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Calendar.

CALENDAR WITH LESSONS.

DAY	MORNING	EVENING
Dec. 11	Isaiah 5	10
12	35	11
13	37	12
14	39	13
15	41	14
16	43	15
17	45	16

Decey.

"REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH."

Remember thy Creator now.

In life's most joyous years,
Ere time with furrows, mark thy brow,
And bring thee toll and tears!
The "evil days" will many be—
Seek Him who saith, Remember me.

How lightsome all things, now, to thee,
And "after rain, no clouds return."
The Heavens by day and night to see,
May bid thy spirit's eye discern
His glory, goodness, majesty.
Who saith, In youth remember me,

Ere long the "golden bowl" will break,
The censer wheel go round no more;
No sounds of music soft will wake
The deep daylight thou know'st before:
Nor wilt thou at thy "fountain's" brink,
Worn Pilgrim, stoop again to drink!

Thou clear, bright windows, whence thy mind
Looks out so well, most darkened be;
And thought will somehow fail to find
The themes familiar now to thee,
The voice of careless, piping bird
Will thrill thee like some dreadful word!

Whatever pleases taste will fall,
And memories blest will come no more.
All changed and strange I with trembling wait
Thou'lt cry, Where are the days of yore?
In sorest need my pardon be,—
God I in mine age, remember me!

Oh when chill Autumn shakes the leaf,
Brown, dry, and withered from the tree,
We backward gaze, and sigh how brief
Spring buds and Summer glories be!
O, life I with priceless buds and flowers,
How short a spring and summer are!

Before the evil days draw nigh,
With which no pleasure stays,
O listen to the warning high,
And hallow youth's bright ways!
So, when dim eye and heavy ear,
And falling foot tell Death is near,—
Fall of strong hope thy heart may be,
For God will then remember thee!

Boston, Twentieth Sunday after Trinity. W. W. M.

Religious Miscellany.

THE PRIMATE AND BISHOP OF EXETER.

In defending Archbishop Sumner from the attack Bishop Phillips, the Christian Observer, forly, says:

"It is next to impossible, when the two persons only concerned in the previous observations, the led and assailant, are thus brought into one point view, not to institute some parallel between

"Here is the one starting in life, though from a respectable ancestry, yet from no such level to predict, and still less to secure, any particular or influence in life.—pursuing in school studies diligence and success; passing on to the position of an admired private tutor in the largest of our schools; early distinguishing himself by a "Record of Creation," by another on "Apostolic Preaching," by a volume of sermons, by singular energy and power as a parish priest; called by a noble person, signalized, among other admirable qualities, for his promptness in discovery of real merit and the adaptation of individual to particular functions, to the high office of Bishop; in that Bishopric of Chester, recognized as father and friend of his clergy, the vigorous administrator of his diocese, the builder of churches

and schools, the reformer of abuses, an habitual preacher of unusual excellence, the largest living commentator upon Holy Scripture. After some years of hard service at Chester, he is called, without any application or suggestion of his own, to the high but arduous office of Primate of the English Church—in which position he has conducted himself with such wisdom, simplicity, and unworldliness, as to meet with the regard and respect of the great mass of his countrymen. Such is John Bird Sumner, the Archbishop of Canterbury; and while the records of the English history survive, he will be remembered as the Bishop who has rendered by his writings, his labors, his mild wisdom, his quiet courage, his calm and holy presidency over the Church of England, benefits as large and as precious as it has fallen to the lot perhaps of any single man to contribute at any period of our history. He lives surrounded by a troop of loving and admiring friends; he will be followed to his grave, whenever the sad moment to the Church and country arrives which is to dissolve his connection with them, by as many true and deep mourners as ever gathered together in so melancholy a train.

"And now what is equally the just picture of the assailing Bishop? Here we have a man, starting with a few advantages in life, but raised by his talents, his dexterity, his shrewdness, his assiduity in business, and we must add, by political partisanship, to a bishopric, known mainly as a leader of a party treading on the confines of Popery, and often pushed over them by the general influence of his opinions, constantly sounding the war note of controversy, and, as far as lay in him thrusting to the ground all who had the misfortune to differ from him even on the most disputed questions, now opposing a priest, and now boarding an archbishop, claiming the most reverential submission from the inferiors, and refusing lawful obedience to his superiors; with the skill of an attorney in perplexing the plainest question, but the author of one work that any human being will care to read when he also is carried to the grave; with few, we fear who love him, and still fewer who will hereafter mourn for him; a sort of "dying gladiator," as we once before ventured to call him, flourishing, in what must be nearly his last struggle in life, the weapon of calumny in the face of his Archbishop.

"Such we believe to be the just delineation of the two men; and therefore, for ourselves, we can have no hesitation to which of the two to give our adhesion, and with which to take our stand for time and eternity."—*Western Episcopalian.*

THE MARTYRDOM OF ARCHBISHOP CRANMER.

The following morning was dark and cheerless, and the rain fell heavily. Cranmer's time was come and he was led forth to St. Mary's Church, clothed in coarse and squalid garments, and walking between two friars, the Primate of England passed through the streets on his way to that spot where his two beloved friends, Ridley and Latimer, had been burnt as martyrs to the faith not many months before.

But first, probably according to the arrangement of that morning, to shelter his persecutors from the inclemency of the weather, the sermon was to be preached and his expected recantation to be made in St. Mary's Church. Notwithstanding the meanness of his apparel, the mild gravity of that sorrowful countenance, and the long white beard of the venerable Archbishop, touched the hearts of the spectators with sincere commiseration, as he was led to a lofty platform which had been raised opposite the pulpit, that he might be seen by every one. There he knelt down and continued for a short time in silent prayer, while the tears fell fast from his eyes.—Dr. Cole preached the sermon, and spoke of the prisoner as the chief leader in that heresy which had infected the religion of the whole country.—But we cannot dwell on the sermon, and the false and cruel accusations it contained, and the heartless address to the victim of that wicked and savage creed which is typified in Scripture as an abandoned woman, drunken with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus. During the whole of that sermon, Cranmer stood the very image of sorrow, the tears streaming down his venerable face; but he stood in meek and patient

quietness, only at times he raised his eyes towards Heaven, then, as if overcome by shame, fixed them on the ground. When the preacher called upon the congregation to pray for the prisoner, every one knelt down and prayed for him, even as they had wept with him when they saw him weeping.

Cranmer knelt down with them and prayed in silence. When he rose up from his knees after thanking the people for their prayer, he said: "I will now pray for myself, as I could best choose for my own comfort, and say the prayer word for word as I have written it." When that affecting prayer was ended, he knelt down again and repeated the Lord's Prayer, and the people kneeling with him and uniting their voices with his in that solemn prayer. And now all listened in breathless attention to the address, which they had been anxiously waiting to hear. "Every man, good people," he began by saying, "at the time of his death, is desirous of giving some good exhortation, that others may remember it after he is gone, and be the better thereby. So I beseech God to grant me grace, that I may speak something at this my departing, whereby God may be glorified and you edified; for some time he continued to speak, but still the public recantation, which the Romanists expected to hear from his lips, had not been spoken. He had carefully and wisely reserved from the close of his address the recantation, not of that pure scriptural faith, which he had so long held, and so long laboured to advance and to preach, but the full, plain, and explicit renunciation of that recantation which he had written and signed, and he added, "forasmuch as my hand offended in writing contrary to my heart, therefore my hand shall first be punished; for if I may come to the fire it shall first be burned; and as for the Pope I refuse him as Christ's enemy and Antichrist, with all his false doctrines."

We may easily picture to ourselves the general effect produced by these words, on that large and mixed assembly, the brief pause of mute astonishment, the murmured expression of satisfaction and thankfulness in some, and the loud and savage taunts and reproaches of those who were now utterly disconcerted and baffled. At the very climax of their success, as they thought, their triumph had suddenly received its death-blow. In answer to the angry reproaches of Lord Williams, who with several other persons of note, had attended by order of the Queen, to preside at the execution, Cranmer said, "Alas! my Lord, I have been a man that all my life loved plainness, and never dissented till now against the truth, which I am most sorry for, and I cannot better play the Christian man than by speaking the truth as I now do. I say, therefore, that I believe concerning the sacrament, as I have taught in my book against the late bishop of Winchester." The violent clamour of the Romish party was here outrageous, and Cranmer was hurried away to the spot where he was to die. As he went along he was assailed unceasingly by the bitter taunts and the insulting remonstrances of the Romish priests, especially of Do Villa Garcia. But nothing could disturb or trouble him now. His agony of grief was at an end; calmly and even cheerfully he gazed around him, with looks of kindness on his mild expressive countenance; calmly and with unshrinking fortitude he endured the dreadful flames. True to his word, he held his right hand over the raging fire; there he steadily kept it, except when once, for a moment he raised it to wipe his face. His left hand was constantly pointed upwards, and his eyes raised towards Heaven, while he cried, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." At times, indeed, he fixed them on his burning right hand, exclaiming, "Oh this unworthy hand!" Thus he stood motionless, enabled, doubtless, by divine strength to master the strong agonies of bodily pain, and to possess that wonderful power of self-command which he manifested to the end. The fire burnt rapidly and furiously, and his happy spirit was soon set free from its mortal prison-house. His heart was found afterward among the ashes unconsumed."—*Taylor's Memorials of English Martyrs.*

If the notion be spread, that out of a given number of men some are picked to be holier than the rest, you do not, by so doing raise the standard of holiness for the few, but you lower it for the many.—*Arnold.*