

to stay there some weeks, Philips came to the house, and pretended to make arrangements with the wife of Poyntz for giving a dinner, to provide for which, as it appeared, he went forth again: but in reality so to station the officers about the house, that his prey should not escape. Returning once more, he crowned his villany by borrowing of Tindal a sum of money, under pretence of having just lost his purse: and having thus plundered him, he engaged Tindal to accompany him forth, in order to be his guest at dinner.

A long passage, so narrow that two could not walk abreast, formed the entry of the house: and there Philips, under a show of respectful courtesy, obliged Tindal to take the lead. Philips was a tall, portly man, Tindal of low stature; and when they approached the door, where on either side was seated one of the officers, watching for their prey, Philips silently lifted his hand, and pointed downwards to the head of his innocent companion, as a signal that it was he whom they should seize. This was instantly done; and these very men, in relating the circumstance afterwards to Poyntz, said, that *they pitied to see his simplicity when they took him*. So well had this Judas played his part, and so totally unsuspecting was the martyr, that it would appear he did not even comprehend the very act of his own capture. He was taken to the Emperor's official, while the house of Poyntz was searched, and all his books and other effects seized. After this he was conducted to the castle of Filford, eight miles from Antwerp, and there imprisoned.

The English merchants, roused by this cruel outrage on the person of their countryman, immediately wrote to Brussels, and also to England, on his behalf. Poyntz undertook to be the active messenger of mercy, and travelled with indefatigable perseverance, with letters and replies, from

city to city, and even to London and back: obtaining, after painful delays, such despatches from the court of England to that of Brussels, that Tindal must needs have been delivered up to him, had not the artifice of Philips circumvented him, by implicating him also in the charges against Tindal; so that the zealous intercessor, when on the very point of delivering his friend, was himself arrested and cast into prison; where by vexatious and harassing processes, he was kept constantly employed in defending himself against the accusations of Philips, until he managed to escape, and fled from their hands.

But no escape was in reserve for Tindal; no flight save to the bosom of the Saviour, whom he had so glorified on earth, and who now prepared to receive him unto Himself. When the causeless persecution drew to a close, the enemies offered him the services of an advocate and proctor, but Tindal declined them, saying that he would answer for himself. He did so; but as there was no tenable ground for any charge against him, so was all reason and justice disregarded in his case. By virtue of the Emperor's decree, fulfilling the bloody will of revengeful Rome, he was condemned to suffer death. At the town of Filford, he was tied to the stake, and there strangled by the hangman, fervently and loudly exclaiming, with his last gasp, "Lord, open the King of England's eyes!" He was then consumed with fire.

BOB, THE 'BUS-DRIVER.

It is now three years since I happened to be in London, during the season when the huge busy town is at its busiest. I was going from the extreme West-end to the City, on the last day of my stay, and I climbed to the box-