

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 ears streaming down his venerable face; but he stood in meek and patient quietness, only at the 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 all 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 prayers, 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 for 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 doctrine.'

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 De 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 afterwards among the ashes unconsumed."—*Taylor's Memorials of English Martyrs.*

INFLUENCE OF MOTHERS.

We are accustomed to speak of the achievements of such men as Bacon, Hall, Newton, Dwight, Edwards, and a host of like renown, without duly appreciating the world's indebtedness to their gifted and faithful mothers. That maternal influence had much to do in preparing them for spheres of extensive usefulness, is evident from such facts as the following:

Bishop Hall acknowledged maternal agency in the formation of his own character, and on one occasion wrote of his mother, "How often have I blessed the memory of those divine passages of experimental divinity which I have heard from her mouth! What day did she pass without a large task of private devotion, whence she would still come forth with a countenance of undissembled mortification? Never any lips have read to me such feeling lectures of piety, neither have I known any soul that more accurately practiced them than her own."

John Quincy Adams once paid the following tribute to his mother:—"It is due to gratitude and nature that I should acknowledge and avow that, such as I have been, whatever it is, and such as I hope to be in all futurity, must be ascribed, under Providence, to the precepts and example of my mother."

The following very interesting testimony of the Rev. Richard Knill is quoted at length:—"I have a vivid recollection of the effect of maternal influence. My honoured mother was a religious woman, and she watched over and instructed me as pious mothers are accustomed to do. Alas! I often forgot her admonitions; but in my most thoughtless days I never lost the impression which her holy example has made on my mind. After spending a large portion of my life in foreign lands, I returned again to visit my native village. Both my parents died while I was in Russia, and their house is now occupied by my brother. The furniture remains just the same as when I was a boy; and at night I was accommodated with the same bed on which I had often slept before, but my busy thoughts would not let me sleep. I was thinking how God had led me through the journey of life. At last the light of the morning darted through the little window, and then my eye caught a sight of the spot where my sainted mother, forty years before, took me by the hand and said, 'Come, my dear, kneel down with me, and I will go to prayer.' This completely overcame me. I seemed to hear the very tones of her voice; I recollected some of her expressions; and I burst into tears, and arose from my bed and fell upon my knees just on the spot where my mother knelt, and thanked God that I had once a praying mother. And, O! every parent could feel what I felt then, I am sure they would pray with their children, as well as pray for them."

Equally to the point and touching is the following incident in the life of Dr. Todd, as related by himself. His mother was deprived of her reason when he was a child; and referring to this he says:—"I can recollect that when a

child I was standing at the open window, at the close of a lovely summer's day. The large, red sun was just sinking away behind the western hills; the sky was gold and purple commingled, the winds were sleeping, and a soft, solemn stillness seemed to hang over the earth. I was watching the sun as he sent his yellow rays through the trees, and felt a kind of awe, though I knew not wherefore. Just then my mother came to me. She was raving with frenzy; for reason had long since left its throne, and her a victim of madness. She came up to me wild with insanity. I pointed to the glorious sun in the west, and in a moment she was calm. She took my little hands within hers and told me that 'the great God made the sun, the stars, the world—everything; that he it was who made her little boy, and gave him an immortal spirit; that yonder sun, and the green fields, and the world itself will one day be burned up; but that the spirit of her child will then be alive, for he must live when heaven and earth are gone; that he must pray to the great God, and love him, and serve him for ever.' She let go my hands—madness returned—she hurried away. I stood with my eyes filled with tears, and my little bosom heaving with emotions which I could not have described; but I can never forget the impressions which that conversation of my poor mother left upon me. O! what a blessing it would have been, had the inscrutable providence of God given me a mother who would have repeated these instructions, accompanied by her prayers, through all the days of my childhood! But, 'even so Father; for so it seemeth good in thy sight.'"

The influence of Cowper's mother upon his character may be learned from the following expression of filial affection which he wrote to Lady Hasketh on the receipt of his mother's picture:—"I had rather possess my mother's picture than the richest jewel in the British crown; for I loved her with an affection that her death, fifty years since, has not the least abated." And he penned the following lines on that occasion:

"My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,

Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps though gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss,
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss,
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers, 'Yea!'"
—*Exchange Paper.*

A THOUGHT FOR SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHERS.

Upon the advantages of studying botany for the farmer, the speaker said that the wild growth of all lands indicate the quality and value of the soil and sub-soil."

This sentence is from the report of an address at a late agricultural meeting. It strikes us as suggestive of a thought that teachers may ponder with advantage. In many of our Sunday-schools, children of both sexes are found, the "wild growth" of whose nature is by no means a pleasant spectacle to the moral cultivator. But suppose he should study it with a view to shape the method of his husbandry by it? It may then become an interesting and profitable subject of investigation.

There is, for example, a strong natural passion in one of his class for adventure and bold enterprise. Suppose we contrive to set before him the real greatness and glory of a struggle for truth and right. There is real heroism in this "good fight of faith." There is stirring adventure in the path of him who "counts all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord." No truer bravery was ever seen or sung than that of apostles and martyrs. No more brilliant victory was ever achieved than that of the man who rules his own spirit.