

Christian charity." Sir J. Clotworthy now molested him with impertinent questions, and after meekly answering him once or twice, Laud turned to the executioner as the gentler person, and giving him money, said, without the slightest change of countenance, "Here, honest friend, God forgive thee, and I do; and do thy office upon me with mercy." Then he knelt down and after a short prayer laid his head upon the block, and gave the signal in these words, "Lord receive my soul!" The head was severed at one blow, and instantly the face became pale as ashes, to the confusion of those who affirmed that he had painted it. Yet they had then the stupidity and the baseness to assert, that he had reddened his countenance, and propt up his spirit by some compounded cordial from an apothecary: so hard was the heart, and so impenetrable the understanding of the factious.

Great multitudes attended this victim of sectarian persecution to the grave; the greater part attracted by curiosity, but many by love and veneration; and not a few, it is believed, by remorse of conscience, for having joined in the wicked and brutish clamor with which he had been hunted down. A baser triumph never was obtained by faction, nor was any triumph ever more basely celebrated. Even after this murder had been committed with all the mockery of law, his memory was assailed in libels of blacker virulence, [if that be possible] than those by which the deluded populace had been instigated to cry out for his blood; and to this day, those who have inherited the opinions of the Puritans, repeat with unabashed effrontery the imputations against him, as if they had succeeded to their implacable temper, and their hardihood of slander also. More grateful is it to observe how little is in the power of malice, even when in the dispensations of Providence it is permitted to do its worst. The enemies of Laud cut off from him, at the utmost a few short years of infirmity and pain; and this was all they could do! They removed him from the sight of calamities which would have been to him tenfold more grievous than death; and they afforded him an opportunity of displaying at his trial and on the scaffold, as in a public theatre, a presence of mind, a strength of intellect, a calm composed temper, a heroic and saint magnanimity, which he could never have been known to possess if he had not thus been put to the proof.—Had they contented themselves with stripping him of his rank and fortune, and letting him go to the grave a poor and broken-hearted old man, that he would have been noted now for his infirmities than for his great and eminent virtues. But they tried him in the burning fiery furnace of affliction, and then his sterling worth was assayed and approved. And the martyrdom of Cranmer is not more inexpiably disgraceful to the Roman Catholic, than that of Laud to the Puritan persecutors.

He was buried according to the rites and ceremonies of the Church of England, a circumstance which afforded a deep but mournful consolation to those who revered and loved him. It seemed to them as if the venerable Establishment itself, over which he had died a martyr, were buried with him; for on the same day that six infamous peers past the ordinance of attainder against him, they past an act also by which the liturgy was suppressed, and a directory for public worship set forth in its stead.

#### RENUNCIATION OF POPERY.\*

MR. EDITOR.—When I came to this country, eight or ten years since, I was a zealous Roman Catholic, and was so ignorant that I could hardly spell my name. After the labours of the day were over, I devoted a few hours to learn to spell and read. When I had so far progressed in my studies that I could easily understand myself, I purchased a number of Roman Catholic works, and entered into an examination of the principles and doctrines of my church, so that I might defend the Roman Catholic cause against the attacks of those whom I had been taught to consider as heretics. I then purchased a Protestant Bible, and several Church Histories: but fearing that those histories were written by men prejudiced against my faith, I procured the profane histories of the different nations of the world, both mo-

dern and ancient, and found from these works that the assertion of the Protestant writers were correct. This first caused my faith to waver; and the prophecies of Daniel, together with the Revelations of John, set me to thinking, and in the end I renounced popery for the following reasons:—

Because the Roman Catholic Church appeared to form no part or lot in the Church of Christ, although she claimed to be the true Church. I found that the Romish Church was not the same as that which from the time of the apostle, withstood fire, sword, pestilence and famine, and all kinds of heathenish natures that man could invent to exterminate her; and I found that part of this true church which was pure and undefiled, zealous for the service of God, and the true interpretation of inspiration, was about the period of the Council of Nice, infected with those tenets which are now held by the Romish Church, and this part increased in popularity and decreased in holiness, continuing to sink deeper and deeper in iniquity, and departing more and more from the right spirit of Christianity year after year, bringing forth some new edict from the *Infallible* head of the church, to alter the Word of God, and to make room for false precepts and commandments, until she arrived at A. D. 606, when Pope Boniface III. not only assumed the appellation of Universal Bishop, but also those of *Sovereign Pontiff, Christ's Vicar, Prince of the Apostles, God on earth, Lord God the Pope, His Holiness, King of Kings and Lord of Lords, Prince over all nations and kingdoms, the Most Holy and the Most Blessed Master of the universal world.* (See Paul's 2d Epistle to the Thessalonians, ii. 4: "Let no man deceive you by any means: for that day shall not come, except there come a falling away first, and that Man of Sin be revealed, the Son of perdition; who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; so that he, as God, sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God.")

I believe that in the year 1072, after Christ, the Roman Catholic Church, after swimming for about 400 years on the gulf of sin, and sinking deeper into it, had arrived and was fast anchored in the harbour of imperfections, where she remains at her moorings to this day, the same in shape, the same in form, and possessing the same blood-thirsty and persecuting spirit she had then, *only her colours are down.*

I most firmly believe that from 606, or a little before, to the present day, that that body or sect called Roman Catholics, formed no branch, part or lot, of the Church of Christ. I believe that at that period, the true Spirit which has ever characterised and governed the disciples of Christ, had taken its flight from her and has never returned; for if it had been possessed by them, their works would have shown it.

The spirit Rome has manifested from that time until A. D. 1517, or the Reformation, has been the true spirit of Dominic De Guzman; more like a destroying pestilence or mighty tornado, than the healing balm of Gilead.

I wish the above to be made public, in consequence of many of my countrymen, both in Newark and New York, stating that I am yet a Roman Catholic at heart, and have only turned for profit's sake. I would inform such that they do me injustice. Thanks be to God, I am completely weaned from and disgusted with the wickedness, mummery, and foolery of popery. I worship not the Man of Sin—I wear not the name or number of the Beast. So strong are my convictions, and so numerous the proofs which bear me out in my judgment, that all the eloquence of Rome could not convince me that I am wrong in this matter. But, if, as they think, I have taken a wrong step, let them show me wherein; and if I have erred, let reason and truth prevail, not false and unmanly revilings.

P. CANNON.

Livingston, N. J. Feb. 3, 1839.

#### SELECT SENTENCES.

Christ has enough for you, if all besides turn their backs upon you.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul! I have a good Captain, a good cause, a good conscience, therefore be of good courage.

For the Colonial Churchman.

Messrs. Editors,

As the following impressive picture of the most important and solemn event which can befall us, has never been published except in one of the periodicals of the day, there are many of your readers to whom it is unknown. I hope, therefore, to see it laid before them, as a fitting subject for serious meditation.

SIGNA.

September, 1829.

#### THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.

GREAT God! to Thee our anxious thoughts would rise,  
And pierce the veil that hangs before our eyes.  
To trace thy will—'tis vain; in heaven alone  
Thy perfect power and purposes are known.

Now had thy love the ungrateful singer warn'd,  
Who long the tender voice of Christ had scorn'd;  
Taught by thy grace to flee the wrath to come,  
Her soul prepared for her eternal home.

Daily with fervent prayers to thee she cried,  
Daily her wants thy gracious hand supplied,  
Reveal'd a Saviour to her longing heart,  
And from an aching wound removed the smart.  
The cleansing blood that flow'd from Jesus' veins,  
Pardon'd her sins, and wash'd her guilty stains.  
Her anxious soul, with warm desire elate,  
Waits the approach of her immortal state.  
Serenely leaning on her Saviour's breast,  
She pants, she longs for her eternal rest.

The hour arrives—calmly her life she yields,  
Her happy spirit flies to yonder fields  
Of heavenly bliss—joy'd cherubims convey  
Her deathless spirit to triumphant day.  
The eye of faith attempts in vain to trace  
Her glorious passage to the throne of grace;  
Bliss, joy, peace, love, their endless stores display,  
Angelic blessings strew the ethereal way.  
In perfect bliss, with rapturous love she sings  
The unfading glories of the King of kings.  
Unbounded love now fills her vast desires,  
And glowing gratitude her heart inspires.  
Thousands of saints, on harps of golden strings,  
Sound the Redeemer's praise—all heaven rings;  
While countless souls, by grace saved freely, prove,  
In everlasting songs, that "God is love."

And can her friends regret the event? Ah! no.  
Would they recall her to this world of woe?  
O! rather let them bear the chastening rod,  
And yield obedience to the will of God:  
No more with painful sighs her loss deplore,  
But bow to God, his sovereign will adore.  
The world and sin's united strength combined,  
If life were spared, had grieved her tender mind;  
But now, secure from sorrow, grief, or fear,  
Ecstatic joys her blissful spirit cheer.

Calm be each mind—'tis God's unerring will,  
And what he purposes he will fulfil.  
Join in this prayer our lips, our hearts be one,  
Almighty Sovereign, Lord, "thy will be done."

#### DEATH.

As the production of the metal proveth the work of the alchemist, so is death the test of our lives, the essay which sheweth the standard of all our actions.

Wouldst thou judge of a life, examine the period of it; the end crowneth the attempt; and where dissimulation is no more, there truth appeareth.

\* From the Downfall of Babylon.