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Execution of the Regicides.

England Two Hundred Years Ago. Frontispiece.

See p. 67.

ENGLAND

TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY

E. H. GILLET, T,

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"LIFE AND TIMES OF JOHN HUSS," "HISTORY OF THE PRES-
BYTERIAN CHURCH," "LIFE LESSONS," &C.



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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

IN this volume the author presents a picture of England at the time of the accession of Charles II. Whilst the license of fiction has been used in connection with some of the less important characters and scenes portrayed, for the purpose of giving life and reality to the sketch; in other respects the narrative is strictly true. Almost every incident, and many of the conversations introduced, are historical. To American readers, few periods of English history have more interest than that which is here brought to us in a form so attractive. The non-conformists of England were the ecclesiastical friends, or fathers, of the most of our American church organizations; their just fame is a part of our inheritance.

To the same class with Joseph Alleine, whose pure and saintly character is here portrayed, belonged Richard Baxter, John Howe, Thomas Manton, and others who are incidentally introduced, and whose names are worthy of lasting remembrance. The intelligent reader will ac-

knowledge his indebtedness to the author for setting forth, in their proper relations and coloring, the facts by which he is enabled to form a proper judgment of the times, the spirit and the trials of the English non-conformists.

J. W. D.

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ENGLAND TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER I.

TAUNTON.

A LITTLE more than two hundred years ago, the city of Taunton, in Somersetshire, England, was one of the most beautiful inland cities of the kingdom. It lay on the southern bank of the river Thone, from which it derived its name of (Thonetown, or abbreviated) Taunton, and its main street ran for a mile parallel with the river. Its neat and tasteful dwellings indicated the comfortable if not wealthy condition of their occupants, and not a few of them were surrounded by gardens, and embowered with the foliage of lofty, broad-arching elms. Back from the principal streets were to be seen clusters of neat cottages, and still beyond these, extended meadows, rich with verdure, and orchards laden with fruit or blossoms. Near by, and extending more than a mile, on a line par-

allel with the main street, till they curved around the extremities of the city and continued down at each end to the river, were the earthen walls that less than twenty years before had offered a feeble defense to the royal garrison, when assaulted by the troops of the parliament. But there was no noise of battle there now. The green sod was fast creeping over the site where the munitions of war had been planted, and the luxuriance of the rich soil had covered the unsightly earthworks with a carpet of verdure.

The wealth of the city was derived from its woolen manufactures. Of its fifteen thousand inhabitants, the majority were in some way connected with this mode of industry. All of them were proud of the beauty and taste which characterized their native city, and even the peasantry scorned the thought that any other spot in "merry England" should be compared to it. "Where should I be born else but in Taunton-Dean?"* was their frequent and sometimes contemptuous reply to the strangers who visited them from abroad, and spoke of their acquaintance in London, Oxford or Bath.

* Survey of Great Britain, 1738, iv. 808.

At the central part of the city, not far from St. Magdalen's church, there was, on a fine afternoon in May, 1660, a large group gathered. A huge May-pole, that shot aloft far above the roofs of the houses had just been reared, and cups of ale were passing from hand to hand, while from time to time men and boys, alike hilarious with mirth, shouted in pealing chorus, their favorite song, "The King shall have his own again." Even grave men seemed almost beside themselves amid the uproar, and listened without rebuke to oaths and vulgarity that a few months before they would have heard with shuddering. As now and then one that had been noted as a zealous Puritan passed along the street, he was greeted with derision. "There goes an old Round-head," said one of the excited crowd. "His hair will be cropped yet below the roots," said another. "Three cheers for General Monk, and three times three for King Charles," said a third, and they were given with a hearty good will.

The sun was near its setting, and large heaps of straw, and several tar-barrels were gathered for a huge bonfire, when, from the eastern end of the main street, the London post-coach hove in

sight. Among the passengers was a bright-eyed boy of about fifteen years of age, who recognized at a glance many of the group, and who discerned among them one of his classmates. "What's going on now, Tim?" he shouted, as he went by, but the answer was lost in the distance, as the noisy vehicle rattled on to the inn. A motley crowd however followed it, eager to hear the latest news from London, and each trying to outrun the other and arrive first at its stopping-place.

Tim Halpin was not the last to reach the spot. Eagerly did he grasp the hand of Joe Manton, and tell him how glad he was to see him back again. "Strange times," said he, "we've had since you went away. But you must have seen something stranger still. Come, hurry up to the house, and let us hear the news. The boys are almost all back, and school begins to-morrow. Parson Alleine seems kinder than ever, and old Mr. Newton has been thinking the millennium was close at hand. But if what we've had this afternoon is a specimen, it will be a queer kind of millennium, I think."

Joe had many questions to ask, as the two boys walked up the street together till they came to the

gate opening into the grounds in the midst of which, beneath the lofty overarching elms, stood the great square two story building in which Mr. Alleine lived, and in which he kept his school. No sooner was Joe Manton seen by the boys, who were playing bat upon the spacious grounds, than a score of them, leaving their game, gathered around him to greet him back again. He was a general favorite among them, and he was not less beloved by his teacher, the Rev. Joseph Alleine, who felt a peculiar interest in him as the son of his old friend, the Rev. Dr. Manton of London.

“I am glad indeed to see you,” he exclaimed, as he took the boy’s hand; “but I feared,” he added, “that you would not return. Your father wrote that he might send you to school to Mr. Doolittle, nearer your own home, and I fancied you would rather, at such a time as this, be in the midst of that Babel London, with all its noise and shows, or at least* that you would wish to remain there till you saw the king come back to his throne. I believe your father is very earnest, if not zealous for his restoration.”

“Yes, Mr. Alleine, he is zealous for it, and I

am almost afraid too zealous. He left last week for Holland, and Dr. Calamy and Mr. Bowles and others went with him, to see what the king is willing to do for the Presbyterians, and to tell him how glad we all shall be to see him back again. But a day or two before he left, I went to hear Mr. Baxter preach at St. Paul's, before the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London on the thanksgiving day (May 10, 1660) and I could not help thinking that he saw what was coming better than most do, and better I am afraid than my father does."

"And what did my good friend Mr. Baxter say about it?" asked Mr. Alleine.

'Why, he took for his text," said the boy, 'Rejoice not that the spirits are subject unto you, but rather rejoice because your names are written in heaven.' And as he went on, I remember he said, that sometimes 'outward honors and successes plunge men deeper in perdition than ever they had been without them.'* And then he added, 'If the solemnity and feasting of such a day as this should be the greatest matter of your joy, the day will have a night, and the feast an end, and so will your joy!' Before he finished,

he told us of what he hoped would take place, that there would be no more church divisions, and no more quarrelings, and he spoke as if he felt sure the Presbyterians would find the king kind to them; and I know my father thinks they will; but it seemed to me strange to give thanks for something that we may never get, and although I'm only a boy, and can't tell what is best, I thought the first part of Mr. Baxter's sermon was a good deal more to the point than the last."

"Well, Joe," said Mr. Alleine, "you may be right, but it is very hard to say what times we shall have, when the king has 'his own again,' as I suppose you heard them singing down at the May-pole this afternoon. I would gladly see Mr. Baxter, and have him read his sermon to me, and tell me what he thinks about the present state of things. But I must not keep you waiting longer. Supper is ready, and after that the boys want to see you and hear about the scenes in London."

CHAPTER II.

THE SCHOOL AND ENGLISH POLITICS.

THE Rev. Joseph Alleine, at the time of which we speak, had been for five years the assistant of Rev. George Newton, the faithful pastor of the church at Taunton. In 1655, at the age of only twenty-one years, he commenced his labors here, and so faithful had he been in the discharge of his duties, as already to secure the warm affection and respect of his aged colleague and of the population of the place generally. Richard Baxter accounted him a model minister, one formed after the pattern of his own "Reformed Pastor," and by his recommendation, Dr. Manton had been led to send his son Joseph to the school at Taunton. The salary of Mr. Alleine as Mr. Newton's assistant, had been so meagre, that his friends advised him to engage in the work of teaching, and thus increase the means of his support. He acted upon this advice, and his school proved to be quite suc-

cessful. His personal appearance was greatly in his favor. He was tall and well made, of a strong and healthy frame, with a countenance from which beamed at once benignity and intelligence. Rarely, in any one, have cheerfulness and gravity been more happily combined. His "serene countenance was the index of an active and harmonious soul." His scholarship moreover was thorough and accurate. His hours at the university had been diligently employed. "Never," said Richard Baxter, in speaking of him, "never had learning a truer drudge since she kept house in Oxford." While a boy he was known as "the lad that will not play," and in the university, he was "so generously and ingeniously bookish, that he deserved to be called the scholar who, by his good-will, would do nothing else but pray and study."

He had indeed some of the rarest gifts and graces of the Christian student and teacher. All his pupils loved him. He regarded them with the most tender affection, and few ever parted from him with dry eyes. His daily life was a sermon in which the beauty of religion was exemplified, and his cheerful voice and pleasant smile won all hearts. Among those who enjoyed his

instructions were some who afterward became deservedly eminent in church and state. At this time he was twenty-six years of age, in the full vigor of early manhood, and with a strength of endurance which enabled him to perform his arduous labors as pastor, teacher and missionary to the neglected hamlets and villages that lay within a few miles of the city of Taunton. Already he had begun the preparation of that work, "Alleine's Alarm," which was to be perfected when his vigorous arm should grow feeble, and which should be published and republished, in successive editions, when a century had passed over his dust.

His control over his pupils was not tyrannical. He loved and governed them as a parent, and his regard for sound learning was coupled with a fervent piety that neglected no fitting opportunity to impress the lessons of religious truth and duty upon their minds. The tasks of each day began with prayer, and were closed with prayer and song. His wife, of a spirit kindred to his own, to whom for four years he had been united in fond affection, took charge of the large household which sometimes numbered from thirty to forty. With

great gentleness and kindness, she discharged her duties, and many a pupil that might otherwise have been willing to go elsewhere, returned to Taunton, won back by the memories of those charms which Mrs. Alleine had assisted her husband to throw around the tasks of school-days.

It is not strange therefore that Joe Manton chose to return to Taunton. Its green fields, its orchards, and gardens and play-grounds, had a powerful charm to attract the London boy, and he could not forget the evening walks he had enjoyed along the quiet banks of the Thone, or the pleasant hours when he had angled in its waters. But more than all this, was the pleasant face of his teacher, and the motherly tenderness of Mrs. Alleine. And besides all, he had here first felt the power of religion upon his own heart, and during the previous year, he had been led as a humble penitent to begin a new life of prayer and praise. He was the same genial, sportive companion as ever. In the play-ground no laugh rang out more gaily than his. In athletic sports, no frame was more active or supple, but a graver cast had come over his features, and there were

times when his conversation seemed to be rather that of a man than of a child. School-mates by several years his seniors, treated him as their equal, and after his arrival, they anxiously awaited the hour when they might gather around him, and inquire the latest news which the London boy brought with him.

The hour came, and in the large hall of the house an eager group assembled. It was largely made up of boys whose parents were either Presbyterians or Independents, but who thought diversely in regard to the great questions of the day. These various views were reflected among the boys. Some were zealous royalists, but others were warm republicans. The father of one had been an officer under Cromwell, and the older brother of another had drawn his sword for the king. Manton sympathized with his father as a royalist, but he was not, like his friend Halpin, an enthusiast in behalf of the king. In his father's house, where men like Calamy and Baxter had often met, he had sometimes seen Howe, and Caryl and Charnock, and in listening to their conversation, the quick-witted boy had learned something of the past to excite his fears.

“Well Joe,” said Tim Halpin, “I take it you have seen something since you went away from here on your visit home, and I suppose you think our straw and tar-barrels are too mean to look at, and that our May-pole isn’t any more than a rush to what the Londoners have set up.”

“Why how did you know so much about what has been doing in London?” asked Joe.

“Know,” said Tim, “didn’t they let their fires blaze away in London one night, and then on Salisbury Hills the next, and then at Chalke, and then at Blandford and Shaftesbury, till the tip of Land’s End ran like a tongue of fire into the sea, and didn’t the story of it all go blazing about everywhere, till we all got crazy, and every ale-house was crammed to hear the news, and down at Castle Tavern, every stranger that came in had a Taunton congregation to tell it to, big enough almost to fill St. Magdalen’s? You must not think we have been drowsing here, if we do want to know what you’ve seen.”

“It would have been better for you,” said Nick Horseman, “I reckon, if you had been more drowsy this afternoon, and kept out of that scrape down at the May-pole, for by the way your tongue

runs, I should not wonder if you had got a little too much excited."

"Well, who wouldn't be!" said Tim, exulting in the idea that he and Ben Berry alone of the whole school had drunk to the health of King Charles. "I'm none of your round-head hermits. I believe in a little frolic now and then, and when could there be a better occasion?"

"I go in with all my heart for King Charles," replied Nick, "but I like to do it in decent company."

"In decent company?" replied Tim, "why I tell you Squire Black was there, and Justice Ber-rige, and young Stapleton, just home from Oxford, and they shouted as loud as any of the others."

"That may be too," said Nick, "but I think they disgrace themselves, and I am sure that you would not have liked it, if Mr. Alleine had seen you there listening to the slang and oaths of that odd crew."

Tim did not care to reply to this, and was perfectly willing to let some one else speak. Bill Perry had been waiting for his chance, and at once turned to Nick saying, "And if you don't like the set around the May-pole, what do you want the

king back for? I have not forgot what my father has told me of his lying for six months in the Fleet prison, because he would not read the Book of Sports on Sunday as old Laud wanted him to, and I reckon that if the king comes back, he'll have a plenty of little Lauds springing up around him, and telling him to take holy vengeance on all that don't fancy the bishops. And that isn't all, for the bishops and the May-pole gangs will all come in together, and what do you think will become of all those that preach the Bible and can't wear the surplice?"

"Why," said Nick, "are not the Presbyterians the best friends the king has? Have not a whole lot of the best among them, and Joe Manton's father among the rest, gone over to Holland, to welcome him back to his throne, and do you think he'll be mean enough out of old spite to harm a hair of their heads?"

"Well Joe, what do you think?" asked Chris. Coward, "you have seen and heard a good deal, and you've got a pair of eyes in your head that don't skip what's worth looking at."

"I don't know what to think," replied Joe, "but I've seen enough to make me lose all fancy

for May-poles, straw and tar-barrels. I felt while I was in London, as if I was in Bedlam. I can enjoy fun, as all of you know, but I can't enjoy the shouts, and rant and savageness of a mad-cap rabble. When General Monk gave out word that there was to be a 'free Parliament,' it seemed as if London would go crazy. Everybody went to shouting, and you could not go anywhere but what you heard men swearing at Puritans and Round-heads, and cursing old Noll and the Rump. The city bells all rang as if they would never stop. When the bonfires were kindled at night, you might have seen crowds around them with their bottles, kneeling down to drink healths on their knees, to King Charles II. And then to show how they hated the Rump Parliament, they would hang up rumps of mutton, and sometimes good large rumps of beef over the fires, on gibbets they had made. It was just as if all the liquor-venders had resolved on a jubilee, and as if all the swearers in the city had got their tongues loose. I never saw anything like it. It made me think of what we read about the old Bacchanalia. A great many called it religion and loyalty, but it seemed to me anything else rather than that."

“Why, what’s the harm of it?” said Tim Halpin. “It’s just having a good time, that’s all, and for more than ten years people haven’t had such a chance as this. I’d like to have been there, and roasted a rump, and drank a glass, and done some shouting too, as well as the rest.”

There were few besides Tim who thought or felt as he did, although most were quite zealous in favor of the king. But they did not like to say too much about the manner in which he was welcomed back. Mr. Alleine spoke little upon the subject, and evidently felt a deep anxiety as to the results that must soon follow the restoration of Charles II. to his throne. His pupils very largely shared his views and feelings, and they too had some apprehensions of what must follow the great change in the government, now near at hand.

Just then a great blaze of light flashed in upon the group gathered in the hall, and they rushed to the doors and windows to watch the curling flame and smoke of the great fire that had been kindled near the May-pole. No one expressed a desire to go down to the place where the rabble of men and boys were engaged in their mad glee, although Halpin and Berry, and several perhaps

of the other boys would have liked nothing better. A word of dissuasion from Mr. Alleine would have been sufficient to have checked the eagerness of the most eager among them, but now his voice was heard calling them to the evening worship of the household.

With the Bible open before him, he turned to the boys that had taken their places on either side of the room, and said; "My young friends, God has been very kind to us, and has kept us safe, while some of you have been absent to visit your homes, and now you are returned in health to resume your duties here. I am happy to see you again, and hope that you will be happy in pursuing your studies. Great changes are taking place in the nation, and you too share with others their fears and hopes. But there is one refuge for us all, and that refuge is God. The hearts of kings are in his hands, and he can turn them as the rivers of waters are turned. The fault will be ours if we neglect to pray to him to rule over us, and to direct the councils of those in authority, that whatever takes place may be to his glory. It is more important for you that the King of kings should rule in your hearts, than that Charles II.

should return to his father's throne, and I most earnestly wish that every one of you may be faithful to his authority, and may keep his commandments. You come here to seek knowledge. But there is no knowledge like knowing Jesus Christ. You would acquire learning, but to be holy is the best learning. Holiness will be found to be your real happiness, Eat of this tree, and you shall indeed be as God. Godliness is being like God, God's likeness. The beauty of holiness is this very image. Oh what peace and tranquility doth holiness work in the mind.

“Let me now say to every one of you, as our Saviour to Martha, ‘Believest thou this?’ If you do, live like believers; and follow after holiness as others follow their trades or studies. Let religion be your studies, and not a thing by-the-by with you. Follow as hard upon the pursuit of grace, as if you did indeed believe riches and honor were in it. Count yourselves well as long as you keep within the line of your duty. Let holiness sit in your lips, and season all your speech with grace. Profess it; own it; plead stoutly and resolve for it. Be you advocates for holiness in an adulterous and wicked generation. Wear it as a

robe of honor, when the spiteful world cast the dung of their reproach at you for it. Let it dwell in your hearts. Let it be your companion in your closets. Let it travel with you in your journies; let it lie down and rise up with you. Let it close your eyes in the evening, and call you out of your beds in the morning. Be you the votaries of holiness. Keep her, and she shall keep you.”*

Every ear eagerly drank in these wise and loving words, as they fell in sweet and winning tones from the lips of the teacher. He then read the forty-eighth Psalm, “God is our refuge and our strength, a very present help in time of trouble,” pausing now and then to explain the meaning and set forth the sweetness of the divine assurances which the Psalm afforded. The exercises of the evening were closed by a prayer of such subdued fervency, and such melting pathos, that as the boys rose from their knees, many an eye was suffused with tears.

“And now my dear boys,” said Mr. Alleine, “I must bid you good-night. To-morrow you are to begin your studies, and I shall be glad to accompany any of you that wish it to-morrow morn-

* *Life and Letters of Alleine*, p. 191.

ing early in a walk along the banks of the Thone."

Such an invitation was a very welcome one, and as the level rays of the morning sun bathed the valley of the Thone in beauty, nearly all the boys of the school, in company with their teacher, were to be seen threading the beautiful path that led along the river's banks to the west of the city of Taunton. As they conversed by the way, the teacher spoke as a friend, and the pupils seemed to regard him in the light of a cheerful but wise companion. Each incident that occurred was seized upon by him as the means of impressing a lesson upon the hearts of his pupils. "This beautiful scene," he said, "is made what it is by the light of the sun. A little while ago it was all wrapped in darkness and vapors. So will your hearts be till 'the Sun of righteousness rises upon them with healing in his beams.' Then, though there be a desert without, there will be a paradise within."

The party came to a spot where a living spring burst forth from the bottom of a high bank that on one side bounded their path. Several of the boys warm with walking, threw themselves down over

its mossy brink, to drink. "The living waters of God's grace," said Mr. Alleine, "flow forth not from the high places of the world, but along lowly paths, and whoever would enjoy them, must stoop down and drink."

It was thus that into a cheerful conversation, he wove the threads of sacred wisdom. There was seriousness, but no cant, in his tone, and the boys were attracted rather than repelled by his pious words. They loved as well as revered him, for they felt that among all their companions, there was no one more loving or genial than their teacher.

CHAPTER III.

CHARLES II., AND HIS COURT.

WHILE the school at Taunton was happily progressing under the care of Mr. Alleine, great changes were taking place elsewhere. All over England there was an enthusiastic outburst of what was called "loyalty." The Presbyterians were, many of them, blindly eager for the restoration of Charles II. to the throne. Now that Episcopacy had been overthrown, they hoped that Presbyterianism would become the religion of the state. Had not Scotch Presbyterians, during Cromwell's supremacy, attempted to make Charles king? Had not English Presbyterians stoutly opposed the authority of the Lord Protector, and forfeited his favor? Nay, had they not almost idolized the memory of Mr. Love, whom the Parliament had executed for plotting to restore the king, and was not Mr. Love one of the most gifted preachers among them? And beside all,

might it not be supposed that Charles II. after all his misfortunes, would respect their zealous loyalty, and avoiding his father's errors, concede to the Presbyterians what they accounted their rights?

The London ministers, with Dr. Manton at their head, crossed over to Holland to confer with him. He received them graciously, assured them that he should not forget the services they had rendered, and would do what he could for their satisfaction. Encouraged by such language, they urged him to conform to the usages of Presbyterian worship, dispense in his own chapel with the use of the book of common prayer, and allow the surplice to be laid aside. But his most intimate friends, Hyde and some of the Bishops, had warned him against yielding too far, and he replied somewhat tartly, that while he gave them their liberty, he did not mean to abridge his own.

The conference closed; the Presbyterian ministers withdrew, and a more congenial company were soon gathered around the king. To their great amusement he made sport of his visitors and mimicked their tones and gestures. "A gracious crew, indeed!" said he. "If my father had been

in my place, he'd have said, as he did' once, 'here; bring six chairs; here be six kings a-coming.' They'd snatch my sceptre out of my hands, before I'd well got hold of it, if I'd let them. I'd rather stay here and breathe these Dutch fogs, and take a flat-boat for my carriage, and play tennis and drink champagne to my liking, than be king, and have them always hanging about me. But I must be as gracious as possible just now, I suppose, and I will be. I've offended them no doubt, by saying I wouldn't give up the prayer-book. You see I'm resolved to be pious—and I must soothe them a little. What if I should make Manton, and some two or three more of the bell-wethers my chaplains! They'll count me a saint then, and they'll be about right. Only think of my listening to Manton's one hundred and seventy-six sermons on the one hundred and nineteenth Psalm! Wouldn't I too be 'a royal martyr?' Wouldn't it be about as comfortable to have one's head cut off? But I must do something for them. By my soul, I believe I'll make them *Tulchan* bishops."

Hyde thought the king's policy would not be a bad one, and it was resolved that Manton should

be made a royal chaplain. Hints of this were thrown out, and they were not without effect in conciliating the Presbyterians. But the occasion did not allow of protracted deliberation. The companions of the king were more anxious than himself to escape from their long exile. On all sides there was busy preparation for returning to England. The State of Holland sent the king six thousand pounds, in anticipation of his restoration, and in a few days, it had gone into the hands of his many creditors and his courtiers. But the gallant fleet that was to convey him back to England, was already in the harbor, and in readiness to sail. The king and his suite embarked, and as the vessels approached the English coast, the cliffs of Dover were covered with thousands of spectators watching for the first glimpse of the royal exile. Some of them wept tears of joy, while others sent their cheers far over the waters, as the king's feet first pressed the soil of England. His journey to London was like a triumphant procession. "The road from Rochester was bordered with booths and tents,* and looked like an interminable fair. Everywhere flags were flying,

* Macaulay i., 61.

bells and music sounding, wine and ale flowing to the health of him whose return was" accounted by many, the restoration of peace, of law and of freedom.

London welcomed back the king with magnificent feastings. Parliament hastened to anticipate his wishes. In its indiscreet zeal, it sought to exclude from the benefits of the king's promise of indemnity, some whom he was himself willing to spare. It was in fact more royalist than the king, and more Episcopal than the bishops. In the course of the year it was dissolved, and a new Parliament was elected, still more zealous in the cause of royalty. Some thirsted for vengeance upon their old foes, the Independents. Some remembered nothing of the misdeeds or impositions of the bishops, but only their hardships. Others, full of disgust at Quakers, Baptists, and the various classes of fanatics that had sprung up under Cromwell, clamored for their suppression, while others still were mad with prejudice against the Puritans generally, who had struck Christmas out of the Calendar, and put an end to bear-fights and Sunday sports. All felt that the time for their triumph was at hand, and though the king's declara-

tion of favor, to which he publicly confessed that he owed his crown,* and the Parliament its existence, stood in the way of an almost indiscriminate proscription, there was reason for thousands to tremble in view of the new and strange outburst of national feeling

Among the victims marked for royal vengeance, including several of those concerned in the trial and execution of Charles I. were Sir Henry Vane, and Colonel Hutchinson. The wife of the latter—one of the best educated and most refined women of her age or country—besought a kinsman of hers, a member of Parliament, to exert himself in behalf of her husband. He intimated that his case was hopeless. “Let my friends do their endeavors for me,” she replied, “and then let it be as God wills.” Her kinsman smiled at her simple faith, and replied, “It is not now as God will, but as we will.” Members of Parliament vied with each other in their subserviency to the king’s wishes, and in laying the liberties of England at his feet. They were more ready to provide victims for the royal vengeance than he was to accept them. Rev. Dr. Manton, along with Baxter, Reynolds,

* Rapin.

Calamy, with some six others, was named on the list of the king's chaplains, but only four of them ever were called to preach before him, and each of these was invited only once. The old sequestered Episcopal clergy swarmed about the court, magnifying their sufferings, and seeking preferment. Puritan preachers were ejected to make place for them. The universities were placed under new control. The English liturgy was restored in the king's chapel. By legal construction, the acts of the last twelve years were pronounced null and void, and the old statute against ministers who officiated without the use of the Prayer Book, was put in force.* Every Presbyterian, every Independent, every Baptist, every Quaker, was punishable therefore by the laws of the land.

The king, when the Presbyterians were anxiously expecting some measure that would secure their rights, issued a declaration, which struck a severe blow at all their hopes. The seventh article of his proclamation directed that a number of divines should be appointed to revise the Liturgy, and provided that scrupulous persons should not be troubled or punished for not using it at *present*.

* Neal, ii. 205.

The eighth referred to ceremonies, and gave tolerance to those who at *present* did not conform to them. If the proclamation extended favor to the Presbyterians and Independents, it was a favor which was simply provisional, and not intended to continue. Even as it was, it only exasperated the zealots for Episcopacy, and satisfied the king that the current of opinion among those who claimed his special regard, was too strong for him to attempt to stem. Utterly destitute of principle, careless of everything but his own pleasure, without fixed policy of any kind but that which provided for the indulgence of his passions, he was too weak to make his own declaration valid, and too indifferent to justice or reputation to exert himself to do so. His restoration gave to the license and recklessness of the time an acknowledged and courtly leader. The very night after he reached London was spent by him amid scenes of riot and lust. The kindred spirits that gathered around him soon made the court itself a school of utter debauchery and abandoned vice.

On every side the contagion spread. The severity of Puritan sway for the last fifteen years contributed not a little to the fearful reaction.

During that period religion had been made to wear the aspect of great rigor and preciseness. Out-breaking sins and excesses had been forcibly checked. Sharp laws were made against vice and irreligion, and they were vigorously executed. There was great sobriety in garb and demeanor. Bankruptcy was scarce heard of, and the bankrupt was marked for infamy. Drunkenness, profanity, licentiousness and every kindred vice was universally discountenanced. Never had the clergy been more diligent in the pulpit or the discharge of parochial duty. Games and sports were put under sharp supervision. For almost twenty years, not a play was acted in any theatre in England.*

But now all was changed. The current that had been dammed up broke loose and swept all that was decent or sacred before it. The laws of the preceding period were declared null. Licentiousness was left without restraint. The king's example corrupted the court, and the court corrupted the nation. Even on the Sabbath, he went from his pleasures to the sacrament, and from the sacrament he returned to his pleasures. Two play houses were erected in the neighborhood of

* Neal, ii. 208.

the court. Abandoned women were introduced into them as actresses, and the most lewd and obscene plays were brought upon the stage. The contagion spread like wild-fire. Even the profession of virtue and piety was thrown off. Under pretense of drinking the king's health, men gave themselves up to drunken debauch. Religion was made an open scoff by such as pretended to rank among cavaliers. Hobbesism, making the will of the king the only law of the land, and political expediency the standard of duty, was accounted the only proper creed for a gentleman to avow. Those who did not applaud the newly introduced ceremonies were accounted as Presbyterians, and Presbyterian was a synonym for rebel. Every week, according to Baxter—at this time in London—one or more of the new Episcopal clergy were reported as taken up drunk in the streets by the city watch. This shows how far removed they were from sympathy with sober Puritans. With such leaders, it is not strange that the people should run into excess of riot.

Good men were filled with sad forebodings. They saw the king, whom they had almost idolized, a king only in name, too indolent and easy,

even if he had been disposed, to obstruct the designs of his evil counselors. Vice thrust forth its head without a blush, and with the consciousness of courtly sanction. Faithful preachers were thrust out of their pulpits, in some cases at least, to make way for men who were a disgrace to the Christian name. The helm of state was given over to strange pilots. If Oliver was a tyrant—it might be said—he at least tyrannized with some regard to justice and the glory of the English name. But now from hands that trembled with the paralysis of debauchery, the nation was forced to accept and drain to its dregs the cup of infamy. Religion and sobriety were sneered at. They had become the song of the drunkard, and the alliance of the old cavaliers with the friends of Episcopacy and the enemies of the Puritans was so complete, that there might seem something almost humiliating in the thought that the Presbyterians should ask a comprehension in their own behalf.

CHAPTER IV.

A SERMON TO ENGLISH HEATHEN.

No one marked the signs of the gathering storm more carefully or anxiously than Mr. Alleine. But the threatening aspect of the times only impelled him to greater diligence in his holy and self-denying work. To his labors in his school as well as in the pulpit, he added the self-imposed task of visiting the neglected hamlets within several miles of Taunton, and preaching to the peasants in their own houses. Oftentimes in these excursions, he was accompanied by some of his pupils, who felt repaid, by his companionship and by his simple yet fervent discourses, for the fatigue of the long walks.

On one occasion, he invited young Manton to accompany him. "I am going," he said, "six miles to preach to a little company near Lawrence Liddi, within a short distance of the spot where your father was born." * The invitation was

* *Survey of England*, v., 810.

eagerly accepted. In two hours the place was reached, and Joe, anxious to survey the scenes where his father's boyhood was spent, eagerly marked all that met his eye. There was the rude stone building, a single story in height, which had once been his father's home. Its present occupants had known Dr. Manton in boyhood, and kindly clasped the hand of the son of their old acquaintance. They thought they could recognize his father's features in his, the same square and massive face, the same prominent forehead, and the same sparkling eye. "God grant," said the kind-hearted host, who pressed him to sit down and rest beneath the old roof, "that you may be indeed worthy of such a father. When I visit London I always go to see him and to hear him preach. I never knew the man who could make me feel as he does. I have seen the Earl of Bedford, who admired him greatly, weep under his sermons. And with all his fame and eloquence, he is just as honest and humble as when I used to play with him on the hill yonder, and call him Tom Manton. I was in London a few years ago when he preached at St. Paul's before the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, and his sermon was full

of judgment and learning. Almost everybody was delighted. The discourse was vastly admired. But in the evening, as he told me afterward, while returning from dinner with the Lord Mayor, a poor man pulled him by the gown, and asked him if he was the man that preached that day. He told him he was. 'Well sir,' said he, 'I came with hopes of getting some good to my soul, but I was greatly disappointed, for I could not understand a great deal that you said; you were quite above me.' The Doctor's eyes filled with tears, as he replied, 'Friend, if I did not give you a sermon, you have given me one, and by the grace of God, I will never play the fool to preach before the Lord Mayor in such a manner again.'* And I think he never did. I have heard him many a time since, and I have thought of the poor man's sermon to him and the good use he made of it. He makes one feel that the Bible is God's book, and that we are hearing God speak. My boy, if you ever preach, you must preach like him. But do you mean to be a parson?"†

Joe was not prepared for such a question. He hesitated, and then replied, "I fear I shall never

* *Non-Conformist's Memorial*, i., 140.

be fit for it. But I think if I was fit, I would choose to be a minister before anything else."

"I am glad to hear you say that," replied his host, "for we have a great many hereabout that are not fit to preach. I think many a time that I could do better myself. They will take a text and gnaw at it as a dog does at a bone, and leave it after all more dry than ever, with the scratches of their teeth all over it. Now there's the curate over at Mankton, that we sometimes go to hear, and it would make you laugh to hear him as he puts forth his quiddities and his scraps of Latin. Last Sunday, he preached from that chapter of Malachi, about the Sun of Righteousness, and he took occasion to tell us that it was not the moon of righteousness, for the moon should be trodden under foot, and that God was pleased to send his Son into the world and not his daughter;* and then he told us about the several beams, which he said he would bring into our hearts by what I think he called a logical refraction, and he made out that something which comes through the hands of the bishops was to serve as a glass to do the

* *Grounds and Occasions of the Contempt of the Clergy*, 1685, p. 78.

business. Now, we have here, sir, as you Mr. Alleine know, a great many ignorant and wretched people around us, and they think it is enough to hear such preaching, and when they have heard it, they go away again and know as much as they did before. But they will drink as hard and swear as much as ever, and you would think, to see and hear them, that there was not any gospel in the land."

Mr. Alleine had listened somewhat impatiently, for it was time for him to visit the neighborhood, a little more than a mile distant, where he was to preach, and he made it a point on these occasions to call upon the people in their houses as far as possible, and invite personally those least disposed to come, to appear at the appointed place. In sending word abroad he was often aided by the willing service of quite a number of the people, and on this occasion he determined to engage his pupil in the task. Turning to the man to whom he had been listening, he asked him if he was willing to extend the invitation to his neighbors. He received a favorable answer, and the three, including young Manton, by different routes proceeded to their task. It was something new to

Joe. He had never looked English life in its rudest form so plainly in the face before. He entered here and there hovels, which seemed designed for beasts rather than men. Sometimes to his invitations he received kind, but sometimes surly answers. Here were a company of rude boys of his own age amusing themselves by encouraging a dog-fight, and when he spoke to them of a meeting, they rudely told him to stop and hear their preachers, who were more learned and witty than any he could scare up. He entered an ale-house, but it was crowded with a ragged and foul-mouthed crew, that reminded him of London on the jubilee for the king's return. Some few willingly, and others more reluctantly told him they would be on hand at the appointed place. That place was rude enough. It was a large room in an old tile-roofed, one-story house, which opened into a huge shed beneath a barn, that adjoined the dwelling. Already, it was deep twilight, and a motley group was gathering from different directions. The ale-house was well represented. The boys had come bringing their dogs with them, and not a few others like themselves whom they had met on the way. As Mr. Alleine's voice hushed

them into a somewhat respectful silence, the scene was almost ludicrous. Some were sitting on the floor, some on the naked earth of the shed. A few had contrived themselves benches of boards resting on blocks or stones. Here two or three were balanced on a plough-share, and there was a row ranged along the sides of a harrow. Two or three dim candles lighted up the scene. Rude faces and ragged coats predominated, and only here and there was to be seen a countenance which was marked by more than vulgar curiosity.

A hymn was sung, the voices of Mr. Alleine, of young Manton and a few others joining in it. A fervent prayer was offered and Mr. Alleine took for his text the words "Then all those virgins arose and trimmed their lamps." "Read that again," cried one of the crowd, "I guess they meant candles, for they need it." Upon this there was a general shout from the ruder portion of the audience. Unmoved by the interruption, Mr. Alleine said, "My friends, there is another kind of darkness than that of the night-time, and one for which candles like these will not serve. It is the darkness of a wicked heart. It makes your life gloomy, and it will grow blacker at death and



A Sermon to English Heathen.

England Two Hundred Years Ago.

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blacker forever. Jesus Christ is the true light for sinners. 'I am the light of the world,' he said. Have you ever found him? Have you ever walked in his light? Does it look dark to you when you think of dying? Have you ever thought what it must be to stand before God and be judged? Have you ever thought how much you have to answer for? How are your Sabbaths spent? How often do you pray? Have you never taken God's name in vain? What sort of a life is that which you spend in the ale-house, or at cock-fights, or in quarrels among yourselves? Do you think that you can go from such scenes into the presence of God and angels in heaven?"

"We're not such scamps as you take us to be," said one of the audience in a somewhat irritated tone. "Hold your tongue you rattler," said another to the one that offered the interruption. "We're a great deal worse than any thing he's said yet. Pity you couldn't have seen your picture last Monday morning when we wheeled you up dead drunk to your old hovel." "Let him go on, let him go on," cried several at once, and Mr. Alleine then proceeded. "You call yourselves Christians. You live in a Christian land.

You can read the Bible if you will." "Not a bit of it," said one. "You're square mistaken there," said another. "We han't got no Bible," said a third. "Brother Tim can spell it out a little," said a fourth, "but he makes Latin of it before he gets through."

"Well then," said Mr. Alleine, "let me tell you what the Bible says. You call yourselves Christians, do you not?" "Yes, yes," responded a dozen voices at once. "If you said we weren't I'd knock you down," added another in a somewhat fierce tone. "Keep your fists to yourself," exclaimed a third; "it is not decent to talk so to the gentleman. If there's any knocking down to do, I'm your man, you old heathen." "Quiet, quiet! my friends," said Mr. Alleine, "I want you to be Christians indeed. I want you to love and obey the Lord Jesus Christ who was holy and harmless. And, dear friends, look to it that every one of you that nameth the name of Christ, do depart from iniquity, secret as well as open, of the heart as well as the life. Let no man think that to make an outcry upon the wickedness of the times, and to be of the professing party, will serve his turn—many go to hell in the company of the

wise virgins.* It is not enough to be called Christians. Calling darkness light does not make it so. A black heart cannot be whitewashed with words.

“Beloved, I would that you should remember whither you are going. If a man be after a few months to be transported into another country, never to return more, he will send over what he can, and make the best provision that he may, against he comes into another country. Dear friends, you are strangers and pilgrims here, and have but a few months’ abode in this country. . . While you are here in this world, you are but like a merchant’s ship in a strange port: the day for your return is set, and you are to stay no longer than till your freight is ready. Be wise. Know your season. Improve your time. You are made or marred forever, as you speed in this one voyage. There is no returning again to this country to mend a bad market. God will call in all his talents. Time shall be no longer.

“How have you lived? Has God been in all your thoughts? Have you been preparing to meet him? Have you kept a holy light burning

* Alleine’s *Life and Correspondence*, 203.

in your soul waiting to hear his voice when he calls? The Lord bids me warn you to repent. Return, O sinner! What! will you run into everlasting burnings with your eyes open? Repent, O drunkards, or else you shall be shut out of the kingdom of heaven. Repent, O swearers, else you shall fall into condemnation. Repent, O liars; put away lying, and speak every man the truth with his neighbor, else you shall have your part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone. Repent, O company-keepers; forsake the foolish and live; but a companion of the wicked shall be destroyed. . . . The Lord that made us, knows my earnest desire for your conversion and salvation; and that I speak not this to you out of any evil will towards you, for I would lie at your feet to do you good, but out of a sense of your deplorable estate while you lie in your sins. I know there is mercy for you, if you do soundly repent and reform, and bow to the righteousness and government of the Lord Christ. But if you go on and say, you shall yet have peace, I pronounce unto you that there is no escape, but the Lord shall make his wrath to smoke against you.*

* *Alleine's Life and Correspondence*, 153.

“O that I could but learn that prayerless souls, the prayerless families among you, were now given to prayer, and that the profane were awakened like the wise virgins to trim their lamps. You want the light of God’s pardoning love in your hearts. That will be your lamp, and prayer will trim it. Is the lamp there yet? Is it trimmed and burning? Can you say, if the bridegroom comes, I am ready? Are you prepared to meet the Lord Jesus? Are you cleansed from sin? Will you not be made clean? When shall it once be? How long shall the patience of God wait for you? How long shall the Lord Jesus stretch out his hands toward you? O sinners, cast yourselves into his arms! Why should you die? Why will you forsake your own mercy? Will you perish when mercy woos you? Confess and forsake your sins, and you shall find mercy. Will you part with Christ, and sell your souls to perdition for a little ease and delight to your flesh; or a little of the gain of unrighteousness: or a little ale or vain mirth: or loose company? Why these are the things that part between sinners and Christ.*

* Alleine’s *Life and Correspondence*, 182.

“Do not think that you are safe in your sin. You cannot keep on in your sins and hope for heaven. ‘If you should pass by a sumptuous fabric, and a great lordship, and should lay claim to all as your inheritance, and please yourself with the hopes of enjoying all this, when you had nothing to show, no writing, no evidence to produce as a ground for any such hope, would not every one say, this was a piece of strange vanity and impudence? Much greater folly is it to promise ourselves a part in Paradise, and rest satisfied in a mere persuasion that we are the heirs of heaven, when we cannot prove our title from the book of God, nor produce from within ourselves the sure and certain marks of the children of God.* Multitudes perish by mistake and wake in hell, whilst they dreamt they were in heaven. The tempter is very subtile, and will surely deceive if he can. Your heart is deceitful above all things, and is willing to cheat you if it can. Therefore am I engaged so earnestly to call upon you, as one that watcheth for souls, to arise speedily and to set roundly to your work.’

“Go aside at some time, each of you by himself,

* *Alleine's Life and Correspondence*, 256.

away from the noise of the world, and say to yourself, 'O my soul, whither art thou going?' Do not I know in my very heart that I must be converted or condemned? That I must be sanctified, or can never be saved? O my soul, what seekest thou? What designs do I drive at? What is my chief care? Which way do I bend my course? Is it for this world, or for the world to come? Do I first seek the kingdom of heaven and the righteousness thereof? Do I think heaven will drop into my mouth? That glory and immortality will be gotten with a wet finger, with cold prayers, and heartless wishes, while the world carries the main of my heart? Do I think to be crowned and never fight? To get the race and never run? To enter the strait gate and never strive? To overcome principalities and powers and never wrestle? Oh no, my soul! Either lay by the hopes of heaven forever, or else rouse up thyself; either lay by thy worldly hopes, or thy hopes of immortality. Away with thy sins, or thou must let Christ go forever. Think not to have Christ and the world too; to serve God and mammon. It cannot be. O my friends, your souls are at stake; your everlasting salvation is concerned."

The speaker paused a moment. There was a deep and almost breathless silence. Every eye was fixed upon him, and many a tear betrayed the deep emotion excited by the pathos of his utterance as well as by the fervency of his appeals. He gazed over his audience, and then in a more subdued style added, "I came hither to speak to you, from love to your souls. No love of money moved me. Some of you I have never seen before, some I shall never see again on earth. But Jesus has sent me to you, and I want you to lay hold of his message. You need the light that his grace can kindle in your hearts. Dark clouds may come over you. Death may put out the lights of your homes. Sickness may make the noonday as the twilight. Pain and sorrow and anguish may darken your days, but more than all, the wrath of an offended God, if you do not seek his favor now, will be dreadful. Will you not flee to the loving arms of Jesus for refuge? Will you not by faith lay hold of these bright promises made to penitent sinners, every one of them a blazing light for your dim path? I have mercy to tell you of—atonement blood for sinners to tell you of; peace and pardon to tell you of; and the

heaven where all is rest and joy to tell you of. Will you not seek these? Will you still be prodigals, and not come back to your father's house? He is calling you; will you come? See his open arms. Hear his loving words. Oh, light and trim your lamps, and haste forth to meet him."

Many a strong frame was bowed down in emotion as the speaker closed his sermon. He had reached their consciences, and had touched their hearts. The occasion was one that some of them would never forget. He lingered awhile to converse with them, for more than one of their number had been powerfully awakened, and was ready to ask, what shall I do to be saved? With a few words of counsel, however, he took his leave, and in company with young Manton hastened back to Taunton. "I have dreaded the thought of becoming a preacher," said the youth, "and when I have imagined myself standing up before such a congregation as my father's in London, I have felt quite unmanned. But Mr. Alleine, if I could preach as you did to-night, and to such a people too, I would do it sooner than ride in the Lord Mayor's coach, or have all London do me honor."

"I have not preached to-night," said Mr. Al-

leine, "as I should have done. My heart reproaches me for not having been more earnest and more faithful. Perhaps I shall never see that group again. Dark times are coming over England, and it becomes every good man to work while it is day. Souls are perishing, and how few heed it! I might have staid at home, and spent a pleasant evening there, but how could I do it, when unconverted men are willing to hear the word? Joseph, you may live to see the day when England will need the harvest of the seed which we may not have long to sow. I feel as if my work was almost done. Letters from your father, and from the holy Mr. Baxter in London, tell me that there are dark designs afoot. No one can tell how soon our lips will be closed, and it will be made a crime to do what I have done to-night."

"Why, Mr. Alleine," said young Manton, "you do not believe they will venture to make laws which will turn the Presbyterians out of their pulpits, and forbid their preaching, do you?"

"Ah, Joseph," said Mr. Alleine, "little can we be assured against it. What pulled Charles I. from his throne and laid his head on the block?"

What overthrew the government, and scattered the House of Lords, and made Cromwell protector? Was it not the silencing of such men as Gouge, and Sibbs, and Palmer, and scores of others, some of whom were driven for refuge to Holland, and some to the American wilderness? Was it not such things as Laud and the bishops did that made the people mad, till they became reckless of the consequences, determined at least to have vengeance on their persecutors? And now all the wicked laws that I used to hear about when I was a boy are revived, and the acts of the Long Parliament by which they were repealed, have been set aside and declared null and void, and what is there to hinder my arrest for what I have done to-night, if there were complaint made of it to a bishop? And who can tell how much further God may suffer the rage of man to go? England's guilty account, I fear me much, is not settled yet." "It may be," and the words were whispered softly in the boy's ear—"it may be that God has given us a king in his anger, and it may be that you will be called to tread the path of such self-denial and hardship as England's best men saw thirty years ago, when brave Sir John Eliot

was rotting alive in prison, and the learned Selden was forced to recant, and the bishops could send the best preacher in the land to prison, and no questions asked. We do not deserve better days than those were, and I tremble lest they be even now at hand. And so there comes whispering in my ear a voice like this, 'work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work.'"

Young Manton was silent, but grave thoughts oppressed him. He could not help asking himself whether he could surrender all the prospects of ease and comfort which the world offered him, to labor among the outcast and the vile, and be accounted as the filth and offscouring of the earth. A struggle had been going on within him before, but there were new elements participating in it now. The native elasticity of his spirits gave way under the pressure, and in unbroken silence the two travelers pursued the remainder of their journey. As they crossed the bridge over the Thone, and ascended the path that led to Mr. Alleine's dwelling, each seemed too much burdened with thought to wish to speak. Manton's dreams that night were strangely confused. He

found himself walking with his father amid the scenes of the father's boyhood, and listening to his reminiscences and his counsels, and then he heard the voices of the rude rabble startling him, and then came visions of informers and bishops' courts and prison cells—but over all the confusion he seemed to hear a voice in sweetest tones exclaiming, "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me."

CHAPTER V.

**GEORGE FOX AND THE EXECUTION OF THE
REGICIDES.**

THE storm which Mr. Alleine sadly apprehended, was fast gathering. The new parliament (1661) was blindly zealous for royalty and Episcopacy. Lord Chancellor Hyde, now Lord Clarendon, on the opening of the session, told the two houses, "that there were a sort of patients in the kingdom, that deserved their utmost severity, and none of their lenity. These were the *seditions preachers*, who could not be contented to be dispensed with for their full obedience to some laws established, without reproaching and inveighing against those laws. . . . If you do not provide for the thorough quenching of these firebrands, kings, lords and commons shall be the meaner subjects, and the whole kingdom will be kindled in a general flame."

None could doubt to whom this language referred. It was "a home-thrust at the Presbyte-

rians.”* Some of their number had been induced to state what they considered necessary to be conceded, in order that they might be left unmolested in their parishes, or be comprehended within the established church.

But their propositions had been scouted, and they were charged with being presumptuous and impracticable for asking so much. It was evident that the disposition to favor them, in high places, was weaker than the purpose to exclude them from their pulpits. Their compliance was rather feared than desired.† The bishops, who for fifteen years had been excluded from Parliament, were recalled to their seats in the House of Lords. The king, who was secretly a Roman Catholic, was married to a Roman Catholic Princess, and Papists from the continent swarmed across the channel, and busied themselves in their proselyting work. No effort was spared to heap odium on the names and persons of puritans and republicans. With few exceptions, those who had sat as the late king’s judges, were marked for vengeance. The bodies of Cromwell, Bradshaw and Ireton were taken out of their graves and

* Neal, ii., 225.

† Neal, ii., 231.

drawn upon hurdles to Tyburn, where they were hung on gibbets, then beheaded, and buried in a pit beneath the gallows. The bodies also of Cromwell's mother, of the brave Admiral Blake, of the Rev. Dr. Twisse, and some twelve more were exhumed from their honored places of burial in Westminster Abbey, and Henry the Seventh's chapel, and thrown indiscriminately in a pit in St. Margaret's church-yard.

It was while these things were transacting, that three men from Lancashire, set out on a journey to London. They were all on horseback, and all of them were very plainly dressed. One of them clad in leather breeches, seemed to command the respect of the others, and directed their movements. Repeatedly they would pause on their way, lingering for one or two days at the house of a friend or acquaintance, and before they resumed their journey, news would be sent abroad through the neighboring country, and hundreds, and in some cases thousands of persons would peaceably assemble, and the man with the leather breeches, would address them in a very earnest and effective manner. Sometimes he spoke severely of the wickedness of the times, and en-

deavored to expose the folly of praying with a book or preaching for money, but he dissuaded from all violence, and urged his hearers to follow the unresisting example of their great Master. Then he would resume his journey, and again a similar scene would take place in some other neighborhood. Sometimes he was disturbed by the clamors of rude men, who threatened to break up the meetings, but in nearly every instance, his words produced so powerful an effect, that every voice but his own was hushed, and a deep concern settled down upon the minds of many of his hearers.

The speaker was the celebrated George Fox, the founder of the Quakers, and his two companions were Richard Hubberthom and Robert Withers. Fox himself had been arrested for holding unlawful assemblies, and had been thrown into Lancashire jail. His faithful friend, Margaret Fell, had presented his case to the king, who had given orders that the prisoner should be sent to London, in order that his case might be examined by the proper judges, and that if he was found innocent, he might be released. The sheriff hesitated to obey. He demanded of the prisoner a bond for

the payment of the expenses of the journey. Fox refused to give it. It was then purposed to send him under a cavalry escort, but it was found that this could be done only at too great a charge. Even if he was to be guarded only by the jailer and the bailiffs, the expense would be considerable. He was therefore told that if he would put in bail to be in London on a certain day of the term, he should have leave to go up with some of his friends. "I will not put in bail," was his prompt reply, "nor will I give the jailer so much as a single piece of silver; for I am an innocent man. You have brought a false charge against me and imprisoned me unlawfully. Nevertheless, if you will let me go up with one or two of my friends to bear me company, I may engage to be in London on a certain day, if the Lord permit; and if you desire it, I or my friends will carry up also your charge against myself."*

The offer was accepted, and the officers released the prisoner, on his own promise to present himself before the London Judges. In about two weeks, accompanied by his two friends, the prisoner reached London. On the 14th of October

* Fox's Journal, i. 514.

as they came in sight of Charing Cross—or rather the place where it had once stood—they saw before them, extending for several blocks along the Strand, great crowds of people. Every window was full, and from the house-tops hundreds were gazing down upon the scene. Some few were shouting almost like madmen. Others had been drinking the king's health till they were unable to walk erect. The great mass however were quiet, and on the faces of not a few there was a deep solemnity. A regiment of soldiers was stationed in such a manner as to keep back the multitude from pressing forward too closely upon a procession which was steadily approaching up the Strand, and which for nearly an hour had been slowly making its way from Newgate to Charing Cross.

It was toward the procession itself that all eyes were directed. At the head of it, were several officers, behind whom were drawn two sledges. On each of these was a prisoner fastened by a chain to the sledge on which he was seated. The foremost one bore no less a person than Mr. John Coke, late Chief Justice of Ireland under Cromwell, and previously, solicitor of the court on the trial of Charles I. Seated on the second, was the cele-

brated Hugh Peters, now sixty-one years of age, who thirty-four years before had been thrown into prison for praying in an obnoxious manner that the Roman Catholic Queen of Charles I. "might not perish in the day of Christ." Since then he had been an exile at Rotterdam in Holland; he had crossed the ocean and been for nearly ten years pastor of the church at Salem, Mass.; he had returned to England and held a trusted position under Cromwell, lending his sanction to the execution of Charles I. His extravagant zeal and the dislike felt toward him by the Presbyterians for his ultra republican as well as his too tolerant views, left him fully exposed to the vengeance of the court. On the 13th of October he was arraigned on the charge of high-treason. No overt act could be proved against him, but he was sentenced to death, for "the court was fully resolved on his execution." On the following day he preached to his friends and fellow-prisoners in Newgate, from the text "Why art thou cast down O my soul? &c." At first despondent, he became more courageous as the time of his execution approached. As he went forth to take his place on the sledge, he said to his friends with perfect com-

posure and even cheerfulness, "I thank God, now I can die. I can look death in the face and not be afraid."

Yet nothing was spared to daunt his spirit and overwhelm him with terror. On the sledge that bore the Chief Justice, the head of Major-General Harrison, who had been executed on the day that Peters was sentenced, had been fixed, with the face uncovered and directed backward toward him, so as to meet his gaze whenever he raised his eyes. Even the rude populace resented such barbarity, and gave free expression to their detestation of such usage. Judge Coke was first executed. His last words were indicative of his heroic spirit. He thanked God that he had a clear conscience, and the effect of his "surprising resolution," was not lost upon the spectators. Peters was at first more timid. He witnessed the execution of his companion, and it is not strange that he was moved, as he saw the barbarity with which he was beheaded, disemboweled and cut in quarters. His turn now came, and he addressed the audience in a bold vindication of his course. So far from repenting of what he had done, he declared that he was most ready to seal it with his blood. Some

person rudely interrupted him, upbraiding him with the death of the king,* and charging him to repent. "Friend," he replied, "you do not well to trample on the feelings of a dying man. You are greatly mistaken. I had nothing to do in the death of the king." The sheriff interfered; and Peters made a somewhat similar reply, adding that he was put to death for demanding justice.

The executioner, besmeared all over with blood, and rubbing his bloody hands together, approached as he was commanded in order to lead the prisoner where he might be shown the mangled remains of his fellow-victim. "How do you like this? Mr. Peters," exclaimed he; "how do you like this work?" "I thank God," was the calm reply; "I am not terrified at it. You may do your worst."

As he stepped forward to take his place, he gave to a friend a piece of gold for his daughter, which she was to preserve as a token of affection. He sent her word at the same time, "that his heart was as full of comfort as it could be, and that before that piece should come into her hands, he should be with God in glory." As he mounted

* Brooks' *Puritans*, iii. 365, Ludlow's *Memoirs*, 368, Neal, ii. 219.

the ladder, he turned to the sheriff, and said; "Sir, you have here slain one of the servants of God before mine eyes, and have made me behold it, on purpose to terrify and discourage me; but God hath ordered it for my strengthening and encouragement." His last words were, "He is come whom I have long looked for, and I shall be with him in glory."

The entrails of the victims were then scraped together and thrown upon the pile of fagots which had just been kindled beneath the gibbet. The three Quakers, whose further progress was arrested by the crowd, stood and gazed upon the scene. Two of the most obnoxious of the king's subjects had thus been brought together on the memorable spot where six years before Fox had himself been held a prisoner. He was a prisoner still, and he had just now witnessed the closing act in the life of one who was as zealous as himself against all religious intolerance. He had no desire to witness the repetition of such scenes. But day after day such tragedies were repeated, and the Quaker preacher had reason to feel already how little chance his suit had for a favorable issue.

He hastened to his lodgings as the multitude dispersed. Early the next morning, he proceeded to Judge Mallet's chamber, to learn when it was the pleasure of the court that he should appear. The judge was just putting on his gown preparatory to taking his place on the bench for the trial of others of the king's judges. He was in no complacent mood. His horrid work had rendered him "very peevish and froward,"* and he told the Quaker not to trouble him then but to come at some other time.

Again George Fox presented himself. Squire Marsh, one of the bed-chamber to the king, accompanied him. They found Foster, the Lord Chief Justice of England, with Mallet in his chamber. Fox presented them the charge drawn up against himself. The judges took it and read it. As they came to the words "The prisoner and his friends are embroiling the nation in blood," they struck their hands on the table. "I am the man," said Fox, "against whom the charge is brought, but I am as innocent of it as a new-born child. I have brought it up myself, and some of my

* Fox's *Journal*, i. 515.

friends have come up with me, without any guard."

To this no reply was made, but Mallet looking up, saw that the Quaker still wore his hat. "What," said he, "do you stand with your hat on?" "I do," was his reply, "but not out of contempt." "Take off his hat," said the judge to one of the officers that stood by. He then called for the marshal of the king's bench, and pointing to Fox, said, "You must take this man and secure him, but you must let him have a chamber, and not put him among the prisoners."

"My lord," said the marshal, "I have no chamber to put him into. My house is so full that I cannot tell where to provide for him but amongst the prisoners."

"Nay," said the judge, "you must not put him among the prisoners." The marshal still insisted that he had no other place for him. Then the Chief Justice, turning to Fox, said, "Will you appear to-morrow, about ten of the clock, at the king's bench bar in Westminster hall?"

"Yes," said Fox, "I will, if the Lord gives me strength."

Mallet hesitated at Foster's proposition. "If

he says 'yes,' and promises it," replied the Chief Justice, "you may take his word."

The prisoner was then dismissed. The next day he appeared.

The king had promised that he would give the judges an order for his discharge. The judges were satisfied of his innocence, and within a short time he was set at liberty. But throughout the kingdom, hundreds of Quakers were still in prison, and Fox could not leave London without making an effort in their behalf. The king had too much sense, notwithstanding his indifference to law or justice, to desire that subjects as inoffensive as the Quakers had proved themselves to be, should be exposed to needless suffering, and an instrument, it is said, was drawn up, and only waited the royal signature, when an event occurred which excited anew a tide of prejudice, by which the rights of Quakers and Presbyterians were alike overwhelmed.

The executions of the regicides were scarcely over, when the enthusiasts known as fifth monarchy men, arose in insurrection. They would acknowledge no authority but that of King Jesus. Heated by the fanatic appeals of their leader,

Thomas Venner, a wine-cooper, who had been as embittered against Cromwell, as he now was against the king, his followers were prepared to offer open resistance to the laws. To introduce their imaginary kingdom, they (Jan. 6, 1660-1) marched out of their meeting-house on the Lord's day morning, resolved to subvert the government, or die in their attempt. Nothing could exceed the madness of their project. They numbered at the outset, only about fifty well-armed men. A declaration of their design had been previously drawn up. It was now published in conspicuous places where sentinels were stationed to guard it. The train-bands of the city, sent by the mayor to disperse them, were quickly routed. Retiring for the night to a short distance from the city, they returned on Wednesday morning, and in Thread-needle street dispersed a party of the king's soldiers, and again routed the train-bands, and some of the horse-guards. But already the force of the insurrection had spent itself. Several of the insurgents had been slain or wounded, and among the latter was Venner himself. Forced to retreat, and receiving no new support or countenance, they

were at length compelled to surrender, having already lost nearly half their number.*

Nothing could have occurred more opportune to the designs of the court party, who wished to break through the royal declaration of indulgence. It was resolved to take summary vengeance. Venner and one of his officers were hung before the meeting-house door in Coleman street, and several others were executed in different parts of the city. The Duke of York insisted that such an insurrection could have resulted only from a deeply laid conspiracy, and carried in the council a measure to suspend the disbanding of Monk's Regiment. Proclamations were issued against the meetings of Anabaptists, Quakers, and fifth monarchy men, unless in parochial churches or chapels, or in private houses by the occupants thereof.

The alarm went abroad. The danger, which was really insignificant, was magnified by report. Popular prejudice was aroused, and the innocent suffered with the guilty. The mob everywhere understood only too well the policy and the disposition of the court. The king's declaration of indulgence, issued at Breda, had promised that no

* Neal, ii. 226.

peaceable man should be molested purely for religion. Yet the ruder class paid little respect to the declaration, and there was no official zeal in high quarters to secure its observance. The Baptists suffered severely. Hansard Knollys was one of the first victims. That fervent preacher Vavasor Powell, was seized in his house by a company of soldiers, and carried off to prison. John Bunyan was apprehended, refused bail, and indicted for "devilishly and perniciously abstaining from coming to church to hear divine service, &c." Sixty dissenters were imprisoned along with him. Four hundred persons were committed to Newgate, and great numbers to other prisons in London.

The Presbyterians, although no measures had been taken against them specifically or by name, were not exempt from hardship. They were insulted by the mob in the streets. While engaged in family worship, they were disturbed in their dwellings. Their songs of praise were interrupted by the blowing of horns, or the throwing of stones at the windows. The time had come when they must be prepared to defend their principles, or tamely surrender them. They had reasons for their course, and they felt that in self-vindication,

and from duty to God and their fellow-men they should make them known. To the steady progress of the policy which was encroaching upon their rights and privileges, and which only waited the occasion to deal with them as with Quakers and Baptists, with whom they were even now classed, they could no longer be blind. It was not enough that Milton's defense of the English people against Salmasius, or his answer to the "Portraiture of his Sacred Majesty," as well as the "National Covenant," had been burned by the hands of the common hangman. It was not enough that John Goodwin's "Obstructors of Justice" had shared the same fate, and that both authors had been forced to abscond. They had shared the guilt of the regicides, and had provoked the vengeance which was now upon their track. But the Quakers had offered no provocation. The Presbyterians had been loyal, and had only passively submitted to Cromwell. Yet they were now to be covered with a common odium. Priests from Douay might appear openly, where a Presbyterian or an Independent might not venture. The former might threaten the latter, and no notice be taken of it. It was becoming quite evident that what-

ever disposition might have existed to favor those who scrupled at some of the rites and ceremonies of the English church, there was a fixed purpose ever growing and strengthening to crush them utterly. Dr. Stillingfleet's plea in their favor was a noble protest for a compromise of differences, but the views it urged were shared by few persons in posts of authority.

CHAPTER VI.

A LONDON LETTER.

IN few places in England were the public events of the time more carefully noted, or more anxiously canvassed, than at Mr. Alleine's school at Taunton. The boys who were gathered there had come from distant places and different counties, and each was eager to hear what was taking place not only in the region in which he was acquainted, but in other parts of the kingdom, and especially in London. Letters from home thus supplied the place of public journals, and the whole school expected to share in the intelligence which each pupil had to communicate.

The letters which Joe Manton received from London were especially welcome. Among his correspondents was a former play-fellow, Richard Brandon by name. His father had been one of Cromwell's adherents down to the time of the Rump Parliament, but after this he had regarded

him with suspicion and disgust. A friend of Ludlow and Harrison, he had no sympathies in favor of monarchy, and yet he could not endure a tyrant, he said, under the name of Lord Protector, the title given to Cromwell.

His son Richard was a quick-witted boy, more given to pleasure than to serious pursuits, and withal a keen observer of what came under his eye. There was not a public execution that he did not attend. There was not a holiday procession that he did not witness. Young Manton had often had his sedateness tried by Dick's boyish pranks and mischief, but he prized him still for his kindly feelings, and shared with him his contempt for all that was simply mean or vicious.

Richard's recent letter to young Manton gave him a picture of what was taking place in London. It stated the main facts about the trial of the regicides, Venner's insurrection, and the favor shown by the king to George Fox, but it told also of the sayings and doings of the court. "A queer king we have at last," it said, "as I am sure you would confess if you were here to see and hear what he does. He seems to want nothing but just to get rid of all business and have as much money as he

can spend. You would have laughed to see Alderman Long's face when some one read to him in the Guildhall, the king's speech to his Parliament soon after he came over. 'I am so confident,' said he, 'of your affection, that I will not move you in anything that immediately relates to myself. And yet I must tell you, that I am not richer, that is, I have not so much money in my purse, as when I came to you. The truth is, I have lived principally ever since, upon what I brought with me, which was indeed your money, for you sent it to me, and I thank you for it. Nor have I been able to give my brothers one shilling since I came to England, nor to keep any table in my house, but what I eat at myself. And that which troubles me most is, to see many of you come to me at Whitehall, and to think you must go somewhere else to seek your dinner. I do not mention this to you as anything that troubles me; do but take care of the public.' Such a shout as there was among the aldermen when this was read you never heard; but Alderman Long sat as demure as could be, and looked grum enough to have eaten up the speech, paper and all.

"It has got so now that when the king is going

to make a speech, everybody expects some fun. He is always full of sly humor. He told the Parliament on another occasion that 'when God brought him hither, he brought with him an extraordinary affection and esteem for Parliaments, when everybody knows that all his care for them is to get money out of them, and use them to kill off the regicides. Some of them thought that he did not care much after all for the prayer-book, and that he was rather cool about putting the Presbyterians in the same box with the Quakers, and so a few days ago he told them 'Gentlemen, I hear you are very zealous for the church, and very solicitous and even jealous, that there is not expedition enough used in that affair. But I must tell you I have the worst luck in the world, if, after all the reproaches of being a Papist while I was abroad, I am suspected of being a Presbyterian now I am come home. I know you will not take it unkindly, if I tell you that I am as zealous for the church of England, as any of you can be, and am enough acquainted with the enemies of it on all sides; that I am as much in love with the book of common prayer as you can wish, and have prejudice enough to those who do not love

it, who I hope in time will be better informed, and change their minds; and you may be confident I do as much desire to see an uniformity settled as any amongst you. I pray trust me in that affair. I promise to hasten the despatch of it with all convenient speed. You may rely upon me in it. *

“You cannot tell, they say, when he talks, whether he is in earnest or not. He is all the time drinking, or poking fun at somebody. The other night he was with a company at the pleasure gardens, and before they quit the place, (it was after midnight,) he was so happy (they had been drinking healths which he had forbidden by proclamation) that he shouted and sang all the way back to Whitehall, and the officers would have arrested the whole party, if they had not seen the king’s carriage among the rest. At the council-board, when they discuss the affairs of the nation, they say the king yawns and gapes, and declares it’s awful dull business. Lord Clarendon is the great man now. The king leaves all to him, and people say that he can’t forget his exile for so many years, and that he means to be revenged for

* Rapin, ii. 628.

it on the Presbyterians. He can be revenged if he chooses, for everybody is ready to do what he says, and when he lays anything before the king, the king replies, 'Don't trouble me with it, you'd better give me some money and send me back to Breda.'

"So you see what sort of times we're having here in London. Everybody thinks that if he can only get hold of a fifth monarchy man, a Baptist, a Quaker or a Presbyterian, and haul him up before a justice and send him off to prison, he is sure of his fortune. The soldiers are at the business all the time. They don't want any warrants. Only the other day, they took up Tom Ellwood for writing a letter to Thomas Loe, and clapt him in prison for it. Newgate is full, and they don't know what to do with the prisoners. I saw George Fox the other day, and I heard one of the men that goes about with him say that they should shortly start for Land's End and then come back by way of Somersetshire. So you may have a chance to hear him at Taunton. He won't take off his hat to anybody, and the priests, as he calls them, are all afraid of him. He has a voice loud enough to preach to all London at once, and

when he gets up to speak, you'd think the lightning was going to shoot out of his eyes. But I can't make out what he says, only that everybody else is wrong, and he is right.

"I suppose you are thinking of becoming a minister like your father. But I tell you, you won't catch me at that. I had rather be a brick-layer. The way now is to cry up the prayer-book and bishops, and cry down Puritans and Round-heads. You ought to see how men that used to be very pious will swear now, and as to drinking, it's all the fashion. If I ever preach, I want a bishop's carriage to ride to church in, and a bishop's palace to live in. In my way of thinking, there won't be much use for Presbyterian ministers a great while longer.

"I should like very much to be with you now and then at Taunton, to row with you on the river, or join you at a game of ball. I get tired sometimes of London brick and mortar. But then it don't generally last long. Father talked some of going away across the ocean to settle in New England, but the other day he heard George Fox telling how they had persecuted the Quakers at Boston, and he says that if they do that, New England is

not the place for him. So I suppose I shall always live in London. I am learning the printer's trade, but I hate it, and don't believe I shall stick to it long. When are you coming home? I would like to see you very much. I could talk to you and tell you news all the day long. And we are having newer news every day. Nobody knows what is coming next, but the mob talk of cleaning out Quakers' meeting-houses and giving the Presbyterians a visit. But I must close now.

“Your old friend,

“RICHARD BRANDON.”

The letter was read aloud by Joe Manton to a group of boys who gathered round him to hear it. Eager discussion followed, in which the sympathies of each speaker were quite plainly, although somewhat guardedly expressed. Joe handed the letter to Mr. Alleine, for he too was interested in the news that reached him through the letters addressed to his pupils. He found that the facts which a London printer-boy noted were significant of the spirit, which from other sources, he had now learned was rife throughout the Kingdom. Even in the streets of Taunton threats had been overheard, of violence toward Mr. Alleine and

his school, and although there was no immediate danger, he could not but fear the issue of events.

It was at the close of a day in the spring of 1661, that the letter to Manton was put into Mr. Alleine's hand. A cloud gathered upon his brow as he read it. He was that evening to visit a small hamlet a few miles from Taunton, and preach to a little company who assembled once each month to hear him. He went, but with a burden on his spirits. Never before had he entertained any apprehensions of personal danger, but the news of Venner's insurrection and the violent outburst in London and its vicinity, had gone abroad, and roused into activity a lawless spirit. As he stood before the little group, and his spirit was kindled to fervor in the utterance of his earnest appeals, he forgot all personal apprehension, and felt that he had his reward in the deep attention and evident feeling of those who hung upon his lips. Still he could not but note among his hearers some who were evidently bent on mischief—some whom he had never met there before. Their winks and whispers ceased as he progressed in his discourse, and when he closed there was a deep silence.

But on his return, accompanied by two of his

pupils, he found that he was followed, evidently by persons who intended him no good. Coarse and obscene songs were sung, plainly intended for his ear, and at length they were responded to by voices in advance of him upon the road. As he advanced he found that he must confront the party before him. The boys were greatly alarmed. "What shall we do, Mr. Alleine?" they asked. "Had we not better creep under the hedge and hidé there?" Mr. Alleine told them not to fear but keep close by his side. Each boy took his hand and they advanced along the road. At length just before them, they saw the outline of four men, one of them evidently reeling with drunkenness. "Here we are," cried one, "and we want you to hold a meeting with us, Parson Alleine." Meanwhile the men who had followed Mr. Alleine came up, shouting, "give us a sermon; let us have a dispensation of the word. We've got the spirit for you in our bottles; you must begin by drinking to the health of the king, who will soon finish up your Presbyterian heresies."

Upon this one came forward and offered him a bottle, telling him to prove his loyalty. "I do

not need to drink to prove my loyalty," replied Mr. Alleine, "but if you will *hear* me, I *will* preach you a sermon." "Strip off your coat," shouted one of the men, "we want to dress it for you so that you won't need a surplice." "No, let him alone," said another, "let's have the sermon first. I'll give him a text, 'Be not righteous over much.' Come, speak away, man."

Mr. Alleine did not hesitate to accept the invitation. "Take your places before me," said he, "and you shall have the sermon. But tell me first, is it not a righteous thing to preach the gospel?" Some were for denying it, but the majority, fearing to say no, lest he should make it an excuse for not preaching, agreed that it was. "More than one of you I believe have heard me preach this evening; is it not so?" "Reckon we did, old chap," was the reply. "Did I say anything disloyal, or did I meddle with politics?" he asked. "What has that to do with your sermon now?" asked one of the party. "Come, stick to your text." "I want you to tell me, if preaching the gospel is a righteous thing, what it is to be over righteous?" "Well, I think we'd better own up now," said one, "you've got us fair

this time. It is just preaching too much, and two sermons in one evening is just overdoing the matter. We'd better let him go," he added, turning to his companions, who began to see the new bearing of the text, and their own inconsistency.

"Not yet, not yet," said Mr. Alleine, "I have a sermon for you, and I want you to hear it. Is it righteous overmuch to break off from your wickedness, to be industrious and sober men? Is it righteous overmuch to fear God and honor the king? Is it righteous overmuch to pray to him in whose hand your breath is, not to cut you off in your wickedness, and summon you in all your sins to stand before him? Has not Christ said, Except your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven? If one of you was on his death-bed now, would he feel that he was righteous enough to be saved? Ah, my friends, you and I want a righteousness that no tears and regrets of ours can buy, we need the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, or the great Judge will say, 'Depart, ye cursed.'"

"There now, shut up; we've got enough," exclaimed one of the rougher characters of the

party. "We want your coat we tell you; we want to make an elegant surplice out of it. We can turn it so as to make you a pattern of a conformist in less than no time." But Mr. Alleine's words had taken hold of the hearts of some of his hearers, and they were averse to violence. After a conference in whispers, it was agreed among the party to let Mr. Alleine go, not however without remonstrance on the part of two men, both of them considerably intoxicated. Their opposition however was overruled, and the leader of the party, turning to Mr. Alleine, said in a calm tone, "We are not robbers, Mr. Alleine, and we shall not harm you, but you had better stop keeping conventicles about in these parts. You Presbyterians have had your day, and you cut down our May-poles, and you shut up our ale shops, and made Sunday like the day of judgment, and you made Christmas as dry as crusts and withered mullens, and now the king has come back, we mean to change it all. We're up now and you are down, or like to be soon, and we mean to keep you down. So you be careful how you wander abroad at night outside of Taunton, feeding hard working people on the dry crusts of the law and

the crumbs of the gospel. For the time may come, when you will not get off so easy as you do now."

"One word before I go," said Mr. Alleine. "No, not a word," replied the leader of the party. "In my Master's name, I must speak," said Mr. Alleine. "Will you, can you deny the precious words of Christ to souls that welcome them, as those did whom some of you saw this evening melted to tears? Would you silence that message which makes their hearts glad, which makes the drunken sober, and which turns the scene of riot and revel into a quiet home? Beware, Oh beware what you do! I would meet hundreds of you on the dark road, sooner than out of fear turn away from those who ask to know the way of salvation. I beg of you not to scorn the words you have heard to-night."

Mr. Alleine's reply was listened to in silence, and he and his two youthful companions passed on their way. He was already near the gate of the grounds about his dwelling, when a voice was heard calling him by name. He stood still, and soon by the feeble light of the moon, a form was seen approaching. "I am one of those, Mr. Al-

leine," said the speaker, a man of tall and athletic frame, "who met and abused you on the road, but I have hasted on to ask your pardon and to tell you that I was among them only to keep them from mischief. They wanted to turn your coat inside out, and plaster it with clay, and then putting it on you, send you home in wretched plight. I was determined they should not do it. I had joined them in their plan two or three weeks ago, but when I heard your sermon to-night, my heart was melted. I dared not injure you. You spoke the truth. I felt every word of it. I felt that I wanted you to pray for me who have been so wicked. I hope you will do it, though I have no right to ask you."

"No right!" exclaimed Mr. Alleine, "you have the right, for I owe you the love that Jesus has shown both for you and me. He died to save sinners, and you may go to him with more confidence than you came to me."

"Another time, Mr. Alleine," said the stranger, "I should like to hear more, but I must meet my companions, before they break up for the night, or they will suspect me. Preach just as much, and just where you like in these regions, and you need

not fear. I will be one of your hearers, and I will protect you. Only I must do it as I did to-night. I made the application of your text, as you did not intend perhaps, just on purpose to put the fellows in good nature, and get a chance to help you clear. But I must go now. Preach on. Don't be afraid. Good night." And without waiting for any reply, the stranger disappeared.

Mr. Alleine returned to his dwelling. His wife was sitting up patiently awaiting his coming. "You are late to-night," said she, as he entered the door. His tardiness was soon explained, but there was still a cloud on his usually cheerful brow. "My dear," said he, after a pause of sad thoughtfulness, "God has been very good to us; I believe he will be to the end; but there is a storm gathering over England, and I fear me much, it will sweep down many a tall cedar in the garden of the Lord."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Alleine, "but God you know can raise up new cedars, and he can create new Lebanons, if it is necessary, so that we need not be distressed."

"True, true," said Mr. Alleine, thoughtfully, "but I love my work, and I fear that the day of

privilege is drawing already toward its evening. I thought Cromwell a tyrant, but he did not shut the mouths of godly preachers. I feel a foreboding that those days are at hand when it will be no cheap or easy thing to preach the Gospel. That London letter to young Manton tells too truly what we have to fear from a king that we may have asked in our folly, and that God may have given us in his wrath. What would you think of leaving old for New England, and seeking a home beyond the ocean in that wilderness where so many of our brethren have gone?"

"What would I think?" replied Mrs. Alleine, "I would think it honorable and blessed, if duty called to it. I have thought of it as possible many a time during these last five years that have been to us so peaceful and happy. It seemed to me that the sky was too bright and the world too beautiful to last. Our journey has been through smooth paths. We have read and prayed and toiled together, and God has blessed you, and in blessing you he has blessed me. Our lot has been indeed an Eden hitherto. What if thorns and briars should spring up in our path? Shall we not welcome what the Father sends? Husband,

“I am ready to go with you across the ocean—with you to the ends of the earth—wherever providence and duty call.”

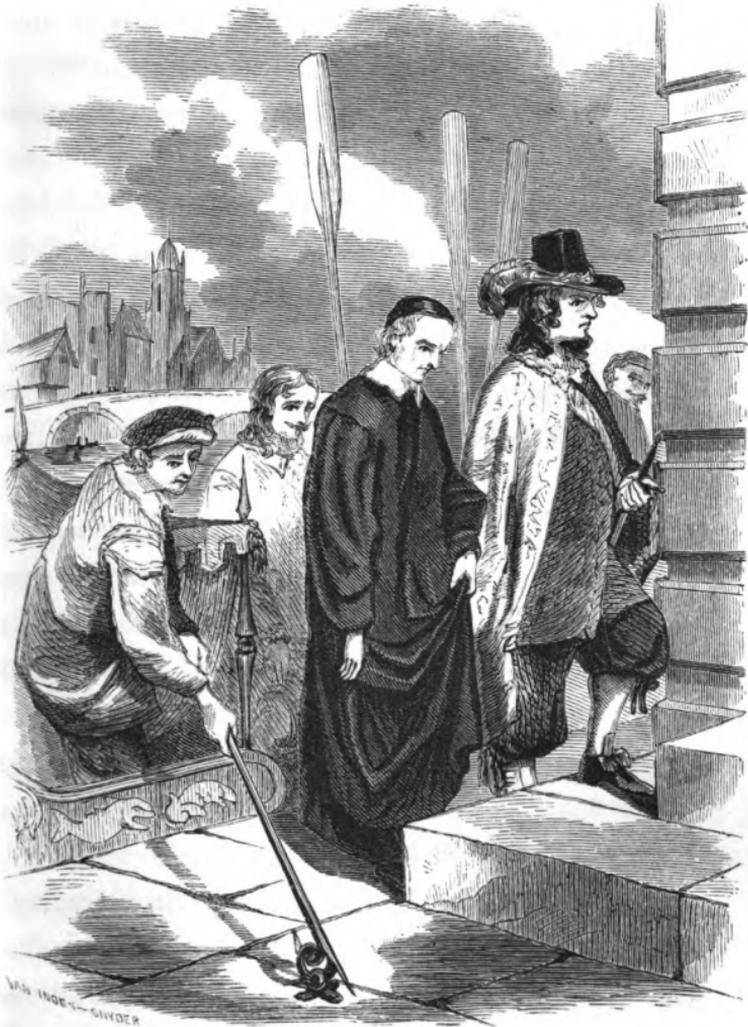
It was bravely, sweetly, tenderly spoken. Mr. Alleine thanked God for a spirit so kindred to his own. That spirit was however not to be tried by stormy ocean voyages like that of the eagle wing, nor by such trials and hardships as those amid which the memory of Lady Arabella Johnson was canonized for after ages. Old England was not to lose the perfume, the last perfume of that crushed flower that was blooming now so sweetly amid the shades of Taunton.

CHAPTER VII.

CLARENDON'S PLANS.

ON a beautiful afternoon in the early spring of 1662, a visitor in London might have seen, as he stood on the banks of the Thames near Old Palace Yard, two men, evidently of high rank, alighting from their carriage, and entering a gilded barge which had been in waiting for them. The barge, well manned, speedily bore them across the river, and landed them at Lambeth Stairs, near the entrance of Lambeth Palace. They mounted the stairs, and were soon ushered into the interior of the venerable pile, whose rugged yet imposing exterior spoke of the centuries long past, when its huge blocks were piled.

One of the men was dressed in courtliest style, his long locks parted in front falling in ringlets over his laced collar, while his richly embroidered cloak indicated the taste as well as the wealth of its owner. His bearing was lordly, not to say



Lord Clarendon and the Bishop of London at Lambeth Stairs.
England Two Hundred Years Ago.

haughty. His projecting eyebrows and somewhat retreating forehead seemed to indicate that his strength lay rather in craft than in logic or a comprehensive policy, while the lower part of his face, with its small mouth and double chin would have left a far from favorable impression, but for his keen hazel eye, which seemed to read the thoughts of others at a glance. His age at this time was a little over fifty years, but his brow was still unwrinkled and bore no trace of an exile's care. His companion was somewhat older, more prepossessing and intellectual in his aspect, and his robes betrayed his ecclesiastical rank. The former was the favorite of the king, the virtual prime minister of England, Edward Hyde, recently ennobled as Lord Clarendon; the latter was Gilbert Sheldon, Bishop of London, within a few months destined as Archbishop to occupy the post of Primate of England.

Neither of these men could be regarded by the Puritans with favor or confidence. Sheldon had suffered for years for his loyalty to Charles I., having lost his position in one of the universities. Clarendon had been an exile, while the control of the nation had fallen into the hands of men with

whom for a short time he had been associated in the reform measures of the Long Parliament, but whom he had first abandoned, and then attempted to crush. His services and his sufferings were now rewarded with the highest honors which his royal master could confer, and to his hand royal indolence had well nigh abandoned the helm of state.

The two men were ushered into a large and lofty hall, on the walls of which hung fresh portraits of some of the Archbishops of Canterbury, the most conspicuous and memorable among them being that of Laud. In a large easy chair, drawn close to a table covered with papers, sat an aged man, whom the burdens of four-score years had but slightly bowed, and whose graceful manners and genial smile indicated if not a humane and kindly spirit, at least the perfection of courtliness. As his visitors entered he rose to greet them, and received in return the tokens of respect due alike to his age and station. Lord Clarendon and Bishop Sheldon entered at once into an earnest conference with Juxon, Archbishop of Canterbury.

“Your grace knows,” said Lord Clarendon,

“that his Majesty not long since informed the two houses of Parliament, that the difficulties concerning settling religion in this kingdom, were too hard for him,* and that he enjoined them to attend to the matter with prudence and deliberation. I have brought with me his grace, your brother of London, in order that we may consult together what measures to recommend to the Lords and Commons.”

“I am happy, my Lord,” replied the Archbishop, “to see you on this business, but you must not expect much aid from me. My feebleness is unequal to suggesting the wisest policy to be pursued. I had supposed that something would be done to secure a comprehension, and that the scruples of the Presbyterians would have been so far considered, that large numbers of them would have heartily conformed. But it seems that they are asking too much.”

“True, your grace,” said Lord Clarendon, “and I think it one of the most politic moves that has yet been made, that they were induced to set forth all their claims at once. I directed myself that they should be encouraged to do so, but

* Rapin, ii. 627.

they even exceeded my anticipations, and have shown that no reasonable man could think for a moment of acceding to their requests."

"A wise move indeed, my Lord," interrupted Sheldon. "Mr. Baxter's parody of a liturgy is enough to disgust all true churchmen. I fear, if he had sense enough to keep still, our task would have been much more difficult than it is. If the Presbyterians were to have their way, or their wishes, as indicated by the results of their conference, I apprehend, my Lord of Canterbury, that neither you nor I would wear our honors long."

"Not long," replied the Archbishop, "not long shall I wear mine at least, and perhaps my nearness to that world where mitres and crowns are worthless except to cast at the feet of Him that sitteth upon the throne, confirms me not a little in my indisposition to use harsh measures. Surely you would not make Mr. Baxter a standard for all the Presbyterians. Doctor Manton, Doctor Reynolds and many others have a most peaceable and moderate spirit, and I think that with some little forbearance, they might be induced to conform."

"We do not want them to conform," answered

Sheldon, with some little warmth. "They have persecuted the church. They preached the nation into fanaticism. They laid the egg that was hatched by the fierce passions of the nation into the tyranny of the protectorate. I do not forget the sequestration work and records, and I am sure your grace cherishes the memories of those martyrs of the church, his late Majesty and your venerable predecessor in the Primacy of England, whom they and their willing tools sent to the block."

"True indeed," said the Archbishop; "I do cherish their memories, and I suffered willingly for them; but I think it wise not to tear open old sores, and I think that my predecessor, Archbishop Laud, if he had been spared till now, would have become more mild in his measures. I do not respect him the less that he erred, as I judge, in some points. Will it not tend to exasperate if we are too severe in excluding the moderate Presbyterians? As to the Independents of the stamp of Hugh Peters, I fully agree with you, that no measures could be too harsh that would keep them out."

"But are not a large share of the Presbyterians

of much the same stamp with Peters?" asked Sheldon. "And are they not still holding their places in the church, while contemning its canons, and using only a mangled liturgy? They are at heart hostile to us, and their places ought to be vacated and filled with better men. There are scores, yea, hundreds, I doubt not, that are kept out of benefices, by these men who have intruded where they do not belong. The sooner we are rid of them the better."

"But the King's promise of indulgence stands in the way. How would you be rid of them?" asked the Archbishop.

"Nothing easier in the world," replied Sheldon; "impose upon them terms of conformity to which they will not submit."

"Then you think them honest and conscientious enough not to take a false oath, or submit to a hypocritical conformity, do you?" asked the Archbishop.

"No doubt many of them are honest in their error," replied Sheldon, "and their stubbornness will make up what is lacking in honesty. They seem to think, some of them at least, that they can make their own terms."

“Let me suggest to your Grace,” interposed Lord Clarendon, who had hitherto listened in silence, “that the church is exposed to great danger. The King’s mother you know was a Papist, his Queen is a Papist, and you have heard the rumors afloat of the King’s disposition to favor the Papist faction, and you are fully aware what a flood of Jesuits have already been vomited upon us from the continent. Let me tell you, in confidence, that it was at my suggestion that the King proposed to leave matters of religion to the Parliament. If the business was left to him, he would let Quakers and Papists loose throughout England, and he will never consent to severities against Papists, unless they bear likewise against the Presbyterians. Our true policy now is to guard the church in both directions, and to adopt measures, which royal proclamations will not set aside.”

“Your words have great weight, my Lord,” replied the Archbishop, “but do you think that the church has as great need to fear the Presbyterians as the Papists? May they not by mild measures be won over and led to a measurable conformity? Some of them have been faithful

and even zealous friends of the King, and have contributed not a little to his restoration."

"They did," answered Clarendon, "not that they loved the King, but that they had become terrified by the consequences of their own fanaticism, and as to classing them with the Papists, let me tell you that one of their Pym's or Hampden's, one of their Calamys or Owens can do more mischief than a legion from Douay. I have met them in debate, and on the field of battle, and I know that the only way to deal with them is to put them down and keep them down."

"Well, my Lord," said the Archbishop, "if any man should know them, you should. And possessing, as you do, the ear and the confidence of the King, it is for you to adopt the wisest and best counsels which the occasion will admit. If you and his Grace of London can agree on measures which are necessary to the welfare of the church, and will promote its peace, I will not oppose them, but you must not expect from a feeble old man like myself any very active support. I only trust that you will not proceed hastily or harshly."

"No more harshly," replied Sheldon, "than

duty to the church of which God has made us the guardians, requires. We will submit our plan to your supervision, and trust that it will receive your sanction."

The conference closed, and the two men, one the leading statesman, and the other the leading churchman of England, withdrew, satisfied on the whole with the result secured. In conjunction with others they proceeded to draw up the outline of an "Act of Uniformity," to be sanctioned by Parliament, in order to exclude the Presbyterians from their benefices, or force them to adopt the most obnoxious rites of the church. Venner's insurrection had provided them with a plausible pretense for increased severity, and they took care that the rumors of conspiracies in different parts of the kingdom should not be suffered to sleep. The Presbyterians, whose apprehensions were already roused, were pointed to as the source of the danger, and the temper of the nation was too excited to allow of much discrimination between the innocent and the guilty.

The king's declaration that no peaceable subject should be molested on account of his religion, seemed indeed to stand in the way of the execu-

tion of the plan proposed. But Clarendon knew that the royal scruples would offer no serious obstacle to his designs. As he returned from Lambeth, he drove directly to the palace of the Bishop of London, and leaving Sheldon there, directed his course to Whitehall. Ushered into the royal presence, he found the king utterly indisposed to discuss affairs of state. The marks of the riot and debauch of the previous night were still traceable upon his countenance, but he was at least perfectly sober. Clarendon set forth to him the outlines of his project, stating in commendation of it the fact that by the exclusion of those who refused conformity, benefices enough to supply the clamorous applicants for the royal bounty would be immediately provided.

“Say you so?” asked the king.

“There can be no question of it,” replied Clarendon. “I know the stubbornness of these men too well to doubt that hundreds, if not thousands, will at once abandon their pulpits.”

“But what will be the effect of that?” asked the king, turning languidly in his easy chair, and apparently half-indifferent whether his question was answered or not. “There will be some new

trouble, and the people will clamor that I have violated my declaration. It does not much matter about the clergy, but I have had enough of applications from Quakers and Presbyterians already to entitle me to £500,000 extra a year. I tell you I don't want to be bothered with them, and you are like to send me hundreds more with your new plan." \

"Your majesty, with all respect let me say it," replied Clarendon, "mistakes in this matter. The measure shall be so shaped that the Presbyterians shall not dare to apply to you for fear of a *premunire*, and your popularity will be promoted by such favor as will thus be shown to the church. Indeed something of the kind is necessary, if you mean to carry out your plan for the sale of Dunkirk."

"How so, my lord?" asked the king, eagerly, for the first time fairly roused to attention.

"Your majesty should know," answered Clarendon, "that the feeling of the English nation at the present time is such that it would regard the sale of Dunkirk to the French King as a sacrifice of its honor. The most loyal cavalier of your court would almost become an eulogist of Cromwell, if

he was to hear that you had parted with that national jewel which the usurper justly counted the richest that could adorn the crown he once hoped to wear. In acting for its transfer to a foreign power, I risk my reputation, and possibly my life."

"And yet you consent to act," said the king.

"I do, your majesty, because it is your will," answered Clarendon, "and because by other measures, to which I trust you will give your ready assent, I hope to strengthen my position as a friend of the established church, and an enemy of all sorts of dissenters."

"Yes, Papists, as you call them, included," said the king, who thought that by the very severity of the act which Clarendon proposed, the number of those aggrieved would be so increased, that there might be a plausible pretense for a relaxation which would be of service to the Roman Catholic party, which he secretly favored.

"Most assuredly, the Papists must be included, or the act could never be carried into effect," replied Clarendon. "Your majesty does not need to be told that if any class in the nation is more hated than the Presbyterians, it is the Papists,

and it would be hard to say whether the Presbyterians or some of the most loyal clergy hate them most."

"Not so hard as your lordship thinks," said the king. "The Presbyterians are the best haters that I know of. I have heard enough already to be sick of the whole batch of them. Their sermons are as authoritative as your lordship's advice, and every sentence is brim full of pepper and vitriol. I can sleep well enough when Sheldon preaches, or when Morely or Cosins read prayers, but confound me, if I don't find Calamy and Manton, and the rest of them worse than a nest of hornets. Their words sting, and there's no getting rid of them but by hurrying up a good scene or dance after the sermon."

"Shall it be said then," asked Clarendon, "that your majesty favors these men, and prefers to keep them in their benefices to the prejudice of the ousted clergy who have been starving for years, and who, if this favor be shown them, will drown any complaints about Dunkirk by the noise of their praise?"

"Well, do as you like," said the king, already weary of the discussion, and glad to leave the

whole matter in the hands of one whose loyalty he could trust, and whose domineering tone, even toward royalty, already palliated anything unpleasant in the prospect of making him hereafter a scape-goat for royal profligacy. "Do as you like, only bear in mind, that my pocket is quite low, and that in spite of these niggardly commons, I mean to replenish it. Don't forget Dunkirk. I must have the money for it."

"Your majesty need have no fears on that score," replied Clarendon, "and if the act passes favorably, I think I can assure you of another gratification scarcely inferior."

"Ha, ha! what now?" exclaimed the king, again roused to a semblance of eagerness.

"I think it not impossible," said Clarendon, "that if the two houses are gratified in their zeal for the church, they will be readily induced from regard to your known feelings, to relieve you of your promise to the convention to spare the life of Sir Henry Vane."

"Zounds!" exclaimed the king, "that is something to think about. If you could get at that old rascal's blood, you would be welcome to half a dozen acts of conformity. Strafford would be

fairly avenged, and I verily believe I should sleep better for it."

"Your majesty may depend upon my services in that matter," replied Clarendon, who shared the royal prejudice against the uncompromising republican, and impracticable religionist. "I have given orders for his removal to the Tower, and his trial will soon proceed. If he escapes, I do not think it will be by any fault of mine or yours."

The statesman left, and in five minutes the dissolute monarch was sleeping restlessly in his easy chair.

CHAPTER VIII.

SIR HENRY VANE IN PRISON.

FORTY or fifty miles west of Land's End, the extreme southwestern point of England—lie the Scilly Isles, a group of rocky islets, the largest of which, St. Mary's, contained two hundred years ago, not far from three hundred inhabitants. They had belonged to the Godolphin family for more than two generations, and were too uninviting to attract cupidity or taste. On the northern side of a peninsula which projected westward from St. Mary's into the Atlantic, Sir Francis Godolphin erected, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, a castle which from its peculiar style of construction was called Star Castle. Nearly an hundred years later, occupied by a small garrison, it was destined to receive within its walls one of the most eminent statesmen of the English commonwealth. It was here, that on the restoration of Charles II., Sir Henry Vane was imprisoned. He had been pre-

viously confined, first in Roby Castle, and then in the Tower of London, but the court could not endure to have such a man so near his friends, or indeed in any locality where his mere presence might serve as a remembrancer of royal injustice.

In the Star Castle of St. Mary's he was indeed isolated from England and the world. A ship rarely touched at the island. The few score of inhabitants, which were gathered mostly in Old and New Town, took little interest in the political changes of the kingdom. Their only officers were twelve men who acted rather as a court of arbitration or reference than a court of justice. No flocks or herds roamed over the rugged surface of the rocky islet, and if a vessel from Ireland brought there in the fall months a freshly slaughtered bullock, portions of it were packed down in salt to be preserved till Christmas. The only daily interruption to the dull monotony of island life was the drum-beat and roll-call of the little garrison of the castle.

For nearly two years a well guarded room of this castle had been the residence of Sir Henry Vane. But, if banished from the world, he was not banished from his Christian philosophy and

his own lofty thoughts. Day after day, he heard the music of the billows dashing harshly on the neighboring cliffs. Day after day, he looked forth over the broad ocean, and saw the sun sink to rest on the western waves, and only now and then, at long intervals, did he receive any news from England, or any message from his family and friends. The storms beat fiercely and with unbroken force on the walls of the old castle, and the salt spray was dashed in upon him at times through the iron grates of his windows, but the jailer who visited him in his cell, or the soldiers who watched him as he walked along the broad terrace that spread between the castle and the cliffs beneath, discovered in his countenance no signs of despondency, and in the tones of his voice they discovered nothing mournful or unmanly.

Within his cell were only a few volumes, but the most prized of these, lying open on his table, was his well-thumbed Bible. By the side of it lay a pile of manuscripts, to which, rising from his chair, he added a new sheet, and then with slow and deliberate step paced back and forth from one end to the other of his cell. "Here have I been," said he aloud to himself, "for nearly two years,

expiating on this solitary island, which God's grace has made my Patmos, my honest endeavors to give England a free government and a pure gospel. I seem to have toiled in vain, for into the house swept and garnished by Cromwell, have come back seven evil spirits worse than the first. It may be that I shall ere long be added to the victims that have already suffered, and that my poor life must be made a sacrifice to the vengeance of the court. If so, God's will be done, but I will never be recreant to the cause for which I have done and endured so much. In better times, the seed my feeble hand has sowed may spring up to its harvest, and generations to come shall honor my fidelity to a now sinking cause."

Turning toward the table on which his manuscripts were piled up, he drew forth several sheets over which he cast a hasty glance. "No, I will not erase it, I will not change it," he said. "Let it stand for other eyes to read, when mine are closed to their last sleep. I will let that title remain 'An Epistle General to the Mystical body of Christ on Earth,' and in 'The Face of the Times,' perhaps some shall be encouraged to expect the near approach of the great day of the

Lord, and be prepared for his appearing. The good old cause has not perished. The serpent rages. The hosts of darkness exult. Perhaps England has lost her glorious chance of being the battle-field where the battle shall be won for the seed of the woman, and America shall be the last piece of ground which God has reserved for the great conflict of Armageddon, but ere long the plans of Providence shall be disclosed, and it shall be seen that those who have fallen have yet had their share in the great campaign.

“But let me look the worst in the face. I may have to meet it. Some of my dearest friends and compatriots are sighing in dungeons. Some have already fallen on the scaffold; my enemies even now are thirsting for my blood. But the truth will not be the less true when I am dead. The people’s cause is a righteous one, however mis-managed it may have been. But let me read over again what I have written, and fortify my own soul for the struggle before it.”

From his loose manuscripts he read as follows: “Death is the inevitable law God and nature have put upon us. Things certain should not be feared, but expected. Things doubtful only are

to be feared. Death, instead of taking away anything from us, gives us all, even the perfection of our natures; sets us at liberty both from our own bodily desires and others' domination; makes the servant free from his master. It doth not bring us into darkness, but takes darkness out of us, us out of darkness, and puts us into marvelous light. Nothing perishes or is dissolved by death but the veil and covering, which is wont to be done away from all ripe fruit. It brings us out of a dark dungeon, through the crannies whereof our sight of light is but weak and small, and brings us into an open liberty, an estate of light and life, unveiled and perpetual. This day which thou fearest as thy last, is thy birth-day into eternity.

“The fading corruption and loss of this life is the passage into a better. Death is no less essential to us than to live or to be born. In flying death, thou fliest thyself. Men are not sent into the world by God, but with purpose to go forth again. To be unwilling to die is to be unwilling to be a man, since to be a man is to be mortal. Why should it be feared or shunned? Besides it is necessary and inevitable. We must do our

best endeavor in things that are not remediless, but ought to grow resolute in things past remedy. Why fearest thou to go whither all the world goes? It is the part of a valiant and generous mind to prefer some things before life, as things for which a man should not doubt nor fear to die. In such a case, however matters go, a man must more account thereof than of his life.

“Here natural wisdom pursueth the learning and practice of dying well, as the very end of life: and indeed he hath not spent his life ill that hath learned to die well. It is the chiefest thing and duty of life. The knowledge of dying is the knowledge of liberty, the state of true freedom, the way to fear nothing, to live well, contentedly, peaceably. In order to which we must above all endeavor that our sins may die, and that we may see them dead before ourselves, which alone can give us boldness in the day of judgment, and make us always ready and prepared for death.

“They that live by faith die daily. The life which faith teaches works not death. It leads up the mind to things not seen, which are eternal, and

takes it off, with its affections and desires, from things seen, which are temporary.”*

The prisoner replaced the manuscript upon the table, and still paced his cell. His thoughts reverted to his family, and especially to his wife, of whose deep sympathy he was assured. Long absence from his home, and the dismal prospect before his family as well as the uncertainty of his own doom gave a sublime pathos to his consolatory counsels as he sat down and penned a letter which he directed to “My Dear Heart.”

“It is no small satisfaction to me,” so he wrote, “in these sharp trials, to experience the truth of those Christian principles, which God, of his grace, hath afforded you and me the knowledge, and imboldened us to make the possession of. Have faith and hope my dearest. God’s arm is not shortened. Doubtless great and precious promises are yet in store to be accomplished in and upon believers here on earth, to the making of Christ admired in them. And if we cannot live in the power and actual possession of them, yet if we die in the certain foresight and embracing of them by faith, it will be our great blessing.

* Forster’s *British Statesmen*, p. 331.

This dark night and black shade which God hath drawn over his work in the midst of us, may be, for aught we know, the ground color to some beautiful piece that he is now exposing to the light.

“The difficult circumstances I am in, and that I am still more and more every day cast into, by God’s wise disposing providence, to the sequestering me from the world, and withholding all sensible comforts from me, so much as he doth, make me, in some sort, confident it is for a good end, and that out of love and faithfulness, I am made to drink of this bitter cup, the better to help forward that necessary work in me, and upon me, wherein consists the glorious liberty of the sons of God. If I may have and enjoy this, it would seem a very little matter to me to be in outward bonds, banishment, want, or any other afflictions. Help me then (in all your cares and solitudes about me) to what will further and advance this work in me. The Lord grant me and mine to be content, if he deny us to live of our own, and will bring us to the daily bread of his finding, which he will have us wait for, fresh, and fresh from his own table, without knowing anything of it before-

hand. Peradventure there is a greater sweetness and blessing in such a condition than we can imagine till we have tried it.

“And why should such a taking up sanctuary in God, and desiring to continue a pilgrim and solitary in this world, while I am in it, afford still matter of jealousy, distrust, and rage, as I see it doth to those who are unwilling that I should be buried and lie quiet in my grave, where I now am. They that press so earnestly to carry on my trial, do little know what presence of God may be afforded me in it, and issue out of it, to the magnifying of Christ in my body, by life or by death. Nor can they, I am sure, imagine how much I desire to be dissolved and to be with Christ, which of all things that can befall me, I account best of all. And till then, I desire to be made faithful in my place and station, to make confession of him before men, and not deny his name, if called forth to give a public testimony and witness concerning him, and to be herein nothing terrified. What then will the hurt be, that I can or shall receive by the worst that man can do unto me, who can but kill the body, and thereby open my prison door that I may ascend into the pleasures that

are at Christ's right hand! If the storm against us grow still higher, so as to strip us of all we have, the earth is still the Lord's and all the fullness thereof. He hath a good storehouse for us to live upon. God can, and (if he think fit) will chalk out some way wherein he may appear by his providence to choose for us, and not leave us to our own choice. . . . I know nothing that remains to us, but, like a tossed ship in a storm, to let ourselves be tossed and driven with the winds, till He that can make these storms to cease, and bring us into a safe haven, do work out our deliverance for us. I doubt not but you will accordingly endeavor to prepare for the worst."*

The anticipation expressed in the closing sentence was destined soon to be realized. The prisoner knew only too well the strength and bitterness of that vengeance which had resolved upon his death. Yet he was resolved to meet his fate manfully, and do nothing that would dishonor his own name, or the cause to which he was soon to fall a martyr. He could look out upon the stormy sea, and bless God that he had peace within his own bosom. He could see the soldiers

* Forster, p. 332.

on guard about the castle, but he felt that an Almighty guardianship was his sure defence. Some of his religious notions were doubtless fanciful. In his varied experience, now at Geneva, or wandering over Europe, now governor of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, and now grasping the true policy of England as a Protestant nation, he had been disciplined in the vicissitudes of a strange lot. But his early faith was still unshaken, and to this he was prepared to bear a noble testimony. Already the vessel was on its way which was to bear him from his island prison to a cell in the Tower of London.

CHAPTER IX.

RICHARD BAXTER IN THE PULPIT.

THE time of the spring holidays at Mr. Aline's school had arrived, and the long anticipated visit of many of the pupils to their homes, was now to be made. Young Manton was not the least eager to improve the desired opportunity, and the desire of seeing home and friends was coupled with anxiety to learn what fate was to overtake the Presbyterians, and what was the prospect which lay before his own family in whose experience he must himself be involved.

He received, as might be expected, a warm and hearty greeting. The year of absence had given him a more manly appearance, and indeed he seemed almost transformed from a boy to a man. Grave thoughts, less befitting his years than the times in which he lived, had impressed an unwonted thoughtfulness upon his features. He felt himself, by conviction as well as education

and relationship, identified with the class of Puritans who were henceforth to bear the name of Non-conformists.

“I am glad to see you here in the old home once more,” said Doctor Manton, as he clasped his son’s hand, “for it may be that another year will produce a sad change. I know from your letters how you feel, and I rejoice to think that under Mr. Alleine’s guidance, you have been faithful to the early lessons of home. How is Mr. Alleine, and how does the school flourish, and what advance have you made in your studies?”

Joe answered his father’s questions, and told him withal, how deeply his heart had been impressed by the truths of the gospel, and how resolved he was, if he could not be a minister, to be at least a teacher like Mr. Alleine. “I do not suppose that we Presbyterians will much longer be admitted at Oxford, and indeed if we should be, I feel very little drawing that way.”

“Why, do you not wish to pursue an university course, my son?” asked Doctor Manton. “Would you not wish to be fitted for the work of the ministry? Notwithstanding all its trials and its hardships, it is a sweet and precious, yea, a glori-

ous thing, to preach the riches of redeeming love."

"I know it is, father," replied his son; "I have during the past year many a time gone along with Mr. Alleine where he has fulfilled his appointments to preach in the wretched and ignorant neighborhoods round about Taunton, and when I have felt the force of his words, and seen the tears glistening in the eyes of those poor creatures who were melted by the story of Jesus, I felt that all book learning, and all the honors it could procure me, would be nothing to the privilege of speaking to my fellow-creatures about the Saviour. But must one go to Oxford to be fitted for this? I am sure the society there, however learned it may be, is neither very godly nor very sober. We are having letters at Taunton every little while about Oxford, and some very strange stories they tell about things there."

"Why, my son," asked Doctor Manton, "what do you hear from Oxford?"

"I could not begin to tell you half in a whole evening," replied Joe. "I have a school-fellow from Dolobran in Wales, by the name of Robert Lloyd, who has a brother Thomas that has been

several years at Oxford, and every little while he gets letters from that brother and they are full of accounts of the rudeness of the scholars in the University. He says that the prisons there are full of Quakers, and that if anybody does not cry out for the surplice and prayer-book they call him all sorts of odious names, and that if any one is seriously disposed they try all they can to make sport of him."

"It was not so in my day," said Doctor Manton, "and I am sure it could not have been so under Doctor Owen in Oliver's time. Things must have changed greatly for the worse. There will always be some rude ones, and some dissipated and dissolute, but there has been a company so far as I have known through many years, who have stood up for sobriety and religion."

"If there are any now," said Joe, "I think they must be found among those who side with the Quakers, and some of these have a queer way of showing their religion. Robert Lloyd said his brother Thomas never cared much for the Quakers till he saw them abused, and just then he heard that his brother Charles at home, who had also studied at Oxford, had been thrown into

prison for being at a Quaker meeting, and when he came back, he found it was so indeed. From that time he declared that the strange acts of the Quakers were no more than just the "sign" that this wicked generation ought to have. And just as I was leaving Taunton, we had another letter from Oxford, telling us how William Penn, the son of the Admiral, had been expelled. It seems that the king sent down an order for the wearing of the surplice by all the students, as in old times. This was very offensive to some, for such a thing had not been done during Oliver's time. Penn and some others, who had already been fined for meeting for worship by themselves, were provoked by the order, and resolved that such a dishonor to the simplicity of Christian worship should be rebuked. So with Penn at their head, and he is said to be a great strong fellow, they laid hold of all the scholars they met dressed according to the order, and tore the surplices off their backs. For this they were all expelled, as perhaps they deserved to be, but I neither want to wear a surplice, nor tear it from others' backs, nor do I want to mix in company with those who

do, or with others who sneer and scoff at all religion."

"My son," said Doctor Manton, "it has been my cherished wish to see you a minister of the gospel, and I had hoped that you would share in all the advantages which our venerable University can confer. But there has come such a change over this nation that I know not what to advise, or indeed what can be advised now. You are fully prepared to enter the University, I suppose, but it may be best that you should return to Taunton and there pursue your studies yet further. In a few weeks at longest, we shall be able to determine. There are projects on foot about the issue of which all Presbyterians have reason to be very anxious. The old law against disuse of the prayer-book or surplice is declared to be still in force, and in many parts of England, even now, our brethren are very much molested for not complying with it. It is generally apprehended that the act for uniformity which is now agitated, will yet more abridge our old liberty, and I know not whether I shall myself be allowed to preach much longer. If you think as I do, it may be that you will not be able to accept the terms upon which

you might be admitted to the University, and it may be that if you could accept them, you would not be allowed, even after completing your studies, to fill a pulpit in the English church. My heart is sorely pained when I think of it, for it is indeed a dark and dismal prospect that is before us."

"But father," said Joe, "the King made you one of his chaplains, and do you think that he will allow any act to pass that will turn you out of your pulpit?"

"The King," said Doctor Manton, "will do what Lord Clarendon advises, that is, if it does not give him too much trouble. And what Lord Clarendon purposes, is only too well known. He offered Mr. Baxter a Bishopric, and when Mr. Baxter declined it, and only asked that he might have the privilege of going back to his parish of Kidderminster, without prejudice to the incumbent, Lord Clarendon professed to be eager to gratify him, and even gave him a letter to the Bishop of Worcester, urging that the privilege should be granted him, and yet the Bishop has refused him a license in his diocese. Every one knows that such a letter would have been decisive in the case, if the Bishop had not fully understood

that it was written to save appearances. Lord Clarendon is a bitter enemy to the Presbyterians, and we have nothing to hope from him."

"But is not Mr. Baxter a man whom the court are less disposed to favor than others?" asked Joe. "In the letters we have had at Taunton, it was said that his name was mixed up with almost all the plots that were going on."

"The court well knows," replied Doctor Manton, "that these plots are all, or nearly all of them, mere inventions, and they know that Mr. Baxter, whatever crotchets he may have, is as loyal a man as there is in England; they oppose him because he is a leading man among the Presbyterians, and because it is somewhat popular to speak against a man that so many hate."

"I have heard it said," remarked Joe, "that his parish of Kidderminster, while he was there, was a model of what a parish ought to be, that he labored and preached like an apostle."

"It was even so," said Doctor Manton. "I have had it from those who have been there, that nowhere in England had they seen such exemplary piety, or such solemn assemblies as they had witnessed there. Even his enemies I think

do not deny that his labors were very arduous, and his ministry very successful. And by the way, he is to preach for me next Lord's day, and you will have a chance to hear him. I always welcome him to my pulpit, and a great crowd always gathers when it is known that he is to preach."

This was very gratifying news to Joe Manton. He had long wished to hear Richard Baxter preach. The fame of the man had gone over England, and at Taunton were several who had heard him, and who either praised him very highly or abused him very severely, and in listening to these, Joe had become very curious to hear the author of the "Reformed Pastor," and the "Saint's Rest."

On the next Lord's day morning, a large crowd pressed to Covent Garden where Doctor Manton's church was located. The house was filled to its full capacity, hundreds standing in the aisles and on the benches, while hundreds more strove in vain to get admittance. Richard Baxter ascended the pulpit, and the great assembly was hushed to a solemn silence. As he rose to commence his sermon, young Manton had a fair op-

portunity to note the features and bearing of this remarkable man. He appeared greatly emaciated, and seemed quite unequal to the effort which was expected from him. His cheeks were colorless, and yet there was a strange earnestness in his countenance, and a strange brilliancy in his clear piercing eyes. His oval forehead, his long thin face and his shrunken cheeks gave an almost skeleton aspect to his monkish visage, and Manton seemed to see before him one of the old anchorites, a St. Jerome, or a St. Bernard, returned to earth to commune with mortals on the themes of the invisible world.

Mr. Baxter took for his text the words, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden." His voice at first was harsh and husky, but soon it became more clear, and almost shrill and piercing. Every word was heard even to the extremity of the large edifice, and ere long the attention of the assembly was deeply riveted. The speaker directed his hearers to the true source of spiritual peace and comfort, warned them of the errorists of the times, and then in the most searching manner appealed to them asking whether they had the spirit that would submit to the yoke of

Christ and with a cheerful self-denial give up all, if need be for his sake.

Just then, in the very midst of his sermon, a little lime and dust, and perhaps a piece or two of brick fell down in the steeple or belfry, near where some boys stood. They were frightened, and thought the steeple and church were falling. In their haste to escape they communicated their fright to others, and a rush was made for the doors by the people in the galleries. The noise of their feet sounded like the falling of stones, and the confusion became general. The people crowded toward the doors. Some in the gallery jumped down upon those below, and the women in their haste, left some a scarf and some a shoe behind them.* Baxter calmly seated himself in the pulpit, pitying the affrighted people, and waiting for the tumult to subside. As soon as he could be heard, he rose and entreated silence, and then proceeded with his discourse. He had scarcely resumed his sermon, when a wainscot bench, near the communion table, broke down with the weight of those standing on it, and the confusion began again, and the disorder was worse

* Orme's *Baxter*, i. 201. The scene occurred at St. Dunstan's.

than before. Young Manton, swept along by the surging crowd, was borne almost to the doors. Directly before him was an old woman fearfully frightened, and trembling in every limb. "God forgive me," said she, "for not taking the first warning. If he will only deliver me now, I promise I'll never be caught in this place again."

The confusion at length subsided, and Baxter rose again in the pulpit. Every eye, after the solemn pause of a moment or two, during which he calmly surveyed the assembly, was fixed upon him. He was perfectly self-possessed. There was no trace of excitement or fear upon his countenance, as he said in a clear voice that rang through the galleries, "We are in the service of God, to prepare ourselves, that we may be fearless at the great noise of the dissolving world, when the heavens shall pass away and the elements melt with fervent heat." The audience was thrilled, and awed to a deep and solemn attention.

He then proceeded, "Entertain not fancies and dreams of danger, instead of right apprehensions. Apprehend your happiness and grounds of hope, and comfort, and safety in Christ, and let these

quite exceed your apprehensions of the danger. Look not on it as a remediless danger, or as greater than the remedy. Do not conclude you shall perish in it, or that it will swallow you up. Only let it make you hold fast on Christ, and keep close to him in obedience. Shall I lay the matter open to you by a familiar comparison?

“A King having many subjects and sons, which are all beyond sea, or beyond some river, they must needs be brought over to him before they can live or reign with him. The river is frozen over at the sides, till it comes almost to the middle. The foolish children are all playing on the ice, where a deceiving enemy enticeth them to play on till they come to the deep, where they drop in one by one and perish. The eldest son, who is with the father on the other side, undertaketh to cast himself into the water, and swim to the further side, and break the ice, and swim back with all them that will come with him and hold on to him. The father bids him ‘Bring all *my subjects* with you, if they will come and hold by you; but be sure you fail not to bring *my sons*.’ This is resolved on. The prince casteth himself into the water, and swimmeth to the further side.

He maketh a way through the ice, and offereth all of them his safe carriage, if they will accept him to be their bearer and helper, and will trust themselves on him, and hold fast by him till they come to the further side. Some refuse his help, and think he would deceive them, and lead them into the deep and there leave them to perish. Some had rather play on the ice, and will not hearken to him. Some dare not venture through the streams, or will not endure the coldness of the water. Some waveringly agree to him, and hold faintly by his skirts: and when they feel the cold water, or are near the deep, or are weary of holding, they lose him; either turning back, or perishing suddenly in the gulf. The children are of the same mind with the rest: but he is resolved to lose none of them, and therefore he chargeth them to come with him, and tells them fully what a welcome they shall have with their father: and ceaseth not his importunity till he persuade them to consent. Some of them say, 'How shall we ever get over the river? we shall be drowned by the way.' He tells them, 'I will carry you safe over, so you will but hold fast by me. Never fear: I warrant you.' They all lay hold on him,

and venture in with him. When they are in the midst, some are afraid, and cry out, 'We shall be drowned.' These he encourageth, and bids them trust him: hold fast and fear not. Others, when they hear these words, that they need not fear, they grow so bold and utterly secure, as to lose their hold. To these he speaketh in other language, and chargeth them to hold fast by him; for if they lose their hold, they will fall into the bottom, and if they stick not to him, they will be drowned. Some of them upon this warning hold fast: others are so boldly confident of his skill, and good will, and promise, that they forget, or value not his warning and threatening, but lose their hold. Some through laziness and weariness do the like. Whereupon he lets them sink till they are almost drowned and cry for help, 'Save us or we perish,' and think they are all lost: and then he layeth hold of them and fetcheth them up again, and chideth them for their bold folly, and biddeth them look better to themselves, and hold faster by him hereafter, if they love themselves. Some at last, through mere weariness and weakness, before they can reach the bank, cry out, 'O, I am tired, I faint, I shall never hold

fast till I reach the shore; I shall be drowned.' These he comforteth, and gives them cordials, and holdeth them by the hand, and bids them, 'Despair not: do your best. Hold fast, and I will help you.' And so he brings them all safe to the haven.

“This King is God; heaven is his habitation; his subjects are all men: the sons, who are part of the subjects, are the elect; the rest are the non-elect: the river or the sea is the passage of this life. The further side is all men's natural sinful distance and separation from God and happiness: the ice that bears them is this frail life of pleasures, profits and honors, which delight the flesh; the depth unfrozen is hell; he that enticeth them thither is the devil: the eldest son that is sent to bring them over is Jesus Christ: his commission and undertaking is, to see that the elect be infallibly recovered and saved. Do I need to go over the other particulars? I know you see my meaning in them all. Christ will save you, by causing you to hold fast by him through all the troubles and labors and temptations of this tumultuous, tempestuous world, and the apprehensions of your dangers should be the means of making you hold

fast. Your safety is not in yourselves, but in him. Only he will not draw you through this sea of danger like a block through the water, but as men that must hold fast, and be commanded and threatened to that end. And for those that perish, they have none to blame but themselves. They perish, not for want of a Saviour, but because they will not lay hold on him, and follow him through the tempests and waves of trial.”*

In a strain like this the preacher continued for nearly two hours, holding to the last the close attention of his audience. Sometimes his appeals were thrilling and even awful. All thought of the world or its schemes and policies, seemed impossible, while the speaker dwelt upon the relation of the soul to Christ, or pictured its anguish and distress and despair while without the faith and hope that cleave fast to him.

Young Manton had never listened to such a discourse before. Mr. Alleine was as earnest, often more pathetic, but the flush of health was on his cheeks, and his winning tones were full of human sympathy, and seemed to draw his hearers toward himself. In a word, he was a man among

* From one of Baxter's sermons.

men, seraphic indeed in his spirit, but still human. Baxter spoke rather like an old prophet. One might almost imagine that he had just come down from the mount, that his pale thin features were irradiated by the unseen glory, and that he just portrayed to others what he had vividly gazed upon himself.

“Surely,” said young Manton to himself, “they cannot think of silencing such a man as this! It seems almost like shutting an angel out of the pulpit, to deny him the privilege. I shall always think of him as the saintly Baxter, and one of the first books that I will read, shall be his ‘Saint’s Rest.’”

He found the book in his father’s library. It was eagerly devoured. It was not only its pictures of the heavenly blessedness that rewarded him for its perusal. He read over with deepest interest the portion which treated of the evidences of Christianity—in the first unabridged edition—and he did not fail to note the admiring tone in which the author spoke of his old acquaintances, the venerable ministers of his earlier years, and some of the great parliamentary leaders like Pym and Hampden. He was not the less moved by

Baxter's estimate of these, that a few days after reaching London, March 13th, one of their old compeers, Sir Henry Vane was brought from the Star Castle in the Scilly isles, in order to his trial, and was lodged in the Tower of London.

CHAPTER X.

A LONDON RAMBLE. FOREBODINGS.

FOUR years of almost continuous absence from London had prepared young Manton to enjoy some of its curious sights, and he readily accepted the invitation of his friend Richard, whose holidays were more frequent than they should have been, to accompany him in his walks through the city. He found that great changes had taken place, not only in the erection of new buildings and the repair of old ones, but in the general aspect of the city and the habits and manners of its inhabitants. It seemed as though all whom he met were bent on pleasure. The ale-houses were all open, and they seemed multiplied in number. The Lord's day even, had little to distinguish it from other days. The magistrates winked at its desecration, and were well aware how its closing hours were spent by the court and the companions of the dissolute monarch. The theatres, of which

Manton had no recollection, for they had been closed for nearly twenty years, were now thrown open, and they were greatly thronged. Play-bills were posted here and there, on which might be read the names of unknown authors whose dramatic genius provided for the popular taste, and who did not fail to heap unmerciful ridicule upon the puritans. Drunken men were frequently to be met, indicating plainly enough that example in high places had not been without its effect.

The two youths first directed their course to Newgate Prison, not far from the residence of Doctor Manton. They found it crowded to its full capacity, and by far the larger share of the prisoners were Quakers. Old and young, veterans in crime, and those whose only offence was being found at a Quaker's meeting, were confined together; and those of the prisoners who were possessed only of limited means, or who refused to pay the jailer for the supply of extra comforts, were in a most miserable condition. Some of them slept only on straw, and into the cells of others the rain dripped from the leaky roof, or was driven through the unglazed windows. Sick of the sight, the young explorers directed their

course through Giltspur street to West Smithfield, and thence across Aldergate street to London Wall. As they passed through Jewin street, Richard pointed his friend to the house where he said John Milton, Cromwell's secretary, lived. As they came opposite it, they saw him sitting in the door, clad in a coat of coarse gray cloth, and enjoying the fresh air of the early day. Richard had seen him often and knew him well, but Joe gazed upon him with eager curiosity. His face bore traces still of a beauty which years had ravaged, and his sightless eye-balls, victims of his persevering studies, moved Joe, as perhaps they had moved his bitterest enemies, to pity. The wind sported with his locks, and seemed gratefully to kiss his fair marble brow. Joe could not but wonder what the thoughts of that blind man must be, whose learning and eloquence were known not only through England, but throughout Europe. Perhaps, could he have known, he would have been surprised to find that even then the great statesman-poet was weaving the texture of his immortal song.

Continuing their ramble through Houndsditch and the Minories, Joe and his friend came in sight

of the massive walls of the Tower of London. He shuddered as he thought of the prisoners who were there confined, some of them men whose fame in other days had reached to distant lands. He could see here and there a prisoner gazing out through his grated window, the sight of whom excited his curiosity or moved his pity. Turning up Thames street, he met a boy with a multitude of loose sheets upon his arm, crying at the top of his voice "king's speech, king's speech for a penny, only a penny," and he could not resist the temptation to purchase. He was somewhat mortified to find that the speech was several months old, that it had in fact been delivered at the close of the previous session of Parliament. He had however never seen it before, and he read it with some curiosity. It spoke of the general corruption of manners which had begun to prevail, and censured them to some extent, although in a tone quite different from that of the Puritan pulpits. "I cannot but observe," said the king, "that the whole nation seems to be a little corrupted in their excess of living: sure all men spend much more in their clothes, in their diet, and all other expenses, than they have been used to do. I hope it has been

only the excess of joy after so long suffering, that has transported us to these other excesses, but let us take heed that the continuance of them does not indeed corrupt our natures. I do believe I have been faulty myself. I promise you I will reform, and if you will join with me in your several capacities, we shall, by our examples, do more good, both in city and country, than any new laws will do."

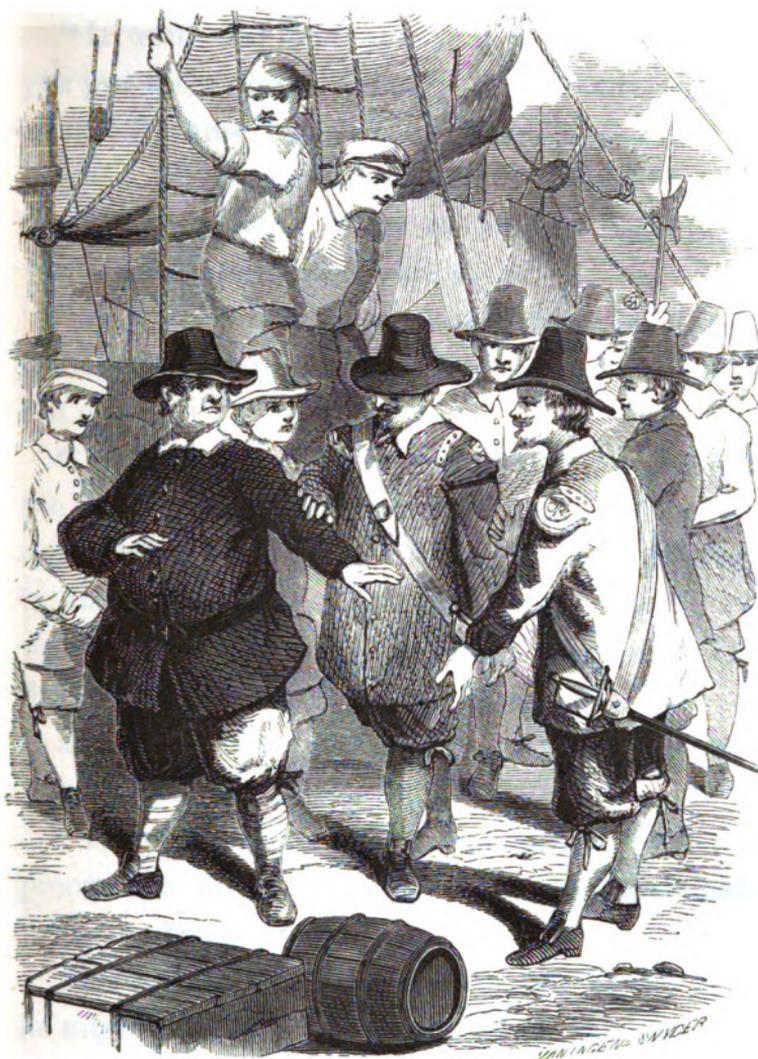
Joe was tempted, as he read, to think the speech was a hoax, invented to ridicule the king. But Richard told him that it was genuine; he had heard it months before. It had been talked of in all the coffee-houses of London, and he had heard it discussed. "Why," said he, "you might know it was the king's, even if you found it in your Virgil or your Livy. Who else but he speaks after the style of this address?"

Joe was forced to confess that Richard was right in that matter. He knew how Cromwell was accustomed to speak, and he was already so well informed of the grave dissatisfaction of the Puritans and of many of the zealous royalists with the excesses of the court, that he could not but feel that Cromwell had now a successor of a very dif-

ferent stamp from himself. But it seemed to him that such a speech as the king's was too much like a bad boy's promise of amendment under threat of the lash, and he secretly regretted that his father had ever had a hand in the restoring of the king. And then the prospect of the passing of the Act of Uniformity, which the Commons were already discussing, occurred to him, and he felt that old England had indeed fallen on evil days.

As the two proceeded up Thames street, passing London bridge, they came to Queen street, where their attention was arrested by the loud noise of many voices, and a gathering of people which seemed almost to threaten a mob. They turned down Queen street toward the river, and found that some officers, with several Quakers in charge, were endeavoring to procure a passage for them on board a vessel which was about to sail for Barbadoes. Her captain was resolved not to allow them to come on board, and they remonstrated violently with the captain for his opposition.

"They have been sentenced to be transported, and the prisons are so full of others just like them that we must get rid of them in some way, and your vessel sails first."



“ Her captain was resolved not to allow the Quakers to come on board.”
England Two Hundred Years Ago. p. 150.

“It won’t sail first, or else it will sink first, if you put those Jonahs aboard,” retorted the captain, whose features, bronzed by Atlantic storms and tropic suns, arrested Joe’s attention, while his ears were saluted by a volley of hideous oaths with which the captain closed his reply.

“But the judges have ordered these men to be transported, and transported they must be,” said the officers.

“Transport them for yourselves then,” exclaimed the captain, “but don’t ask me to do it. I’d rather fight a Spanish man of war than carry a Quaker in the hold of my ship. One Quaker on board would breed bad weather and a dozen storms before we could cross the ocean, if we could ever do it at all, and here you want to put forty aboard. I tell you I won’t have them.”

“If you persist,” replied the officers, “we will procure an order from the king in council and force you to take these men.”

The captain paused a moment, for he saw that he might be forced to submit, and secretly resolved to gain time in order to start upon his voyage before any order could be procured. “Well,” said he, “I don’t think I can take all the party, but

if you will cart them back now, and come to-morrow morning, I'll see how many I can stow away. But let me tell you that it's an imposition to force a man against his will to transport such a kind of cargo as that. Besides, every captain in the port knows it, and will tell you so, that the Almighty don't want Quakers in Barbadoes. You ought to keep your dirty linen at home, and wash it out there. But I don't believe the Quakers are so dirty after all. I believe if they should get the upper hand, and send the rest of you off, the Almighty would put all his winds behind you and blow you beyond Barbadoes."

The officers, who had during the morning, applied in vain to three other vessels which were soon to sail, and who knew that the king did not altogether approve the harsh proceedings against the Quakers, were well content to let the captain have his own terms, although they suspected that another morning might not find his ship in port.

Joe could not but pity the fate of the poor Quakers, as he saw them marched back two by two to Newgate. Amid the loud strife of voices they had remained silent. Some of them had their wives and children with them, who had come

to bid them a sad farewell, and many a tearful eye betokened a disconsolate, if not a broken heart. It was indeed a heart-rending sight. But Richard did not seem to be much moved by it. He had witnessed such scenes before, and had become somewhat accustomed to them. He knew too what the Quakers had been in Cromwell's days. He had heard them crying their "woes" through the streets of London, and he had seen them in the churches, where they had called the ministers, before the crowded assemblies, arch-deceivers and hirelings, and had boldly contradicted them in their assertions from the pulpit. He thought them honest, though half-crazy, and the fact that under the commonwealth they had been so harshly dealt with, had confirmed in his mind the popular prejudice against them. He told Joe what he thought, and seemed in fact to glory somewhat in being a little hard-hearted.

"I can't see," said Joe, "why they want to tear these men away from their families, and send them off across the ocean to die. I rather like that captain for being so blunt and outspoken, although his oaths were altogether too bad."

"Somebody I suppose must be persecuted," said

Richard, "and I had rather it should be somebody else than I."

"I had rather be the persecuted than the persecutor," said Joe.

"There I don't agree with you," replied Richard; "I can't think it would be very comfortable to be packed away in Newgate, fed on dry crusts, hustled away to a ship and put between decks, and sent in that purgatory thousands of miles away, to sleep perhaps on the ground, and feed on roots, and starve at last."

"No more would it," said Joe, "but would you feel happy in dooming others to such a fate, and especially if they had such calm sad faces as those we have just seen, to look you in the eye, and haunt you in your sleep, and follow you up in your dreams?"

"I had not thought of that," said Richard, "and I am pretty sure that neither the judges nor the court trouble themselves about it."

"If they did," replied Joe, "perhaps England would be none the worse for it."

The two youths parted for their respective homes, but Joe could not shake off the impression made upon his mind by the novel scenes which

day by day he had witnessed in the streets of London in company with Richard. It seemed to him that Satan had indeed broken loose, that the reign of iniquity had begun, and that darker days were near at hand. He was at a loss what to do. He felt that the Universities were closed against him. He disliked the surplice which he would be required to wear as the badge of those who sneered and scoffed at the Puritans. He could not accept the teachings of University loyalty fashioned on the corporation oath, by which every officer of a corporation was bound to swear that it was not lawful, upon any pretence whatsoever, to take arms against the King, &c., &c. He believed that the prayer-book contained errors which he could not accept. He abhorred kneeling at the Lord's Supper, and the cross in baptism, as relics of Popish superstition, and he knew that the act of uniformity soon to be passed, would require of every minister of the English church what he thought no honest Puritan could yield.

In a very thoughtful mood, he reached his father's house. He found that something had occurred, which affected the whole household. "Joseph, my son," said Doctor Manton, "the long

dreaded act of uniformity has passed both houses of Parliament, and only waits the signature of the King to become the law of the land. I have no idea that it will be modified, or that the royal signature will be withheld. In the fear of God I cannot accept the terms which it imposes, and I feel that I shall be forced to abandon my pulpit and my living. What will become of us I cannot tell, but I shall be unable to send you to the University, or even to keep you longer at Mr. Alleine's school."

Joe was not altogether unprepared for this intelligence, but at first it almost unmanned him. He felt more deeply however for his father's disappointment than for his own. His father, his grandfather and his great grandfather, had all been ministers of the gospel. He was the oldest direct descendant in this consecrated lineage. He knew how his father's heart was wedded to the fond hope that his son should be prepared to succeed him, and now that hope seemed to be finally blasted. But in Mr. Alleine's companionship, he had learned some lessons that came to his help now.

"I do not feel, as you know, father," said Joe,

“that it would be any severe hardship, as things are, not to be admitted to the University. Why may not one preach the gospel without an academic degree? I have no ambition for high places or rich benefices. I know that Mr. Alleine is never so happy, and his face has never such a beam of heaven on it, as when he is preaching in some of those low dark hovels, where his sweet and loving words move strong men to tears. I feel that if I could teach school as he does, and preach to the poor and ignorant in their own homes, as he does, it would be serving God as truly as if I were to take your place in the pulpit, or discharge the duties of a bishop.”

“God has been training you, I see,” said Doctor Manton, “for these trying times. Yet I feel it a sore thing to have you denied the privileges I once enjoyed.”

“Never mind that, father,” replied Joe.

“The Lord will provide,” said Mrs. Manton, “and though it is no pleasant prospect to be turned out of our long-loved happy home, yet when I was a little girl and saw my uncles and cousins go on board the vessel that was just starting for New England, I thought that if it ever

became necessary in order to keep a good conscience, I should be ready to do the same. We must trust God and keep up heart. There will be a great many others not so well prepared to meet the trial, as we are."

"Father, are you going to take us to New England?" asked Joe's little sister, who had sat for some time a silent and patient listener, trying to make out what the conversation meant.

"Why, my child," asked Doctor Manton, "would you like to go?"

"Indeed I should," said the child, "only I would not like to stay. I should love very much to see the great woods, and hear the birds sing in them, and chase the butterflies, and pick the flowers, and see the red Indians after they were tamed."

"It may be that you will yet see all that, and a great deal more," said Doctor Manton, "but if you should, I don't think you would ever come back to see old England again, or romp as you do now in Covent Garden walks."

"Then don't let's go," said the innocent child. "What would you go for, father? Is there any body there you want to see? Have you a nice

house built there, and are there great wide grounds all planted with flowers to play in?"

"No, my darling," said Dr. Manton, "I don't own a foot of land there, and if we went, we should have to live, I suppose, in a house built up of logs, just as you build up your block houses, and covered over with grass on top to keep the rain out."

"Then I don't want to go," said the little girl, "and I don't want you to go."

"But perhaps, Mary," said her mother, "we might have to go."

"What would we have to go for?" she asked.

"Why," replied her mother, "they have made such a law that your father is very much afraid that it won't let him preach any more here, and then we must move out of this house and go somewhere else."

"What did they make such a law for?" asked the little girl. "What right had they to make it, after you had begun to preach? What did they let you into the pulpit for, if now they are going to turn you out?"

She looked at her father as she asked the last question, and evidently waited anxiously for an

answer. He hesitated, and she asked again, "Didn't you go and bring back the king, and is he going now to let them make a law to turn you out of house and home?"

"My child," said Dr. Manton, "I cannot explain all this to you now. You cannot understand it. They want me to do what I do not think is right; to put my name to a paper which says that I like and approve everything in the Prayer-book, and by which I must promise to use it just as I am directed, and never try to have it altered. And then I must be ordained over again by the Bishops, just as if I never had a right to preach before, just as if nobody was a true minister but he who had had the bishop's hands laid on his head. And I cannot do this without doing what I think is wrong, and yet if I don't do it, they won't let me preach any more."

"But, father, what will you do then?" asked the little girl.

"My child, I cannot tell what I shall do," said Dr. Manton. "Our Father in heaven, I hope, will take care of us. Don't you remember the verse in the Bible about his clothing the grass of the field, and caring for the sparrows, and then the

question whether he will not care for us, though of little faith?"

"Yes, father, I do remember it," said the child, "I learned it only a few days ago, and said it to you, mother, didn't I?"

"You did, my dear," said her mother, "and I thought then that the time might not be far off when you would think of it again."

"But I can go with you, mother dear, can't I?" asked the child, "if we should have to go away? And then I wouldn't much care where it was. You would not leave me, would you?"

The mother's eyes were moistened with tears, as she stretched out her arms and clasped her little girl to her bosom, impressing on her rosy cheek a warm kiss. "If I have to leave you, my dear," said she, "I trust I shall leave you to the kind care of one who loves you more than I do."

"Nobody loves me more than you do, and I don't love anybody more than I do you," exclaimed Mary. "Who do you mean?"

"I mean God," said her mother, "for he it is that spares me to be a mother to you, and spares you to be my child."

“O, I know now,” said Mary, “you mean ‘Our Father which art in heaven.’”

“Yes, dear, and we must all look to him to take care of us.”

Dr. Manton had meanwhile procured a copy of the Act of Uniformity, and had spread it out on the table before him. He sat for a time poring over it, evidently weighing every expression in order to apprehend its full meaning. In a low tone, and as it were to himself, he exclaimed from time to time, “No, I cannot do it, I cannot do it.”

Joe sat, thoughtfully and somewhat painfully watching his father’s countenance. He traced there the alternation of conflicting emotion. He would gladly have said something which should have contributed to soothe his father’s anxieties, or relieve him of the burden now resting upon his mind. But he did not venture to interrupt him. A strong intellect and a brave heart were grappling with a problem that was soon to be set before thousands of English clergymen and test their courage, not less than their principles. It was solved at last.

“I have felt assured from the first,” said Doctor Manton, as he calmly and deliberately folded

up the sheet before him, "what the issue would be. I *cannot* subscribe what the act, soon to become a law, requires of me. There can be no use in disguising the stern truth. I know it is not pride, it is not prejudice, it is not obstinacy, that forces me to take my course. I love my parish. I love my work. It will be like tearing the living flesh, to separate me from it. But I must obey my convictions. It will be hard for me, and it may be hard for us all, but God will, I trust, help us to stand firm in our lot. You, my son, will not find it as hard as I feared, for already I see that you had given up the University, and I trust that you will yet find some place in the Master's vineyard where you can be useful. It may be we shall yet be brought to think it best to go over to our friends in New England, but the time for that has not come yet. God will not, I am confident, abandon England. The eyes of the nation must yet be opened. There will be many that will be forced to think and act as I do, and I will not be ashamed to put my name underneath that of such men as Richard Baxter, Bates, and Calamy, and scores of others, with some of whom I have conversed, and who

are quite unanimous in declaring that they will never conform. It may be the King will be yet more merciful and considerate than Parliament, but however that may be, a few weeks hence will find me no longer pastor of this parish in London."

CHAPTER XI.

AN IMPOSTOR EXPOSED.

THE circumstances in which young Manton now found himself placed, produced upon his mind a deep impression. The future before him was clouded with anxiety and uncertainty. His disinclination to pursue a University course prepared him indeed for those events by which it now seemed to him to have become no longer a matter of choice. But for what calling should he prepare himself? In a short time, probably, his father would be forced to leave the establishment, and almost if not altogether withdraw from the ministry. What encouragement was there for him, sharing the same feelings and convictions, to prepare for it? He pondered over the matter long and deeply, and yet could reach no satisfying conclusion. Sometimes he thought of going himself, whether his father was prepared to do so or not, to New England, and seek a sphere of use-

fulness among his exiled countrymen there. He read eagerly whatever he could find on the state of society there, and sought opportunities to converse with those who had visited the country. He perused the reports of Eliot's missionary labors among the Indians, pored over Cotton's "Key," and even examined, with his father's permission, the letters which Doctor Manton had received from his New England correspondents. The approaching trial of Sir Henry Vane, whom Massachusetts, twenty-five years before, had chosen for her governor, excited in him a new interest, and determined him if possible to observe the bearing and learn the spirit of the man.

Still when he looked at the subject in earnest, he hesitated, unresolved to go forth a stranger to the New World. To leave friends and home behind him, to cross the ocean with little prospect of return, to wear out years and perhaps a life of exile in a land where the settlers were like to be, for many a year to come, in danger from a savage foe, and were forced to wring their bread from a hard soil—all this chilled his ardor, and threw him back upon some scheme of life by which he might remain in Old England, and still gratify

the cherished wishes of his heart. As day after day passed, and the shadow of the approaching St. Bartholomew's day, when the act of uniformity was to go into effect, drew darker about his father's household, his spirits would often sink within him, and for hours he would sit musing, or walk in abstracted mood the floor of his room.

It was perhaps well for him that his friend, Richard Brandon, was quite of a different temperament. A perfect "Athenian," he found no gratification equal to seeing, hearing, or repeating "some new thing." Snatching at every occasion when he could escape from his tasks, he hastened to Dr. Manton's house, and often almost dragged his old school-fellow through the streets of London. If anything noteworthy was to take place, he was sure to know it. He dropped into the coffee-houses in the evening, and heard the news of the day, and the repartees and pleasantries of wits and authors. He found admittance to the newly-opened theatres, and knew all the names of the leading actors. His sprightliness made him everywhere a favorite, while the looseness with which his ancestral puritanism adhered to him, allowed him to mix in many a circle from which

young Manton would have turned away with instinctive repugnance.

"Come," said he, on one occasion, "you must go with me to see one of our London curiosities. It is a rare chance, and I have got permission to improve it. Hurry along. There is no time to lose."

"I am getting sick of London, Richard," replied Joe. "I wish I was back at Taunton."

"Nonsense; there's no place like London," said Richard, "that is, unless you want to mope, and turn dreamer. I like to see something stirring."

"I should like to be doing something that would do somebody some good," replied Joe, "and I have very little desire to see so much wickedness and misery as crowd these streets every day."

"Why man, you can't help it," said Richard, "and you might just as well get all the fun out of it that you can."

"There is no fun in it for me," replied Joe, "I can only wish that there were hundreds of men like my old teacher, Mr. Alleine, to go to those wretched homes, and tell them of the Gospel and Christ's salvation."

“That’s all well enough,” said Richard, “I think these heathen around us here ought to be Christianized. But then you know that’s the business of the government, and not yours or mine.”

“Richard,” replied Joe, “there is where you and I differ. It is your business, and it is mine too. Do you think it right just to seek amusement, when so much evil prevails? If any one pretends to be a Christian, he ought to try and live like Christ, and Christ went about doing good.”

“Well,” said Richard, “I am a Christian as a great many others are. I follow Christ a great way off I suppose. I know I ought to be better and more sober. But you see it is not in me. I never had it in me, and don’t believe I ever shall have.”

“I wish you could see things for a moment as I do,” said Joe. “I wish you were in earnest at least to live the life of a Christian.”

“I wish I was too,” answered Richard, and he evidently was sincere. “But we must haste,” he added, “or we shall be too late. William Hague, the Quaker, was at my father’s last night, and he said that he was going to see the pretended prophet, Ludwick Muggleton, to-day, and that several oth-

ers were going with him, and when I asked him if I might go, he smiled, and said, certainly, he would like to have me for a witness, and when I told him who you were, and that I wanted to bring you along, he assented to it. So you see we belong to the company."

William Hague was just leaving the house where he lodged, in company with three of his friends—Robert Barclay—Patrick Livingston and John Grattan—as Richard and Joe came up. Joe scanned their features closely, and he thought he discerned something like a merry twinkle in their eyes. He soon discovered that he was right. They wished to expose Muggleton, or rather to catch him in his own trap, and they were making their arrangements now how to proceed. Joe and Richard walked behind and could hear only now and then a word, but William Hague turned and whispered to them to keep quiet and they would be pleased with the issue of the matter.

The company reached Muggleton's dwelling. It was an old uninviting house in a narrow street. The room into which his visitors were ushered by his wife, was quite darkened, and at first they had some difficulty in discerning his coarse but cunning

features. It was plain that he aped the style and dignity of one of the old Hebrew prophets, although he pretended to be a greater than prophets. "Whom I bless on earth," said he, "is blessed in heaven, and whom I curse on earth is cursed in hell."

"Do you seek my blessing?" he asked, as the company entered.

"We desire the true blessing of him who is authorized to bestow it," replied Hague.

Muggleton saw that he had no blind votaries before him, and it was not long before he found that his visitors were Quakers. The fact that they had visited him encouraged him to hope that he could make them his disciples, for none knew better than he, how susceptible many of them were to pretences of inspiration, and quite a number of his own followers had come to him from their ranks.

Scanning carefully their features, Muggleton asked in an authoritative tone, "Is any of you John Gratton?"

"Art thou a prophet," replied Robert Barclay, "and needest thou to ask?"

Muggleton paused a moment, slightly abashed,

and then said, "Ye are Scotchmen, and I will have nothing to do with you : for I was but lately cheated by a Scotchman, one John Swinton."

Swinton had visited Muggleton and supposing him to be poor, had given him a half guinea; and upon this Muggleton had blessed him. But before leaving, Swinton honestly told him he believed he was a false prophet, whereat Muggleton cursed him, and resolved to have no more to do with Scotchmen.

Barclay asked Muggleton why he did not give Swinton back his gold again? Muggleton did not deign to answer, and perhaps intended that his silence should be construed as a hint for his visitors to leave. Upon this, John Gratton came forward. "I am an Englishman," said he. "Talk with me."

Muggleton seemed somewhat more complaisant. "Must all Scotchmen suffer for one man's offence?" asked Gratton. "Or wast thou indeed offended?"

"No matter about discussing that now," replied Muggleton. "Thou claimest that thou and John Reeves are the two witnesses, spoken of in the eleventh chapter of Revelation," said Gratton, and that John is thy Aaron, and that ye have

commission given you above all men to bless and curse, dost thou not?"

"I do," said Muggleton, in an emphatic tone.

"And thou cursest as thou wilt?" asked Gratton.

"I do," replied Muggleton.

"But that seems contrary to the nature of Jesus Christ," said Gratton. "He came to seek and *save* the lost."

Muggleton deigned no answer.

"How came you by your authority? Have you had any vision or heard any voice giving you commission?" asked Gratton.

"No," said Muggleton.

"Then thou hast nothing for what thou doest, but what thou hadst from John Reeves," said Gratton.

"No, I have not," replied Muggleton.

"All thou hast then, for what thou doest," said Gratton, "is the bare word of a man."

"Yes!" replied Muggleton.

"Would it not be credulous for me to venture my eternal salvation on the bare word of a man?" asked Gratton.

“You must, if ever you are saved,” answered Muggleton.

“That is strange,” said Gratton. “But hast thou power to bless a man after thou hast cursed him?” he asked.

“No!” said Muggleton.

“What,” exclaimed Gratton, “hast thou power to curse a man after thou hast blessed him, and hast not power to bless him after thou hast cursed him, provided the man repent?”

“No!” said Muggleton.

“That is strange,” said Robert Barclay. “The rule ought to work both ways.” But Muggleton made no reply.

“A disciple of thine, D. Carter,” said Patrick Livingston, “told me that I should never find any more fresh springs on my grounds, and I have found her a liar every day since.”

“Did D. Carter curse you then?” asked Muggleton, who now understood pretty well the characters he was dealing with.

“Yes,” said Patrick.

“Then, in confirmation of her curse,” said Muggleton, “I pronounce thee cursed.”

William Hague then stepped forward and re-

lated some of his experience, whereupon Muggleton cursed him also, declaring as he did it, that it did him more good than if a man had given him forty shillings.

“What do you think of me then?” asked Gratton. “What will become of me?”

“If you are careful,” said Muggleton, “you may do well; if *you* are careful, it may turn out well with *you* in the end.”

Upon this Gratton turned around to his friends, and holding up a letter which he had in his hand, exclaimed, “I call you all to bear witness that this man is a false prophet. He says he has not power to bless a man after he has cursed him, and yet having cursed me before he saw me, of which I have the evidence here, he tells me now, that if I am careful it shall be well with me in the end. O, what a false prophet art thou,” said Gratton turning indignantly toward Muggleton. “I am John Gratton.” At the mention of that name, Muggleton’s countenance changed. He was indeed fairly detected, and even his brazen impudence was scarcely equal to outbraving the exposure. He maintained a dogged silence, and did not deign any further replies to his question-

ers.* The Quakers on their part, exultant in the success of their plan, turned from the spot, and directed their steps back to their lodgings.

As Joe and Richard turned down the Strand, with the intention of inquiring whether the Quakers had really been shipped to Barbadoes, they passed a coffee-house. It was late in the day, and Richard proposed to Joe that they should step in. He objected. "You will probably see the Poet Dryden there," said Richard. "It's worth your while to look at him, if he is a perfect renegade. You've seen his poem on Cromwell, and now they say he is trying to fit it up anew for the king. He trims his sails for every wind that blows. He is getting up a play now in which he ridicules the Puritans, and if you go in, you may hear something about it."

Joe was finally persuaded. The room was a large one and but partially filled by twenty or more well dressed men, who were engaged in earnest discourse. The air was loaded with the smoke of pipes, and some of those present had evidently in-

* The facts as above stated, may be found in John Gratton's Journal, but the meeting took place several years later than the date of the present narrative.

dulged in something stronger than coffee potations. Dryden was indeed there, and he was declaiming fiercely against Sir Henry Vane. Vane, he said, was one of the master spirits of the rebellion. But for him Strafford might have escaped the scaffold. But Joe had no wish to linger in such company. He drew Richard along with him, and after walking down to Queen Street, and learning that the Barbadoes' captain had slipped away in the night, and left the Quakers behind him, the two young men parted, Joe to his home, and Richard to enquire what plays were that evening to come off at the theatres.

CHAPTER XII.

THE LEADING PURITANS AND THE ACT OF UNIFORMITY.

ON the 17th of May, 1662, the king gave his assent to the celebrated Act of Uniformity, and it became thenceforth the law of the land. To this result it had come at last. Instead of the liberty to tender consciences, and the freedom from molestation on account of religion promised in the king's declaration, a rigid severity was introduced, which exceeded anything that had been previously imposed by parliament. Among those who were to suffer by it, were some of the most loyal subjects of the government, men who had opposed the usurpation of Cromwell, and zealously exerted themselves for the king's restoration.

This issue of the matter had been for some time foreseen. Men like Baxter and Calamy and Manton clearly perceived the drift of things, and foreboded the intolerance of which they were now to

become the victims. But when the long-threatened act was passed, it was found to contain some features which were peculiarly obnoxious. It required unfeigned assent and consent to everything contained in, or prescribed by the Prayer-book, which had recently been revised, and which could scarcely be procured, much less examined, before August 24th, the day when the act was to take effect. Those ceremonies which had been largely regarded as matters of indifference, were now imposed by authority, and any neglect of, or variation from them, was to be visited by the penalty of the loss of all ecclesiastical preferments. Those who had been ordained by Presbyters, though they had for many years been in the exercise of the ministerial office, must submit to be reordained by bishops, and thus by implication admit the invalidity not only of their own previous ministry, but of that of thousands of others circumstanced like themselves. The solemn league and covenant, which many had sworn, was moreover to be renounced as an unlawful oath.

Scarcely had the act become law, when an active correspondence began among those who felt that their ejection from the church was threatened by

it. The differences which had sprung up between the Presbyterians and the Independents under the Commonwealth, now gave place to a common apprehension, and a disposition to act harmoniously in the present emergency. Frequent conferences were held to consider what course it was wisest and best for those to pursue, who felt that they could not conscientiously conform to the requirements of the act. Some of these were held at the house of Dr. Manton, and it was thus that young Manton had an opportunity to see and hear some of the most eminent Puritan ministers of the day.

Thither came Doctor Edmund Calamy, with his face long and grave and thoughtful enough, to have a place by the side of those of the old martyrs Cranmer and Ridley; a man as frank as he was fearless, and who, once when he had that renegade, Gen. Monk, for a hearer, and was speaking of "filthy lucre," remarked that it was called "filthy" because it made men do base and filthy things, adding, as he waved his handkerchief toward the general's pew, "some will betray three kingdoms for filthy lucre's sake." Thither also came Richard Baxter, scarcely second to Calamy in popularity as a preacher, and by no

means second to him in usefulness, who like Calamy had refused the offer of a bishopric, and only asked to be replaced in his old obscure parish of Kidderminster, where his blazing energy would have put into a lowly candlestick a light to light all England. Thither too came the peace-loving and conscientious Samuel Clark—William Jenkyn, in whose features, tinged with a melancholy thoughtfulness, the image of the times seemed reflected—Doctor William Bates, “the silver-tongued,” whose noble countenance, radiant alike with piety and intellect, impressed the beholder at a glance, and whose style, perfect in elegance, was the graceful but natural expression of his clear and eloquent thought—Henry Jessey, the “Anabaptist,” as he was called, but whose liberal spirit scorned the restrictions which some of that class would have wished to impose upon him—Joseph Caryl, author of twelve quarto volumes of annotations on the book of Job, eminent alike for wit and scholarship, as well as patience—Doctor Thomas Jacomb, ponderous in thought and diction, who looked the solid Englishman that he was, sound, sensible, not given either to pious rapture or worldly passion—Thomas

Gouge, whose thoughtful charity and unfeigned philanthropy gave a peculiar charm to that calm serene face which might seem almost like that of an angel—Thomas Vincent, still young, unwearied in application and fearless of all danger in the discharge of duty, a man that had committed the whole New Testament to memory, and no longer feared lest men should rob him of his Bible—Thomas Doolittle, one of the most youthful of all, with the air and dignity of a statesman, but a heart glowing with sympathy, and strongly and affectionately attached to Baxter, whose "Saints' Rest" had been the means of his conversion—and beside these, some from abroad, like Doctor Owen with his magnificent person and his majesty of thought and intellect, or John Flavel, from Dartmouth, who carried his spirituality into all the scenes in which he mingled, and seemed ever intent on his motto "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," or the seraphic John Howe from Torrington, who might almost seem to have resigned an angel's place, that he might come down and sojourn on earth to teach men how to soar upward to their native sphere, or rather how

much of heaven's own peace might dwell beneath the skies.

Among this group, of whom sometimes a larger and sometimes a smaller number was present, Richard Baxter, pale, attenuated and feeble as he was, was perhaps the most vivacious. He was an inveterate talker, earnest, and sometimes pertinacious, the very life of the discussions which took a broad range, and canvassed the principles of toleration and conformity. "I intend," said he, "instead of waiting for the twenty-fourth of August, to declare at once my purpose not to conform, by ceasing to preach any more. I want none to be led to conform through any doubt as to how I shall act. I shall not go into the pulpit again till the law allows me, and I shall print what I call my farewell sermon."* "I intend to preach," said John Howe, "just so long as the law will allow me to do it, but I shall make no secret of my purpose to refuse subscription." Doctor Calamy protested that in the act of uniformity there were some things required which he regarded as sinful, and even as intolerably so.

"I am bold positively to assert," remarked

* Orme's *Baxter*, i. 206.

Doctor Owen, "that the magistrate hath no warrant from the word of God to enforce submission to terms he sees fit to propose, or to molest men for non-subscription.* For my part, I think all these laws interfering with the free worship of God to be unrighteous, nor shall I ever give my vote to the burning, hanging or killing of a man, otherwise upright, honest and peaceable in the state, merely because he misbelieveth any point of Christian faith. Let what pretenses you please be produced, or colors flourished, I should be very unwilling to pronounce any harsh sentence in the case of heresy. I do not intend here to dispute, but, if any one will, upon pretended principles, and Scripture grounds undertake to assert it, I promise (if God grant me life) he shall not want a convert *or* an antagonist."†

"With all due respect," remarked Baxter, "I must differ with you. Must magistrates rule as men that are uncertain whether there be a Christ or a church, a heaven or a hell, because some are found in their dominions, so foolish or impious as to be uncertain of it? Will merciful rulers set up a trade for butchering souls, and allow men to

* Owen's *Works*, xv. 250.

† Owen's *Works*, 80.

set up a shop of poison for all to buy and take that will? Yea, to proclaim this poison for souls in streets and church assemblies, as if men's souls were no more worth than rats or mice, or hurtful vermin, or it were a noble achievement to send as many as may be to the devil? * We have errorists abroad that should be restrained, and though magistrates may go too far, I would not deny them all authority in matters of religion. Mischiefs which they *can*, they *should* prevent. The Quakers in their shops, when I go along London streets, say, 'Alas poor man thou art yet in darkness.' They have often come into the congregation, and cried out against me as a deceiver of the people. They have followed me home, crying in the streets, 'The day of the Lord is coming, when thou shalt perish as a deceiver.' They have stood in the market-places, and under my window, year after year, crying out to my people 'Take heed of your priests; they deceive your souls.' If they saw any one wear lace or neat clothing, they cried to me, 'These are the fruits of your ministry.' If they spoke to me with the greatest ignorance or nonsense, it was with as much fury and rage, as

* Baxter's *Works*, iii. 357.

if a bloody heart had appeared in their faces. So that though I never hurt, or occasioned the hurt of one of them, that I know of, their truculent countenances told me what they would have done, had I been in their power.”*

“I do not wish to discuss now the extravagances of the Quakers,” remarked Doctor Owen. “The sole question with me is whether God hath authorized and doth warrant any man of what sort soever, to compel others to worship and serve him, contrary to the way and manner that they are in their consciences, persuaded that he doth accept and approve.† There are two inseparable and equally pernicious evils for princes or magistrates; one is to invade or usurp the throne of God; and the other to behave themselves therein, unlike him.‡ But surely, we must obey God rather than man. In our refusal of compliance with the magistrate’s commands, we do neither rebel, nor sin against him. For God hath not, doth not at any time, shut us up to the necessity of sinning. They will find small relief at the last day, who shall charge their sins on the commands

* Baxter’s *Works*, iv. 602. † Owen’s *Works*, xxi. 388.

‡ Owen’s *Works*, 359.

of others. Neither will it be any excuse that we have done according to the precepts of men, if we have done contrary to those of God. This is Circe's rod, one stroke of which turned men into hogs. I think he would find hard work that should go about to persuade men to put out their eyes, or blind themselves, that they might see all, by one public eye."*

"In all that I have said," replied Baxter, "I would not be understood as speaking against a toleration of godly, tolerable men, Episcopal, Presbyterian, Independent, Anabaptist, &c., that will walk in charity, peace and concord. But if we grant the Papists such liberty, we shall strengthen them, and make way for their power, and give away our own liberty, and prepare fagots for our own martyrdom.† But now instead of repressing them the law leaves them at liberty, and they who should be free, are molested. Those that were exiles have come back, bringing their outlandish French fashions with them. There were men in Spain that traded much in the fire, and Queen Mary brought the trade into England. There are men in other foreign lands, so devout

* Owen's *Works*, xxi. 352, 353. † Baxter's *Works*, iii. 357.

that their canons and religion rule their appetites, and they love no meat like a carbonadoed protestant, nor are pleased with any perfume or incense so much as with the smell of a roasted saint, first called a heretic or schismatic. And they that have gone abroad have learned these fashions, and contracted such a familiarity and love to foreigners, as that for obtaining union with them, all the divisions, distractions and calamities of England and Scotland are not thought too dear a sacrifice, and some sons of non-conformists must be doubly virulent to expiate the guilt of their original sin.”*

There could be little progress toward any conclusion while Mr. Baxter led the conversation. He was ever ready to fly off to some incidental topic, kindred to the main theme, and indulge a loquacity that was at least entertaining if not profitable. But among the group were men who sought to define the common grounds upon which all alike might base and justify their refusal to conform. That they must refuse, was clear to nearly every one present. Even Samuel Clark declared that though he could not see his way clear to sepa-

* Baxter, iv. 529. Palmer's *Non-Conformists*, ii. 91.

rate from the church of England, and though he expected to be both a hearer and a communicant with her, yet he should feel constrained to lay aside his ministry, for he could not in conscience conform to the terms of the act.

“We are agreed,” remarked John Howe, “that government has no right to impose as necessary, things which Christ hath not made so, and we acknowledge that our own differences among ourselves are matters of small importance, and should therefore be overlooked. But have we not erred in making them too prominent, and must we not admit that Christ alone is the supreme ruler of his people, and that we must acknowledge his sole authority as obliging the conscience? We shall only be in happy circumstances when we have learned to distinguish between the essentials of Christianity and accidental appendages; between accidents of Christ’s appointing, and our devising; much more, when every truth and duty contained in the Bible cannot be counted essential or necessary; when we shall have learned not only not to add inventions of our own to that sacred frame, but much more not to presume to insert them into the order of essentials or necessities, and treat men as

no Christians for wanting them; when religious pretenses cease to serve political purposes, when the interest of a party ceases to weigh more with us than the whole Christian interest.* We have differed among ourselves,^{*} and have magnified these differences. Has not the government just seized upon matters which had threatened to divide us, and made essentials of these, to which we are required to conform? Is not then our true position that of those who will give place to nothing that shall alienate those who are brethren in Christ? Here are some who will conform, but whom I shall never cease to love, though I have not liberty to follow them. Must we not all agree to lay aside minor differences, and say by our common and united action that we will not in our own persons allow the rights or liberty of Christ's disciples and free men to be brought into bondage?"

The grave words of Howe carried weight with them. But Baxter spoiled their effect by interposing again. "Some," said he, † "assert that all conscientious worshippers of God in the kingdom, should bring their judgments to a full conformity in all particulars to their rulers. But it is an im-

* Howe's *Works*, p. 931.

† Baxter's *Works*.

portant question, who are the rulers. Some say, the king. Others say, the bishops. But must there be as many religions as different kings and laws will make? How far must this go? Where shall it stop? Must kings choose us a god? Or choose whether we shall have any God, any Christ, any Bible, any worship of God, and so, any heaven?"

The discussion had thus been brought back by Baxter to its starting point. But the language of Howe had found a response in the hearts of many. "Were Christians duly instructed," remarked Dr. Owen, "how many lesser differences in mind and judgment and practice, are really consistent with the nature, ends and genuine points of the unity that Christ requires among them, it would undoubtedly prevail with them to mutual forbearance and condescension in love. It is not different opinions, or the difference in judgment about revealed truths, nor a different practice in sacred administrations, but pride, self-interest, love of honor, reputation and dominion, with the influence of civil and political intrigues and considerations that are the true cause of the present defect of evangelical unity.* We must have that union which

* Owen's *Works*, xxi. 70.

Christ allows and requires, or we can have no other. And in establishing the grounds of our non-conformity, we should not, methinks, overlook these things."

No formal conclusion was reached, nor indeed did it seem necessary. There was evidently a general agreement that the Act of Uniformity imposed terms which it would be sinful to accept, and while some regarded the things imposed as matters indifferent in themselves, and honestly sought to devise some way by which they might retain positions of usefulness, they were not less resolved than their brethren who opposed them more strenuously, to bear their testimony against a law which usurped the rights of Christ over his own church. "Ministers," remarked Baxter, "are not idle or useless when they are silenced. They are praying for the church, and they are lights in the houses and company where they come. Some too may publish God's truth by writing, and that to a larger number than they could reach in the pulpit." The words were indeed prophetic, but he little foresaw what he was to suffer himself for his writing.*

* Baxter's *Works*, iii. 954.

CHAPTER XIII.

TRIAL OF SIR HENRY VANE.

BARELY three months were left after the passing of the Act of Uniformity for the publication and circulation of the new-modeled prayer-book, to which the subscription of every clergyman of the English church was required. It reached the hands of many—although the printing-presses were kept at work with the greatest activity—only a few days before their final decision was required.

Meanwhile, the minds of Englishmen were variously agitated by the events that were taking place. A Roman Catholic Queen from Portugal had landed on the English coast. The Queen mother, with her Roman Catholic priests and retinue, was preparing to take up her residence in London. Parliament, previous to its prorogation, notwithstanding the promise of the king to spare the life of Sir Henry Vane, had voted in favor of pressing forward the trial of Vane and Lambert.

Three of the king's judges who had surrendered themselves in confident expectation of mercy, had been executed. The grand jury found "a true bill" against Vane as a traitor, and within about two weeks after the adjournment of Parliament, he was arraigned before the court of the king's bench for trial.

Joe's friend Richard Brandon had kept himself well informed of what was taking place. He had gained a coffee-house acquaintance with Sykes, the friend of Vane, and had procured for himself and young Manton the privilege of being present at the approaching trial. As they made their way to the Guildhall, and saw the crowds that were gathered around the building, they found that the arraignment of the leading statesman of the commonwealth had produced a profound sensation. The gathered groups were discussing the event with mingled hopes and fears. There were some who dared to speak of the transaction as it deserved, in words not loud but emphatic, and they did not spare the ignominy to which the king had subjected himself by the violation of his royal promise.

The court room was closely packed. The pris-

oner was called to the bar, and the indictment, which to this moment had been kept from him, was read. He asked for a copy of it. It was refused. He asked that it might be read again. This request was granted, but when he desired that it might be read over to him in Latin, this was refused. "You have denied me legal advice or consultation," exclaimed the prisoner, "before my trial, and you deny it now. You refuse me a copy of the indictment, and when I ask that it be read in Latin, this is denied also."

The words were spoken calmly but deliberately, and produced a deep impression. Joe could not but admire the noble bearing of the prisoner. In the vigor of a ripe manhood, in the full possession of all his faculties, with a fearlessness of tone and utterance which bespoke the spirit of the hero, he was a model of dignity and self-respect. His person was characterized by a faultless symmetry. His features, if not beautiful were noble. Intelligence seemed enthroned on his lofty brow, and the quick glance of his piercing eye bespoke the sagacity, penetration and tact with which he was prepared to manage his own defense.

He was charged with treason, with levying war

against the king, with taking upon himself the government of the forces of the nation by land and sea. To this indictment he took several exceptions. "The offences charged were committed," said he, "in my capacity as a member of Parliament. I acted under its commission, and I may not be held to answer at the bar of any inferior tribunal." But these objections were peremptorily overruled. "You are required," said the judges, "to plead to the indictment, 'guilty' or 'not guilty.'"

Vane replied that he could not do it. It was impossible, he said, that in the circumstances in which he was placed, he could have that just and equal trial to which every Englishman was entitled. His case had been prejudged in another place by those who were to pronounce upon him sentence of life or death. Their votes against him were on record. For years, while he had been a helpless prisoner, his enemies had been collecting evidence against him, and contriving the means for his conviction. If some remedy was not provided, it would be better that he should be put to death outright (if nothing else would satisfy) by special command, without any form of law, and after two

years delay, in cold blood. This would be less offensive than under color of justice, and the pretense of giving him the benefit of the law and the king's court, to condemn him and the justice of the nation in the same sentence.

He then added, that having said so much, he craved leave farther to add, "That he stands at this bar, not only as a man, entitled to legal rights, but as a Christian that had faith and reliance in God, through whose gracious and wise appointment he is brought into these circumstances, to whose will he would be fully resigned. Upon this bottom, he blesses the name of his God; he is fearless; he knows, the issue will be good, whatever it may prove. The strength of God will appear in the prisoner's weakness, and the more all things carry the face of certain ruin and destruction to all that is near and dear to him in this world, the more will divine deliverance and salvation appear, to the making good of that Scripture, that he that is content to lose his life in God's cause and way, shall save it; and he that, instead thereof, goes about to save his life upon undue terms, shall lose it."

Never, he protested, had he knowingly or mali-

ciously violated the law, rightly understood and asserted; much less had he done anything that is *malum in se*, or morally evil. "This," he said, "is what I allow not, as I am a man, and what I desire with steadfastness to resist, as I am a Christian." The reason of his present condition, as far as he could judge, was that he had desired to walk by a just and righteous rule in all his actions, and rather to die than serve the lusts and passions of men and thus deliberately sin against God. The good of the whole community he had preferred to his own private interest.

Glancing then at the array of legal counsel with which he was confronted, Sir Geoffrey Palmer, Attorney-General, and five other lawyers, the most eminent in the kingdom, he asked that counsel might be allowed him. "If you will plead, and put yourself on the issue, the court will assign you counsel," was the reply given to his request. After much persuasion, he was induced so far to yield as to accept the assurance of the court, and to plead "not guilty."

Joe needed no urging from his friend Richard to attend the court the next day of trial, June 6th. Vane took his place at the bar and pleaded the

promise of the court. The judges replied that *they* would be his counsel. The countenance of Vane flashed with indignation at this new phase of the treachery of the court. He looked the scorn he felt for this new scene in a drama of deliberate murder. He did not know, although he might suspect, that his arch-enemy at Hampton Court had given direction to the judges. Chief Justice Foster was acting as the tool of Charles and Clarendon. Sir Geoffrey Palmer as prosecuting attorney had admitted that he could not answer the prisoner's exceptions. "If we do not know what to *say* to him, we know what to *do* with him," replied the Chief Justice.

The Attorney-General stated the charges and arrayed the evidence against Vane. It was mainly a recital of his public acts. The prisoner rose to reply in his own defense. If he was little read in the technicalities of statute law, he was no stranger to the principles of public justice. He summed up in a masterly manner the history of the transactions in which he had taken part. He showed how society had seemed to be reduced to a state of anarchy, and dissolved into its original elements. The circumstances forbade the applica-

tion of principles suited to the condition of a regular and established government. His own acts were not committed against a reigning king. The law of nature and the law of England justified him in recognizing the *de facto* government of Parliament. The very principles of justice, the foundation of all laws and states, must be accepted when statute laws are rendered inapplicable by a change of circumstances. In changing the government into a commonwealth he had taken no part. The thing was done by others before his return to Parliament. He thought it his duty to accept facts as they were and fulfill his office to which he had been elected. In these circumstances, and in times of imminent danger and hazard, he had discharged the trust that had been imposed upon him. He had not dared to quit his station. He had incurred debts, instead of making provision for his large household. He hoped it would be evident to the jury that what he had done, had been done on the principles of integrity, honor, justice, reason and conscience, and not according to the indictment, at the instigation of the devil, or through want of the fear of God.

During the usurpation of Cromwell, he had at the risk not only of property but of life, maintained an attitude of opposition. For months he had on that account been imprisoned and subjected to hardship. In conclusion, he asked the court to consider, whether the collective body of Parliament could be impeached of high treason; whether any one while strictly acting under their authority could commit treason; whether matters done by them could be called in question in an inferior court, and whether a king *de jure*, yet out of possession, can have treason committed against him; and this he prayed might be argued by counsel.

• The temper of the court forbade the hope of any favorable response. Vane could scarcely have expected it, and when his objections were set aside, resolute and undaunted still, he prayed the benefit of a bill of exceptions. This was refused, and Vane closed his defense by proving, through a few witnesses, the utter falsehood of much of the crown evidence.

The solicitor-general replied in a brutal speech. The prisoner, he said, *must* be made a public sacrifice. He had urgently claimed 'counsel; but

“what counsel, does he think, would dare to speak for him, in such a manifest case of treason, unless he could call down the heads of his fellow-traitors, Bradshaw or Coke, from the top of Westminster Hall?” Under the influence of this invective the jury were sent out to draw up their verdict. In about half an hour they returned with the verdict of “guilty.”

The prisoner was taken back to the Tower. The sympathies of Joe and Richard were now fully enlisted on his side. But Richard’s ingenuity could devise no way by which he could find the access he would have desired to the prisoner’s cell. He could only depend upon Sykes for information, and he found him on subsequent days, as he met him, perfectly willing to speak of the nobleness and courage of the man he loved. He told Richard that he had found Sir Henry in very cheerful spirits, and not at all cast down. He asked him how he could sustain himself under the protracted trial and its sad result. “I fore-saw what has taken place,” said Vane. “I knew that in the offenses charged against me the whole nation was involved, and that in defending myself, I might be considered as defending the

liberty and life of every Englishman who had acted in the cause of the commonwealth. I felt it my duty, so far as lay in my power, to make a defence worthy of the occasion, and I resolved to let nothing slip which might avail to protect a subject against oppression and injustice. With such views, I refused to plead till assured of counsel; when I found that in this matter they had deceived me, I felt my incompetence alone to vindicate the cause of liberty and of right; but now as I look back I bless God that he strengthened me to accomplish what I have; that arguments were suggested to me; that I have been enabled to speak with unusual readiness, and now that the duty is discharged my conscience is at peace."

The tidings of the trial reached the king at Hampton Court. He was provoked at the firmness and the eloquence of Vane. Snatching his pen, he sat down instantly and wrote a few lines to Clarendon, in which after referring to the "insolence" of the prisoner, he added, "he is too dangerous a man to live, if we can honestly put him out of the way. Think of this, and give me some account of it to-morrow."

Vane was brought up on June 11th to receive

his sentence. He was asked what he had to say why sentence should not be pronounced against him. He replied that he had much to say. He had never heard his indictment read in Latin, and he claimed it as his undeniable right. After a short debate, he prevailed on this point. Then he claimed counsel to take exceptions. This was refused. He then offered himself a bill of exceptions. It had been offered on his trial, and the judges had refused to sign it. He now showed by an unrepealed law, and on the authority of Coke, that they might be forced to do so, or else proceeded against. The judges were staggered, but after much evasion and dispute, they one by one refused to do it.

Vane then requested that the petition of Parliament and the King's promise of his life might be read in open court. With the greatest reluctance, the court finally was compelled to consent that it be done. He then reminded the court that certain questions of law must be settled before they could be prepared to pronounce sentence. He would argue then by counsel if permitted, but if not, he would do it in person. The first point was whether a Parliament was accountable to any

inferior court; the second was only partially stated, for as Vane uttered the words "*whether the King being out of possession,*" he was interrupted by the court, impatient and provoked that the prisoner did not submit without resistance to its injustice. "The King was never out of possession," said the Judge. Quick as thought, yet with surprising coolness, the prisoner-replied that if the King was never *out* of possession, then the indictment against him must inevitably fall to the ground, for in the charge it was alleged that he "had endeavored to *keep* out his majesty."

The judges were highly excited. In the field of justice they felt themselves vanquished. They could only crush the prisoner by sheer authority. Vane at length desisted from further efforts to effect what was obviously impossible. As he folded up his papers, he solemnly appealed from that tribunal to the righteous judgment of God. Before him, judges and the judged would alike be arraigned, while for himself he was willing to die upon the testimony he had borne.

The impression of such a scene was not lost on either of the two youthful spectators. They had never before listened to such eloquence. They

had seemed to see the genius of the English commonwealth impersonated before them in its noblest and purest statesmen, and they felt a pang, which no words could describe, as they heard the sentence, that within four days Sir Henry Vane should be executed on Tower Hill.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE EXECUTION.

THE scenes which young Manton had witnessed in London, and the events, which, in spite of his own personal anxieties, had absorbed much of his attention, had not tended to strengthen his royalist sympathies. He began to question the right conceded by Presbyterians like Baxter to the magistrate, of interfering with the affairs of religion. New England lost some of its attractions for him when he learned that there the theory of allowing the civil power a control of the church, was so far carried out into practice that no congregation could be formed and no pastor settled without its permission. Their treatment of the Quakers, though no more than an imitation of the policy which England had adopted and continued even under Cromwell, had led him to question whether they had really attained, though exiles for religion, the correct view of the proper rela-

tions of the church to the state. The views of Sir Henry Vane, he knew to be diverse on some important points from those of New England statesmen, and he had heard Doctor Owen speak in severe terms of the persecuting measures which they had adopted. Indeed, Owen's refusal to accept the invitation which had recently been extended to him to become pastor of the church in Boston, was known to be based in part on his dissatisfaction with the course of intolerance which the New England exiles had most conscientiously, but, as he thought, unwisely pursued.

As he returned from witnessing the trial of Vane, Manton could not avoid reflecting upon the dishonor that had been done to English justice. His own sense of right had been outraged, and his indignation was now divided between the ecclesiastical and the civil policy of the government. He seemed to see the cruelty of the act of uniformity paralleled by the mockery of the forms of law and justice by which Vane had been condemned. Almost before he was aware of it, he had well-nigh become a republican. He could not however avoid the conviction that the Presbyterians were to some extent legitimately the

victims of their own principles. In allowing the union of church and state, and the use of civil authority to provide the means for the support of the clergy, the latter could scarcely complain if the state assumed to decide for itself whom it would, and whom it would not employ. If a man received the wages of the state, he must do the work of the state upon its own terms. How much better, he could not help thinking, would it be, if every minister of Christ were just left at liberty, like Mr. Alleine, to labor wherever he could find a field for effort, and the cumbrous expense and parade of Episcopal dignity was spared—no longer to be a stumbling-block to the unbeliever, and an incumbrance to Christianity itself!

But all these reasonings did not palliate the cruelty, or injustice, of the measures of the court. Thousands of clergymen, confiding in the royal promise of indulgence, had manifested their loyalty in encouraging the restoration of the King, and now by courtly perfidy, these were threatened with ejection. They must choose, between on the one hand giving assent and consent to much that they disapproved, and on the other, enduring

all the hardships and dishonor to which as non-conformists they must be subjected. So in the case of Vane, law and justice were alike sacrificed to court policy. A man whose manifest sincerity, lofty views, consummate ability and remarkable eloquence had commanded the respect of even his enemies, and whose Christian faith seemed at least not unworthy of some of the noblest of the martyrs, was soon to expiate on the block his fidelity to his convictions. Whither then was England drifting? What had the church of Christ to hope while such counsels as these by which she was now governed, continued to prevail?

With his mind thus occupied, young Manton reached his father's house, and found a letter awaiting him, from his old teacher, Mr. Alleine. He eagerly caught it up and perused it. It was as follows,—

“MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND:—I have been grieved and disappointed in learning that you were not to return again to Taunton. Your letter only stated to me, however, what I had already, from your delay, begun to fear. I can myself sympathize fully with your father and with yourself in your trials. Since you left us, my labors in the

neighboring villages have been somewhat hindered by evil disposed men, and I have been threatened with violence if I do not desist. Taunton, you know, is especially obnoxious to zealous royalists, adhering as it did to parliament during the wars. We are now very closely watched, and the more so, that the soldiers have come down here at the king's order to put a contempt on the castle by leveling the old walls behind which the forces of the Parliament offered such effectual resistance during the rebellion.

The enemies of the gospel are greatly encouraged, and some of our friends are equally despondent. This result is due in part, indeed, to the act of uniformity lately passed, as you are aware, by the Parliament. I think it will result here in removing me from my place as curate, for Rev. Mr. Newton holds the same views on the subject that I do, and will sooner leave his post, and do what good he can privately, than submit to be re-ordained, or give his assent and consent to all that is contained in the prayer-book, and observe all the prescriptions of the liturgy.

“It is sad to think that I must leave the pulpit which I have loved so much. But I shall still

have my school left me, and perhaps, notwithstanding all the threats thrown out, I shall be able to continue my labors among the poor ignorant classes in the neighboring villages and hamlets. I feel assured that whether in doing or in suffering, God will still find me something to do for him, and if so, I will not complain.

“Your lot, my dear young friend, is cast in trying times. You feel unable to return hither, and your heart fails you about seeking admission at the university. Study to know what God’s will is. It may be that you are to be greatly useful. Prepare yourself, if you can, to preach the gospel. The field may seem closed against you now, but I trust that a better day will yet dawn on England. We are not without hope that the king may yet be induced to take measures for fulfilling his Breda declaration, and if so, the Presbyterians will be first entitled to favor. Present to your father my kind regards, and let me hear from you again at the earliest of your convenience.

“From your true friend,

“JOSEPH ALLEINE.”

After the interval of a little more than a week, young Manton wrote in reply :

“DEAR AND HONORED FRIEND:—I have many a time longed to see and converse with you, since our parting. London has become repulsive to me, and Taunton, with its pleasant scenes, I can never forget. Nothing could gratify me more than to go back to you, but the Lord seems to order otherwise. I know not what to do. One plan after another has suggested itself, but always with some objection that I could not meet. I feel that for the present I ought not to leave home. It is but a few short weeks before my father and many of the London ministers will have to leave their pulpits. Some of them know not what to do, or whither to go. They will be left, so far as they can see, homeless and without bread or shelter. My father will be greatly straitened in his means, but we cannot urge him to conform, whether for the sake of his benefice or his continued usefulness.

“I thank you for your kind advice, and mean to adopt it. My heart glows with the desire to preach the gospel, although I cannot now see how the desire is to be gratified. I do not want a grand congregation or a rich benefice. I should be content to do good as you have done, by preaching in hovels and sheds even, if I could see the

eyes of my hearers moistened, as I have seen those of yours, by tears of penitent sorrow. But the Lord's will be done.

“I am sure you will be anxious to hear about Sir Henry Vane. I attended his trial, and shall never forget how nobly he bore himself, and how eloquently he spoke. On last Saturday I witnessed his execution. It was a sad sight. From a friend of mine I have learned something about his last hours. He was neither excited nor despondent. His mind seemed to be at perfect peace. He told his friends, who were deeply moved, not to mourn for him. ‘Why,’ he asked, ‘should we be frightened with death? I bless the Lord, I am so far from being affrighted with death, that I rather find it shrinks from me, than I from it.’ As he kissed his children, he said, ‘The Lord bless you; he will be a better Father to you. I must now forget that ever I knew you.’ And then he added, ‘I can willingly leave this place and outward enjoyments for those I shall meet with hereafter in a better country. I have made it my business to acquaint myself with the society of heaven. Be not you troubled; I am going home to my Father.’

“He maintained to the last his fidelity to what

he called the good old cause. He said that for ten thousand lives he would not part with the peace and satisfaction he found in his own heart. He said another day of trial, but a day of triumph also, was to come. He prayed with remarkable fervor, and it is said with a wonderful faith. As he was drawn on the sled to the place of execution, he betrayed no fear. From the windows and the house-tops, as he moved along, the people declared their sympathy and respect. 'The Lord be with thee,' 'The great God of heaven appear in and for thee,' were the cries with which they saluted him. On the scaffold, he appeared calm and even cheerful, to the admiration of all that saw him. As he spoke to the crowd, and stated the cause and occasion of his death, he was rudely interrupted. When again he tried to speak, the trumpets were sounded in order to drown his voice. He attempted to read something from papers that he had with him, but the officers tried to snatch them away. They then thrust their hands into his pockets, as they said, to find his papers, and there was some confusion. The multitude were very indignant, and the more so that every time the prisoner tried to speak, his voice was drowned by the

drums. At length he desisted, only saying, 'It is a bad cause which cannot bear the words of a dying man.' Then he knelt and prayed, and his words were very fit and beautiful. His last petition was, 'Father glorify thyself in the sight of man, that he may glorify thee in the discharge of his duty to thee and to his country.' And then the executioner performed his office.

"One of Sir Henry's friends, through whose help I had the chance to hear the trial, has written about it a few sentences which show how much he loved him, and have, I think, some truth in them. He says, 'Well, they have done all they could do to this lover of his country and the laws thereof. But let them not think they have conquered him. They know him not. He hath judged his judges at the bar. He triumphed over his executioner at the scaffold, the king and the rest. He let fall his mantle, left his body behind him, that he had worn nine and forty years, and is gone to keep his everlasting jubilee in God's rest. It is all day with him now; no night or sorrow more; no prisons, no death. He had served his generation in his mortal body, done his work, and was glad to fall asleep, and go look for his reward somewhere else.'

“The king’s friends say that the execution has been very unwise; that out of a prisoner it has made a martyr. One royalist declared that Sir Henry died like a prince. Another said the execution was a most impressive spectacle, and the people regarded it as a miracle. People generally think that the king lost more by it, than he will gain in a great while, and that the bishops have received a blow that they will long feel. How this is, I cannot pretend to say, but I could not wish any cause a more noble and brave witness than the cause of the commonwealth has found in Sir Henry.

“But I must not write more now. I hope in a few weeks more that I shall know what I am to study or to do, and I shall always crave and welcome a line from you to whom I feel so deeply indebted.

“From your loving pupil,

“JOSEPH MANTON.”

Amidst the exciting events and discussions of the day, young Manton found little leisure to ponder over his own griefs or trials. He was constantly hearing of ministers in London and throughout England who were soon to be deprived

of their means of support, and what to many of them was still more bitter, the privilege of continuing their labors in the pulpit as the servants of Christ. One, in London, was already preparing to commence business as a grocer. Some were turning their attention to the study of medicine, that they might be prepared to obtain the means of support as physicians. A few were deliberating with reference to emigration to the New World. Others, without any definite plan, were led to feel that their only trust must be in the providence of God. Without waiting to see the new edition of the Prayer-book, they understood only too well the terms of conformity, and were fully assured that they could not with a safe conscience accept them.

Dark and sad days these were to hundreds of households in England. Doctor Manton's lot was perhaps among the most favored; he had warm and devoted friends who would not see him suffer, and though possessed of but scanty means of support—apart from his salary—he had not those apprehensions of absolute want with which some of his brethren were oppressed. In some instances the pastor had before him a prospect the

most cheerless and disheartening. A dependant family for which he could no longer provide, an utter incapacity, through advanced years, to fit himself for any other calling; a hostility on the part of some of his former flock that would spare no means of molesting him and adding to the hardships of his lot—all these things as well as many more of a like kind, served to depress the spirits and excite the fears of some of the most devoted ministers of the gospel whom England could boast.

As the 24th of August, the anniversary of the celebrated St. Bartholomew massacre of Paris, drew near, those who had bravely resolved to quit their benefices rather than violate their consciences, were engaged in the preparation of their farewell discourses. These discourses were for the most part penned in sorrow, not in anger. They offered no provocations: they made no threats. If they set forth the grounds on which the terms of conformity were rejected, they did it in inoffensive and studiously peaceable language. The counsel which they gave was seasonable, judicious, Christian. It did not advise separation from the established church, or contempt for

ministers who did not see fit to conform. It urged peace, quiet submission, continued attendance upon the ordinances of the parish church, a forbearing and forgiving spirit. It repressed all expressions of indignant feeling, and encouraged the hope that through patient endurance, the obnoxious act might yet be modified or repealed.

The greater portion of these farewell discourses were preached on the 17th of August, just a week before the act of uniformity was to take effect, and quite a large number of them were printed and obtained an extended circulation. They are characterized generally by an earnest, tender, affectionate spirit, and they must, in nearly every instance, have produced a profound and abiding impression.

Eminent among his brethren was Mr. Newcomen, pastor of the church at Dedham in Essex. After bestowing his parting counsels, he adds, "And thus my brethren, I have done with this doctrine, and this sermon, and as far as I know, with my preaching in this place. The day is at hand, wherein I, and many others of my brethren, shall be (though not naturally dead yet) civilly dead, dead in law, dead as to the work of

the ministry. As I told them of this particular congregation the last Lord's day, so I tell you now what I would be willing to speak to you, if I lay on my death-bed, and had that exercise of reason and memory that I have now." He then proceeded to counsel as one who was speaking for the last time. He urges them to give God the praise for whatever good had been done by his labors, and to lay to heart the sad dispensation under which the nation then mourned. "Blame none so much for this," he said, "as yourselves. Some blame the times, and charge it on their iniquities. Others are apt to blame us ministers, and charge it on our niceness and singularity. Might my advice take place with this people, I would desire that every one of us might lay the blame nowhere so much as on ourselves, for certainly we have procured these things to ourselves. I find our predecessors, the martyrs, when by a law religion was changed in the nation, and idolatry set up, they laid the blame, not on the law-makers, but on themselves and their own hearts. One of them saith, All this is come upon us because we did not love the gospel. We were gossellers in lip, but not in life. Much more

doth it become us, whose sufferings are far less, to blame ourselves more than we blame any others.”*

To charge men who spoke thus with being disturbers of the peace was indeed absurd, but it was characteristic of the times.

* *Farewell Sermons.* London, 1663.

CHAPTER XV.

MR. ALLEINE PREPARES FOR THE STORM.

It had been said by not a few, that when the Presbyterians saw the alternative presented them by the act of uniformity, they would, with few exceptions, comply with its terms and retain their benefices. But the men that said this reasoned from their own venal and time-serving views. They little understood that depth of conviction and that strength of principle by which the great body of the Puritan clergy were governed. Multitudes, undoubtedly, who inclined to Puritan doctrine, and deprecated the act of uniformity, found themselves disposed to retain their benefices by a plausible casuistry, or such an interpretation of the terms of the act as would give quiet to their consciences; but nearly two thousand of the most faithful and devoted pastors of the church, among them some of the best scholars and ablest writers of the age, chose rather to sacrifice all their

worldly prospects than retain positions of emolument, and even of usefulness, at the price of a violated conscience.

It is a sublime spectacle to contemplate, and none the less so that any arrangement for common or concerted action was impossible. The ejected ministers did not all agree as to the grounds of their non-conformity, and perhaps a majority would have hesitated to sign any statement of reasons which any individual of their number might have drawn up. But when the question was put to them broadly, whether they would become the creatures of state policy, and quietly submit to conditions which violated the rights of the Christian church, and introduced a legalized bondage at once to the state and to forms and ceremonies which at the best could be no better than matters of indifference, their response was such an emphatic negative that the nation was roused by it from its lethargy.

The answer was given in the farewell sermon of the London ministers. It was echoed back from every county. From the Tweed to Land's End, England was profoundly agitated. The heroism of Christian principle numbered nearly

two thousand martyrs. The most intimate relationship of pastors and people were rudely sundered. Sobbing congregations listened with anguish to the parting counsels of those whom they regarded with profound respect and hallowed affection. Many a household was plunged in grief, because its members were no longer to be permitted to listen to the voice, or enjoy the presence and counsel of their spiritual guide. If there were desolate and stricken hearts among the families of the ejected ministers—if with tearful eyes these were constrained to bid adieu to loving congregations and pleasant homes, and to feel that thenceforth they were thrown as houseless exiles upon the cold charities of the world: such grief as this might find sympathy in the sad and troubled thoughts of thousands who felt, though unmolested themselves, that they had suffered a personal loss in being deprived of the instructions of those whom they revered as their teachers in the school of Christ.

Lord Clarendon's policy was triumphant. There were vacancies now, enough to gratify the craving appetite of the royalist clergy, greedy for benefices that might reward their loyalty. The

statesman had been successful, perhaps beyond his anticipations. Into the posts left unoccupied by the withdrawal of the non-conformists, were thrust men who, in many instances at least, taught their congregations to appreciate the loss they had suffered. To listen to them with respect; to be edified by their words or example, was utterly impossible, and thus, in numerous instances, separations took place by which the former pastor was followed by a large portion of his flock, and new congregations were formed, independent of state patronage or state correction. Sometimes they were but a feeble band. They worshipped in houses, in barns, and sometimes beneath the open sky, but they still enjoyed the pastoral labors and the pulpit instructions of men of their own choice, in whom, through years of varied experience, they had learned to confide, and whose integrity, self-denial and devotion had been evinced and illustrated as never before by what they had been called to endure.

This was the case at Taunton. The venerable Mr. Newton did not hesitate to take his position as a non-conformist. His curate, Joseph Alleine, shared his convictions, and placed himself by his

side. A few of the wealthy families of the place, and not a few in humble life, who had enjoyed the instructions of these men, chose still to adhere to them, though attending also the established church. With each returning Sabbath they assembled at the house of their former pastor, or in Mr. Alleine's large school-room, and listened with new and deeper interest to the truths which they had heard before, but which seemed to possess unwonted power as uttered by men who were willing to sacrifice their worldly all for the love of souls.

"The time has come," so he now felt, "that will test the sincerity of those who have devoted themselves to the ministry of the gospel. Shall I not then lay aside every incumbrance and give myself up wholly to the work?"

As he sat one evening pondering upon the subject, Mrs. Alleine inquired of him what it was that so absorbed his thoughts. "I have been thinking," he said, "that it would be wise in us to be preparing for the dark days which it seems to me are close at hand."

"Are you not borrowing trouble in your forebodings?" asked Mrs. Allein , in a cheerful tone.

“I wish I could think so,” he replied, “but Satan’s rage against the faithful ministers of Christ is not spent yet. We must be prepared for the spoiling of our goods, perhaps for exile. But even before that comes, I feel that I should do my work as one who knows that his time will be short.”

“Do not speak so despairingly,” exclaimed Mrs. Alleine. “We may yet see a different spirit abroad. The rage of the wicked, methinks must be short.”

“The words of Scripture, ‘work while it is day,’” said Mr. Alleine, “have of late impressed themselves upon my mind. Even if better days dawn, the present should be diligently and faithfully improved.”

“That is true,” replied Mrs. Alleine, “but are you not doing already all that is in your power? You are preaching two or three times on the Lord’s day, and three or four times beside, every week, and then your school must have a share of your attention.”

“That is the very point about which I was meditating,” said Mr. Alleine. “Must the school have so much of my attention? Am I not sacrificing to it the time and attention which is due to

the perishing thousands whom I may reach with the words of life?"

"But how," asked Mrs. Alleine, "can you well reach more than you are reaching now? There is not a cluster of hovels within five miles of Taunton that you have not visited time and again, and there is scarcely a neighborhood where you do not preach at least once a month. I really do not know how you could do more."

"I can, with the help of God, I can do more," exclaimed Mr. Alleine, with more than wonted energy. "I cannot tell you how many parishes are now left within this portion of Somersetshire, without any to teach or guide them, and I would gladly supply this lack of service and feed the flocks that have no shepherd. Only I must dispose of the school in order to do it."

"And what shall we have then to rely upon for our support?" asked Mrs. Alleine. "You know how largely we have given away in charity, and how little we have saved each year out of our scant income."

"I know it all," said Mr. Alleine, "and I feel the need of the aid which the school affords, but I am confident that if we be engaged in doing

the Lord's work, he will not suffer us to want. And besides, it is not proper to run the risks that will be run by holding the property that we have here. Some of my brethren are almost impoverished already by ruinous fines and the spoiling of their goods, and I plainly foresee that I shall not escape."

"What do you propose to do then?" asked Mrs. Alleine. "Surely you would not break up the school. It has been very useful, and I know that you have good reason to think that the Lord hath greatly blessed it."

"Indeed he has," said Mr. Alleine, "and I praise his name therefor. I do not intend that it should be broken up. But it must pass out of my hands, while I still bestow upon it a measure of my care and attention."

"But to whom can you entrust it, or who would be willing to take it," asked Mrs. Alleine, "in such trying times as these?"

"If I am not greatly mistaken," replied Mr. Alleine, "young Manton would very cheerfully take my place, and his father could easily procure for him from among his friends, the small sum which will be necessary to purchase our goods and

furniture at the price which I shall affix to them."

"But is he capable of managing the school?" asked Mrs. Alleine.

"I think so," replied her husband. "He is certainly one among a thousand. He is a thorough and accurate scholar, and is thoughtful far beyond his years. Besides, I will retain the nominal control, and freely aid him with my sympathy and counsel."

To the project as thus set forth, Mrs. Alleine had no objection to offer. It seemed on the whole wise and feasible.

"I have had great joy in my labors," said Mr. Alleine, "since I withdrew from the pulpit of St. Magdalen's. I wish you could see what I see almost daily. It appears to me that the word of God was never before so powerful as it has been since that dreaded St. Bartholomew's, the 24th of August. Wherever I have gone, the Lord has been pleased to give me great success. Large numbers of souls have been converted, even in those places where the ministers have fled or been silenced, while others have been confirmed and are strong and steadfast in the faith. I wish to

extend my journeys yet farther, and to be still more abundant in labors. As I told you this morning, so I say now, if it pleased the Lord to grant me three months' liberty before sending me to prison, I should account myself greatly favored of him, and having done more work, I should go with the greater cheerfulness."*

"And if you go, I will go with you," said the loving wife. "It grieves me more to think of being absent from you, than of suffering with you."

"A prison is a cold and cheerless place," said Mr. Alleine, "and I could not bear to think of having you share it with me. Perhaps exile will be our lot. Who knows whether I may not yet see fulfilled one of the dreams of my youthful fancy, by going as a missionary to China, or some remote part of the world, and preach the gospel there?"

"It matters little," replied Mrs. Alleine, "where it be. You shall not go alone. I feel strong enough to go with you across the ocean, and a home in the wilderness would not affright me."

"Thank God, that you are not so timid as to

* *Life and Letters of Alleine*, p. 67.

dread the prospect of want or hardship," exclaimed Mr. Alleine. "I can the more readily give up the school, now that I know that you will not object."

A shadow as of a painful sensation shot across Mrs. Alleine's radiant features, as she heard the word *object*. "I cannot *object*," she replied, "and you will do me nothing more than justice, if you credit my hesitation to anything else rather than a disposition to obstruct any plan you may cherish for serving God more faithfully. I may have too cautious a spirit, and you know that you have sometimes pleasantly asked me if my real name was not 'Martha,' but if it will help your usefulness I will put off the Martha, and be Mary, and only Mary all the time."

The quiet and half humorous tone of the closing words elicited a smile from Mr. Alleine's features. "Yes," said he, "I know that it is indeed so, but I could scarcely blame you if you did really object to the sale of our goods and the loosing of our hold on our pleasant home. But I feel too sadly confident that henceforth we are to be sojourners and pilgrims, perhaps exiles from our native land."

Mr. Alleine immediately wrote to Doctor Manton and also to Joseph, presenting them with an outline of his plan, and stating the sum which he wished to obtain for his goods and furniture. He was willing, if it was desired, to retain still the nominal charge of the school and render young Manton all the assistance in his power.

The communication of Mr. Alleine lifted a heavy load from the heart of Joseph Manton. The very post he would have preferred—almost the only one in England which he would be willing to accept, was now offered him. It came unanticipated, unsolicited. It seemed as though Providence had closed up every other path or avenue to usefulness that he might the more cheerfully and promptly enter that. His response to Mr. Alleine was transmitted after only a brief delay. Friends of his father volunteered to raise for him the small sum at which Mr. Alleine had appraised his property, and now Joseph was permitted to feel that instead of being any longer a burden to his father, he might contribute something perhaps from his own means to the support of the family.

It was arranged that Mr. and Mrs. Alleine

should still remain as inmates of their old dwelling, that Mrs. Alleine should still preside over the domestic department, and that Mr. Alleine should be at perfect liberty to devote his time to his chosen work, extending to young Manton such aid as he might need, or the circumstances of Mr. Alleine might allow. To outward appearance there was no change in the management of the school. Mr. Alleine's former assistant was discharged, and young Manton seemed simply to step into his vacant place. The number of pupils during the last four months had somewhat diminished, but the influence of Doctor Manton and his London friends would soon more than make good the deficiency.

It was in these circumstances that Mr. Alleine was prepared vigorously to labor in his really missionary field, and young Manton found himself placed in the post of usefulness which of all others he would have most earnestly coveted. The prospect before the young teacher was indeed a trying one, but the friendship of Mr. Alleine promised to supplement his inexperience, while on all important points the two men were united by deep and strong sympathies.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN ALE-HOUSE SCENE.

IN the outskirts of Taunton, near the east line of the now demolished walls was a small alley on which stood a low filthy-looking ale-house, in which on a stormy evening in September, was gathered a group of rough-looking vulgar men. They had just drunk the king's health with uproarious merriment, and now they proposed "confusion to all sectaries." The leader of the gang—for such it might be called—was a man of middle age, with a shaggy head of hair, pock-marked features, and eye-brows jutting darkly over deep-set flashing eyes. He was dressed in laborer's costume, and exercised over his fellows the ascendancy of superior will, or perhaps we should say, of superior brutality. He was known by the expressive epithet, suggested by his swarthy countenance, of "Black Jake."

As the eye of the observer scanned the features of the others, he would discern nothing remarkable except in those of one known as Trump, who maintained a marked reserve, save when some opportunity was given for a flash of humor or some keen repartee which amused and provoked at the same time. He was of large powerful frame, symmetrical features, and somewhat gentlemanly bearing. In dress he was not superior to the others, and yet his opinions and words, though one of the roughest of the group, commanded a marked deference.

As the expression "confusion to all sectaries" was uttered, it was hailed with the plaudits of the company. "Black Jake's included," exclaimed Trump, as he lifted the pewter mug to his lips. "Who says that?" cried Black Jake, with fierceness, and in a defiant tone. "I do," said Trump. "You know that I joined you on the express condition that I should have full liberty to vent my republican notions. I go for treating all sects alike; and we are Jake's sectaries, are we not?" he asked, turning to the company.

"That we are," shouted several. "His word is law and gospel. He's our apostle." "He's our

bishop," exclaimed one and another, entering into the spirit of the jest.

"But why confusion to them?" asked Jake, in a somewhat milder tone.

"Only that all may fare alike," said Trump, with a carelessness of manner which was responded to by a good-natured laugh all around.

"I say we must break up parson Alleine's tramps," exclaimed Black Jake, willing to change the subject, and taught by experience not to provoke too far Trump's keen satire.

"Agreed, agreed," responded several at once.

"He's going all about the country preaching, more than he ever did before," said Jake, "and all that he 'converts' as he calls it, are ready to curse bishops and ale-houses; he is putting his notions into the heads of everybody he meets, and now Dick Tanner, that used to meet with us, has got to be a Puritan, and I know he never would have been if Mr. Alleine had left him alone. Only the other day, he overtook me as I was coming home from work, and he talked to me about law and gospel and judgment, till I didn't know what to say, and felt as if I could answer him best with my fists."

“No doubt of it,” exclaimed Trump, to the great amusement of the company, who were well aware that Jake could manage his fists better than his tongue.

“Now, boys I propose,” said Jake, “that we give Mr. Alleine a ducking, or, better, when he has his next meeting in the evening, we will go all dressed up in the style of wild animals, and hoot and shout like them till his meeting is broken up. You Jim can put on a bear’s skin, and you Barney can put on a sheep’s skin, and bleat naturally enough, and you, Sam, can get a dog’s skin and growl at him, and—”

“You can keep an ass’ skin for yourself; and you can bray to perfection,” exclaimed Trump, who seemed to find delight in teasing Jake, and whose assignment of parts created no little merriment.

“And what will you do yourself, Trump?” asked Jake, who did not care to reply in a tone more accordant with the provocation he felt.

“If you disturb Mr. Alleine just at present,” said Trump, “I will tear off any skin you put on, and make more amusement at your expense, than any you can contrive by your nonsense.”

“Is that the way you break up our plans?” asked Jake, with something more than a mere show of indignation. “I have half a mind to excommunicate you. I believe I have the power as your bishop to do it.”

“I told you I was a republican,” said Trump. “It was fair warning; and a republican agrees with bishops as well as squire Halter’s dog Tiger does with beggars. Excommunicate when you like.”

The words were uttered with such readiness and yet such provoking coolness that Jake did not pursue the matter further. “Then,” he exclaimed, “what plan will any of you propose? Squire Hardin pays the shot for our drinking to-night, and he expects us to do something.”

“The Quakers are to be along here to-morrow or next day,” said one of the men, “and it won’t be very hard to get up something by way of saluting them when they come.”

“A capital idea,” exclaimed several of the company.

“But what plan shall we have about it?”

“What shall it be, Jake?” asked one.

“Just what you like,” said Jake, disgusted that

his own project had been thrown overboard. "Let Trump get up one for you; he would not have mine."

"Agreed, agreed," exclaimed three or four at once. "Now Trump, it's your turn."

"Well then," said Trump, "if you must have something, I'll tell you what it shall be. But first of all, mind ye, I advise you to let the Quakers alone. The Lord don't like to have 'em meddled with. They say as how you can't get a ship-load of 'em around Land's End without fighting storms as if you was flying in the face of the Almighty. The Atlantic takes it unkindly to have cargoes of 'em anywhere abouts. I won't lift a finger against 'em. But if you are bound to have a time of it, I'll advise you to let your bishop do the work. Let Jake get his old bear skin and tie it close around him down to his paws, and then let him go into the Quakers' meeting on all fours, the rest of us like peaceful clergy following one after another, and let him stand right before the speaker, and loll out that great tongue of his in true bear style, and when there is any heresy spoken, or the bishops are abused, let him growl, and if he forgets himself I will stand close by and give him a

slight kick, just by way of reminding him of his duty."

"That's it." "Trump's hit the mark this time," shouted several of the company.

Black Jake did not dislike the project: it gave him what he accounted the post of honor, and was adopted quite unanimously.

At this moment the door was violently thrust open; a fierce virago burst in upon the group, and with a shout of "What are you doing here this time of night, you scape-grace simpleton?" seized one of the men by the collar of the coat and attempted to drag him to the door. "Spend your nights at the ale-houses, and lose your work next day," she added, "and so leave your wife and children to rags and crusts!" "A curse on ye all," she exclaimed, turning to the company, "that ye keep this silly creature here, when like honest folks he ought to be at home asleep and dreaming of ploughs and spades instead of your plots and mischief!"

"Shake her off, Tom," cried one of the men. "Don't be tied to a woman's apron-strings!"

"He'll do as I say; so hold your tongue, you impertinent babbler," exclaimed the virago, exas-

perated to think that any one should offer her husband advice except herself. "And I advise ye all to make tracks for your lodgings, and not steep yourselves any longer in these stinking ale-house fumes. It's no place for honest folks at this time of night."

"The woman's about right," said Trump, as the fierce intruder withdrew dragging her husband along with her, and bidding him shut up, as he muttered half audible threats. "There's no use in staying longer. Black Jake can get everything ready and let us know when he wants us."

Two days later, at an early hour in the evening, the same group, with one or two exceptions, was gathered in the same place. 'The report had gone abroad, and had been cried through the streets, that the great Quaker George Fox would hold a meeting at the town hall on the main street at early candle-light, and the ale-house company were preparing to form a part of his audience. Black Jake was in high spirits. He had his huge bear skin with him, and by the aid of his companions, he was soon completely enveloped in it. He then threw himself down on the floor, and to the amusement of the company tried his skill at going on all

fours. Trump gave him a kick or two, he said, just to see how naturally he could growl, and pronounced the experiment on the whole a success. Black Jake thought the kicks were somewhat too severe, and began to growl at it in plain Anglo-Saxon. "None of that," said Trump. "If I catch you talking anything but bear's talk, I shall hit you harder, and thump your memory of what you are into you again."

The company issued from the ale-house, with several dogs in their company, and with loud mirthful shouts as Trump led Bruin along, around whose neck, out of his own mischief, he had slipped some old rags which looked not altogether unlike a portion of a bishop's attire. Black Jake did not take very naturally to his quadrupedal exercise, and with the exertion that was necessary to hold up his head, keep along with the company, and endure the twitchings that Trump mischievously administered, he was well nigh exhausted before they reached the town hall. He sweat profusely, and felt more like melting to the earth than standing upright.

"The spirit" had "moved" George Fox, before the ale-house company arrived, and he was

denouncing the pride of steeple-houses, and the cowardly course of the ejected clergy in not keeping their pulpits till they were turned out. He had already disposed of the Bishops with their surplices and Babylonian rags, and when "Black Jake" dressed as Bruin in lawn, together with his escort entered, crowding a passage to the very front of the audience, there were loud shouts and roars of laughter which utterly drowned the speaker's voice. Trump had given quite a new phase to the mischief by putting Episcopal symbols over Jake's bear skin, and the audience that might otherwise have resented the intrusion, took it in very good part.

George Fox amid the confusion stood gravely silent, watching the intruders. He saw Bishop Bruin advance toward him with the rough set that supported him on either side, and waited till his four-footed hearer stood directly under his eye, with one of his fore paws resting on a bench, while he lolled out his tongue more naturally by far than he would have done if so much heat had not been generated under his heavy bear skin. "A very appropriate illustration is this," said George Fox, when the confusion had somewhat subsided,

“of how much reason is left to men, when they attempt to resist the mighty power of the truth. They make themselves as like as possible to brute beasts, that they may more effectually quench the light within, or stifle it under the brutality that sometimes comes out to the surface, so that we see them as they are.”

At these words, which Jake felt were evidently aimed at him, and which some of the audience seemed greatly to enjoy, he was greatly enraged, and essayed a feeble growl. “Louder, louder,” whispered Trump, at the same time giving Jake a sharp kick, which was apparently designed to punish him for the interruption he had already made, rather than to provoke a new one. Jake tried, but feebly, to respond. “Louder, I say,” whispered Trump again, administering a still severer kick, to the vast entertainment of the audience. But a glance at Jake’s eye told him that he had already gone far enough, and as if he had tamed a refractory hearer, he looked up to the speaker’s face, as if to say, the disturbance is over, please go ahead.

George Fox resumed his discourse, and Black Jake in his bear-skin was so far exhausted as to be perfectly willing to let him proceed. The atmos-

phere of the crowded room began to affect him, and his sweat became more and more profuse. At length he could endure it no longer. He grew sick, and found it necessary to make his way to the door. Trump held fast to the rope, and very reluctantly allowed Jake to draw him along with him. "Cut these confounded strings," said Jake, "and let me get out into the fresh air." But Trump only administered another kick, whispering as if in deep indignation—"why don't you growl?" "Confound bears and bear-skins and growlings too," exclaimed Jake. "Let me loose or I'll knock you down." "Hush, Jake," whispered Trump, "you'll let the cat out of the bag." "I'm bound to get out myself anyhow," said Jake; "I shall die if I stay so long." "You can't get out, Jake," replied Trump, "and besides all the fellows would blame me for spoiling the fun, if I let you out."

But Jake was too indignant for further ceremony. Springing to his feet, he plunged with all his might in the direction of the door. But the crowd was too closely packed to allow him to make much progress. All eyes were drawn to him, and George Fox, availing himself of the incident, exclaimed, "See there: the wicked flee

when no man pursueth. Bears and bishops are somewhat alike. They are proof against reason. They shut their eyes to the inner light. There you see what may be expected of men that have nothing but the bear-skin, or the robes of their office about them. Why should not yon bear make a good bishop? He knows enough to wear the surplice, enough also to hate the truth and flee away from its power. Let him go, make way for him there. He feels that this is no place for him. He knows best where he belongs."

The matter had become too serious to Jake to allow him to neglect the opportunity which was thus afforded. He sprang forward toward the door, followed by his satellites. The cool air refreshed him, and he unceremoniously stripped off his bear's skin, folded it on his arm, and calling his fellows, made the best of his way to the ale-house.

He was brim full of indignation. "A scurvy trick you have played me, Trump," said he, "and I must settle with you for this."

"For what?" asked Trump, with well feigned surprise. "I have played you no trick. I have

only honestly tried to carry out my part of the programme."

"You kicked me, and you pulled me back when I was faint and deathly sick, and was trying to get to the door."

"I told you to begin with that I should kick you," replied Trump with a most provoking coolness; "and I did it, and as to pulling you back, you know you had no business to go till the meeting broke up."

"But I was deathly sick I tell you," said Jake, "and I thought I should have died on the spot. Didn't you see that?"

"You can't complain, Jake," said several of the company. "He did his part, and the only failure was that you didn't do yours."

"You can try it over again with somebody else to act as master of ceremonies, if you are not satisfied," said Trump. "I don't fancy doing my part and being found fault with for it afterwards."

"Shiver my timbers," exclaimed Jake, "if you catch me trying that thing over again. I tell you it don't pay. A man don't want to be burned or drowned or baked or smelted twice. You may

give me bad ale, or toss me in a blanket, or pitch me in the Thone, but you won't get me acting Bear before George Fox again. How savage he was on me. I wanted to bite more than I wanted to growl. But next time, we'll see what the justices can do. We can at least inform against these round-head fanatics."

"A rather mean business though, that is," replied Trump.

CHAPTER XVII.

MR. ALLEINE'S ARREST.

AMONG the crowd assembled at the Town Hall to hear George Fox, was quite a large number of the most respectable citizens of Taunton. Their curiosity to hear him secured him indeed the privilege of the hall, as a place in which to deliver his message, and many of his puritan hearers were far from displeased with some things uttered by him on that occasion. They felt however that his slur upon the non-conformist ministers for abandoning their pulpits without waiting to be dragged from them by the civil power, was most unjust, and especially in respect to Mr. Newton and Mr. Alleine.

The latter had not ceased to preach. He had only left the pulpit of St. Magdalen's and become the tireless bishop of quite a diocese of which Taunton was the center. He was present at the Town Hall on the evening when George Fox

spoke, and had derived encouragement from the bold plainness of the Quaker, with which he so strongly sympathized himself. He had a position near the center of the hall, where he could witness the proceedings of the party that escorted Black Jake, and he thought he recognized in Trump, the person to whom he had been himself indebted a few months previous for deliverance from the hands of the ruffians who had attempted to molest him.

• Week after week, and month after month, he prosecuted his work with untiring diligence and energy; sometimes he preached as many as fourteen times in eight days,* and ordinarily not less on an average than a sermon a day. On the Sabbath, he usually held two services, mainly at Taunton. At other times he went to neighboring villages or towns, at which great multitudes assembled to hear him. All other studies or avocations were made to yield to the purpose to preach the gospel. Many came to him to converse in regard to their spiritual welfare. Every moment almost seemed occupied either with pulpit or pastoral labors. His charge was no longer a single

* *Life of Alleine*, 68.

congregation, but rather a group of congregations extending from six to ten miles around Taunton.

Sharp threats were thrown out against him, and it was well known that his course was viewed by persons in high station with a jealous dislike. But he was still, much to his own surprise, left unmolested. The great mass of his fellow-citizens regarded him with the highest respect, and not a few of them with most devoted affection. They knew his fervent devotion and his sincerity. They knew that he never turned aside to discuss political questions or utter anything of a disloyal nature. Throughout the winter and spring of 1662-3, he was allowed to make and fulfil his appointments, and never before had his labors been so arduous, so abundant or so successful. Large numbers were brought to yield to the power of the gospel, and adhere to the cause of which they regarded him as in some sense a martyr.

Never had Mr. Alleine seen happier days. Never had the work of the ministry seemed more delightful to him. The world had lost its power to attract or terrify, and he spoke and lived as one whose conversation was in heaven. But the peace which was allowed him was only the lull before

the storm. The spirit that was abroad in the land was fully evinced by the imprisonment of the eminent Doctor Calamy, who had been induced (Dec. 1662) while attending the church to which he had formerly ministered, to occupy the pulpit in the absence of the expected preacher, and was therefore seized and cast into jail. If he was not spared, no other Presbyterian in England could expect to imitate his example with impunity. When Parliament met in February, they addressed the king in opposition to any indulgence to persons who presumed to dissent from the act of uniformity,* and they expressed their opinion that the king ought not to be pressed any further with his Breda declaration of indulgence. He had only promised to submit the matter to Parliament, and this he had done, and his duty in the matter was discharged. Such encouragement of intolerance in high places was not without its effect. The citizens of Taunton had those among them who stood ready to defy the public sentiment of the place, and vent their vengeance against Mr. Alleine as the leading and most obnoxious non-conformist of the region. At length

* Rapin, ii. 634.

in the month of May, his enemies had perfected their plans to arrest and silence him.

He had been followed by informers of the "Black Jake" gang from place to place. The leader himself had undergone the self-denial of repeated absences from the ale-house to accomplish his purpose. Once and again he had lodged his information against Mr. Alleine, but no one had been disposed to take notice of it. At length a justice was found who promised to see him arrested. To make the work sure, he sent his clerk to the officer to whom the task was committed, and charged him to see that he discharged his duty.

"It is a business I do not like to undertake," said the officer.

"That may be," replied the clerk, "but you must do it, and I am charged to see it done."

"Why should any one wish to disturb Mr. Alleine?" asked the officer. "If there is any man who ought to be loved and cherished in the whole community, he is the man. There are thousands that respect and love him, and they would resent as a personal affront any injury done him."

"But he has broken the law," said the clerk. "He has never conformed, and he goes preaching

all about, up and down the country, and the justice is resolved that the thing shall be stopped. You must perform your duty."

"I had rather take a flogging than do it," said the officer.

"Flogging or no flogging, it must be done," replied the clerk.

"I will consider the matter," returned the officer, who sought to procure a delay by means of which he might inform Mr. Alleine of his danger, so that he might secrete himself.

"No deliberation, no hesitation," said the clerk. "I am to go with you to see the thing done."

There was no longer any chance to evade the odious business. But the officer resolved to spare no effort to frustrate the plan for the arrest. He stopped on his way along the street, and took occasion in conversation to refer to his unpleasant task. Great indignation was excited by the intelligence, and one friend of Mr. Alleine after another followed the officer, resolved to see what could be done for him.

Mr. Alleine was engaged in preparation for the services of the succeeding Lord's day. It was almost sunset when the officer reached his dwelling.

He saw the company approach, and might easily have made his escape, but he chose to await them, although he knew the officer and suspected his errand.

He was summoned from his chamber, and as he met the officer, asked him what was wanted. Without uttering a word, and with his regrets expressed in his countenance, the officer simply showed him the warrant for his arrest. It was drawn in the name of three justices, one of whom was a personal enemy of Mr. Alleine, while the two others, though professedly devoted to him, were his lukewarm friends. He was required to appear forthwith at the residence of the former, two miles out of town. "I presume you will allow me," said Mr. Alleine to the officer, "to remain a short time and sup with my family, for the table is now waiting." The officer did not object, only remarking that in the terms of the warrant the delay should be as short as possible. "No delay at all," said the justice's clerk, who was anxious speedily to bear a favorable report to the justice.

"Are you not ashamed of such barbarity as that?" exclaimed one of the bystanders, a friend

of Mr. Alleine, and a principal citizen of Taunton. "Mr. Alleine is not a man to deceive you, or to run away. He asks but a common civility that you ought in decency to grant."

The clerk felt the rebuke, and drawled out that he supposed Mr. Alleine might stay and sup, but he ought to give security soon to appear before the justice.

"Security!" exclaimed the indignant citizen. "You need none. You know you need none. If you want any, I'll be his security. Go your way and tell the justice he will be with him as soon as he is ready to see him."

Mr. Alleine took his seat at the table, and partook of supper. He spoke freely, but in the most cheerful tone of the prospect before him. "I may rest awhile now perhaps," he said, "and if the Lord allows it, I shall not refuse it. He has blessed me with great privileges of serving him of late, and I ought to be grateful for them."

Mrs. Alleine had little appetite for her meal. She could not help feeling that it might be a long time before she should see her husband under his own roof again, and her eyes were moist with tears that began to steal out and betray her sorrow.

“Do not be troubled, my dearest,” said he, “you ought to rejoice rather if we are counted worthy to suffer for the name of Christ. Perhaps there will not be any suffering after all. I have violated no law, and my innocence will be made to appear. I trust, yes, I know, that all will yet work together for good.”

“I cannot doubt that,” replied Mrs. Alleine, “and you must remember that if anything can be done for you to let me know it. I will go with you to prison if need be, or promote your comfort in any way I can.”

Before they parted, Mr. Alleine knelt down and prayed with his gathered household,* and then commended them all to the safe keeping of a gracious God. Meanwhile horses had been provided by his friends, and two or three of these along with the officer accompanied him to the house of the justice. It was already deep twilight, and as they paced up the thickly shaded avenue that led to his dwelling, Mr. Alleine could not but think of the contrast between his present circumstances and those in which he was wont to spend what he

* *Life of Alleine*, 68.

regarded as sacred hours, the preparation season for the Sabbath.

The justice was a man whose prejudices were only paralleled by his ignorance. "So Mr. Alleine," said he, as the company entered, "we have you at last."

"And you might have had me at any time these last eight months," said Mr. Alleine, "by sending me word."

"Ah! but we have you to take charge of now," said the justice, who rejoiced in the euphonious appellation of "Tinkle."

"That remains to be seen," said Mr. Alleine, who demanded what was the charge against him.

"The clerk will read it to you," said Justice Tinkle.

It was to the effect that Mr. Alleine had preached at such and such places, on such and such occasions, and had violated the Act of Uniformity, passed by Parliament, which went into force August 24th, 1662.

"I have not violated the law," said Mr. Alleine. "Will the clerk read the law?"

With some difficulty a copy of it was procured, and the clerk read it.

“Will the court be so good as to inform me,” said Mr. Alleine, “what clause of the law I have violated?”

Mr. Justice Tinkle was nonplussed. He supposed, he said, that it was a clear case.

“I have preached,” said Mr. Alleine, “neither in any church, nor chapel, nor place of public worship, since August 24th of last year.”

“But you have preached, have you not?” asked the justice.

“Assuredly I have. Hundreds, yea thousands have heard me,” said Mr. Alleine. “Why should I deny it? I have preached in my own family, to my pupils and my household, and to others that came to hear with them.”

The clerk meanwhile was busy writing. He had seen that Mr. Alleine could not be bound over on the charge already made. He whispered in the justice's ear, and resumed his seat.

“There are other charges against you, Mr. Alleine,” said the justice. “The clerk will read them.”

He was charged with being at a riotous assembly at a certain place and time.

“How was it a *riotous* assembly?” asked Mr.

Alleine. "There were no threats made, nor any dangerous words used. There were no staves or weapons in my hands, or in those of any of my friends. There was no man who pretended to have any fear, or complained of being struck. The business we were about was nothing else than preaching and prayer."

"Very harmless indeed!" said Justice Tinkle, scornfully. "You would have us believe that you gather your large assemblies without endangering the peace, would you?"

"That's it, you have hit the mark this time, brother Tinkle," exclaimed another of the justices present. "The peace of the country is threatened by these tumultuous assemblies which Mr. Alleine convenes, and they must be put down."

"If there was any disturbance at any of them," said Mr. Alleine, "you must be well aware what occasioned it. It was produced by lovers of mischief who would have been glad to break up the meetings."

"That's a downright lie," exclaimed Black Jake, whose shaggy head and swarthy face now presented themselves conspicuously in the motley group that had collected from all quarters.

“He deserves to be hanged,” exclaimed one whose dress rather than language indicated that he belonged to a higher class than Black Jake.

This was the signal for a general outburst of abuse and reproach. “You have done mischief enough, you rogue,” said another. “It is time you were muzzled.” Among the group were women who in the dress of ladies vented their abuse of the prisoner. The most scurrilous language was employed, well calculated to provoke and irritate.

Mr. Alleine stood and bore it all with calmness, and deigned no reply. His countenance showed that he was unmoved by the fierce threatenings, and the mob of the court-room were only the more enraged. The justices endeavored to extort some admission from him upon which they might commit him. They urged him to speak in the hope that he might be accused from his own lips. But he persisted in maintaining his innocence.

The justices consulted together. They had no evidence on which to convict the prisoner; of the witnesses on whom they depended, only Black Jake was present. Trump, who understood the whole project, took means to keep the others away.

He invited them to a neighboring ale-house, and for once let his tongue loose, just to keep them in good humor and divert them from attending the court.

But all was of no avail. The justices decided to make out Mr. Alleine's *mittimus* to go to the jail on Monday morning, and just as the clock struck twelve, their task was completed.

CHAPTER XVII.

ILCHESTER JAIL.

It was two o'clock on Sunday morning before Mr. Alleine reached his dwelling. Only a few of his friends had been present with him when he appeared before the justices, and they were not unreasonably apprehensive from the bitter spirit manifested toward him in the crowded court-room that an assault would be made upon him as he left the building, or on his way home. They had not gone far, however, before they heard a friendly voice calling Mr. Alleine by name. Against the persuasions of his friends, he stopped to hear what the stranger had to say.

"You need have no fear now," said the stranger. "Those who would have harmed you are too drunk to harm anybody but themselves. I shall follow you within call, and if anybody threatens to molest you I will be at your side in a moment."

Mr. Alleine recognized the voice. He had

heard it before when, as now, he could not distinguish the features of the speaker. But his trust was in an arm mightier than the one now volunteered in his defense. "I will not fear what man can do unto me," was the language which rose from his heart to his lips.

It was late when he reached his dwelling, but the light in the window spoke of an anxious watcher within that awaited his return. He told his wife briefly of the manner in which he had been treated by the justices, and of the *mittimus*, which would remove him to Ilchester Jail on Monday morning. It was now so late, he said, that he would not undress, but just lie down in his clothes upon the bed, and sleep till the morning should break.

At earliest dawn, indeed at his usual hour, he awoke, and commenced his Sabbath morning devotions. With his open Bible before him, he read and meditated and prayed, till hour after-hour had passed, and he came down from his chamber to a late breakfast. By eight o'clock several of his friends who had heard of the treatment to which he had been subjected, came to see him and to express their sympathy. He had hoped that he

should be once more permitted to address them, and leave behind him a few parting words of counsel; but the justices had anticipated his design, and had directed the officer to remain all day about his premises, and see that he did not preach. The day was spent in conversation and conference with groups of friends that came from far and near to see him, and whose grief was bitter that they must no longer be privileged to hear his welcome voice.

From the towns and villages round about Taunton, and from more distant places, companies of friends arrived. As they left him, often in tears, he commended them in prayer to God. No burden seemed to rest upon his own heart. He was calm, cheerful, and even happy. The prospect before him did not unman him. His former pupils, and young Manton who deeply felt the heavy responsibility that must now devolve upon him, were so oppressed that they could scarcely speak. He encouraged and cheered and counseled them, and seemed to infuse into them at length something of his own spirit. His wife had now no tears to shed. She exulted in the triumphant faith with which her husband endured his trials. Her fea-

tures reflected the serene peace and Christian heroism that glowed in his.

The sympathy which others were so ready to extend to him seemed quite needless. To some of them he said, "I am not at all moved, nor do I in the least repent, on account of anything that I have done, for I account myself happy, and doubly and trebly blessed because of Christ's promise in the fifth chapter of Matthew, to those who suffer for his sake." Some of his brethren in the ministry came to see him. He urged them not in the least to desist from preaching, or let there be one sermon less in Taunton when he was gone. As to the people, he urged one company of them after another to greater ardor, diligence and courage than before, in attendance upon the ministry. He let them know "how sweet and comfortable it was to him to consider what he had done for God in the months passed, and that he was going to prison full of joy, confident that all these things would turn to the furtherance of the Gospel and the glory of God."

As the hours of the Sabbath glided by, he longed once more for the privilege so often enjoyed, of breaking to them the bread of life. But the

presence of the officer forbade. He told them however that if they would meet him at one o'clock the next morning, he would give them a few words of exhortation.

The hour was indeed unseasonable, but it was one at which he would be in little danger of molestation. In the silence of that night there were lamps burning in many a house of Taunton, and a little past midnight, group after group with noiseless step wended their way to Mr. Alleine's dwelling. Instead of a mere handful, those present might be counted by hundreds. The gray-headed patriarch was there, denying himself his wonted repose that he might be cheered by the words of heaven's own peace from venerated lips. There too was the child on whose memory the features of the beloved pastor were too deeply imprinted for years to erase them. It was indeed a motley group as partially disclosed to view by the fitful gleams of the flickering lights by which the steps of the audience had been guided to the hallowed spot. For three hours, till the light of the morning broke full upon them, Mr. Alleine preached and prayed, bearing the hearts of his

hearers upward to the fountains of consolation from which he was himself refreshed.

Still the multitude lingered, loth to leave the spot. One after another came up to grasp his hand and bid him a friendly adieu. Warm tears flowed and affectionate words were uttered, "and so," it is chronicled, "with many yearnings of his bowels towards them, and theirs towards him, they took their farewell of each other: a more affectionate parting could not well be."

At nine o'clock the conscientious non-conformist preacher set out for Ilchester jail. It might almost have seemed that he was the central figure of a triumphal procession. The streets of Taunton, as he passed along his way, were lined with crowds of people, most of whom gazed upon him with other feelings than those of mere curiosity. Many a cheek was wet with tears, and in some instances the grief that was felt broke out into loud lamentations. The prisoner unmoved by his own fate, was almost unmanned by these demonstrations of unfeigned affection. Large numbers followed him on foot for several miles, anxious to prolong the sad satisfaction of gazing upon his loved features, or hear his parting words.

A singular sp  ctacle it was, yet not without many a parallel in those times—a prisoner without an officer to conduct or guard him, bearing his own *mittimus* to the jail! It was not yet late in the day when he reached his destination. The jailer was absent, and he took the opportunity ere yet he went into prison to preach in the open air to the multitude whom curiosity, fame or affection soon gathered around him. This was accounted an aggravation of his crime, or perhaps rather a fresh offense.

Upon the arrival of the jailer, Mr. Alleine was placed in the Bridewell chamber, the attic of the building, directly over the common jail. The room was already occupied by a large number of prisoners, to whom more were soon to be added. Six ministers and fifty Quakers were there already. One of the former was known as a “burning and shining light” in the west of England. It was no other than John Norman of Bridgewater. Stephen Coven and the celebrated Vavasor Powel, the eloquent Baptist preacher of Wales, were soon added to the list of prisoners, and besides these eight more who had been taken in attendance upon meetings.

Mr. Alleine took a survey of his new domicile. It was so low near the eaves, that those lying on the beds, which stretched in long rows on either side, could reach up and touch the tiles. During the day, the sun poured down its scorching heat upon the roof and gave to the prison the atmosphere of an oven, while the lack of sufficient ventilation and the concourse of great numbers of the friends of the prisoners, who came to visit them, aggravated the evil. It was only by taking down the glass and some of the tiles that a partial supply of fresh and cooler air could be obtained. The only privacy that could be secured was by each prisoner hanging mats or curtains, as comparatively few were able to do, about their beds. In this large attic of the building, the prisoners ate and slept, and the only place outside of it to which they had access was a small garden which adjoined the space allotted to those imprisoned for crime.

Anything like retirement, or quiet, during the day was out of the question. The rattling of the chains of the prisoners in the room beneath, the noise of their shoutings and shriekings and vile songs, of their profane and blasphemous speeches,

were particularly grating to the feelings of those who were desirous of opportunities of private or public devotion. Mr. Alleine however was not disheartened. As soon as he had entered the prison, he resolved that it should be "consecrated." Calling around him such of the prisoners as were willing to unite with him in religious exercises, he preached and prayed, and here at least he might enjoy a portion of that liberty which the law had denied him outside these walls.

Day after day the large attic was made a scene of public, as it was also—so far as possible—of private devotion. The ministers took their turns in preaching to all who were willing to hear. There came not a few, sometimes scores or even hundreds, from villages round about, some of them at a great distance, attracted by the report that ten, or a dozen ministers, confined in Ilchester jail, preached every day to the prisoners and all that chose to hear them. Sometimes there was but one sermon a day, but frequently two were preached, for the labor, distributed among so many, rested lightly upon each.

Scarcely had Mr. Alleine formed an acquaintance with his new "parish," before he gave his

old friends evidence that they were still remembered. He wrote, May 28th, 1663—

“TO MY DEARLY BELOVED, THE FLOCK OF CHRIST IN TAUNTON, GRACE AND PEACE:—Most dear Christians, my extreme straits of time will now force me to bind my *long* loves in a few *short* lines: yet I could not tell how to leave you unsaluted, nor choose but write to you in a few words, that you should not be dismayed, either at our present sufferings, or at the evil tidings that by this time, I doubt not, are come unto you. Now, brethren, is the time when the Lord is like to put you upon the trial: now is the hour of temptation come. O be faithful to Christ to the death, and he shall give you a crown of life. Give up yourselves and your all to the Lord, with resolution to follow him fully. Two things be sure of: seek by prayer and study to know the mind of God, and do resolve to follow it in uprightness. Brethren, fix upon your souls the deep and lively affecting apprehensions of the most gracious, loving, merciful, sweet, compassionate, tender nature of your heavenly Father, which is so great that you may be sure that he will, with all readiness and love, accept of his poor children

when they endeavor to approve themselves in sincerity to him, and would fain know his mind and do it, if they could clearly see it, though they should unwillingly mistake.

“ Let not, my dear brethren, let not the present tribulation, or those impending, move you. This is the way of the kingdom. Persecution is one of your land-marks. Self-denial and taking up the cross is your A B C of religion. You have learned nothing that have not begun at Christ’s cross. Brethren, the cross of Christ is your crown: the reproach of Christ is your riches: the shame of Christ is your glory: the damage attending strict and holy diligence, your greatest advantage. Sensible you should be of what is coming, but not discouraged: humbled but not dismayed: having your hearts broken, and yet your spirits unbroken: humble yourselves mightily under the mighty hand of God, but fear not the face of man. May you ever be low in humility, but high in courage: little in your own apprehensions of yourselves, but great in holy fortitude, resolution and holy magnanimity, lying in the dust before your God, yet triumphing in faith and hope, and boldness and confidence over all the power of the enemies.

Approve yourselves as good soldiers of Jesus Christ, with no *armor* but that of righteousness: no *weapons* but strong crying and tears: looking for no victory but that of faith: nor hope to overcome but by patience. Now for the faith and patience of the saints! Now for the hardness of your suffering graces! O gird up the loins of your minds, and be sober, and hope to the end. Fight not but the good fight of faith. Here you must contend and that earnestly. Strive not but against sin, and here you may resist even unto blood: now see that you choose life and embrace affliction rather than sin. Strive together mightily and frequently by prayer: I know you do, but I would you should abound more and more. Share my loves among you, and continue your earnest prayers for me: and be you assured that I am and shall be, through grace, a willing thankful servant of your souls' concernments.

“From the common gaol,

“JOSEPH ALLEINE.”

The prisoner found many drops of mercy mingled with his daily cup. Friends from near and far came each day bearing with them testimonials of affection, sometimes in suitable and even invit-

ing food for his table. Indeed the inmates of Bridewell chamber seemed to be general favorites, if one might judge by the provisions of food, of clothing, and even of money, with which they were frequently and sometimes profusely provided.

Nor was this all. The jailer, for a time at least, treated him kindly. Accustomed for years, and even during his course at Oxford, to spend much of his time, especially of his meditative hours in the open air, in the fields or the woods, he would have felt severely the confinement to which he was now subjected, had it not been for the privilege allowed him each night and morning, of a walk for a mile or more.

The hours and weeks flew rapidly by. Mr. Alleine spent his days in conversing with his friends and his fellow-prisoners, and divided his nights between rest and devotional studies. He did not find his time hang heavy on his hands. Even in prison he was cheered by the consciousness of being useful. Ever busy with his tongue or pen, he had no leisure, and he sought none, to indulge in saddening meditations. The society which his prison afforded was in part at least such as his spirit longed for. He found those around him with whom

he could fully sympathize. Sometimes indeed the Quakers molested him. While he preached, they would get their work and place themselves in full view before him. Some would interrupt him by questions or cavils, disputing his doctrines, or demanding of him explanations. The sight of the criminals who occupied the jail beneath was also saddening. Their filth, their misery, their rags and their chains excited his commiseration. Their ribaldry, vulgarity and blasphemy pained him to the heart. But his time was fully occupied. His thoughts reverted to his old parishioners, and he was comforted by the assurance of their affection. In his letters to them he poured forth the fervent feelings and deep anxieties of his soul for their spiritual welfare. His prison seemed, if judged by these outbreathings of a sanctified spirit, to be transformed into a Patmos. It was hallowed by sweet Christian converse, and above all by the felt presence of One who supplied every want, calmed every anxiety, and transformed sorrow and hardship by the finger of his grace, into the discipline of his love.

CHAPTER XIX.

PRISON LETTERS.

Two weeks or more had elapsed since the people of Taunton had parted with their beloved pastor, when on a pleasant evening about the middle of June, a large group assembled in Mr. Manton's school-room to have a letter read which Mr. Alleine had sent to his "most dearly beloved Christian friends in Taunton." Mrs. Alleine had gone to visit her husband at Ilchester, and to remain with him for a few days. It seemed a double affliction to miss her wonted presence, and a double bereavement to feel that husband and wife must both be taken from them.

"Is she long to remain away?" asked one of the ladies of the group, of Mr. Manton.

"Probably only a few days," he replied. "She is fearful lest his imprisonment may injure his health, and she cannot bear to think that through any neglect of hers, he should be left to suffer.

Our good friend's sisters, however, are here, and will remain in charge during Mrs. Alleine's absence. Let me make you acquainted with them."

Miss Jane and Miss Lucy Alleine, daughters of Rev. Richard Alleine, were introduced to several of the ladies present, and they were cordially greeted. The eldest of them was nearly thirty years of age, while the younger was twelve years younger. The latter bore a striking resemblance to her absent sister, and was regarded on this account with peculiar interest. Her appearance was prepossessing. Her dress indeed was extremely plain, but quite becoming. Her fair complexion, oval forehead and clear blue eyes that sparkled with intelligence and sympathy, gave assurance that she was not unworthy the kindred she claimed.

"A sore trial it is to us all, Miss Lucy," said one of the ladies, "that Mr. Alleine must be taken away from us, and we feel it the more that your sister must go with him, though it will cheer him to have such an angel as she is so near him. I am sure you too must feel sore at heart about it."

"I do indeed," said Miss Lucy, "but all our grief is not of much account when we think how he is kept away from his work, and that those that

need his guidance and counsels can no longer have them."

"Yes indeed," replied the lady who addressed her. "We who have so long been accustomed to hearing him, feel it very much. The new parson who has taken his place and Mr. Newton's at St. Magdalen's is a pretty good sort of a man they say, but Mr. Alleine has spoiled us for hearing him. He is better a great deal, I believe, than most of those that have been put in the place of the old ministers, but one goes to sleep when he preaches, very easily, and he never goes about to catechize the children or visit the families. I suppose you will have to go and hear him yourself if you stay here."

"Most certainly," replied Miss Lucy. "I expect to attend at the parish church, for I hear that as things are, Mr. Newton declines attempting to hold meetings at his house on the Lord's day, and only meets a few persons there during the course of the week."

"You are right about that," replied the lady. "Mr. Newton is a good man, and he loves Mr. Alleine too, as his own son, but he thinks it imprudent to preach about the country as he did.

He says the people are too excited in these times to allow it to do much good."

"And yet Mr. Alleine has been very successful, has he not?" asked Miss Lucy.

"Ah! you should have seen the people when he preached," replied the lady. "He spoke always so earnestly and so tenderly, that for a long while there was nobody to trouble him. They were afraid to break up his labors, and it seemed every time he preached as if he was like Moses, just come down from the mount. The officer that arrested him has not seen a happy day since. He says it is the worst thing he ever did in his life, and the justices that gave their warrant against him have nobody now to speak a good word for them, except the drunkards and the rabble who pushed them on to do what they did; and some of these despise them for it. Why there's Trump, one of Mr. Mallack's gardeners, and a clever fellow he is too, only he goes too much with the ale-house gang; he met Justice Tinkle the other day, and he says to him 'Justice Tinkle, you're a mighty brave man, arn't you. You sent Mr. Alleine to jail for being at a riotous assembly, and you know well that all the trouble was made by

Black Jake and the rest of us. Why didn't you commit me? I'm your chap. Now try your hand on me. I'll own up, if you choose to put the lash on the guilty and let the harmless ones alone.' But Tinkle knew it all before, and could only say, 'Go along, Trump, you are not worth taking up. Nobody cares for you. We've got the man that makes the mischief.' Now he knows better, and it's pure wickedness in him to do what scarce another man in Taunton would do."

But this rambling conversation, as well as that of several other groups present was cut short by the announcement made by Manton, that he would now read them Mr. Alleine's letter. Every sound was hushed, every ear was open, and every eye was directed to the speaker. He read as follows:—

"MOST LOVING BRETHREN:—I shall never forget your old kindness, and the entire affections that you have shed upon me, not by drops, but by floods. Would I never so fain forget them, yet I could not, they are so continually renewed. For there is never a day but I hear of them: nay, more than hear of them, I feel and taste them. The God that hath promised to them that

give to a prophet though but a cup of cold water, shall receive a prophet's reward—he will recompense your labor of love, your fervent prayers and your constant cries, your care for my welfare, your bountiful supplies, who have given me, not a cup of cold water, but the wine of your loves, with the sense and tidings whereof I am continually refreshed. I must, I do and will bless the Lord as long as I live, that he hath cast my lot in so fair a place, to dwell in your communion; and especially to go in and out before you, and to be the messenger of the Lord of hosts to you, to proclaim his law, and to preach his excellencies, to be his spokesman to you. . . . Lord, how unworthy am I, everlastingly unworthy of this glorious dignity, which I do verily believe the brightest angels in heaven would be glad of, if the Lord saw it fit to employ them in this work. Well, I do not, I cannot repent, notwithstanding all the difficulties and inconveniences that do attend his despised servants, and hated ways, and that are like to attend them: for we have but yet sipped of the cup. But I have set my hand to his plough: my ministry I took up with you, and

my testimony I finished with you, though I thought I had espoused you till death. . . .

“Verily, brethren, it is a good choice that I have commended to you. Oh, that there might not be one found among you that hath not made Mary’s choice. Let *them* take up with the world that have no better portion. Be content that they should carry the bell, and bear away the riches and preferments, and glory and splendor of the world. Alas! you have no reason to envy them: verily they have a lie in their right hand. Ah! how soon will their hopes fail them! How soon will the crackling blast be out, and leave them in eternal darkness. But I am jealous that none of you should come short of the glory of God. I am ambitious for you that you should be all the heirs of an endless life, of the living hopes of the saints.

“Ah, dear brethren, I was in great earnest with you when I besought you out of the pulpit many a time to accept of offered mercy. Alas! how it pitied me, to look over so great a congregation, and to think that I could not, for my life I could not, persuade them, one quarter of them in all likelihood, to be saved. How it moved me to see

your diligence in flocking, not only to the stated exercises, but to the repetitions, and to most hazardous opportunities, for which you are greatly to be commended, since the law forbade my public preaching. I must praise your diligent attendance on all opportunities. Blessed be God that made a willing ministry and a willing people. . . .

“I beseech you, I warn you as a father doth his children, to look to settling and securing of your everlasting condition, and for life take heed of your resting in the outer-part of religion. For Christ’s sake, for your soul’s sake, look to it, that you be sure in the foundation work, that you do unfeignedly deliver yourselves over to the Lord to be under his command, and at his disposal in all things. See that you make no exceptions, no reserve, that you cast overboard all your worldly hopes, and count upon parting with all for Christ; that you take him alone for your whole happiness. Wonder not that I so often inculcate this. I see great trials coming on, when we shall see professors fall like leaves in the autumn, unless they be well settled.

“I cannot tell how to make an end; methinks I could write all the day to you, but my straits of

time are great, and my letter already too long, yet I cannot conclude till I have given you my unfeigned thanks for your most kind and gracious letter. Surely it shall be in store with me, and laid up among my treasures. That God is pleased so to unite your hearts to me, and to make use of me for your edification, is matter of highest joy unto me; as also to see your steadfastness in Christ, your unshaken resolutions notwithstanding all the tempter's wiles. Go on, my dearly beloved, and the Lord strengthen your hands and your hearts, and lift you up above the fears of men. My most dear brother Norman salutes you with manifold loves and respects, earnestly wishing that you may wear the crown of perseverance; as also brother Turner. The Lord strengthen, establish, settle you, and after you have suffered awhile, make you perfect. I leave my brethren in the everlasting arms, and rest, your ambassador in bonds,

“JOSEPH ALLEINE.

“From the common gaol at Ilchester, June 13th, 1663.”

Many a heart was deeply touched by these faithful and loving words of the absent pastor.

Those present felt that they could not separate without first uniting in earnest supplication in his behalf. No one could doubt the fervent sincerity of the petition offered. Many a heart was melted, and many an eye betrayed the emotion felt.

Nearly a month later the friends of Mr. Alleine were assembled on a different occasion. The Grand Jury met July 14th, to find a bill against him. Every avenue to the room where they were assembled was crowded with persons anxious to learn the issue of the case. The evidence against him was so slender that the Grand Jury refused to find the bill. The result was largely due perhaps to the fact that the majority of the members of that body fully understood the gratuitous malice with which he was pursued. To their view the prosecution was simply a form of persecution utterly to be discountenanced.

As the decision of the Grand Jury was announced, it was received with exultant shouts and demonstrations of joy. Mutual congratulations were exchanged, and it was now confidently expected that Mr. Alleine would be restored to his home and to the arms of his friends. But his persecutors had otherwise determined. In

contempt of justice they succeeded in withholding the proclamation by which he should have been declared discharged, and in procuring an order that he should be remanded to prison. The joy of his friends was exchanged for indignant grief. They grasped him however by the hand as he came forth from the court-room, and testified their joy at beholding his face once more.

A hurried visit was allowed him to his dwelling. His former pupils gathered round him with their cordial greetings. Young Manton clasped his hand with heartfelt affection, and seemed almost overcome by his feelings. The multitude that thronged to see him or listen to his familiar voice rapidly increased, and with some rudeness the officers drew him away that he might set forth on his return to Ilchester.

Here too he was welcomed. Among the prisoners were not a few who had become strongly attached to him. They feasted on his sermons, and were edified by his counsels and his prayers. As he entered the large attic of the prison building they hurried forward to learn the facts of his case. One or two more of his brother ministers had been brought hither in his absence to be im-

prisoned. As the shades of the evening settled down upon their comfortless abode, fourteen ministers of Christ met together in a circle by themselves beneath the open space of the roof, from which they had removed the tiles, and there seeking to obtain a breath of fresh air, communed sweetly together of their trials and their joys.

Some of them had left behind them in their dwellings dependent families. Nearly all of them had been arrested on a charge similar to that brought against Mr. Alleine. Well might they have been depressed by the prospect before them, but none of them were faint of heart. "If they should let me loose to-morrow," said that boldly zealous Welch apostle, Vavasor Powel, "I should only preach more earnestly and diligently than ever." "It is better," said Mr. John Turner (of Cricket,) "to be shut up in a prison and have somebody to preach to, than to be shut up in one's own house and be quite silenced."* "I would not exchange my lot," said Mr. Norman (of Bridgewater,) "for the finest palace or the richest bishopric in England." "Such letters as these," said Mr. Alleine, holding up two which he had

* *Non-Conformists' Memorial.*

received from his people at Taunton, "are enough to compensate, and more than compensate me for all I am like to undergo."

One after another spoke of the offers that had been made them, and the inducements held out to them to conform. Several had been conferred with by the bishops, and had been promised promotion. "Sir John Fitz James was the colonel of the regiment," said Mr. Turner,* "while I was chaplain, and a noble gentleman and true he was, and many a cheerful and pleasant hour have we spent together. I would not ask any one to give me more satisfactory proofs of attachment. He spared no persuasions to induce me to conform. I told him that in conscience I could not do it. He asked me what was my difficulty. I told him that if I had no other, I could not renounce the solemn league and covenant. Its obligations I still consider as binding upon me. Sir John replied that the covenant was void in law. I told him that the counter-part of it was in heaven, and was still in force. He could not answer me that."

"I never took the solemn league and cove-

* Palmer's *Non-Conformists' Memorial*, ii. 357.

nant," said Mr. Alleine. "I was but a boy of ten or twelve years when it was proposed, and I do not know that I should have taken it if I had been of mature years. Mr. Baxter did not take it, and he dissuaded his people from doing so. Whether his course was wise, I cannot even now satisfy myself fully, but I can remember what a solemn thing it was to many that took it. They regarded it as a solemn vow to God, an act of religion; and I can well imagine how deep and abiding was the impression which it must have made. Doubtless there are hundreds who have refused to conform on the ground of that alone."

Several of the ministers intimated that this was the case with them.

"It was not so with me," said Mr. Alleine. "I could not approve of all contained in the Prayer-book. I could not adopt the usages therein enjoined. I could not submit to be re-ordained, as if my previous ordination was invalid, or as if all my brother ministers who had been ordained as I was, were unqualified for their office. I did not dare before God thus by implication to pronounce concerning men whose labors God had deigned greatly to bless."

“My difficulty,” said Mr. William Thomas (of Ubleigh,) “was somewhat different.* I had not considered so fully the points of which brother Turner and brother Alleine have spoken. I should have conformed readily enough, and would gladly have done it if the terms had not been made so strict. I could have allowed of bishops, and I never opposed even set forms of prayer, and the enjoining of them in many cases I would have allowed, only let them be framed in accordance with the Scriptures and be fitted to the concerns of the church. I think, however, they should not be so prolix as to hinder from preaching by consuming the time, nor should they stand in the way of the exercise of ministerial gifts in extemporary prayer, according to emergent occasions which no composers of liturgies could foresee or provide for by settled forms. Many things in the book of common prayer I can freely use, but when it comes to this, that I must declare my *unfeigned assent and consent to all and everything* contained in and prescribed by that book, my conscience forbids me to do it. Some of the imposed ceremonies seem to me unprofitable, and

* Palmer's *Non-Conformists' Memorial*, ii. 381.

the enjoining of them works mischief, as it casts many worthy men out of the exercise of their ministry, is burdensome to many pious men that do conform, and is abused to superstition. I do not mention these things as if I delighted in debasing or depraving the Book of Common Prayer. I bless God it is so good, and yet it might be better. It has been objected to me, and with truth, that I have read most part of the Common Prayer-book, and therefore might do it again. But it is one thing to read a considerable part, and another to declare an unfeigned assent and consent to *everything*. I was fully convinced that God would have been highly displeased, if all ministers should have come in and subscribed, and published a declaration so far prejudicial to a progress in reformation, and to have a hand in burying all hopes of it. Hereupon also I conceived, that God would have some to suffer, to witness the sincerity of their desire to have all things ordered in the service of God, according to the mind of God. And who knows what God may do at length for a greater purity and spirituality of his worship among us, upon the suffering of his servants in a quiet way, as the first re-

formation followed upon such a suffering? I am now an old man. I began to preach before some of you were born. It is hard for me after forty years of service to be thrust out of my place, and yet I would undergo far more than this rather than witness a repetition of what has occurred among us during the last twenty years. It is better to suffer for well doing, if the Lord will, than for evil doing."

The kindly spirit and moderate tone in which these words were uttered, carried conviction with them. As the conversation went on, large numbers of the prisoners, many of them Quakers, drew near to listen. At length one and another was heard to say, "Mr. Thomas must preach for us to-morrow," and his brother ministers joined in the request. "I am old and feeble," said he, "and most of you are younger men, and better able in this heated chamber to endure the fatigue. You had better not put the task on me. Besides, my voice is so weak that I could not be heard by those outside the building who will be sure to be present at the appointed hour; and they ought not to come for bread and be sent away famished."

"We will take care of that," said Mr. Norman.

“You will not be allowed to remain here long. The country will not bear the shame, and the bishops will not wish to endure the odium of keeping you, who are so well known and so highly revered throughout the country, long in prison, and we must not lose a sermon from you. And as to your voice, here is brother Turner who has lungs at command strong enough to repeat what you say within to those without. We have all of us heard his ringing voice, and he well knows how his friends tried to drown it, before he was sent here, hearing him preach in Squire Prideaux’s cellar, lest the noise should betray him. Here he can use it to good advantage.”

It was finally agreed that this arrangement should be made, and on the following morning at the appointed hour, the services were commenced. Mr. Turner placed himself at the window opening on the street, and in a short time a throng amounting to hundreds was gathered before the doors of the prison.

The jailer was in a somewhat surly mood. Day after day the crowd assembled till his patience was exhausted. He went out into the street and ordered the multitude to disperse.

“Take care of your prisoners,” shouted some of the bystanders. “We are not to be dictated to by you.” “I will have you indicted for a riotous assembly,” said he. “Not till we have satisfaction out of you,” replied some of the more zealous and less respectful of the crowd.

The jailer went into the prison, seized his gun, and issued forth to face the exasperated multitude. But he had miscalculated in regard to the effect which his weapon would produce. Quite a number of the crowd seized clubs and stones, and whatever came first at hand, and prepared themselves to stand on the defense. Mr. Turner observed from the window, the danger of a collision, and called out to the multitude to beware of violence. “If you come here to hear the word of God, you should regard its command to resist not evil.” His powerful voice rang clear and loud over the street, and produced instant silence. “You forget,” cried one of those whom he addressed, and in a voice as powerful as his own, “another text to this effect, resist the devil, and he will flee from you.” A shout of laughter followed this repartee, but the crowd, the greater portion of whom were averse to violence, assumed a quiet

demeanor, and paid no attention to the jailer who took his stand on the steps of the prison, with his gun still in his hand.

The religious exercises in the chamber above now proceeded. Mr. Thomas preached to the prisoners, pausing at each sentence that his words might be repeated to the multitude without. Mr. Turner, retaining his place in the window, leaned out of it and gave forth the words of the preacher with the vehemence of a Boanerges. The jailer was irritated afresh. "Take in your head, or I shall put a ball through it," he shouted to Mr. Turner. Little attention was paid to his words, only one or two of the audience audibly exclaiming, "shame on the ruffian." At length, heedless of the threat, Mr. Turner exposed himself again. The jailer lifted his gun, and instantly fired.* Mr. Turner had noted his motions and suddenly drew back his head, when the ball struck the window pane, dashing a portion of it to splinters.

This was too much for the crowd to endure. A rush was made upon the jailer in order to seize his gun. But his hand was on the latch of the door, and by a sudden spring he entered, turned

* *Non-Conformists' Memorial*, ii., 357.



“Take in your head, or I shall put a ball through it.”

England Two Hundred Years Ago.

p. 298.

the bolt and saved himself from his pursuers. The tumult was fierce for a few moments. Threats were made to break open the door and seize the offender. Mr. Turner, however, and others interposed, and after a few moments the religious services were resumed and continued without further interruption.

CHAPTER XX.

THE TRIAL AND SENTENCE.

ANXIETY for his friends at Taunton swallowed up Mr. Alleine's anxiety for himself. His thoughts wandered back from his prison to those whom he had left behind him, and whose trials were now the more severe that they were deprived of the counsels as well as presence of their beloved pastor. There were some indeed among them who fully shared his own spirit, and whose sympathy for him under his hardships was manifested in their frequent gifts, sometimes of food, or clothing, and sometimes of money. It would have pained them sorely to feel that he should be called to endure any want which they could supply, or that by any neglect of theirs, one single pang should be added to his sufferings.

But there were others who were more timid, or at least less decided. They loved their friend and pastor, and revered him for his worth. But

they saw on every side the triumphing of his enemies. The cause for which he suffered was slandered and maligned. If they would still adhere to it, they must suffer contumely and reproach. From time to time reports of their doubtfulness and weakness and fears reached Mr. Alleine in his prison, and at length he wrote to them with tender affection and fidelity. Indeed on the occasion of his trial at Taunton, he had had his attention specially called to their condition. Ten days later, (July 24th, 1663,) he wrote to them as follows,—

“Most dearly beloved and longed for, my joy and crown; my heart’s desire and prayer to God for you is that you may be saved. I know you are the butt of men’s rage and malice; but you may satisfy yourselves as David in his patient sustaining of Shimei’s fury and curses. It may be the Lord will look upon our affliction, and requite us good for their cursing this day. But however it be for that, be sure to hold on your way. Your name indeed is cast forth as evil, and you are hated of all men for Christ’s sake, for your profession of his gospel, and cleaving to his ways and servants. But let not this discourage

you, for you are now more than ever blessed: only hold fast that no man take your crown. Do not forsake God till he forsake you. He that endureth to the end shall be saved. The promise is to him that overcometh: therefore think not of looking back. Now you have set your hands to Christ's plough, though you labor hard and suffer long, the crop will pay for all. Now give glory to God by believing. If you can trust in his promises for your reward now, when nothing appears but the displeasure of rulers, and bonds, and losses, and tribulation on every side, this will be somewhat like believers. Brethren, I beseech you to reckon upon no other but crosses here. Let none of you dream of an earthly paradise, or flatter yourself with dreams of sleeping in your ease and temporal prosperity, and carrying heaven too. Think not to keep your estates and liberties and consciences too. Count not upon rest till you come to the land of promise. Not that I would have any of you run upon hazards uncalled. No, we shall meet them soon enough in the way of our duty, without we will balk it, and shamefully turn aside. But I would have you cast overboard your worldly hopes, and count not upon an earthly

felicity, but be content to wait till you come on the other side of the grave. Is it not enough to have a whole eternity of happiness yet behind? If God do throw in the comforts of this life too in the bargain, I would not have you throw them back again, or despise the goodness of the Lord. But I would, my brethren, that you should use this world as not abusing it: that you should be crucified to the world, and the world to you; that you should declare plainly that you seek a country, a better country, which is a heavenly. I beseech you like pilgrims and strangers, abstain from fleshly lusts which war against your souls. For what have we to do with the customs and courses and fashions of this world, who are strangers in it? Be content with traveler's lots: know you not that you are in a strange land? Do you not remember that you are in an inn? And what though you be but poorly attended and meanly accommodated; though you fare hard and lie hard; is this a strange thing? What should travelers look for else? Will you set forth in a journey and promise yourselves nothing but fair way and fair weather?

“Beware that none of you have only a name to

live, and be no more than almost Christians. For the love of your souls, make a diligent search and try upon what ground you stand; for it heartily pities me to think that any of you should be in so deep, and hazard so much, as those must do that will not cleave to the hated ways of the people of God, and yet lose all at last. But when once you bear the marks of God's favor, you need not fear the world's frowns. Cheer up therefore brethren; be strong in the Lord, and of good courage under the world's usage. Fear not; in our Father's house there is bread enough and room enough. Oh comfort one another with these words. Let God see that you can trust in his word; let the world see that you can live upon a God. I shall share my prayers and loves among you all, and commit you to the Almighty God; the keeper of Israel, that never slumbereth nor sleepeth, be your watchman and keeper to the end. Farewell. I am a fervent well-wisher of your temporal and eternal happiness.

“JOSEPH ALLEINE.

“From the common gaol at Ilchester.”*

* *Life of Alleine*, p. 154—157.

Other letters were written at nearly the same time to the villages round about Taunton where Mr. Alleine had bestowed a portion of his labors. Some from these villages visited him in prison, and did not forget to bring with them such things as they imagined would contribute to his comfort. They hoped indeed for his speedy deliverance, and especially as the assizes were to be held at Ilchester on the 24th of August.

The day arrived, and it was one of no small bustle at Ilchester. The taverns were crowded with lawyers, and with friends of the prisoners who had come to witness their trial. The courtroom was filled, and Chief Justice Foster, a large and burly man, accompanied by two associate-judges, took his seat upon the bench. The court was opened, and the names of the prisoners were called. The Chief Justice was somewhat out of humor to find that the list was so large. There were quite a number of clergymen, twenty or thirty persons who had been fined for being present at "disorderly meetings," and from thirty to forty Quakers. The latter were plainly to be distinguished, as they filed along under the lead of the constable, with their hats on their heads,

but with countenances in which patience and firmness were closely blended. "Take off your hats," shouted the Chief Justice. Not a single hat was removed. "Take them off, Mr. Constable," he again exclaimed, with more show of irritation.

The cases of the Quakers were first disposed of. The method pursued was very summary. In few instances was there any denial of the charge. "Have you taken the oath of allegiance?" each one was asked. "We cannot swear. Christ has forbidden it," was the uniform reply. Sometimes other words were added. "We are peaceable subjects. We may not bear arms or form conspiracies, and it is known of all men that we harm none, and are cheerfully subject to the laws of the land." To such language the Chief Justice paid little attention. "You must swear allegiance," he said; "that is the law of the land. Officer, present them the book." But uniformly they refused to swear, and in nearly every instance were remanded to prison.

Other prisoners were called. One had been taken in one part of the county, and another in another, for attending the preaching of the ejected ministers. The cases were disposed of with great

rapidity. Some had been taken from among Mr. Alleine's hearers. They were fined variously, from a few shillings, up to £20. In some cases where the sentence was light, the fine was paid, and the prisoners were discharged. Others were remanded to prison, on their refusal to pay.

"You must clear out more of them," whispered the jailer, to one of the judges, "or the prison will not hold them. It is so crowded now that they have to lie almost on top of one another, and their friends crowd in to see them in such numbers that one cannot tell sometimes what to do with them." The associate judge whispered the information to the Chief Justice. "Let them rot in prison then," he exclaimed, "there will be fewer for us to dispose of." The gruff tone of Judge Foster showed the prisoners that they had little mercy to expect at his hands.

"Clerk, call the next," said the judge, and the name of Rev. John Norman was called. "Reverend, is he?" said the judge to the clerk. "We will attend to one of the bell-wethers now."

The prisoner was a man of courteous bearing and gentlemanly manners, of good education, refined tastes and unfeigned piety. But Judge Fos-

ter seemed exasperated at the sight of him. "Ah!" said he, "you are a prime mover in these seditions, are you? You look as if you could lead simple men astray. But the more shame to you for it. Sirrah, do you preach?"*

"Yes, my Lord, I do, when God permits me the exercise of my ministry," replied Mr. Norman.

"The law forbids you to hold disorderly meetings," said the judge. "Why do you preach?"

"Because," replied Mr. Norman, "I was ordained to preach the gospel."

"Ordained! ordained! ordained!" exclaimed the judge. "Pray sirrah, how were you ordained?"

"In the same manner as Timothy," said Mr. Norman.

"And how was that?" asked the judge.

"By the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery," said Mr. Norman.

"By the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery; by the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery!" exclaimed Judge Foster, repeating the phrase over and over again. "What does he

* *Non-Conformists' Memorial*, ii. 347.

mean by that?" he whispered to one of the associate judges, who was as little able to answer as he was himself. He was so ignorant of the Bible that he knew nothing of any ordination except by some one of the bishops, and months afterward, when called upon by a gentleman at Egham in Surrey, and having kept him waiting a long time, he excused himself by saying that he had been searching his books about an odd-answer a fellow made him in the west, who told him that he was ordained like Timothy, by the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery, which he could find nothing of.

As the judge broke out into abuse and railing, Mr. Norman, with great gravity remarked, "My Lord, permit me to remind you that a liberal education at the university, and the holy calling of the ministry, not stained with any unworthy action, merits better language from your lordship, and better usage from the world, than this to which we are subjected."

"What do I care for your university learning?" exclaimed the judge. "And as for your ministry, it is the ministry of sedition. You are keeping up the old rebellious spirit. A prison is too good

for you. But I'll see that you have a part of what you deserve."

"Sir," said Mr. Norman, "you must ere long appear before a greater Judge, to give account of your own actions and of your railing at me, the servant of that great Judge."

"Keep your tongue between your teeth, and do not insult this court," exclaimed the judge. "You need more discipline than you have had yet. The jury have found you guilty. I sentence you to pay a fine of £100, and to lie in prison till it is paid."

"Clerk, call another case," said the judge.

"Joseph Alleine." "Rev. Joseph Alleine," cried the clerk.

"Another Reverend then!" said the judge ironically. "Read his indictment."

The clerk read that "Joseph Alleine, upon the 17th of May, 1663, with twenty others, to the jurors unknown, did riotously, routously, and seditiously assemble themselves together, contrary to the peace of our sovereign lord the King, and to the great terror of his subjects, and to the evil example of others."*

* *Life of Alleine*, p. 74.

“What have you to say to this, sirrah?” asked the judge.

“My answer,” said Mr. Alleine, “is that as to preaching and praying, which was the truth of the case, of these things, I am guilty and not only so, but I do own them as a duty which I am bound in conscience to discharge; but as for riotous, routous and seditious assemblies, I do from my heart abhor them, and of them I am not guilty.”

“The very same story, I suppose,” said the judge, “that we have had already. Gentlemen of the Jury, you can make short work of this case. He confesses to preaching and praying, and that is enough to cover a whole nest of sedition. What is your verdict?”

Without leaving the box, the foreman of the jury, who knew well what was expected of him, and who dared not thwart the policy of the court or government, responded “guilty.”

“I sentence you,” said the judge, “to pay a fine of one hundred marks, and lie in prison till payment be made.”

“I am glad,” remarked Mr. Alleine, in a clear loud tone that rang through the court-room, “I am glad that it hath been made appear before the

country, that whatever the charges against me, I have been guilty of nothing but of doing my duty, and all the evidence that has been adduced beside my own admissions, with which the evidence agrees, is that I sung a psalm and instructed my own family, a few others only being present, and all in my own house, and if what I have urged in my own defence do not give satisfaction, I shall with all cheerfulness and thankfulness accept the sentence which is pronounced upon me while I am engaged in so good and righteous a cause."

The prisoners were conducted back to jail. Their Bridewell chamber was now to be their home for a long year to come. They knew not when or how deliverance would come, but they felt that they bore back with them to their crowded attic, that "conscience void of offense toward God and toward man" which was of more value than all the reverence of English bishops.

"Let us thank God now," said Mr. Alleine, as they re-entered their prison, "that he has permitted us to bear the testimony we have this day borne to his holy cause." "Verily," replied Mr. Norman, "we may heartily and joyously do it, and Brother

Alleine, you must call the meeting together and preach to us, although it be somewhat late."

Mr. Alleine desired that some of the others should take the duty, but they all insisted that he should preach, and not a few of the other prisoners called out, "Mr. Alleine," "Mr. Alleine."

He hesitated no longer. After singing and prayer, he rose to address the prisoners, and those of their friends who yet lingered in the prison before it was closed for the night.

His words were very simple and touching. Even the Quakers listened attentively if not reverently. He spoke of the hardship and injustice sent upon them, to which it was the will of Providence that they should submit, and which by the grace of God might be sanctified to them. He then proceeded; "Dear friends and fellow-soldiers under Christ, the Captain of our salvation, consider your calling and station; approve yourselves as good soldiers of Jesus Christ; be not ashamed to follow your great leader even to ignominy and shame among men; be resolute and courageous, and not unmanned by any difficulties of your present warfare. As for human affairs, I would have you to be, as you are, men of peace. I would have

you armed, not for resisting; God forbid; but for suffering only. You should resist to the uttermost, striving against sin. Here you must give no quarter, for if you spare but one Agag, the life of your souls must go for the life of your sins. You must make no peace, for God will not smile on that soul that smiles on sin, nor have any peace with him that is at peace with his enemy. Other enemies you must forgive and love and pray for. But promise yourselves nothing but hardship here. Remember your station. Soldiers must not count upon rest and fullness, but hunger and hardness. You may be happy in the want of all outward comforts. Do not think yourselves undone, if brought to want and poverty. Study eternity, and you will see it to be little material to you whether you be rich or poor; and that you may never have such an opportunity for your advantage as you have now, when you put all to hazard, and seem to run the vessel upon the rocks. Set your enemies one against the other; death against the world. Put yourselves often into your graves, and look out from thence upon the world, and see what judgment you have of it then. Brethren, I beseech you, lay no stress upon these perishing

things, but labor to be at a holy indifference about them. Is it for one that is in his wits, to sell his God, his conscience, his soul, for things that he is not sure to keep a week, or a day; and which he is sure, after a few sleepings more, to leave behind him for ever? Ah my beloved, beware there be no worldly professors among you, that will part rather with their part in Paradise, than their part in Paris; that will rather part with their consciences than their estates; beware that none of you have your hearts where your feet should be, and love your mammon before your maker. It is time for you to learn with Paul to be crucified to the world."

Many a doubting trembling heart was cheered by these words, many of them as well adapted to the friends of the prisoners as to the prisoners themselves. And thus day after day, true Christian friendship and sweet communion and converse on holy things, hallowed the Bridewell chamber of Ilchester jail. For most of those who were there confined, the prospect of deliverance was quite distant. Few possessed the means of securing release by the payment of their heavy fines, and probably a majority of them felt that

they could not justify themselves to their own consciences by complying with the demand. If released, they would only resume the commission of that for which they were now suffering the penalty, and thus they could look forward only to a repetition of penalty as well as punishment.

But the prison was no place of indolence to Mr. Alleine. His pen was busy when his lips were closed. The people of Luppit and of other villages around Taunton remembered him in his bonds, and bestowed upon him the tokens of affection. These he acknowledged in letters which give expression to his warm sensibilities and to his grateful devotion. To the flock which had been his own especial charge, his communications were frequent, and they were characterized by pastoral fidelity and ardent affection. In one of these he says, "You know that I have not sought yours, but you; and that for doing my duty to your souls, I am here in these bonds which I do cheerfully accept through the grace of God that strengtheneth me. O that your souls might be quickened and enlarged by these my bonds! See to it that you stand fast in the power of the holy doctrine which we have preached to you from the pulpit;

preached at the bar ; preached from the prison to you. It is a gospel worth the suffering for. . . . Live like those that have a God, and then be disconsolate if you can. Let the thought of God be your daily repast, and never be satisfied till your hearts run out as freely, naturally, constantly, unweariedly after God, as others do after the world."

Before these words were despatched (Sept. 11, 1663) to Taunton, he received "a moving, melting letter" from his friends there, to which he promised a speedy reply. In that reply, he says, "I may confidently say, I spent more tears upon those lines, than ever you did ink." "My business, as I have often told you, is not to gain your hearts, or turn your eyes toward me, but to Jesus Christ. His spokesman I am. Will you give your hearts to him ; will you give your hands, your names to him : will you subscribe to his laws, and consent to his offices, and be at thorough defiance with all his enemies ? This do, and I have my errand. . . . Will you gratify me indeed ? Then come in ; kiss the Son ; bow to the name of Jesus : not in compliment, with cap and knee, but let your souls bow, let all your powers

bend sail, and do him homage. Let that sacred name be graven into the substance of your hearts, and lie as a bundle of myrrh between your breasts. . . . While holiness is made the butt of others' persecution, do you make it the while, the mark of your prosecution; that you live it up as much as others cry it down. Oh, watch and keep your garments about you: the plain but comely clothing of humility: the seamless coat of Christian unity: the strait and close garment of strictness, mortification and self-denial; the warm winter-garment of love and charity. Love will not be quenched by the waters, nor cooled by the nipping frost of persecution and opposition. Cleave fast to Christ. Never let go your hold. Cling the faster because so many are laboring to knock off your fingers, and loosen your hold."

Ten days later (Sept. 28, 1663) he wrote, "Verily there is no little honor and happiness, no little peace and privilege in these bonds. Verily, all is true that I have told you of the all-sufficiency of God, of the fullness of Christ, of the satisfactoriness of the promises, of the peace, tranquility, content and security that is to be had in a life of faith. . . . I have received nothing

but good at the hands of the Lord all my days, and now he doth begin to afflict. I see so much mercy in this very gaol, that I must be more thankful for this than for my prosperity. Surely the name of the place is *The Lord is here*. Surely it may be called Peniel. Be strong in the Lord, my brethren. I hear that Satan is practicing to send more of you after me. I desire and pray for your liberty; but if any of you be forced hither for the testimony of the gospel, I shall embrace you with both arms."

Just a month later, he pours out his heart again to his Taunton friends, and speaks almost in raptures of the riches of the love of Christ, closing with the words, "I am very healthful and cheerful through grace. See that none of these things that befall us move you." In other letters he uttered his sympathies and his counsels, encouraging his flock to persevere and to endure. Every week or two, the long winter through, some message from his prison Patmos went back to his Taunton friends. But with the early spring his epistles became less frequent. The mystery was at length (April 16, 1664) explained. "The reason why my letters have not of late come so

thick as formerly to you," writes Mr. Alleine, "is not because I forget to love you, and to care for you; but because I have been busily taken up in other labors of sundry kinds for you." He had already published his "Call to Archippus," designed to stir his Non-conforming brethren to fresh diligence in their work, notwithstanding all the dangers and sufferings they might be called to meet. He was now engaged on his "Synopsis of the Covenant," and his explanations of the Assembly's Shorter Catechism, but especially in perfecting that work with which his name is so identified, now known as his "Alarm to the Unconverted," which has been circulated by tens of thousands, and borne the savor of his memory to distant lands and continents.

Thus the winter and the spring wore pleasantly and cheerfully away, though the prisoner's constitution was suffering under his hardships. With no little difficulty, he and his fellow-prisoners procured the privilege of being confined in the ward rather than the Bridewell chamber, which had no chimney, and where the cold without fire would have been intolerable. On the 21st of August, 1664, he was at last released. In place

of Chief Justice Foster, that Christian judge and upright man, the ever memorable Sir Matthew Hale presided at the assizes. The case of Mr. Alleine as well as that of Mr. Norman and others came before him, and he secured their discharge by a commutation of their heavy fines to sixpence on the pound.*

* *Non-Conformists' Memorial*, ii. 347.

CHAPTER XXI.

AN ALE-HOUSE PLOT DEFEATED.

THE Act of Uniformity had done its work. Nearly two thousand of the most devoted clergymen of the church of England had felt constrained to abandon their benefices. But, retaining still, to a great extent, the respect and affection of their congregations, they pursued a course not unlike that of Mr. Alleine. Some of them became still more diligent and abundant in labors than ever before. In as quiet a manner as possible, they continued still to exercise their ministry, receiving, in some instances, a small pittance for their support by voluntary contributions, and in others, supporting themselves by some other occupation, and still devoting themselves to the supply of the spiritual necessities of their flocks. Their meetings were held wherever it was found most convenient, sometimes at the pastor's house, sometimes

in barns, sometimes in the forests, and, although in such retired places, not infrequently in the night-time under protection of the darkness. This was sometimes necessary, in order to guard themselves from the vigilance of informers who were on the watch to detect them and secure their prosecution.

Hence arose the system, as it was called, of conventicles. They were held all over England, and though peaceable in their character, they occasioned the government no little alarm. On the death of Archbishop Juxon in 1663, he was succeeded by Sheldon, Bishop of London, a man who had no scruples in employing summary and violent methods to put a stop to the mischief as he considered it, of the meetings held by the Non-conformist preachers. Shortly after his accession to the primacy, and while Mr. Alleine was still in Ilchester jail, an act was passed by Parliament, to this effect; that the law of the 34th of Queen Elizabeth was still in force, by which persons refusing to attend the parish church were, upon conviction, to be condemned to banishment, and in case of return, to death without benefit of clergy; and if any person above the age of sixteen, after

July 1st, 1664, should be present at any meeting, under color or pretense of any exercise of religion, in other manner than is allowed by the liturgy, or practice of the church of England, where five or more persons besides the household should be present, they should, for the first offence, suffer three months' imprisonment or pay a fine of £5; for the second, suffer six months' imprisonment, or pay a fine of £10, and for the third offence be banished or pay a fine of £100. In case they then returned or made their escape, they were to be adjudged felons, and to suffer death without benefit of clergy. Sheriffs and justices of the peace, or such as they commissioned, were empowered to dissolve, dissipate, and break up, all unlawful conventicles, and to arrest such of those present as they should see fit. Persons who allowed conventicles to be held in their houses were to be held equally guilty with attendants.*

Such was the law that had been in operation nearly two months, when Mr. Alleine was released from prison. It proved, in full accordance with the design of its authors, a terrible engine of per-

* *Neal*, 11, 251.

secuting malice. The Act of Uniformity reached the clergy; this carried terror into the ranks of the people. The peace, property and liberty of English subjects were thenceforth held at the caprice of a justice of the peace, or such persons as he might commission, and at the mercy of the informer's oath. Not unfrequently ministers were interrupted while addressing a mere handful of their former congregations, and if their fine was not paid, as well as that of the owner of the dwelling to the same amount, and five shillings for each hearer, houses were broken open and goods confiscated, and in case the amount of the fine was not thus received, imprisonment followed. The jails were soon overcrowded. Quakers, Presbyterians and Baptists were the principal sufferers, the Papists being largely shielded by the king. Rarely has history been called to record such a chapter of outrage as that which now disgraced the English annals. The trade of informers flourished. The offices of justice were perverted into the engines of iniquity. Tens of thousands of the best subjects of England were appalled by a reign of terror. Private spite or malice assumed

the garb of public spirit, and in the name of law and order vented its vengeance upon its helpless victims.

In these circumstances Mr. Alleine returned to Taunton. Regardless of personal consequences he resolved to discharge his duty. For a time he was allowed to prosecute his work without molestation, but probably his failing health alone saved him from arrest. His severe imprisonment had undermined his constitution, and his excessive labors were now too severe for his enfeebled brain. He traveled far and near, exerting himself beyond his strength, to cheer and instruct those who looked up to him for counsel. At length, attempting to discharge his onerous duties, after a ride of sixteen miles from Taunton, he was struck down by sickness, was with no little inconvenience conveyed back to his dwelling, and thenceforth, for several weary months, he was a hopeless invalid. From October, 1664, to April, 1665, he so far lost the use of his arms as to be unable to dress or undress himself, or write a letter or a note. As the summer advanced his health was somewhat restored, but he still found himself unable to execute a project which he had

formed, in concert with his brethren, of performing a missionary preaching tour through Wales.

It was at this time that England was visited by a calamity which the persecuted Presbyterians might be pardoned for interpreting as a divine judgment upon the nation for its sins. During the early summer a most severe drought had been experienced. The meadows were parched and barren with the continuous heat. No food could be procured for the cattle. A murrain broke out among them, and this was followed by a contagion among the citizens of London, the fearful plague, more dreadful than any which had been known within the memory of man. It continued to increase in virulence till the deaths numbered from eight to ten thousand a week. Those who were able fled to the country, and the sufferings of those who remained were inexpressible. Trade was destroyed. London was cut off from the country by the non-intercourse which might be called the non-intercourse act of the plague. A stranger from London was dreaded everywhere in the counties as a herald if not forerunner of the pestilence. Country farmers and householders dared

not entertain their city friends. The shops of London were closed. The doors of the houses were marked, many of them by a red cross, while over them was the inscription, "Lord have mercy on us." Grass grew in the streets, and the awful silence of the night was broken by the cry of the bellmen going their rounds with their carts, and crying, "Bring out your dead."

Many of the clergy fled with their people, and the Non-conformist ministers, urged by their abandoned hearers, entered the vacant pulpits. They were not molested. The pestilence triumphed over the iniquities of human statutes. For once the office of informer lost its attractions. The justices coveted no longer the honor or the profit of convicting recusants. The few churches that were open were crowded with terrified hearers, who felt that there was but a step between them and death. Preachers like Vincent, Janeway, Turner, Grimes, Chester and Franklin, took their stand between the living and the dead. Never had London seen hearers more eager to listen to the words of gospel truth. Men who were living to-day, but by to-morrow were to be cast uncer-

moniously and without funeral rites into the trenches of the dead, were asking tremblingly "What shall we do to be saved?"

Parliament, shrinking from the breath of contagion, convened at Oxford. Instead of conceding gratefully to the Non-conformists the liberty they had assumed, they proceeded to impose upon them new severities. On the 31st of October, 1665, the royal assent was given to "an act to restrain Non-conformists from inhabiting corporations." It declared that all Non-conformist ministers who refused to take the obnoxious oath required by the act of 1662, should not, except in passing the road, come within five miles of any city, town or borough that sent burgesses to Parliament, or within five miles of any place where they had preached, or labored, under any pretense whatsoever. For each offense they were to be fined forty pounds, one third to the King, one third to the poor, and one third to him that should sue for it. Such as refused the oath should be disqualified from teaching any public or private school, and any two justices of the peace were authorized, upon oath made before them of any offense committed against the act, to imprison the offender

for the space of six months, without bail or main-prize.

This new triumph of persecuting malice sent terror and consternation among the Non-conformists. They saw its design to rob them even of the occasional and private services of their beloved pastors. Yet there were those that hailed it almost with acclamation. In Taunton, the gang whom men, ashamed personally to engage in the business, had employed or encouraged as informers, exulted in the prospect which it afforded them. They determined that Mr. Alleine, who had just returned with somewhat restored health from a short residence in Devises, where he was born, should first feel their vengeance, and that young Manton should be their second victim.

Already—previous to the passing of the Act—repeated threats were made against Mr. Alleine, and warrants were issued for his arrest. But in some strange way, none could tell how, the malice of his enemies was defeated. Now however the last difficulty appeared to be removed, and Black Jake convened his crew at his favorite ale-house to take measures to carry out his plans. Enriching his phraseology with virulent and blasphemous

oaths, he told his associates that they had often been defeated in attempting to catch "the sacred rogues," but that now if they did not succeed they would show themselves fools.

"What do you mean to do?" asked Trump.

"We'll bag the old fox first," replied Black Jake.

"How will you go about it?" asked Trump.

"Be quiet," answered Black Jake, "and I will arrange it all. Mr. Alleine can't go far afoot. He has to do most of his haranguing within a mile or two of this. I learn from Justice Tinkle that he is most apt to have his meetings on Tuesday and Friday nights, beginning somewhere about nine or ten o'clock, for they change the hour at different times. Now it would not do for me to try to get into his meetings. Everybody knows my face and hair, and 'Black Jake' would be a black sheep among the flock, and they would be afraid of me and only keep Quaker's meeting. I want two as decent fellows as you can pick out to dress themselves up, and put on the best Puritan look they can, and go into the meeting along with the others, so as not to be suspected."

"A grand plan that," said one of the hardest

looking of the group, "only you must look close to find the 'decent' fellows among us."

"I nominate Trump," said another of the company, "he's kind of respectable compared with the rest of us."

"No you don't!" said Trump.

"You'll do as we agree," said Black Jake, "or you'll quit this communion."

"I'll do neither the one nor the other," replied Trump.

Black Jake doubled his fist, and advancing toward Trump, exclaimed, "Do you mean to say that you'll stay here, when I say you shan't?"

"Hold off, hold off," cried several at once, "Trump's a good fellow. He has his reasons for what he says; let's hear him."

Black Jake drew back, still eyeing his antagonist with a scowl, but waiting to hear what he would have to say for himself.

"Jake," said Trump, calmly, and with only a slight tone of that irony he sometimes used, "I want to ask you some questions."

"Ask away," said Jake, defiantly.

"Has not Mr. Alleine more than once carried food and fuel to your poor old blind mother whom

you have left many a time to freeze and starve?" asked Trump.

"None of your business," said Jake.

"Didn't he keep Mr. Mallack from prosecuting Dan and Bill when they broke into his grounds, and were like to be sent to jail, and didn't he talk with them as kindly and gently as a brother, and get them places to work and earn their living?"

"What if he did?" replied Jake.

"Didn't you tell Mr. Alleine to his face, when he was up before Justice Tinkle, that he lied when he stated how he carried on his meetings?"

"What of that?" answered Jake.

"I'll tell you what," said Trump. "You've gone about as far as it would be best for you to go in this sort of thing. You would have had Mr. Alleine back in prison in two weeks after he got out if it had not been for me."

"For you!" interrupted Black Jake; "then it seems you've turned traitor, have you?" and his eyes gleamed with fury.

"For me, I said," replied Trump, with emphasis but with perfect coolness, as he fixed his steady defiant gaze on his adversary. "I went to hear him, as you appointed, and I did hear him, and

sooner let my arm be palsied than lifted against such a man as he is. And the reason that the other witnesses did not appear against him when the warrants were out, was because I told them they had better keep out of the way, and they had the good sense to take the hint."

"You've betrayed us, and you shall sweat for it," said Black Jake, doubling his fists again and stepping up toward Trump.

"Hold, hold," said one of the men. "If the question is about Mr. Alleine, I have a word to say. You know I was in Ilchester jail when he was there, only he had state apartments in the room overhead. But he was not ashamed, when the jailer would let him do it, to come down among us and talk as civil and kindly as anybody. All the winter, when the chaplain was sick, he took his place, and a good many of us wished that the chaplain was sick longer; he wound himself right around a fellow's heart, till you could not help liking him. And then do you see that scar on my wrist? The cold freezing irons made it, and he got bandages and bound it up, and so kept the irons off till it was well. If you are going to do any mischief to Mr. Alleine,

you can't count me in. You'd better let him alone."

"Never!" exclaimed Black Jake, "he isn't to be let alone. I've pledged my word to Justice Tinkle to have him before him within three weeks, and,"

"And you've pocketed the fee for it, haven't you?" asked Trump.

This question roused all the tiger nature of Black Jake. There was truth in Trump's charge, but he thought no one knew it.

"Trump," said he, "this is no place for you. You are always making disturbance among us; now leave the premises;" and this time he advanced toward him with the evident purpose to drive Trump out.

No one dared to do more than deprecate Jake's anger, and beg him to keep cool, and Trump was so much more disposed generally to use his tongue than his fists, that no one apprehended any personal encounter. Black Jake had calculated on all this, and felt assured that he could terrify Trump and drive him as a non-combatant off the field. He did not expect resistance, and until he was within a step or so of him, Trump made no show of any.

Suddenly, as if under the inspiration of a new purpose, on seeing Jake's fist about to descend upon him, he raised one arm to defend himself, while with the other he hurled Jake back across the room, and laid him sprawling on the floor.

For a few seconds there was unbroken silence. But when Jake rose from the floor, his supremacy over his gang was gone. "You deserved it," said one of his men. "What right had you to attempt to drive him out without taking a vote of the company first," said another. But heedless of such remarks, and with vengeance in his look, Black Jake turned toward Trump, and remarked in a tone which betrayed his resentments—"This matter is not settled yet; will you act with us any longer or not?" he asked.

Trump looked the contempt he felt, but made no reply.

"In the name of the company, I demand an answer," said Jake.

Still Trump was silent.

"Why don't you speak out?" asked one of Jake's friends. "Can we count on you in our plans?"

"What are your plans?" asked Trump.

"We want to get money out of Mr. Alleine or his friends," was the reply. "In fact we don't care so much about his going to prison, as we do about the money."

"And to get it you will act as informers, will you?" asked Trump.

"We will aid in executing the law, or seeing it executed," was the reply.

"You will do a thing then," replied Trump, "so mean that I'd sooner shiver in rags, or rot in jail, than touch one penny of your leprous silver."

"Then you'd have Mr. Alleine preach his fire and brimstone all over the country, and nobody stop him, would you?" asked the man.

"Fire and brimstone!" exclaimed Trump, "what under the heavens can he preach but that, with such a set as Black Jake and Justice Tinkle after him all the time, and scores of cowards echoing all their abuse?"

"You are half a Puritan yourself," said another of the company, "and I think you had better cut communion with us, and go your own way."

Trump quietly whispered in the ears of one or two of those whom he could count upon as his friends, and then beckoning to the man who had

been in Ilchester jail, drew him with him toward the door. "Now," said he, as he opened the door for himself and his associate, "settle matters to your own liking. We don't share in any measures against Mr. Alleine."

Black Jake felt as Trump left that the latter had surrendered the ground, and exulted in thinking that he could now shape things as he liked. He tried to pick out the two men who would act as informers, but out of nearly a score there were barely three who could be so employed, for Trump had withdrawn one of those on whom Jake had, as he now discovered, imprudently counted. Of the three, one refused to serve; another seemed quite indifferent, while the third was remarkably zealous. The selection was of course soon made, and Black Jake promised them £5 each on the conviction of Mr. Alleine, and to the whole company an evening's entertainment free of cost.

But his ascendancy was gone. Trump had foreseen who would be selected, and had arranged to have the one who seemed most zealous to serve, meet him just as soon as the ale-house company broke up. After conferring with him, and arranging a plan to defeat Black Jake's measures, he

left him and at a late hour knocked at Mr. Alleine's door.

Late as it was, Mr. Alleine had not retired to rest. He responded to the summons, opened the door, and bade his visitor walk in.

"Not now," said Trump. "I just came to tell you that for two or three weeks, you need not have any fears about your meetings. I heard that you were going away, and would keep yourself five miles off. But you needn't hurry about it."

"Your tone, at least," said Mr. Alleine, "is that of a friend, and I think I have heard your voice before. May I ask your name?"

"No matter about my name, but you have heard my voice before. Good night," exclaimed Trump, and hastily withdrew.

Mr. Alleine wondered over the strange incident, but he resolved to improve the opportunity that was thus afforded him to speak a few parting words to his flock. He dared not meet over twenty of them at a time, and even then, ventured only to meet them by night, and it would require two or three weeks, before he could see them all. Then he thought that perhaps it would be best for

him to return to the Devises again, both as a place of security, and on account of his health.

Each time that the several groups of his congregation met him, there was a strange face among them. Mr. Alleine suspected it was that of the friend to whom he was already indebted. But he invariably was the last to come and the first to leave. No other stranger intruded upon the assemblies, and no molestation was ever offered. The stranger as well as the others, was deeply affected, and when the tears of others flowed his eyes were not dry.

At length, after the expiration of about three weeks, at the close of one of the meetings, the stranger lingered behind. "I wish to speak a few words with you," said he. "It will not be safe for you to linger here any longer. The informers have been frightened, or one of them at least, by my means, for some time, but the justices opposed to you have determined to procure a new set to carry out their purposes and you will be sure to be arrested. Have you any place to go to?"

"You speak as a friend, and you have acted as a friend," said Mr. Alleine, "and,"

"I am your friend," interrupted Trump, for he it was, "and I have understood that you had nowhere to go but to the Devises, which is so far off that your friends could see you only in a great while. Is it so?"

"It is," replied Mr. Alleine. "If I stayed anywhere about here, my enemies would be in pursuit of me, and I suppose they would track me out."

"Well," said Trump, "if you will trust me, I will find you a place where you will be safe, and it is with people you know."

"I think I can trust you," replied Mr. Alleine, "although I do not know your name."

"They call me Trump," was the answer, "but my name is Henry Templeton, and from calling me Temp, they changed it to Trump; but few here know me. My home was up the river, beyond Wallington, till a short time before you came to Taunton, and my sister the wife of a dyer, is living there yet. They have often heard you. They will welcome you to their house, and they live in such a quiet and obscure neighborhood, that you might have meetings there every week, and not be discovered."

"You have shown yourself my friend," said

Mr. Alleine, "and I will for a time at least thankfully accept your proposals. But are you not only my friend, but the friend of my master, the Lord Jesus Christ?"

Trump seemed overcome by the question, and made no reply, only a tear started in his eye.

"I cannot repay your kindness, but I can invite you to that blessed portion in Jesus which has made me happy, and been my strength and joy in prison," said Mr. Alleine.

"I am not fit to love Christ," said Trump; "I have been a very wicked man."

"Jesus came to save sinners, great sinners," said Mr. Alleine.

"Ah," replied Trump, "you don't know what I am, or rather what I have been. It was in hearing you when I was sent to act as an informer against you more than two years ago, that I was led to see what a wretch I was. I have watched you ever since, and I have been determined to defeat the plans of your enemies whose counsels I have shared. Your words have burnt themselves into my memory, and I can't forget them, but they make me feel how vile and reckless I have been. I don't think there is any hope for me, and

at times I think it's best that it should be so. When I feel the hell that is in me, I can preach it to others, and make them tremble, and frighten them out of their wickedness perhaps."

"Do not speak so," said Mr. Alleine. "What if you do see your sins so heinous; I read in God's word, 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow, and though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool.' Only go to him who is 'able to save unto the uttermost,' and you need not despair."

"Indeed, sir," said Trump, "I would go. I would go to the ends of the earth if it was necessary, only I don't know how."

"Don't you know how the prodigal came back to his father?" asked Mr. Alleine. "He came with the confession, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.' With just such a confession as that you can go to your heavenly Father, and you need not go far. You can kneel here and say it. Will you do so?"

"O pray for me, Mr. Alleine, I can't pray," said Trump.

"But you must," said Mr. Alleine, "do you

expect mercy without crying for it? Kneel right here with me."

They knelt together, and Mr. Alleine poured out his soul in behalf of the convicted, burdened sinner by his side. As he closed, he turned to him, and said, "Now Henry, pray."

There was some charm in the sound of his once familiar name, the name once so sweet from a mother's lips, that quite unmanned him. He just sobbed out "Father—I have sinned—sinned against heaven—sinned, sinned, sinned—and am not fit—" he could say no more, but found relief in tears.

"I will see you again to-morrow," he said, and hastily took his departure.

CHAPTER XXII.

SECOND IMPRISONMENT.

THE great mass of the Non-conformist ministers pursued the same course with Mr. Alleine. They refused the oath which the government sought to impose, and which the Earl of Southampton declared "no honest man could take." Some few indeed, like Dr. Bates and John Howe, resting upon the interpretation of it given by Chief Justice Bridgeman, accepted it, but it was utterly inadmissible, in the judgment of most of the Puritan ministers.

At first Mr. Alleine was left unmolested in his seclusion. But as his meetings became known, and his friends from Taunton thronged to them, the place of his residence could not long remain a secret. Every week, and sometimes twice a week, Trump visited him at his sister's house, and kept him informed of the steps taken by his enemies. No longer disposed, even if he had been permit-

ted, to share in his old ale-house companionship, Trump kept up an intimate acquaintance with the better disposed of his former associates, and through them was prepared to anticipate any measures which Mr. Alleine's enemies might see fit to adopt.

It was plain that a new place of refuge must be sought. Trump, who was Mr. John Mallaek's gardener, asked himself "why might he not reside here, and receive the kind attention which he so much needs." He suggested it to Mr. Mallaek, a warm friend of Mr. Alleine's, and the response was all that he could have wished. "Take my carriage," said he, "and to-morrow evening bring him and his wife to my house. I will make them welcome."

Mr. Mallaek's residence was only about a mile distant from Taunton, and it was surrounded by a large and well-cultivated garden, and lawns shaded by magnificent old trees which had notched their centuries. It was the very place for the worn invalid. The laws of the land now enforced silence upon him, and his only means of reaching his old flock was by counsel and conversation. His residence at Mr. Mallaek's afforded him the

opportunity which he most coveted. Every evening a group of his old parishioners was welcomed, and their hearts were cheered by his exhortations and instructions.

But even here his foes found him out. Trump countermined their projects, and devised another plan. It was that Mr. Alleine should change his residence every few days, passing from one to another of the hospitable families of his former flock. Nothing could have been more agreeable to all parties. There was danger, however, lest the number present on different occasions should expose them all to the penalties of the law, and it required no small vigilance even yet to guard against surprise.

Meanwhile, however, young Manton had been forced to abandon his school. With a heavy heart he was brought to the conclusion that while the law remained as it was, he would be only attempting a hopeless task in proposing to continue it. The plague had not entirely disappeared from London, when he returned to his father's house. Nothing remained for him now, but to prosecute his studies with a view to fit himself for future service in some field that might be opened to him

in better times. He corresponded with Mr. Alleine, and noted with the deepest interest the varying phases of the great question in which, as a Nonconformist, he was most deeply interested. For the present, the very prospect of active service was denied him.

Week after week and month after month passed by, and Mr. Alleine found warm hearts and hospitable homes among his old Taunton friends. He left no family with whom his longer stay was not desired, and he was unable to accept half the invitations that were extended to him. His headquarters were still at Mr. Mallack's, but when his enemies sought him there, he was not to be found. He had, he said, an hundred homes in place of the one he had parted with; and though he had no goods, he wanted for nothing: his Father cared for him in everything, and he lived a far more pleasant life than his enemies who had turned him out of all. As he walked through Mr. Mallack's gardens and grounds, or sat down to his well-spread table, and found all his wants supplied by a generous kindness, he felt that his cup ran over with goodness. "I am like Dives," he pleasantly said, "faring sumptuously every

day: but I hope I shall improve it better than he did, and that I shall not be left to forget the wants of the poor, especially of my poor brethren in the ministry."

But his enemies had laid their plans to seize him. Trump thought he had procured the means of defeating them, but in anticipation of their being detected, it was determined that the arrest of Mr. Alleine should be effected a few days earlier than had been previously arranged. It was known that Trump would be absent on an errand of Mr. Mallack's to a neighboring village, and that no opposition need be feared from him, and it was also known that several of the ministerial brethren of Mr. Alleine as well as many of his friends would be present on the 10th of July at Mr. Mallack's to take leave of him, before he left to visit the waters for his health.

Justice Tinkle and an associate justice, accompanied by other parties, a portion of them from Black Jake's gang, suddenly appeared within the gates, and were close to the house before they were seen. All but the justices were armed with swords. Those within the dwelling remained quietly in their seats. The party without, instead

of knocking for admittance, or unlatching the doors, which were not fastened, violently burst them open, and after employing the most menacing and derisive language, commenced taking down the names of those present. When they had completed their task, they placed them all in the custody of constables whom they required to present them the next day before the justices at Castle Tavern.

At the appointed time and place the prisoners appeared and answered to their names. After a two days' trial, all were found guilty of attending a conventicle, and were sentenced to pay a fine of £3 each or be committed to prison for sixty days. Only a few chose to pay their fines, or suffer others to do it for them. Mr. Alleine, though in feeble health, chose to share the lot of his friends, and again he was immured in Ilchester jail.

His former mode of life was at once resumed. He shared with his brother ministers the duties of preaching and prayer, and endeavored to make the period of trial a season of blessing. At the expiration of the period of his imprisonment, and of that of the persons who had been sentenced with him, he was called upon to administer to them his

parting counsels. His words were characteristically fervent and affecting as well as beautiful. The jailer informed them that they were that day to be released, and at an early hour their religious services commenced. At length Mr. Alleine arose to utter a few parting words. Every whisper was hushed, and there was perfect silence as he commenced.

He premised that his time was little and his strength but small, yet he could not let the occasion pass without uttering his parting counsel. He spoke of the sweet hours they had enjoyed, and the seasons of hallowed communion with which they had been favored in their imprisonment. "Forget not the sermons you have heard," he said; "your High Priest hath your names upon his heart. Oh that his remembrance might be written upon your hearts, written as with the point of a diamond, upon tables of marble that will never be worn out; that, as Aristotle saith of the curious fabric of Minerva, 'that he had so ordered the fabric that his name was written in the middle, that if any went to take that out the whole fabric was dissolved.' So the name of Jesus should be written upon the substance of

your souls, that they should pull asunder before they should be able to pull it out."

Among other counsels equally beautiful and appropriate he said, "God hath sent a whole troop of you here together. Let all these go home and sound the praises of God wherever you come; and this is the way to make his praise glorious indeed. Shall I tell you a story that I have read? There was a certain King that had a pleasant grove, and that he might make it every way delightful to him, he caused some birds to be caught, and to be kept up in the cages, till they had learned sundry sweet and artificial tunes; and when they were perfect in their lessons, he let them abroad out of their cages into his grove, that while he was walking in this grove, he might hear them singing those pleasant tunes, and teaching them to other birds that were of a wilder note. Brethren, this King is God: this grove is his church; these birds are yourselves; this cage is the prison. God hath sent you hither that you may learn the sweet and pleasant notes of his praise. And I trust that you have learned something all this while. God forbid else. Now God opens the cage, and lets you forth into the grove

of his church, that you may sing forth his praises, and that others may learn of you too. Forget not therefore the songs of the house of your pilgrimage. Do not return to your wild notes again. Keep the mercies of God ever in thankful remembrance, and make mention of them humbly as long as you live. Then shall you answer the end for which he sent you hither. I trust you will not forget this place. When Queen Mary died, she said that if they opened her, they would find *Calais* written on her heart. I hope that men shall find by you hereafter, that the prison is upon your heart: that *ILCHESTER* is upon your heart."

But *Ilchester* was written too sadly on the manly frame of that true-hearted prisoner. His extraordinary labors and severe application, needed only the added hardships of his imprisonment to reduce him almost to helplessness. He went forth an invalid, and disease was now more effectual to silence him than all the statutes of the realm. By his last imprisonment, he was prevented from trying the remedial power of the waters, as he had been accustomed to in preceding years, and when he visited them in 1667, after

several months of feebleness, during which he was able to accomplish but little, he found that the effect of them was contrary to what it had been on previous occasions. He had been but three days at Bath, before he was taken with a fever, and greatly reduced. In the space of six weeks he had sufficiently recovered to return to Taunton, but in so feeble a state that he determined to consult a physician at Dorchester from whose prescriptions he had previously derived benefit. Here, however, his old disease returned upon him. Within five days of his arrival he was seized with the loss of all power over his limbs, first his arms, and next his legs failing him, so that he could neither walk, stand, or so much as move a finger, or turn in his bed. By the physicians he was given over, and his friends considered his case hopeless. For several weeks, he was thought to be in a dying state. For hours together, he would be subject to cold sweats, and half his body was without any vital warmth. The lightest nourishment seemed more than his system could bear, and the remedies provided for him seemed to produce no effect. Still he was cheerful. Not a complaining word escaped his

life. His only language, uttered in feeble whispers, was that of adoration and praise. His friends admired his patience. "God has as yet tried me in nothing," said he, "except in laying me aside from my work, and keeping me back from heaven; but through grace I can submit to his pleasure, and wait his will."

He was frequently asked of his spiritual condition. Almost uniformly his reply was to the effect, that he had not those ravishing joys he expected, and which some experienced, but he had still a sweet serenity of heart and confidence in God, grounded on the gospel promises, and he had no fears.

In a most remarkable manner was he provided for. The widow of a minister hospitably entertained him. Friends stood ready to serve him. His wife watched by his bed-side, and no comfort that he could desire was withheld. The physician who attended him would receive no fee, and persons of whom he had never heard made anxious inquiries for his welfare.

It was nearly mid winter before he was sufficiently recovered to leave his bed. In attempting to walk, he found himself ready to sink like an

infant, if he was not upheld by others. At length, though unable to go up or down the stairs unaided, he could walk a little in the streets. Some of his Taunton friends came to visit him. Incapable of raising his hand, he had it held out to them. They admired his patience under his affliction. He replied, "My friends, life is mine; death is mine. In that covenant I preached to you is all my salvation and all my desire. I have lived a sweet life by the promises, and I hope, through grace, can die by a promise. It is the promises of God, which are everlasting, that will stand by us. It is a shame for a believer that hath so many glorious privileges, to be cast down under afflictions. We shall be as the angels of God in a little while. Nay, to say the truth, believers are, as it were, little angels already, that live in the power of faith. Oh my friends, live like believers, and trample this dirty world under your feet. Be not taken with its comforts, nor disgusted with its crosses."

In February, he was anxious to return to Taunton, and he was borne there in a horse-litter. It was no slight gratification again to see the place and the people who came flocking about him.

He was welcomed back to the house of Mr. Mallow, and his health improved. For several weeks he seemed to gain strength. In the beginning of April, however, he began to droop again, and shortly after was seized with convulsions. In about three weeks, after recovering from these, he was again attacked. Day after day, he lay helpless on his bed. At one time, he exclaimed, "It is but a puff and I am gone." At another he said, "Weep not for me, my work is done." After prayer each night, he was wont to bid all the family farewell, telling them he might be dead before morning. As he rose he would often say, "Now we have one day more, one more for God, let us live well this day, and lay up treasure in heaven, for we have few to live."

Thus he rose and sank alternately, sometimes remaining a while so prostrate that the physicians failed to detect his pulse. But the faith he had preached sustained him still. His sick-bed was indeed a sermon, and the counsels he uttered, as those of a dying man, did not fail of their impression upon those who were permitted to visit him in his feebleness.

While Mr. Alleine was in this prostrate and

hopeless condition, Mrs. Alleine determined if possible to try what effect the waters of Bath would have upon his health. For many weeks, he had not left his chamber or bed, and yet now (May 1668) he was removed on a horse-litter to a distance of forty miles. His appearance was almost that of a skeleton. The physicians were amazed at the sight of a human form more wasted than they had ever seen before, and wondered how he had been enabled to perform the journey alive. At his first visit to the Bath, "some of the ladies were affrighted, as if death had come in among them, and could not endure to look towards him."

In a few weeks he was able to walk about his chamber and to feed himself. His appetite was restored and his strength increased. This new lease of life was diligently improved. Although unable to walk abroad in the streets without the aid of some one's arm to lean upon, he resolved to visit the schools, the alms-houses, and such of the poor, especially the afflicted poor, as he could reach. The chairmen who daily carried him to the Bath were employed by him on these errands of Christian charity. On each Lord's day he

gathered from sixty to seventy children at his lodgings for religious instruction, conducting thus what was in reality a Sunday-school, until offense was taken, and the teacher whom he employed was threatened to be cited before the Bishop.

Repeatedly he invited "the godly poor" whom he met with, to his chamber, and entertained them there. He persuaded such as were employed in teaching, to use the Assembly's Catechism, purchasing for them many copies that they might distribute them to their scholars. He visited his endeared friend, Rev. Joseph Barnard, who lived five miles from Bath, and induced him to unite with himself in the effort to raise the means for printing and distributing six thousand copies of the Assembly's Catechism. Thus intent ever upon some plan of piety or utility, he devoted the feeble remnants of his health and strength to the service which he so greatly loved.

Early in November, however, his disease returned upon him. He felt that his end was near. But he was not alarmed. The joy of the Lord was his strength. His spirits were still cheerful, and his language was that of the penitent yet triumphant saint. But no words can more fitly de-

scribe the closing scenes of his life than those of his like-minded and devoted wife. Throughout his last residence at Bath, "he was," she writes,* "in the nights and days, so frequently with God, and often in such ravishments of spirit, from the joys and consolations that he received from the Spirit of God, that it was oftentimes more than he could express, or his bodily strength could bear, so that for my own part, I had less hopes of his continuance on earth than ever before. . . . He being now more cheerful than formerly, and more exceedingly affectionate in his carriage to me and to all his friends, especially with those that were most heavenly, the Lord was pleased to order it in his providence there were many such then who came to use the Bath, as Mr. Fairlaugh and his wife, Mr. (John) Howe of Torrington, Mr. Joseph Barnard and his wife, and several of our Taunton friends, and of Bristol ministers and others, which was a great comfort to us.

"His parts seemed to be more quick in his converses, whatever he was put upon, either by scholars, or those that were more inferior. He had many visitors there, both of strangers and

* *Life of Alleine*, 68.

friends, who were willing to see him and discourse with him, having heard what a monument of mercy he was: and he would to all of them, so amplify upon all the passages of God's dealings with him, as was very pleasant to all that heard him, and did affect many that were strangers to God and to religion, as well as to him. He found much favor even among the worst. Though he did often faithfully reprove many for their oaths, and excess in drinking, &c., there was none of them but did most thankfully accept it from him, and showed him more respect after, than they had done before. The vilest of these persons, as I was by several informed, said of him, 'that he never spoke with such a man in his life.' . . . His way was, some time before he intended to reprove them, he would often in the Bath converse with them *of things that might be taking with them*, and did so engage their affections that they would willingly every day converse with him; he being *furnished* from his former studies *for any company*, designing to use it still for holy ends, by such means caught many souls.

“Though he had many diversions, by his using the Bath constantly every day, and his frequent

visits, besides his weakness, yet he kept his constant seasons four times a day, for his holy retirement: waking in the morning constantly at or before five o'clock, and would not be disturbed till about seven, when he was carried to the Bath. Having the curtains drawn close, he spent his time in holy meditation, and prayer and singing, and once again before dinner, and about half an hour before two in the afternoon, just before he went abroad.

“He was much in commending the love of Christ, and from that exciting himself and me to obedience to him, often speaking of his sufferings, and of his glory: of his love-letters—as he called the holy history of his life, death, resurrection, ascension and second coming—the thoughts of which he seemed always to be much ravished with.

“He was exceeding affected with the three last chapters of St. John's Gospel, especially Christ's parting words and prayer for his disciples. But it is a time for me to put a stop to my pen. God did pour into him; and he did pour out so much, that it was scarce possible to retain the converses of one day, without a constant register,

His heart, his lips, his life was filled up with grace, in which he did shine both in health and sickness, prosperity and adversity, in prison and at liberty, in his own house, and in the churches of Christ wherever he came. . . .

“Thus his whole life was a continual sermon, holding forth evidently the doctrines he preached: humility, self-denial, patience, meekness, contentment, faith and holy confidence shining in him, with most dear love to God, and his church and people; and where he longed and panted to be, there is he now, shining in heaven, singing praises to God and to the Lamb, which work he much delighted in whilst here on earth.”

THE END.

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