

Poetry.

STANZAS

ON HEARING THAT THE BISHOP OF JERUSALEM HAD LAID THE FIRST STONE OF A PROTESTANT CHURCH ON MOUNT SION.

JERUSALEM, Nov. 8.—Extract from a private letter.—"The Bishop of Jerusalem had laid the first stone of the Protestant Church on Mount Sion, on the 2nd inst. Forty feet of rubbish, the wreck of ancient buildings mouldering into dust, had to be removed in sinking the foundations."

Clear away, 'tis the ruin of ages; Let the rock and bar on the sterile ground ring; And the earth, o'er the first-blows of prophets and sages, Again rear an altar to Israel's King.

Away with the dust of the Idumean soil; This is not his home, and shall not be his rest; And the ashes of those who, in toil and in danger, For the "Holy Land" fought, be, with joy, dispensed.

Scatter the fragments of corals and columns, The relics of a Pagan world be; When the course had commenced—how tremendous, how solemn! "Be on us and our children the blood and the guilt!"

Die dead, and away with the wrecks of his slayers Who came and who died a world's ransom to pay— Of Christ, the Redeemer, who answering our prayers, Has strengthened our hands in the work of to-day.

We are down to the rock, and the dust yet remaining, It may be of martyrs and prophets of old, While Erin yet shows, all its hills retaining, And the priest to the people His message told.

We are down to the rock, and, with Christ our foundation, Our Church shall be reared for the spread of His word! Till the Jew and the Christian unite as one nation— Then hasten the work in the name of the Lord!

—United Service Gazette. RICHARD JOHNS.

THE ADVENTURES OF DR. HEYLIN IN THE GREAT REBELLION.

(From his Life written by his son-in-law John Bernard, D.D.)

Welcome was he to his parishioners in the country, who always loved him in the time of his prosperity and adversity, because of his affable and courteous behaviour, his hospitality among them and relief to the poor, his readiness to do his neighbours any kindness by counsel or assistance, his constant preaching during all the time of his abode with them, and in his absence, when he was called to court, his supplying them with an able curate.

He was resolved now to spend his days among [at Alresford] and his parishioners at South Warnborough, where he had the same respect and love. But the good shepherd was soon driven away from his flock by the unhappy following.

For the seeds of schism and separation amongst the Saints [as they called themselves] taking root, quickly sprang up into open rebellion, put all into disorder, dispersed families asunder, parted nearest relations, forced people from their houses, and ministers out of their churches, and necessitated him to fly for his own safety and preservation, as Elijah persecuted by Ahab.

Being sent by a party of horse, under the command of Sir William Waller, to bring him prisoner to Portsmouth, he fairly escaped their hands; but, continually disturbed with new alarms of drums and trumpets sounding about him, he could find no other way of safety like going to Oxford, there to take sanctuary with his brethren the persecuted clergy who, in the words of the historian Tacitus, were only comforted with the sight of their prince in the sad time of their crosses and adversities.

The news of his flying to Oxford quickly took wings to the old Parliament in London, who forthwith voted him a delinquent, and sent down an order for sequestration of all his goods and chattels. And first they fetched away his Library (for they thought he was too great a scholar,) the plunder of which he took deeply to heart, and ever accounted it the greatest of his losses.

For nothing is dearer to a good scholar than books, that to part with them goes as much against his nature and genius, as to lose his life; for he spendeth his days wholly in them, and thinketh that a horrible kind of ignorance, worse than Egyptian darkness, would overshadow the world without their learning.

Yet neither had he suffered the loss of his library, nor his household goods, so suddenly as he did, but for Colonel Norton his neighbour, a gentleman of the Parliament party, by whose commands his soldiers seized on all that he had at Alresford for the use of the Parliament, as they pretended, but sold as they pleased along to any chapman at inconceivable rates.

Robin Hood's penny-worths, what they had a mind to; some of which goods his honest neighbours bought on purpose to restore them again to him, except the best of his hangings, beds, and other costly furniture, which, with his plate, Colonel Norton took to his own use, as the Doctor was informed. His books [having been] carried away to Portsmouth, many of them were sold by the way, as folios for a flagon of ale, which some of his good parishioners bought of the soldiers, that the right owner might come to them again.

The carters, and such fellows as were employed in the carriage of his library and household goods, were paid off in books, instead of money; for the Parliament soldiers loved that, as they hated learning. Yet, notwithstanding the books were so embazzled and wasted by them, they were appraised at near a thousand pounds, and put into a public library, from whence they could never be redeemed.

After the loss of them, those Sabians (Job. i. 15) drove away his goods and chattels, they seized upon his corn and hay, for immediately, by order of the Committee, the tithes of both his livings were sequestered, and the profits of his prebendary in Westminster, and what temporal estate he had within their reach taken from him; [so] that being asked by one of his acquaintance, How he lived? he answered him readily, By horse-flesh and old leather; which seeming a riddle, he explained afterward his meaning,—that he saved only his coach and horses which brought him to Oxford, which he was forced to sell and live upon the money. But that being spent, as the poet said, he could not live like a camelion upon the air, he must find out some way of subsistence for himself and family; and that was, first of all, to live upon credit, which seldom holdeth long, without an estate to support it; and afterward, upon the charity of friends, which is shorter lived, for the heat of that love soon groweth cold. Being put to hard straits that he never knew before, he must now learn a new lesson how to shift in the world for a mere livelihood. And more miserable he was that, having been master of a plentiful and noble estate, £800 per annum in ecclesiastical preferments, as he tells us himself, besides his own temporal estate, the wheel of fortune should bring such a sudden alteration to turn him down from the top of it to the bottom.

Yet now he is but in the beginning of his misfortunes, and he hath a long race to run through them with patience. Not being able to maintain himself and family in Oxford, he sent his wife to London to get what money she could amongst her nearest friends and relations. Himself went out of Oxford on Nov. 1645, walking as a poor traveller in the country, not knowing well whether he should go. Disguised with the name of Barker, he sometimes went under the name of Harding, by which he was well known among his friends, from a priest to a layman, and in the likeness usually of an honest countryman, or else of a poor decayed gentleman, as indeed he was. The peril of the times was such, that a Proteus in his garb, because he should follow his good Lord [Laud, Archbishop] of Canterbury to another world, that that described in his Cosmography; but he happily outlived most of them, and died in honour, which they did not. He sometimes without it, till he got to some good friend's house.

At his first setting out, he was betrayed by a zealous she-puritan, one Mrs. Mundy, at her house in Oxfordshire. Her husband was a true-hearted Cavalier, unto whose protection he committed himself. He being one day gone from home, she saint-like, unfaithful to her husband and his friend, sent intelligence to some Parliament soldiers, that there was a Cavalier hidden in her house, of which he had notice given him by two of her husband's sisters who hated her pure [i. e. puritan] qualities. So that as soon as the family was all in bed, he went out at a back-door, down a pair of garden stairs, from whence he took his march that night, and, by the help of God Almighty and the good stars, he got safely to another friend's house by morning; at which time the soldiers beset Mrs. Mundy's house, as the country-men did the mountain; but the Cavalier hid at that time he called him and the dignified Clergy was run away, so that Mrs. Mundy's plot with the soldiers proved a silly fable. Ever after, the Doctor observed it for a rule never to come within the doors of a Holy Sister, whose house may be compared to that which Solomon describeth, *Is the way to Hell, going down to the chambers of death*; that had not Divine Providence protected him from the treachery of that base woman, he had fallen into the hands of those Nimrods that hunted after his life. From place to place he shifted, like the old travels of the patriarchs, and, in pity to his necessity, found a hearty entertainment amongst his friends of the Royal party, at whose tables he was fed, for he had none of his own. His children [were] disposed into several friends' hands, his wife amongst her relations, himself depending upon the courtesy both of friends and strangers, till he grew weary, and tired out with this kind of life.

It pleased God, afterwards, to send him some supplies of money, so that he settled himself, wife, and eldest daughter at Winchester, in the house of a rich honest man, Mr. Lizard, with whom they tabled a good while, where he had comfortable time of breathing and rest after his former troubles, and to his heart's delight, the sweet enjoyment and conversation with loyal persons, for Winchester was then a strong garrison for the King; and being near Alresford, he would go sometimes in disguise to visit his old neighbours, whom he knew were true and faithful to him. But those halcyon days quickly vanished, as seldom prosperity continues so long a time as adversity; for that town and castle especially, which was thought invincible to be taken by force of arms, were most treacherously delivered up to their enemies in three days' time. And now every house full of soldiers quartered amongst them. Poor Dr. Heylyn was in more danger than ever, had not Mr. Lizard taken care of him as his dearest guest, and hid him in a private room (as Providence ordained) to save his life; which room was supposed to have been made formerly for the hiding of Seminary Priests and Jesuits, because the house heretofore belonged to a Papist family; and indeed it was so cunningly contrived that there was no door to be seen nor entering into it, but behind an old bed's-head; and, if the bed had not been there, the door was so neatly made like the other wainscot of the chamber, that it was impossible for a stranger to find it out. In which room, who was a Papist, a right Protestant Doctor, who was a professed enemy both to Popery and Puritanism, was now secured from the rage and violence of the soldiers, who sought after him with no less eagerness than if he had been a heretic followed by the Spanish Inquisition; when he, good man, was in the very next room to them, adjoining to the dining chamber, where he could hear all their raillery and mirth, their gaming at cards and dice; for those idle luridians [clowns] spent their time only in riot and pleasure at home; and when they went abroad, they would tread the maze near the town. He took his opportunity on the market-day to put on his travelling robes, with a long staff in his hand, and so walked out of the town confidently with the country crowd, bidding adieu to the conclave or little room that he left for the next distressed gentleman. In the mean while his wife and daughter he entrusted to Mr. Lizard's care, his faithful friend.

And now he must again seek his fortune, which proved more kind to him than she did before. Yet he met with a hard adventure not many miles from Winchester, where some straggling soldiers lighting on him and catching hold of his hand, felt a ring upon his glove, which, through haste of his escape, he forgot to pull off; which no sooner discovered, but they roughly swore he was some run-away cavalier. The ring being hard to get off, the poor doctor willingly helped them, in which time came galloping by some of the Parliament's scouts, who said to their fellow-soldiers, "Look to yourselves; the cavaliers are coming!" At which words being affrighted, they took that little money that was in his pocket, and so rid away without further search. He, good man, jogged on to the next friend's house, with some pieces of gold that he had hid in his high shoes, which, if the rogues had not been so hastily frightened away, would have been undoubtedly found, and might have cost him his life by further suspicions of him, as he did the poor Jews, though not in the same manner, at the siege of Jerusalem, who flying from their city fell into a worse calamity, by one of them swallowing gold *** (Josephus, Wars of the Jews).

Had the doctor been then apprehended by the soldiers, and sent up prisoner to London, or could they have taken him at any time, he had intelligence from a friend in the House of Commons that the Parliament designed to deprive him of his life, in revenge of the punishment inflicted upon Prynne, who, for his seditious libels written against the King and Church, was sentenced not only to lose his ears, but was stigmatized also upon his left cheek with the letter S, to signify that he was a Schismatic. Whence Cant, the zealous preacher at Glasgow, prayed to God after his sermon to take away the King's idolatry, and said that the dear saints in England had their nose and ears cut off for the profession of the Gospel. The Parliament then might pretend the revenge of Mr. Prynne's sufferings, by a retaliation of a worse punishment upon Dr. Heylyn; but the real cause that exasperated them was the good doctor's loyalty to his King, and fidelity to his Archbishop, the two great pillars of the Church, to whom all true sons of the Church of England ought to be faithful. And, finally, the many books the doctor had written, and still likely to write more against the Puritan faction, was the grand cause of all his flights and sufferings in the time of war.

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Yet, notwithstanding, he followed his studies which were his chief delight; for, though the usurped powers had silenced his tongue from preaching, they could not

with-hold his pen from writing, and that in an acute and as sharp a style as formerly, after he had done with his frequent visits of friends, and long perambulations. For the public good of the Church, to uphold her ancient maintenance by tithes, being robbed them, of all her other dues and dignities,—(though himself was sequestered of both his livings and made incapable of receiving any benefit by tithes)—yet for the common cause of Christianity, and in mere compassion of the Presbyterian Clergy, though his professed enemies [and the suppliants of the loyal Episcopal Clergy] he published at that time, when times were in danger to be taken away from them, an excellent little tract, to undeceive the people in the point of tithes; and proveth therein, that no man in the realm of England payeth anything of his own towards the maintenance of his parish minister, but his Justice offerings.

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And now he must again seek his fortune, which proved more kind to him than she did before. Yet he met with a hard adventure not many miles from Winchester, where some straggling soldiers lighting on him and catching hold of his hand, felt a ring upon his glove, which, through haste of his escape, he forgot to pull off; which no sooner discovered, but they roughly swore he was some run-away cavalier. The ring being hard to get off, the poor doctor willingly helped them, in which time came galloping by some of the Parliament's scouts, who said to their fellow-soldiers, "Look to yourselves; the cavaliers are coming!" At which words being affrighted, they took that little money that was in his pocket, and so rid away without further search. He, good man, jogged on to the next friend's house, with some pieces of gold that he had hid in his high shoes, which, if the rogues had not been so hastily frightened away, would have been undoubtedly found, and might have cost him his life by further suspicions of him, as he did the poor Jews, though not in the same manner, at the siege of Jerusalem, who flying from their city fell into a worse calamity, by one of them swallowing gold *** (Josephus, Wars of the Jews).

Had the doctor been then apprehended by the soldiers, and sent up prisoner to London, or could they have taken him at any time, he had intelligence from a friend in the House of Commons that the Parliament designed to deprive him of his life, in revenge of the punishment inflicted upon Prynne, who, for his seditious libels written against the King and Church, was sentenced not only to lose his ears, but was stigmatized also upon his left cheek with the letter S, to signify that he was a Schismatic. Whence Cant, the zealous preacher at Glasgow, prayed to God after his sermon to take away the King's idolatry, and said that the dear saints in England had their nose and ears cut off for the profession of the Gospel. The Parliament then might pretend the revenge of Mr. Prynne's sufferings, by a retaliation of a worse punishment upon Dr. Heylyn; but the real cause that exasperated them was the good doctor's loyalty to his King, and fidelity to his Archbishop, the two great pillars of the Church, to whom all true sons of the Church of England ought to be faithful. And, finally, the many books the doctor had written, and still likely to write more against the Puritan faction, was the grand cause of all his flights and sufferings in the time of war.

At what friend's house he was now secured from danger, though I have heard it named, indeed I have forgot; but from thence he travelled to Dr. Kingsmill, a loyal person of great worth and ancient family, where he continued and sent for his wife and daughter from Winchester to him; and thence removed to Minister Lovel, in Oxfordshire, the pleasant seat of his elder brother, in the year of our Lord 1648, which he farmed of his nephew Colonel Heylyn for six years. Being deprived of his ecclesiastical preferments, he must think of some honest way for a livelihood.

Yet, notwithstanding, he followed his studies which were his chief delight; for, though the usurped powers had silenced his tongue from preaching, they could not

with-hold his pen from writing, and that in an acute and as sharp a style as formerly, after he had done with his frequent visits of friends, and long perambulations. For the public good of the Church, to uphold her ancient maintenance by tithes, being robbed them, of all her other dues and dignities,—(though himself was sequestered of both his livings and made incapable of receiving any benefit by tithes)—yet for the common cause of Christianity, and in mere compassion of the Presbyterian Clergy, though his professed enemies [and the suppliants of the loyal Episcopal Clergy] he published at that time, when times were in danger to be taken away from them, an excellent little tract, to undeceive the people in the point of tithes; and proveth therein, that no man in the realm of England payeth anything of his own towards the maintenance of his parish minister, but his Justice offerings.

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