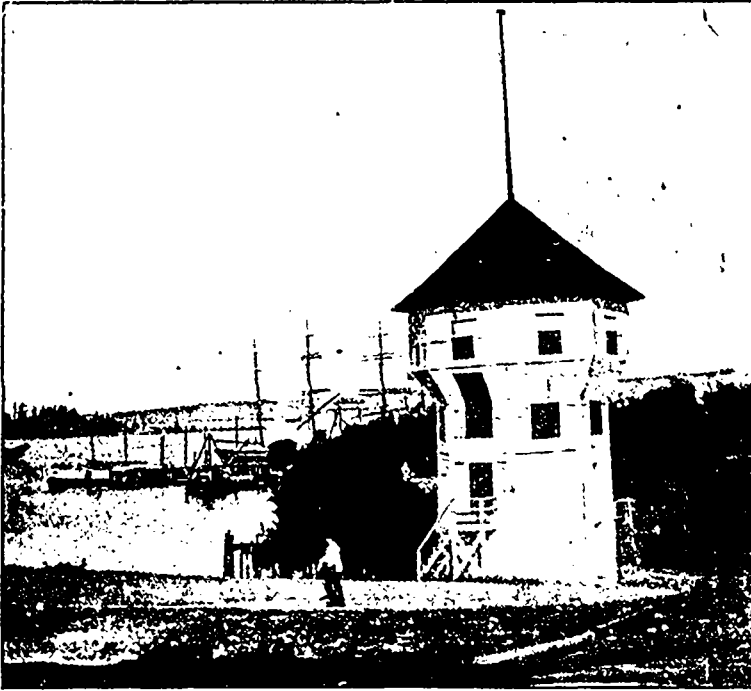




BASTION OF OLD HUDSON'S BAY FORT, NANAIMO, B.C.

See page 128.

This was the handwriting on the wall. The feeling against the tyranny of the king in dismissing the parliament was intense. And with the king, of course, people associated the Archbishop, whose life was in positive danger. Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, had been assassinated, and it was darkly hinted that such a fate was in store for Laud. And he himself was fully aware of it, and prepared himself for it as he best could. He knew that assassination was approved of, in certain cases, by the Covenanters, who were able to find texts of scripture, or certain scriptural expressions, which they quoted as authority sometimes for the worst of deeds. The Archbishop had now nearly lived out his time. He was close upon seventy years of age, yet the bitter hatred that existed against him made him feel that his gray hairs were not to go down to the grave in peace. The whole of Scotland was against him—all the Puritans, all the Jesuits and Roman Catholics of every kind, all Independents, Anabaptists, Familists, Gospellers, and every other wild fanatical sect, of which England was then full, were banded together to bring down the poor old man whose only crime really was that he truly loved the Church of which he was Archbishop, and strove to put her in what he considered to be her true position.

The outlook for the nation, for the king, and for himself was certainly dark enough; but still he was a man of bravery, and one who

could not easily be turned away from his duty.

After the failure of the rabble who had assembled "to hunt William the Fox," the Archbishop went on as usual with the performance of his duties. Parliament was prorogued, but Convocation was still in-session, and of that he was the president. He supposed that it would be dissolved also, but was much surprised, and indeed vexed, to find that the king desired its sessions to continue. It had voted him a large supply of money, to be paid during a term of six years, and he hoped to receive further favors at its hands. It remained, therefore, in session till the 29th of May, but it did little more for the king beyond ratifying the money granted him. It passed, however, seventeen canons to regulate ecclesiastical

affairs. These canons dealt with such questions as the suppression of popery, Socinianism, and all sectaries, such as Brownists, Anabaptists, Separatists, and all others of a like kind; the prevention of all innovations in doctrine and governments, the defining of the regal power, and many other subjects on which there had been but little or no previous legislation.

No fault could reasonably be found with any of these canons, except by the supporters of the systems they condemned; and, at first, they were favorably received. But so suspicious was every one in those days that it began to be feared that a trap lay somewhere in the canons to catch the unwary, and some one suggested that it lay in the oath which it declared should be taken by the clergy, and, in certain cases, even by the laity. The oath ran that they never would consent to any alteration in the government of the Church by bishops, deans, archdeacons, etc. It was declared that the sting lay in the tail—the trap was in the word *et cetera*! This was the snare and the pitfall. This was the work of "William the Fox"—for in that term *et cetera* what hidden designs might lie! For this reason it was held up to public execration and was dubbed the "*et cetera* oath"—a term which has clung to it ever since. How little are the minds of men sometimes, and how easily are they duped! And yet, again, how terrible were the days in which Archbishop Laud was