

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER,

And Bible Society, Missionary, and Sabbath School Advocate.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, FOR THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF FREE C. BAPTISTS OF N. BRUNSWICK, AT ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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CHAS. W. DICK, Printer.
Office, No. 6, Elm Street.

That God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ—PRAYER.

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NEW SERIES.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1854.

VOL. I.—NO. 47

Religious.

THE PRINTED ENGLISH BIBLE.

(Continued.)

In the year 1537, great rains having fallen at the seed-time, bread became extremely dear, and it was necessary to import corn. The merchants who did this, brought with them also 500 copies of Tyndal's New Testament, secretly, which was the fourth edition that reached England. Wolsley, the prime minister, became aware that many were earnestly reading them, and resolved to make search suddenly, and at one time, in London, Oxford, and Cambridge.

In London he found that a certain Thomas Garret, master of All-Hallows, in Hoary-lane, Coventry, was a receiver and distributor of these New Testaments, and that he had even then gone down to Oxford to make sale of them there. He was soon seized, and in the safe keeping of his enemies. Let us, meanwhile, look into the chamber from which he had gone forth, in Oxford, and see there Anthony Dalmer, one of the students devotedly attached to him.

"When he was gone forth down the stairs from my chamber," says Dalmer, "I shut the door, and went into my study, and took the New Testament to my hands, knelt down upon my knees, and with many a bitter sigh and sob, I read over the 10th chapter of Matthew's Gospel (in which Christ tells his early disciples of all they must have to suffer for his sake). And when I had so done, with fervent prayer I did commit to God that dearly-beloved brother Garret, and prayed also that he would endure that reader and listener little flock in Oxford, with all godly patience, to bear Christ's heavy cross, which I now saw was presently to be laid upon their young and weak backs,—unable to bear so huge a burden, without the great help of his Holy Spirit. This done, I laid aside my book again."

Thus Garret and this Dalmer were made to carry a flag, in open procession, from St. Mary's to Cardinal College, and compelled to cast their books into the large fire which had been kindled at the meeting of four ways to consume them. They were then imprisoned in Quaker-hill. The crowd of martyrs awaited Garret, but not for sixteen years afterwards. He and Dr. Barnes were consumed in the same flames, in 1539.

Eighteen young men besides these were captured in the secret search for New Testaments at Oxford: among them was Fryth, the especial friend of Tyndal. He appears, like his friend to have availed himself of the advantages of both universities. The prohibited books had been found under the flooring of their rooms; and as a punishment, they were all consumed in a deep cell under Cardinal College, the common keeping place for their safe-keeping—a common dungeon, where the air and the food together proved fatal to four of them. The rest were kept in this miserable abode from the beginning of March till the middle of August, eating nothing but salt fish: the names of those who died were Charles, Sumner, Bailey, and Goodman: their record is in heaven! And we may believe that it was given them, according to Anthony Dalmer's prayer, "quietly with all godly patience to bear Christ's heavy cross, by the great help of his Holy Spirit, and to receive from Him their crown."

Now, let us see what were the fruits of the search at Cambridge. You remember Thomas Bilney, who, ten years before, had been reading, with Tyndal, Erasmus's Greek Testament. He had been the cause of the conversion of Hugh, afterwards Bishop of Lichfield, and Dr. Barnes; for it is a very remarkable feature belonging to the love of the word of God, that neither a man nor a child can live it alone. He who has tasted a pure fountain, he who has looked upon a land of promise, cannot fail to others. "Come and see it!"

Now we have loved the Bible, and suffered, from reading it, but he caused some one or more besides himself to love it, and suffer for it too. It was long before the persecutors perceived that the more they persecuted, and the more books they burned, the greater torch they kindled in England. In three modern times, even pagans, if enlightened, see with their champion, Dr. Goldwin, that "burning suspicious books is the readiest way to make more of them, as persecuting for any kind of religion is the surest means of spreading it."

The sergeant-at-arms arrived at Cambridge to make search for English New Testaments. "God be praised," says Page, "the books were conveyed away from the study suspended rooms." He found therefore no books, but carried off to London Dr. Barnes, who had greatly offended the Cardinal Wolsley by speaking against his golden shoes and scarlet gloves.

He was made to wear a faggot at St. Paul's cross, and, for the time, was so completely, by fear and bad advice, as to allege what he had said, rather than truth, though he was burnt, as you have been told, sixteen years afterwards.

Still we try and fancy St. Paul's and its neighbourhood at the era of the Reformation? We must shut our eyes, and bid the present nighty dome vanish away. There is a Gothic cathedral in its place, whose bold and elegant spire seems to pierce the sky. It is worthily called "a famous building," and arose as the cradle of the twelfth century, over the ruins of a still older church, which had been burnt in the first year of King Stephen, at a time when boys stole apples out of the orchards in Peterborough and Iry-rose.

This original church had been built, by Ethelbert, in 634, again on the ruins of a temple called in Domesday, in the time of the Romans, whose funeral urns have been found in the churchyard; so

that we seem scarcely able to go back to the time when there was not a temple raised for worship, pagan or Christian, on this spot.

The St. Paul's of the Reformation looked down, as now, from the top of Ludgate-hill, upon the smaller churches, and on the rich convents within the city's bounds.—on St. Bartholomew's, in Smithfield; on the Greyfriars, in Newgate-street; on the Blackfriars, the Whitefriars, the Austinians, and the Crutched-friars, from whose monasteries issued the men in gold-coloured robes, who might be seen in every street mingling with the gayer multitude.

People were accustomed in those days to meet in St. Paul's cathedral to transact their business.—The sergeant-at-law, in his scarlet robe, white fur-trimmed hood and cuff on his head, gave his advice to his clients there. Each sergeant had his pillar in St. Paul's, and made his notes upon his knee; and the old church was often the scene of most riotous conflicts.

This it also was when Bishop Courtenay had cited Walsley to defend himself in this cathedral, which was densely crowded by the people. Lord Percy and John of Gaunt could scarcely secure an avenue of entrance for the defendant: there were his avowed friends, and Courtenay began to quarrel with them. Walsley was a silent spectator. John of Gaunt claiming for him a seat, Courtenay saying, he should not sit there,—each party so exclaiming, "says the knight old John Foxe," in bowing and railing, threatening and exclaiming, that, without doing anything, the council was broken up before nine of the clock.

We must show you another scene in St. Paul's. On Sunday, the 11th of February, 1528, there was to be seen, Fisher, bishop of Rochester, in the pulpit, set to preach against Luther and Dr. Barnes, and there sat Wolsley, in all his glory, on a scaffold at the top of the stairs, among abbots and priors, and married bishops, in gowns of satin and damask, and Wolsley in his robes of purple, with his golden shoes and scarlet gloves,—all beneath a canopy of cloth of gold.

Before the pulpit, within the rails, stood great bushes full of books,—the books gathered up from the search in London, Oxford, and Cambridge,—ready to be burnt in the great fire before the crucifix, at the north gate of St. Paul's.

After the sermon, the benches were to go, and the books to be burnt in the fire, with a figure of a man, and were to cast in the books. Thus Tyndal's Testament was consumed, and many other books looking on at the deed. Barnes, the theorist, says: "This burning had a beautiful appearance in it; and the people thence concluded that their church and those books taught different things, whereby their desire of reading the New Testament was increased."

This was a day to which Walsley had looked forward for three years. The preacher, Fisher, announced to the people how many plays of pardon and indulgence were accorded to all those who were present at that sermon, and afterwards the cardinal and all the bishops went home to dinner.

Yet, on that very spot where stood the celebrated Paul's cross, on the north side of the cathedral, is situated at this moment the Depository of the Religious Trinit Society, whence, after an interval of somewhat more than 300 years, the writings of Walsley, Tyndal, and Luther, with many others to which they have given birth, go forth throughout all the world.

Half a century since, that Society could only afford to rent one side of a shop, and on the other side were sold china and earthenware; but, by degrees, the "little one has become a thousand," under the Divine blessing; and you who have seen, or may see, its fine premises, at 65, St. Paul's churchyard, inclusive of eight houses once occupied by the monks of St. Paul's, may call up in your minds this picture of Wolsley in crime and purple, once dominating the Scriptures and Truth to the flames, where, in this Jubilee Year of the Bible Society, the Prince of all England has considered it his privilege to advocate the "sowing beside all waters" of the seed of Divine truth.

From the cathedral pulpit of our capital city, he has borne his testimony that "God's word is truth," and has not hesitated to say of those who deemed a scheme for its general circulation, that "it is well that it was in their hearts," and that their exertions have his heartiest sympathy. May the word from his lips have free course and prevail.

On the 4th of May, 1539, another scene of burning Bibles took place under Wolsley's eye. He had begun to burn Luther's books, at Paul's cross, in 1521. Three burnings, therefore were witnessed on this spot, which has been well called "the Thermopylae of the Reformation."

But the people still went on reading the words of life. Here the reformers preached Christ and his gospel. Multitudes gathered round the rude old crosses, in stars or standing, while even the king and his court, the lord mayor and dignified citizens, had their covered galleries, in which to listen. When it was stormy, the crowd sheltered under what were called the shrubs of the cathedral.

The churchyard was then much larger than at present. It was bounded by a wall which ran along Ave-Maria-lane, Carter-lane, and Creed-lane. Within was a spacious grass-plot, and on the north side of the church stood the famous cross, "built to put passengers in mind to pray for the souls of the people interred in that church-yard." This cross was destroyed, in 1643, in consequence of a vote of Parliament.

To return to the last days of Tyndal. He was made aware, in some way, of the storm that was raging in England, and went on the more earnest-

ly with his translation of the Old Testament from the Hebrew. He was now favoured with the company and assistance of his dear Christian friend, John Fryth, who was to him what Timothy was to Paul of old. They were settled at Antwerp, and Tyndal was chaplain to the English merchants there; yet his abode was a hidden, and probably a changing one, on account of his enemies. One to whom we are all so deeply indebted, was living in painful and perilous hiding-places, afflicted with cold, hunger, and every privation, in addition to the hardships continually thrown in his way, to the prosecution of his work.

Yet a heavenly atmosphere so appeared to surround him, that the messengers sent by King Henry VIII. to entrap and bring him to England, could not talk with him, without being ready to be converted to his sentiments. When the last successful plot against his life was laid, the persons who executed it were obliged to bring with them officers from Brussels, for they could not trust those at Antwerp, where Tyndal was so much beloved. He was not aware of his betrayers, and was thrown into prison at Viviers, a village near Brussels, where he remained two years, and where he wrote his beautiful letters to his friend Fryth, who was married in Smithfield. Part of his work also in the prison was that edition of the New Testament which he had promised to give to the pilgrims of Gloucestershire.

It was on Friday, the 6th day of October, in the year 1536, that Tyndal was led forth to be put to death. He was led to the stake, crying out with a loud voice, "Lord, open the King of England's eyes!" and was then immediately strangled, and his body consumed to ashes. Mr. Odo says, that he appears to have been sacrificed in spite of the most earnest efforts of all the friends of truth and liberty.

Let us contrast for a moment the death of Walsley, six years before that of Tyndal, on the 23rd of November, 1530: he expired with the language of a persecutor on his lips. After the well-known words, "Had I but served God as diligently as I have served my king, he would not have given me over to this royal rage," he said, "Command me to my royal majesty, and request him, in God's name, that he be on the watch to depress this new sect of Lutherans, from whose mischief God in his mercy defend us!" And with these words, his eyes being set in his head, his right hand fixed to his chest, and his spirit passed into another world, to give account of the things he had done on earth.

He had indeed been clothed in purple and scarlet, he had the highest robes for his household servants, his steward and treasurer had waited on him in white robes, and his master-clock in damask robes, as they did in kings' palaces. He had been for twenty years the favourite of all the princes in Europe; but he died in disgrace, in Leicester-alley, and his very tombstone is unknown. In 1757, as a labourer was digging potatoes upon the spot where the high altar of this abbey is supposed to have stood, he found a human skull, with the bones all perfect: it was conjectured at the time that this might be the skull of Walsley,—of Walsley—who burned the Bible! It is a fact to be noticed, that he thus died in disgrace, in the year 1530, the year of his third and great burning at Paul's Cross.

The dying voice of the martyr Tyndal had scarce been uttered, before his prayer was answered, and the eyes of the King of England were opened so far, that he ordered that the Bible should be placed in every church, for the free use of the people; but his council did not allow this permission to last long.—Bible and its Story.

"LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION."

A COURT INCIDENT.

In the spring of 1841—we chanced to be spending a few days in a beautiful inland country town in Farnborough. It was court week, and to relieve us from the somewhat monotonous incidents of village life, we stepped into the room where the court had convened.

Among the prisoners in the box we saw a lad but ten years of age, whose sad and pensive countenance, his young and innocent appearance, caused him to look sadly out of place among the hardened criminals by whom he was surrounded. Close by the box, and manifesting the greatest interest in the proceedings, sat a beautiful woman, whose anxious glance from the judge to the boy, left us no room to doubt that it was his mother. We turned with sadness from the scene, to inquire of the officer of the prison, and learned he was accused of stealing money.

The case was soon commenced, and from the intense manifested by the large crowd, we found that our heart was not the only one in which sympathy for the lad existed.

How we pitied him! The bright smile of youth had vanished from his face, and now it more expressed the cares of the aged. His young sister, a bright-eyed girl, had gained admission to his side, and cheered him with the whisperings of hope. But that sweet voice, which before caused his heart to abound with happiness, added only to the grief his shame had brought upon him.

The progress of the case acquainted us with the circumstances of the loss, the extent of which was a dime—no more!

The lad's employer—a wealthy, miserly and unprincipled manufacturer—had made use of it for the purpose of what he called testing the boy's honesty. It was placed where, from its very position, the boy would offend see and least suspect the trap. A day passed, and the master, in his mortification, not pleasure, found the coin untouched. Another day passed, and yet his object was not gained. He was, however, determined that the boy should take it, and so let a gemin-

This continued temptation was too much for the lad's resistance. The dime was taken. A simple present for that little sister was purchased by it. But while returning home to gladden her own heart, his own was made heavy by being arrested for theft! A crime the nature of which he little knew. These circumstances were substantiated by several of his employer's workmen, who were also parties in the plot. An attorney urged upon the jury the necessity of making the "little rogue" an example to others by punishment. His address had great effect upon all who heard it. Before, I could see many tears of sympathy for the lad, and his mother's mother and faithful sister. But their eyes were all dry now, and none looked as if they cared for, or expected aught but conviction.

The accused sat in a conspicuous place, smiling, as if in kind-like exultation, over the misery he had brought upon that poor, but once happy family.

We felt that there was but little hope for the boy, and the youthful appearance of the attorney, who had volunteered his defence, gave no encouragement, as we learned that it was the young man's maiden plea, his first address. He appeared greatly confused, and reached to a desk, by him, from which he took the Bible that had been used to solemnize the testimony. This movement was received with general laughter and taunting remarks—among which we heard a harsh fellow, close by us cry out,—

"He forgets where he is. Thinking to take some ponderous law book, he has made a mistake and got the Bible."

The remark made the young attorney flush with anger, and turning his flashing eye upon the audience, he convinced them that it was no mistake by saying,—

"Justice needs no other book."

His confusion was gone, and instantly he was as calm as the sober judge upon the bench.

The Bible was opened, and every eye was upon him as he quietly and leisurely turned over the leaves. Amidst a breathless silence he read to the jury the sentence—

"Lead us not into temptation."

A moment of broken silence followed, and again he read—

"Lead us not into temptation."

We felt that art throbs at the sound of these words. The audience looked at each other without speaking, and the jury-men mutely exchanged glances in the appropriate question carried its own to their hearts.

Then followed an address which, for its pathetic eloquence, we have never heard excelled. Its influence was like magic. We saw the guilty sinner leave the room for fear of personal violence. The prisoner looked hopeful; the mother smiled again, and before its conclusion, there was not an eye in the that was not moist—the speech affecting to that degree which causes tears, holding its bearers spell-bound.

The little time that was necessary to transpire before the verdict of the jury could be learned, was a period of great anxiety and suspense. But when their whispering consultation ceased, and those happy words, "Not Guilty," came from the foreman, they passed like a thrill of electricity from lip to lip; the anxious dignity of the court was forgotten, and not a voice was there that did not join the acclamations that hailed the lad's release.

The lawyer's first plea was a successful one. He was soon a favourite, and now represents his district in the councils of the nation. The lad has never crossed his grateful remembrance, and we, by the effecting scene herein attempted to be described, have often been led to think how manifold greater is the crime of the tempter than that of the tempted.—Arthur's Home Gazette.

DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTICS OF ALL TRUE CHRISTIANS.

All Christians are distinguished by attachment to the Saviour's person. We are not apt to regard Christianity as a system of opinions, and the Saviour Himself as a mere teacher of doctrines. But Christ was far more than this. He was not so much the teacher as the doctrine; He was not so much the prophet or interpreter as the conclusive and completed revelation; He was "God manifest in flesh." His person was "the idea of God translated into a language intelligible to the religious sensibilities of man. The works of creation interpret Him to the intellectual powers—the life of Christ to the moral sympathies. The action of physical mechanism supplies the alphabet. In the case of moral mechanism is the other. Logic is for the understanding—love is for the heart." And Christ's converts are the men who, by Christ's appointment placed in an attitude of acceptance with God, are brought to a delighted complacency in God's character—who learn to love God's holiness as it is revealed in Christ's purity; God's compassion as it is flowed in the tears of Lammale; God's generosity as it surprised the universe in the Saviour's self-sacrifice. The Christian is the man who, through the atonement reconciled to God, is more and more brought to love and admire God in Christ—the divine perfections as they appear to us in the works and in the words of His beloved Son.

And although one man may be attracted by the Saviour's kindness, and another may be impressed by His majesty; although to one His voice may sound like many waters, whilst to another it whispers, "It is I; be not afraid," whilst in one man's devotion to His Lord, affection may be the predominant sentiment, and in another adoration; whilst one may delight to speak good of his name, and another be unable to break the silence; all are agreed in cherishing a love to the Saviour, which,

however much they may deplore its languor, is a great contrast to their former apathy.

Every Christian exhibits more or less of conformity to his master's character. Affection is absorbent of the loved one's spirit; and admiration would fain emulate the feats at which it stands astounded. And although many a disciple would question if he himself had caught of the Master's spirit, and would only be distressed and humbled to hear others say that he had, however illegible to himself, the epistle of Christ is known and read of all men, and spectators can see in his temper and conduct beauties which would never have been there unless he himself had been with Jesus.—True, he is not a perfect transcript; but even these fragments and unfinished lines are a derivation from a heavenly original. This forgiveness of injuries he has copied from Him who, in His functions as a Saviour, forgives each penitent seventy times seven. This humility he has imbibed from Him who emptied Himself, and became of no reputation. This consideration and condescending kindness he has learned from Him who, supper being ended, poured water into a basin, and washed the disciples' feet. This beneficence and obligingness, this humanity and evangelistic ardour, have flowed in his spirit, because that spirit has been in contact with One whose meat and drink it was to do the will of His Heavenly Father, and who, in this career of disinterested philanthropy, went about continually doing good. And thus, like a mirror, every Christian gives back some beauty of his Lord, and shows his love to Christ by some reflected loveliness.—Erreir.

"IF WE TARRY, SOME MISCHIEF WILL COME UPON US."

So said the lepers mentioned (2 Kings vii. 9). They had made a discovery of great value, of incalculable importance to the famishing town of Samaria: and they felt that they must make it known as widely as possible, that as many as possible might enjoy its benefits. They felt, also, that they must make it known as soon as possible, they said, "If we tarry till morning light, if we delay, if we enjoy it ourselves selfishly even for a few hours more, instead of bringing others to share in it, some mischief will come upon us."

What a solemn word to Christians! Up and tell the salvation you have found! You have got the secret of blessedness, up and tell it to an un-blessed world! Up and tell it quickly—they are perishing! What, man? You in possession of the glorious truth of a sinner's redemption, and not make it widely known, and that without delay! "Some mischief will come upon you." You say you are a Christian man; do you, then, feel happy? Do you feel that there is now no condemnation to you? Then away and tell this to others. Tell it everywhere, in church, in school, by books, by tracts, by conversation, by letters. If you tarry, some mischief will come upon you.

Have you never heard it said that a believer who is content with having got safety to himself, and not spread the news, is like a man getting a golden harp (if we could suppose the case) to praise God withal, but who melts down that harp of gold into coin, that may enrich his coffers. Or, he is like one having been saved by a life-boat, and in that life-boat, happy enough, but who seeing still hundreds of shipwrecked ones within reach, uses his boat as if it was a gondola for pleasure to himself, sails through the midst of the perishing, singing of his own happiness. Unless Christian! "Some mischief will come upon you!"

O have you not heard it said, that you who keep the blessings to yourself, and make no efforts, or no great efforts, or no self-denying efforts to send them to others also, are like a man who, when falling and sick, was revived, and his strength restored by that medicinal wine which was brought to him, but who now spends his restored strength in drinking more of that wine himself for pleasure's sake, instead of helping the hundreds of others near him who needed the same cordial, and who will sink and die without it. Up, up, and help them! "If you tarry till the morning light, some mischief will come upon you."—British Messenger.

LOVE FOR THE WORD OF GOD.

READER, IS IT LOVED BY YOU?

In all parts of the world we find the same love for the Holy Scriptures on the part of those who become disciples of Christ.

Thus, in Sierra Leone, a young man, who recently died there, spent much of his time in studying his Bible. He kept his little company; he said he did not want any; for he found more than a thousand companions in his Bible. Happy youth; thus to make that blessed book his counsellor and companion from day to day.

In Bombay, also, a poor man lately died, who had been brought out of heathenism into the blessed light of the gospel of Christ; whose love for the Scriptures was very great. During his sleepless nights in the hospital he used to spend hours in reading it; but this being contrary to the regulations of that institution, he left it, rather than forego the pleasure and profit which he thus derived.

When near his death, he declared that he felt himself to be one of the chief of sinners; but that he knew that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." This one short Divine sentence contains more precious truth than all the volumes of mere human learning that were ever written.

In New Zealand, the inhabitants of almost every village now search the Scriptures; even Turks are reading them; and there is an increasing desire among Hindus to possess them. "Thirty young men," writes a missionary in Cal-