery. He was soon seized, and taken before Berry, the vicar of the town, who questioned him concerning the popish sacrament. "It is worms' meat;" said he, "my belief is in Christ crucified." He called the mass, "a patched monster, and a disguised puppet." Hudson, Sea-

man and Carman, being all condemned, were taken to the Lollard's pit, at Norwich, where the blessed Bilney had suffered.

Being chained to the stake, Hudson managed to slip under, and free himself, to the surprise and fear of many, who thought he was going to recant. It was a moment of weakness, and was soon over. He fell upon his knees, and prayed with great earnestness. He then rose up, "like a giant, refreshed with wine," exclaiming, "Now, I thank God, I am strong, and mind not what man can do unto me." He then returned to the stake, and suffered the torments of burning, with joy and patience.

On the 26th of May, three more martyrs were burned, at Colchester: William Harris, Richard Day, and a woman named Christian George, who was married to the widower of Agnes George, one of the thirteen burned some time before, at Stratford-le-bow.

On the 6th of June, 1558, a proclama-

tion was set forth by the queen, which declared, "that whosoever had any books of heresy, treason and sedition, and did not burn them, without reading them, or shewing them to any other person, they should be esteemed rebels, and, without any further delay, be executed by martial law."

On the 14th of June, seven men were brought before bishop Bonner, namely—Henry Pond, Reynold Eastland, Robert Southam, Matthew Ricarby, John Floyd, John Holliday, and Roger Holland. They had been found in company with about thirty others, engaged in reading the Bible, and speaking one to another on the truths of the Gospel, in a private field, near St. John's Wood, behind the town of Islington. Roger Holland had been a wild and profligate young man; but the reading of the Gospel, and the preaching of the Reformers, had been the means of his conversion. "So strictly," said he to Bonner, "did I observe the rules of your religion,

that I would always have ashes on Ash Wednesday, though I had been ever so wicked at night." The first day of Lent was called Ash Wednesday, because in popish times the priest, on that day, blessed ashes, putting them on the heads of the people, who were covered with sackcloth. This idle ceremony was done away at the Reformation. Roger Holland further told the bishop, that though he had in his youth conscientiously abstained from eating meat on Fridays, he made no conscience of swearing, drinking and gaming, all night long. "Thus," said he, "was I brought up, and herein have I continued, till of late, when God hath opened the light of His Word, and called me, by His grace, to repent of my former idolatry and wicked life." At his last examination, he was asked to state his belief concerning the sacrament. His answer was beautiful, for its simplicity and its truth: "I say and believe, and am therein fully persuaded by Scripture, that

in the sacrament of the Lord's supper, ministered in the holy communion, according to Christ's institution, I, being penitent, and sorry for my sins, and minding to amend and lead a new life, and so coming worthily to God's board, in perfect love and charity, do there receive *by faith*, the body and blood of Christ; and through Christ, in His human nature, sits at the right hand of His Father, yet (*by faith I say*) His death, His sufferings, His merits are mine, and by faith I dwell in Him, and He in me. And as for the mass, transubstantiation, and the worshipping of the sacrament, they are mere impiety and horrible blasphemy."

Bonner would hear no more, but at once condemned him. His six companions were equally faithful in their defence of the gospel, and were all condemned.

On the 27th of June, the day of their martyrdom, a proclamation was issued, which was read, first at Newgate, and again in Smithfield. It forbade any, to be

so bold, as to speak, or talk a word to them, on pain of imprisonment. Notwithstanding this, a great multitude rushed towards them, thrusting away the officers. They embraced them, and implored God to strengthen them. Roger Holland exclaimed, "Lord, I most humbly thank Thy Majesty, that Thou has called me from a state of death, unto the light of Thy heavenly word, and unto the fellowship of Thy saints, that I may sing and say, 'Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts!' And, 'Lord, into Thy hands I commit my spirit, Lord, bless these, Thy people, and save them from idolatry.'"

These seven martyrs died, giving glory to God, that they were counted worthy to suffer for the name of Christ.

Six others, who were taken in the field, at Islington, at the same time as these, were shortly afterwards called to suffer. Their names were Robert Willes, Stephen Cotton, Robert Dynes, Stephen Wright, John Slade and William Pikes. Bentham,

the minister of this congregation, states that Bonner, either through fear or craft, carried these six from his coalhouse, in St. Paul's churchyard, to Fulham, on the 12th of July, and condemned them there, the next day. He caused them to be carried to Brentwood, in Essex, where they were burned post haste, the same night. This secret night-work only increased the hatred of the people towards this blood-thirsty monster.

Thomas Hinshaw, a young man, twenty years of age, one of the number taken in the fields, was after a long imprisonment, carried to Fulham. The first night he was set in the stocks, and allowed only bread and water.

The next day, Harpsfield, Bonner's archdeacon, examined him, Hinshaw told him, that he was persuaded, that they laboured to maintain their dark and devilish kingdom, not from any love to the truth. Harpsfield told Bonner of this, who exclaimed, in a rage, "Dost thou

answer my archdeacon so, thou naughty boy? I will handle thee well enough." He called for reeds, and compelled him to kneel down, in his orchard. He then flogged him with his own hands, until he was weary, and could flog no longer. After this, Hinshaw fell sick, in prison, and being thought in danger of his life, his master was allowed to take him home. The wretched queen died before he recovered, and so he escaped the flames.

John Willis, another of the same party, was also put in the stocks, at Fulham. Bonner examined him privately, and often when his replies displeased him, he beat him about the head with a stick. He told him to make the sign of the cross, on his forehead; Willis refused. Bonner had him taken to his orchard, where, with his own hands, he beat him most cruelly. Bonner said to him, in the fierceness of his anger, "They call me 'Bloody Bonner,' and I would fain be rid of you, but you have a delight in burning. If I

might have my will, I would sew up your mouths, put you in sacks, and drown you." Willis escaped the flames.

Elizabeth Young was charged with circulating religious tracts against popery. After two examinations, Dr. Martin ordered that she should be closely confined, with only bread and water.

When questioned concerning purgatory, she replied, "I never heard in the scripture of purgatory, but I have heard of heaven and hell." The popish chancellor, who examined her, exclaimed, "Thou art one of the rankest heretics that ever I heard, for thou believest nothing but what is in scripture, and *therefore thou art damned!!*" "I do believe all things written in the scriptures," said she, "and all things, agreeable with the scripture, given by the Holy Ghost to the church of Christ, set forth and taught by the church of Christ; and shall I be damned because I believe the truth, and will not believe an untruth?"

She was carried back to Lollard's tower, her feet were placed in the stocks, and her hands manacled with irons.

At page 152, we have given our readers a representation of the Lollard's Tower, Lambeth; we now give a correct view of



the room at the top of the tower, where many of the martyrs were imprisoned.

But why was all this cruelty to a poor defenceless woman? The secret was just this: she loved Christ, and His Gospel, and her persecutors hated both. She was

examined thirteen times, and then they let her go, hoping that by watching her they would be able to detect those who furnished her with religious books.

Several persons who had bought the books that Elizabeth Young had circulated, were seized, imprisoned, and severely whipped.

Richard Yeoman was the next martyr to the truth of the Gospel. He had been curate to that pious martyr, Dr. Rowland Taylor, vicar of Hadleigh. He had been concealed in the Guildhall, at Hadleigh, more than a year, where he employed himself in prayer, and reading the scriptures, and also in preparing wool, which his wife and children spun, in order to obtain a living. But he was a marked man. His love for the Gospel was known, and therefore his enemies sought his blood. The Romish priest of Hadleigh discovered where he was concealed, and went himself, with some officers, and dragged him from his bed, at night, and after wantonly confining him for several days in the stocks,

brought him before Sir Henry Doyle, with an old man named John Dale. Sir Henry, seeing they were both infirm old men, wished to let them go; but the malicious priest charged him, at his peril, to release them, telling him to do his duty, "by defending holy church, and suppressing the sect of heretics." They were put in irons, and confined in the lowest dungeons. Poor Dale died in prison; but Yeoman, after suffering many cruelties, was burned at Norwich, on the 10th of July.

Thomas Bainbridge, a wealthy gentleman, in the diocese of Winchester, was the next sufferer. He objected to the popish baptism, because it was in the Latin; he denied transubstantiation; condemned confession to the priest; he did not believe the popish bishops to be the successors of the apostles; he asserted also that the devil, and not the pope, was supreme head of the popish church; he rejected purgatory, and declared that Martin Luther was a good christian

man, whose life and doctrine he approved. When at the stake, he stood quietly, with his hands joined together, until the fire reached his leathern hose, when it so acted upon him, that in the fierceness of his torment he cried out, "I recant!" On this, the sheriff took him back to prison; but his conscience so troubled him, for denying his Master, that he wrote to Dr. Seaton, and recalled his recantation. On that day week, he was again carried to the stake, and burned, or as it is recorded, *rather broiled*, as his persecutors lengthened his sufferings as much as possible. This was the first instance in queen Mary's reign, in which any martyr, even for a time, shrunk from his fierce sufferings.

Edward Horn, of Newent, in Gloucestershire, was burned about this time. He sung the 146th psalm, until his lips were burned away: still his tongue continued to move in praise to the God of his salvation; until the pains of death were over.

In the beginning of August, four men

were condemned to the flames, by Hopton, bishop of Norwich. They were, John Cooke, a sawyer; Robert Miles, a shearman; Alexander Law, a wheelwright; and a young man, named James Ashley. They were bold, and decided for Christ, and were burned at St. Edmondsbury, Suffolk. Their faith withstood the fiery trial—they rejoiced in the sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection—they endured the cross, knowing that the crown of glory would be theirs.

There was a justice in Suffolk, named Nbone, who was very active in hunting out and persecuting God's people. He heard of two: Alexander Gouch, of Woodbridge; and Alice Driver, the wife of a man dwelling at Grosborough. They hid themselves in a heap of hay; but the cruel justice, suspecting where they were, ordered pitchforks to be thrust into it. They were soon discovered, and taken to Molton gaol. When they were examined, they answered with much boldness.

Alice Driver asked them what a *strait* was. The papists told her it was a *sign*. "How then," said she, "can it be the thing signified?" She compared queen Mary to Jezebel, who slew the prophets of the Lord. The judge ordered her ears to be cut off. This act of cruelty being done, they again examined her; her replies were so scriptural, and so simple, that her judges were confounded, and could not answer. "Have you no more to say?" said she, "God be honoured, you are not able to resist the Spirit of God in me, a poor woman. I was an honest poor man's daughter, never brought up in the university, as you have been; but I have driven the plough before my father, many a time. Yet notwithstanding, in the defence of God's truth, and in the cause of my Master, Christ, by His grace I will set my foot against the foot of any of you all, in the maintenance and defence of the same; and if I had a thousand lives, they should go for payment thereof."

Alexander Gouch was examined on the sacraments and ceremonies of popery. He rejected them, and was immediately condemned.

These martyrs were brought to the stake, at Ipswich, on the 4th of November. They had walked six miles that morning, singing all the way. When near the stake, they kneeled down on a broom faggot, to pray; but the brutal sheriff, Sir Henry Dowell, commanded the bailiff to stop them, and to nail them at once to the stake. Several persons came forward, and shook hands with them. The sheriff, seeing them, cried out, "Lay hands on them! Lay hands on them!" A great number of people, on this, ran to the stake; and crowded round their friends, so that the officers were obliged to leave them alone. The fire was then kindled, and Alice Driver and her companions were soon beyond the rage and hatred of their persecutors. At Bury, a few days after this, were burned for God's word, Philip

Humphry, John David, and Henry David. The two last were brothers.

The time was now at hand, when the slaughter of the saints of Jesus was to cease. The wretched Queen Mary was brought to that last dread scene of the sinner's career,—a dying bed. Every hour was expected to be her last; and yet, no command to quench the martyr fires issued from her lips.

At this very time, a woman named Prest, was taken and burned, at Chester. She had a husband, and several children, who were bigoted papists; they so persecuted her, on account of her love of the truth, that she was compelled to leave home, and labour for her living by spinning. At her examination, she told the priests, "that their sacrament was nothing but bread and wine, and that they should be ashamed to say, that a piece of bread, could be turned by a man, into the natural body of Christ; which bread doth corrupt, and mice oftentimes do eat it, and it doth

mould, and is burned: that God's own body would not be so handled, and kept in prisons and boxes, and such like." When the priests, at another time, told her, that they desired to profit her soul, she asked, what profit could arise from them, who taught nothing but lies for truth; "You teach," said she, "to worship idols, stocks, and stones, the work of men's hands, and to worship a false God of your own making, out of a piece of bread; and teach that the pope is God's vicar, and hath power to forgive sins: and that there is a purgatory, whereas God's Son hath by his death, purged all. You say, that you make God, and sacrifice him, when Christ's body was a sacrifice *once for all!* You teach the people to number their sins in your ears, and say, they will be damned if they confess not all; when God's word saith, 'who can number his sins?'—Do ye not promise them dirges and masses for souls, and sell your prayers and pardons for money?—Do ye not teach

us to pray upon beads, and to pray unto saints, and say they can pray for us?—Do you not make holy bread and holy water to frighten evil spirits?—Do you not a thousand more abominations? and yet you say you come for my profit, and to save my soul. No, no. One hath saved me; farewell, you, with your salvation. She was led to a place called Southerhay, just without the walls of Exeter, and there endured the flames with constancy.

The last spot in England, stained with the blood of martyrs, was Canterbury; and the last victims to popish cruelty, were three men and two women. Their names were John Cornesford, of Wrotham; John Hurst of Ashford, Christopher Brown, of Maidstone, Alice Snoth, and an aged woman named Katherine Tinley; they were burned on the 10th November, 1588.

The old woman Tinley had a pious son, who had been the means of bringing her to the knowledge of the truth,

These martyrs when at the stake, prayed earnestly, that their blood might be the last that should be so shed: their prayer was heard, and their names close the list of that "noble army of Martyrs," who preferred the rack, the faggot, and the stake, rather than dishonour their Lord and Saviour, by not declaring His truth before men, and not protesting against the idolatries, cruelties, and the impieties of the apostate church of Rome.

On the 17th November, 1558, Queen Mary died. The heart that had conceived such bitter things against the servants of God, had now ceased to beat;—the hand that had sealed their cruel death, had now ceased to move:—the voice that had breathed out threatenings and slaughters against them, was hushed for ever,—and the persecuting Queen, was now called to the dread tribunal of Him who has said, "Whoso shall offend one of these little ones, which *believe in me*, it were better for him, that a mill-stone were hanged about

his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea."

Mary was permitted to reign only five years and four months. Bishop Burnet well observes, "God shortened her reign for his elect's sake; and he seemed to have suffered popery to shew itself in its true and natural colors,—all over, both false and bloody, even in a female reign, from whence, all mildness and gentleness might have been expected;—to give this nation such an evident and demonstrative proof of the barbarous cruelty, of that religion, as might raise up a lasting abhorrence and detestation of it."

During the short reign of this wicked woman, not less than 288 persons were burned, for professing the religion of the gospel: many more perished in prison. Many, who were not burned or imprisoned, were deprived of their goods, and made to suffer much persecution, for daring to maintain the truth of the gospel against popery: neither age nor sex, had any

weight with the persecutors of Mary's reign. They had but one object in view; to compel all to believe the follies they believed, and they practised every kind of cruelty to effect this wicked object.

Cardinal Pole, in whose diocese of Canterbury, the last martyrs were burned, only survived the queen a few hours.

In the afternoon of the day on which Mary died, the bells of all the parishes in London were rung; at night, bonfires were lighted, tables were set out in the streets, "and the people did eat and drink and make merry."

We will now give a word or two about the savage Bonner. When the protestant Queen Elizabeth entered London, Bonner had the impudence to join the nobles, who went forth to greet her, but the queen turned from him with disgust. He was afterwards deprived of his bishopric, and imprisoned in the Marshalsea, for refusing to take the oath of allegiance to Queen Elizabeth.

This was all that was done to this monster, who had been accustomed to say, "Let me once lay hold of these heretics; and if they escape me, God do so, and more to Bonner!" While he was in prison, the early editions of Foxe's Book of Martyrs were published: some one shewed him the pictures, representing Bonner inflicting tortures with his own hands. The wretch viewed them with a laugh, and said, with an oath, "How could he get my picture drawn so right?"

His gross, disorderly conduct, and vile language, while in the Marshalsea prison, in Southwark, shewed, that his conscience was seared as with a hot iron. He died, in August, 1562, as he had lived, without God, without hope, and without Christ.

His remains were buried at night-time, in a corner of St. George's Church-yard, Southwark, set apart for thieves and murderers: his grave was stamped and trampled on. No grave, no mound, marks the final resting place of this miserable man:

yet his name will be handed down to posterity, as the monster who may well be said, to have been drunk "with the blood of the saints and of the Martyrs of Jesus."

We have now concluded our task. This little volume contains an account of those who have suffered for the truth of the gospel, in England, from the times of the Lollards, to the end of queen Mary's reign. It would have been impossible, in a little volume like this, to give an account of all. But the most prominent of the sufferers only are mentioned.

Our young readers will learn from these pages, what is the character and spirit of the Church of Rome; they will, it is hoped, learn to value the Word of God, and be prayerful and diligent in reading its precious truths. They will learn from that Word, that idolatry, the worship of saints and angels, prayers for the dead, purgatory, persecution and cruelty, are all contrary

to the doctrine and spirit of Jesus and His gospel. They will know, from that unerring standard, that a church which holds such doctrines, and carries on such practices, is not, cannot be, **THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.**



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Those marked thus + are supposed to have been either privately murdered, tortured, or starved to death.

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