

In 1544 Cranmer published the Litany in English. For the first time that grand form of prayer, almost exactly as we have it in our Prayer Books to-day, was used in England. In other ways the Archbishop, assisted by Ridley, his chaplain, went on with his preparation for what he foresaw was coming—a great Reformation within the Church of England. Others saw this also, and proceeded to take measures to stop it. These were the enemies of Cranmer, who once more made an attempt upon his life. He was accused to the king of having, "with his learned men, so infected the whole realm with unsavory doctrine that three parts of the land were become abominable heretics." At once the Archbishop was summoned into the presence of the king, who told him of the danger that threatened him. But Cranmer felt that nothing worthy of death could be laid against him, and was quite willing to be tried.

"What fond simplicity is yours!" said the king.

And well might he make that remark, for a state trial in those days was but a solemn farce. It meant certain condemnation.

"No," said the king, whose one redeeming feature it was that he was true to Cranmer. "No, trust them not, but make your appeal from them to me. Take this ring, and when they see it they will know that I have taken your case into my own hands to be ordered and determined."

Thus did the king again deliver his faithful Archbishop from the hands of his enemies, and the thankful ecclesiastic returned very willingly to his quiet life at Croydon, about nine miles south of London, where he had a manor house. Here he studied with Master Ridley the "new learning," until, early in 1547, he received a message that the king was dying. When he arrived he found him speechless. So he died, going to meet those whom he himself, without compunction, had sent into eternity. His very last act was to sign the death warrant of the Duke of Norfolk, who was his own uncle-in-law and the uncle of two of his queens, a fine, brave man, devoted to his country. Catharine Parr survived the king, though more than once her own head was in danger and was saved through her own cleverness, which had taught her how to manage and humor the great, fat monster who, prematurely old and almost unable to move, was glad to have even her to rely upon. Thus died the most arbitrary king, perhaps, that had ever lived. He was only fifty-six years of age, yet dissipation and unbridled passion made him prematurely old and carried him off. Few there were, if any, to regret his disappearance from the world. Archbishop Cranmer, the only man, perhaps, whom he had really befriended through life, stood faithfully by his bedside, and held his hand while he passed to his long account.

*(To be continued.)*

## A BIT OF MISSION WORK.

**F**OR lack of knowledge—knowledge of the terrible needs of our fellow-men, and of the efforts, small and unobtrusive, many of them, that are being everywhere made to meet them—too many of us, when the first startling revelation of the social depths comes upon us, are ready in our despair to seize upon any panacea that offers—the more all-embracing in its schemes and promises, the better—not knowing of, or not heeding, the patient labor of uplifting, and helping, and cheering, that has been done bravely and quietly for years by men and women within the Church, and under her guidance, in "Darkest England" as well as elsewhere.

A recent Church paper gives a brief account of one such bit of work, which has some special characteristics of its own, with perhaps equally special results.

Some eleven years ago a few Oxford men, with hearts stirred by "the bitter cry of outcast London," resolved to do "what they could" in the way of help. Without making any plans, they went down into one of the gloomiest parts of London, rented a disused schoolhouse, put up some partitions, and began to live among those who needed them. Now, at Bethnal Green, the schoolhouse is replaced by a brick building, suitable and commodious, and the residents have increased thirteenfold.

There are at present twenty-five young lay graduates at "Oxford House," with Rev. A. F. Winnington Ingram at their head.

Each lives at his own cost, paying thirty shillings weekly into the household funds. The "House" is on the community plan—separate sitting-rooms with screened alcove bedchamber, furnished as the occupant likes—and there are dining and sitting rooms common to all. Besides devoting their leisure to social work of all kinds, there are often domestic duties to be fulfilled—the visitor from whose account this little sketch is drawn mentions seeing one gentleman dusting and arranging the library, while another answered the door.

The residents are divided into two classes: those who intend entering the Church, and who only work for a year—one feels how valuable that year's training and experience must be—the other men who go daily into town to their work in offices, law chambers, etc., but give their leisure to those whose lives need raising and cheering.

Clubs for men are planted all over the district, with considerable freedom as to rules permitted to the committees by which each is governed. No intoxicants are allowed, but there is very wide tolerance in matters of discussion—none need seek the public-house because of his political opinions. As the aim is to provide