

The Berean.

THEY RECEIVED THE WORD WITH ALL READINESS OF MIND, AND SEARCHED THE SCRIPTURES DAILY, WHETHER THOSE THINGS WERE SO.—Acts xvii. 11.

VOLUME V.—No. 41.]

QUEBEC, THURSDAY, JANUARY 4, 1849.

[WHOLE NUMBER 249

PARTINGS.

Friend after friend departs!
 Who hath not lost a friend?
 There is no union here of hearts,
 That finds not here an end.
 Were this frail world our final rest,
 Living or dying none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,
 Beyond the reign of death,
 There surely is some blessed clime
 Where life is not a breath;
 Nor life's affections transient fire,
 Whose sparks fly upwards and expire.

There is a world above,
 Where parting is unknown;
 A long eternity of love,
 Formed for the good alone;
 And faith beholds the dying here,
 Translated to that glorious sphere!

Thus star by star declines,
 Till all are passed away;
 As morning high and higher shines
 To pure and perfect day;
 Nor sink those stars in empty night,
 But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

MONTGOMERY.

THE ENGLISH REFORMERS, AND THOSE ON THE CONTINENT.

BISHOP HOOD TO HENRY BULLINGER.
 Though, my dearest Bullinger, neither love will admit of a suspicion of ingratitude, nor will prudence permit rashness of judgment, yet delay both weakens the ardent expectation of a duty that is owing, and negligence requires a serious apology for the omission of it. But the present case will not admit of any accusation, inasmuch as I am neither conscious of an offence, nor does your disposition, far from being suspicious or angry, require any apology to be made. Since, however, you may be in doubt as to the reason [of my not writing,] you shall be acquainted with it, lest your opinion of me should be shaken; or since, perhaps, you may desire to know it, I will satisfy your wish, lest that opinion should be wounded. Do not, however, suppose that my not having replied to your letter sent so long since arises from a rash disregard of my duty, or a negligent forgetfulness of it; or in any way from unkindness. The reason is, that we are somewhat in confusion at home, and there is a vehement commotion on all sides.—us abroad, so that the very seas, even into the coast nearest to yourselves, have been lighted up with the daily flames of war; whereby there has neither been afforded me any certain opportunity of writing, nor since the death of my friend Abel has any method presented itself of forwarding a letter; nor, if I had chosen to write, and been able to send my letter, could I have ascertained with certainty whether it had been delivered. Now, however, having met with both an opportunity and a courier, no inducement ought to be wanting to one who has been so long invited by your most affectionate letter, and also invited by your most friendly salutations lately offered in the epistle prefixed to the pope's bull; neither could inclination be wanting to me who have so long and earnestly desired [to write]. But I am acting as those are wont to do, who when they are so encumbered with debt as to owe much to many persons, and have not wherewith to discharge the whole, surrender their property to one or other of their creditors, to make an equal distribution among the rest; and thus they satisfy each according to their means. In the same way, being greatly in debt not only to you, but also to my friends Gualter, Simler, Zuingleus, Lavater, Wolfius, and my other beloved brethren in Christ at Zurich, I pay all that I have into your hands, that you may therewith satisfy both yourselves and my other creditors in those quarters. You must therefore equally distribute and share with them, whatever new wares I have to dispose of, from England, Scotland, France, and Flanders. I do not offer you any commodities from Rome; for I am aware that such are becoming cheap among you, as is apparent in many ways, and especially by that most learned refutation of the pope's bull which you sent over some time since, and which is now being printed also for general circulation.

Our government has been for almost the last three years in a dangerous and dreadful state of agitation; being not only shaken abroad by the perfidious attacks of our enemies, but troubled and disturbed at home by internal commotions. Both these kinds of pestilence, as is always the case, are the brood and offspring of popery, that pernicious and accursed fury of the whole world. But our noble and excellent virgin [queen], reposing in security at home, has broken both their forces at the same time, and destroyed the one without difficulty, and the others without bloodshed. Every thing turned out so unexpectedly, as it were from above, that it seemed as though the Lord of hosts and of night had undertaken from his heaven the cause of his gospel, and had fought, as it were, with his own hands. The winds from heaven brought us in, as if with spontaneous gales, the arms, treasures, and ships of the one; while the report that the royal army was advancing, dismayed and scattered the soldiers, baggage, and military stores of the other. Thus the one party were unconquered till they were completely routed; the others were manifestly conquered before they had made any progress. There were only two noblemen, and those of no influence or reputation; men, to say the least of them, of the most worthless character, and of the old religion; they chose to call it, the old religion; their reputation was certainly somewhat out of date. These men, having secretly crossed the channel after these events, still hid in the

parts beyond sea, and are, as is reported, miserable vagabonds, as though they were accursed and fugitive Gaius. This torch afterwards kindled some sparks of edition in other parts of the kingdom; but by the prudence of the government, or rather by divine providence, it was put out and extinguished without any difficulty; so that now, thanks to immortal God! all England is at rest, and in the enjoyment of halcyon days.

And I wish, if it had so pleased God, that I could say the same really, or nearly at least, (verè aut ferè) of the church. For our church has not yet got free from those vestigial rocks of offence, on which she at first struck. Our excellent queen, as you know, holds the helm, and directs it hitherto according to her pleasure. But we are awaiting the guidance of the divine Spirit, which is all we can do; and we all implore him with earnestness and importunity to turn at length our sails to another quarter. Meanwhile, however, we who stand in a more elevated situation do not act in compliance with the importunate clamours of the multitude; for it would be very dangerous to drag her on, against her will, to a point she does not yet choose to come to, as if we were wresting the helm out of her hands. But we aim at this, that although badly habited, we may yet be strong hearted in doing the Lord's work; and we are not so much concerned about the fitness of our apparel, as about rightly dividing the bread of the Lord; nor, in fine, do we deem it of so much consequence if our own coat appears unbecoming, as it is to take care that the seamless coat of the Lord be not rent asunder. There are not however wanting some men of inferior rank and standing, deficient indeed both in sagacity and sense, and entirely ignorant and unknown, who, since they do not yet perceive the church to square with their wishes, or rather vanities, and that so far from agreeing with their follies, the wind is rather directly contrary, for this cause some of them desert their posts, and hide themselves in illness and obscurity; others, shaping out for themselves their own barks, call together conventicles, elect their own bishops, and holding synods and laws for themselves. They reject preaching, despise communion, would have all churches destroyed, as having been formerly dedicated to popery; nor are they content with merely dividing our ministers, but regard the office itself as not worth a straw. And thus, as far as lieth in them, they are too rashly and precipitately necessary to the wretched shipwreck of our church, and are doubtless retarding not a little the free progress of the gospel. They themselves, in the mean time, wonderfully tossed about by I know not what waves of error, and miserably borne along, I know not whither, on the various gales of vanity, are reduced to the most absurd ravings of opinion. They therefore cut themselves off, as they say, from us; or rather, like Theudas, they depart with their own party, and act just like persons who, perceiving the wind somewhat against them, so that they cannot directly reach the point they aim at, refuse to reserve themselves for a more favourable breeze, but leaping out of the ship, rush headlong into the sea and are drowned. But here it is wonderful how fit an instrument, as they think, the adversaries of our religion have laid hold of for dishonouring the gospel. They whisper in the queen's ears, that this is the fruit of our gospel now coming to maturity; that this is the only harvest of our doctrine to be expected; so that, unless her pious heart had been altogether inflamed with the love of the truth, it would long since have been cooled by their aspersions. You see I have endeavoured, my excellent Bullinger, as briefly as I could, to make you perceive, as it were at one glance, the whole state of our affairs, and the aspect of the government, and the entire condition of the church.

France, long since disabled by her own wounds, and as if wearied with wars, has at length allowed herself a little breathing time. She admits the gospel indeed, but as if it were a pestilence; so that it visits no cities, save a few, and those of no importance, or of any of larger size, in such a manner as to abide without the walls. Very great precaution is taken for the court, lest Christ should sometimes be admitted even as a guest; and he is therefore to be banished, under a heavy penalty, to some miles distance. A cardinal, a man of rank and piety, and an exile here among us for the sake of religion, while he was sojourning some days at Canterbury, waiting for a wind for his prosperous and safe return, was taken off, (as they report, and it is indeed credible,) by the deadly poison of the papists, and wasted away, destroyed by wickedness and crime. But why am I exporting any news from France to Zurich? for nothing can be conveyed from France which is not well known to the people of Zurich, and which you have not in abundance. I think however that you have not heard this one circumstance, or at least that it is but little known among you. The duke of Anjou, brother to the king of France, has become an ardent suitor of our queen. What will be the event of this, is not yet known. As I do not hear that it is altogether approved of, so neither do I understand that it is altogether disliked. If you ask what I myself think, it is a difficult thing to be a judge in the affairs of princes. I shall merely say, that in my opinion this expected marriage will never take place. There are many reasons which make me fear it, and not a few which lead me to wish for it. But I leave these

matters, like all others which concern us, to be well and happily disposed of by the wisdom and goodness of God. And should he make it tend as much to the propagation of the gospel, and the setting forth of the glory of the name of Christ, as it seems at first sight likely to conduce both to the private advantage of individuals, and the public good, both my life and my wishes will be abundantly satisfied.

And now to interweave a few observations respecting our neighbour Scotland. Having been lately almost ruined by the most foul homicides, and stained with the blood of her first nobility, both of her king, a most illustrious youth from England, and after him of the excellent regent James, both of whom they took off by horrible and lamentable murders, she is still in a flame through the mutual abhorrence of these events in both parties. The queen, being suspected of the murder of her husband, and required by the nobles of her kingdom either to prove her innocence, or suffer for her guilt, as I mentioned in my last letter, has secretly taken refuge here in England, where she is still detained captive. She has often meditated an escape, and others have contrived plans for her rescue, but hitherto to no purpose, for she is very diligently and carefully guarded; with what design, few can tell; with what result, does not yet appear; with what hope, or rather what fear, I grieve to say. He who has forced her to this step, both easily can, (for he is powerful,) should it seem good to him, and he readily will, (for he is merciful,) if he is entreated, order all things according to his will, and also according to our own. But in this country how wonderfully and beyond all expectation the God of all goodness and the Lord of glory has preserved every thing safe and sound, as it is certain from experience, so it is true in the relation of it; yet as being of rare occurrence, will almost be incredible in the hearing. For both in the commotions in France, and the contests in Scotland, and moreover with the secret hatred of Spain, none of which could ever be overcome by any slight means or ordinary exertions, our Elizabeth, the sole nurse (as it were) of these affairs, and solely for the sake of the gospel, has preserved the friends of godliness, who would otherwise doubtless have been destroyed long since, free from harm. But observe that ancient and most convenient, and in a manner the leading stratagem of the papists, which is now both rendered familiar to us by daily experience, and peculiar to ourselves by long use and possession. They besiege the tender frame of the most noble virgin Elizabeth with almost endless attacks; and most studiously endeavour to compass her death, both by poison, and violence, and witchcraft, and treason, and all other means of that kind which could ever be imagined, and which it is horrible even to relate. Hitherto however, as God has had for his gospel a faithful and active Deborah, so truly has he made her a triumphant Judith; and we implore him also to make her an aged Anna.

These Scottish wares which I have given you, are not only sordid and unsound, but really black. Now then accept of some from Flanders, few indeed in number, but which however you will without doubt call elegant. A certain person was here not long since, a doctor of laws, of some learning, such a one, I imagine, as those among the Jews who menaced Christ with death: his name is Story, a man, as it were, born for cruelty, a most raging persecutor in the Marian times, to whom it was gain to kill the saints, and sport to shed blood. This man then, after the happy day had shone upon us in which God raised our Elizabeth to the head of the English government, was apprehended and thrown into prison on an evident charge of treason. A short time afterwards, when the gaoler was not so careful as he should have been, he broke out of prison and escaped into Flanders, where he entered into the service of the duke of Alva, the capital enemy of our kingdom, who is resident in that country. Here, like a fury fresh from hell, or more truly, like a wicked Davus, it is wonderful how he is continually making mischief. Having obtained license from the duke, he plunders, annoys, and imprisons the merchants arriving in those parts; he entices the people of England to rebellion, is strenuously and sollicitously urgent with Alva to afford a liberal supply both of men and means for so holy an object; lastly, he is endeavouring hand and foot, with all his might, to procure by some unheard-of cruelty the premature and lamentable destruction of the most noble queen his sovereign, and that of the government of his honourable country. Here however the merchants, who being daily scourged by the most cruel stripes of this Davus, had a fuller perception of them to their greater sorrow, and without any hope of relief, take common counsel among themselves, and cry out as it were with one voice, that he must be carried off, which they thus effected with consummate artifice. There comes to him one of his friends whose fidelity he least suspected, but who had been suborned by the merchants; this man privately whispers in his ear that a ship has just arrived from England, laden with I know not what golden mountains of treasure. Fired with the love of plunder, he straightway sallies forth, promising the money to himself, and certain death to the merchants. After he had entered the ship, and was prying about in every corner, and had just gone down into the interior of the vessel, they suddenly closed the hatches, and with their sails set are carried by a

prosperous and safe breeze into England. And here, if in addition to all the ships of the Turkish empire laden with treasure even the whole Venetian fleet with all its wealth had met them, and been offered to them on their way, I well know that they would not have exchanged this merchandise and worthless lading of their little vessel for all those treasures. And so at length he was brought to London, amidst the great congratulations of the people, awaiting him on his return; and shortly after, being convicted of treason, hung, and quartered, was made an ill-savoured martyr of the Roman church, and enrolled in the popish catalogue of saints, next to Felton, who affixed the pope's bull to the palace-gates of the bishop of London.

I have moreover transmitted to you, my Bullinger, by this carrier ten crowns, not so much by way of an honourable, or at least an honorary present, as a token, such as it is, of my regard towards you. The whole of this sum I desire to be expended upon a public entertainment in your common hall, devoted to the remembrance of me, though without a sacrifice.

Farewell all of you, and live happy. I desire you would so think of me, just as you are accustomed to regard one who for your sake would willingly plan any thing by his advice, or accomplish it by his assistance, or embrace it in his thoughts, or lastly, promote it by his influence. May Christ Jesus preserve the church which he has redeemed by his precious blood, disappoint the designs of all her adversaries, frustrate their attempts, and break their power! Farewell, most loving Bullinger, and live in him who is the author of life. London, Aug. 8, 1571.

Wholly your,
 ROBERT WINTON.*

EARLY TRAINING.

The notion of setting up the reason to be the pivot of humanity, from the cradle forwards, belongs to a generation of fallacies which have returned to the dust from which they came; but it included one error in theories of education which will be found to belong to many that are still extant: the error of assuming that the parent is to be perfect. Under the reasoning regimen, what was to happen when the parent's reasons were bad? And in like manner, with respect to many less unnatural systems which are recommended as if they were of universal applicability, the question may be asked, will most parents be competent to give effect to them? And, bearing in mind the not inconsiderable number of mankind who labour under imperfections of the understanding, or other disqualifying defects, I believe we shall find that a few strong instincts and a few plain rules, are all that can be appealed to for general guidance in the management of children.

THE MADONNA IN ROME.

The veneration shown to the virgin by the lower classes is inconceivable. She occupies so prominent a place in their minds, that there is no room for a just sentiment of the Deity or his works. Where there is one knee bent to God, thousands bow to her,—with them she is the ruler of the world. We constantly find her picture at the corner of the streets, under which a lamp is kept incessantly burning. There is not a nook or recess anywhere in which some pious person has not erected a tinsel altar under her figure, so that passers by can kneel and say a prayer or two, and then move on. In all mishaps and difficulties she is the refuge to which they fly. Votive pictures, similar to what has been described in the Church of St. Augustine, are hung about her, even in the streets—offerings for their hair-breadth escapes. Effigies of the Virgin appear in every church, but some are held in higher estimation than others. Occasionally extraordinary miracles are reported to have taken place—every one of which increases her popularity. Lately it was currently believed that she had opened her lips and held a short conversation with an old lady who sought her aid. Thousands flocked to the church where this took place, and continued to do so, till another miracle equally wonderful drew their attention elsewhere. The most certain way of gaining the favour of the Virgin is by presenting her with some article of dress. In the chapel near the Grotto Posillipo I noticed a richly embroidered pocket handkerchief which she held in her hand, and learnt from the sacristan that it had lately been presented to her. When Lady Drummond was in Naples she was importuned by the priests for a donation towards dressing up the Virgin for a festival. Her ladyship did not choose to give any money, but offered an old light blue and silver Court dress, which was gladly accepted. After this the idol was paraded through the streets, to the admiration of the people; decked out, as it was, in the cast-off finery of a heretic. A similar request was made to the Duke of Saxony, who had just been married. He said, "I have no money, but I can give you my wedding coat, which I shall not use again, if that will answer your purpose." My friends afterwards saw it adorning a saint in the chapel of Loretto, and noticed that they had taken off the jewels, and replaced them with sham ones.—Sights in Italy.

THE CHINESE MISSION.

From the Church Missionary Record.

Mr. and Mrs. McClatchie have continued to pursue their Missionary labours at Shanghai with commendable diligence, and with more encouragement than could have been expected at so early a stage of the Mission. Mr. McClatchie has greatly improved his acquaintance with the language, and is now able to preach with a tolerable measure of fluency in the local dialect of Shanghai. The room in which he holds his Missionary Services continues to be crowded by attentive and intelligent listeners to the Divine message of the Gospel. He has had the privilege of translating portions of our admirable Liturgy into the vulgar idiom of the place, and every Lord's Day he conducts Public Worship among the Chinese, after the formularies of the Church of England. He is frequently visited by respectable Natives for conversation and discussion on religious subjects; and he has composed a Tract in Chinese, entitled "Conversations between a disciple of Confucius and a disciple of Jesus," in which the common objections and difficulties of the Chinese inquirers are refuted and solved. On these subjects the following passages will be read with interest. Mr. McClatchie writes, Jan. 2, 1847—

Every thing here connected with Missionary labour wears at present a most favourable aspect. Never before have so many been brought under the sound of the Gospel in this city, and never before has the religion of "the foreigners" been so much called into notice. The London Society's Missionaries have built a Chapel in the city capable of holding a few large Congregations. Bishop Boone has also procured a place capable of holding about 300, in which he commenced preaching a few Sundays ago. There is Service at the Chapel of the London Missionary Society thrice during the week; and on Lord's-day evenings large Congregations are addressed in the hall of the new Hospital. I am happy to inform you that God has graciously enabled me to throw my mite into this treasury, and to preach every Lord's-day as large a Congregation as I can accommodate. I am looking out for a larger and more public place, as I find now that I can address a Congregation with somewhat more ease than I did on first commencing. I am afraid, however, that I shall find it difficult to procure what I want. If we had more Missionaries here, I think the very best plan would be to build a Church at once; but, as the case stands, I could not recommend this step.

And again, May 29—

My little lodge is now crowded to excess every Lord's-day: the people crowd in, until actually there is not even standing room. Romanists frequently come to hear me preach. A very respectable woman came the Sunday before last, and after Service I invited her and some others up stairs to see Mrs. McClatchie, when we had some interesting conversation together. On last Sunday she came again, and brought a friend with her to attend my Service. They both seemed interested. I have had a new teacher for a short time, who seems very much interested in the doctrines of Jesus. He asked me to baptize him; but I could not conscientiously do so yet. I told him the necessity of faith and repentance in order to a right reception of that Sacrament, and gave him some books on the subject. He is always anxious to speak about the interests of the soul; but, alas! I know the Chinese too well now to be very sanguine of the result. It is wonderful how deeply the feelings of love and admiration of Confucius are implanted in their hearts. The doctrine of intrinsic righteousness, which he taught, is a sad obstacle to the reception of the Gospel. I have had many conversations on the subject with my teacher, who now confesses that he thinks it unalienable; but still there is an evident reluctance exhibited to confess that Confucius taught any erroneous doctrine.

And of his translational labours he states, in the same letter—

I have now finished the Morning Service and the Collects in the Shanghai dialect. My teacher is very much pleased with the Morning Service, which I completed yesterday, and says that there is not a single expression in it which the Chinese cannot understand. The Rev. C. Gutzlaff's translation of our Liturgy is excellent: nothing can possibly be better. I have taken it as the ground-work of my Shanghai version. Many phrases, such as "a broken spirit," "the rock of our salvation," &c., gave me a great deal of trouble; but I have got these ideas in the local idiom at last. I am about to send a copy to the other Episcopal Missionaries here, in order that they may criticize it. The change from the local dialect into the literary style can be easily effected at any time, and then it may be read and understood by the whole empire. Mr. Gutzlaff's, however, is quite sufficient for that purpose: my teacher praises it very much. I was not myself aware of its existence until a few months ago: it only exists in MS. as yet.

Roman Catholicism—the way to count many converts.

The following reference by Mr. McClatchie to the efforts of the Popish priests to counteract the influence of Protestant Missionaries at Shanghai will be perused with painful interest by those who view with just alarm the extraordinary endeavours which are now put forth by that Anti-Christian power, in every part of the world, to extend the empire of the Man of Sin, and to regain their former dominion over the nations. In a letter dated June 25, 1846, the following passage occurs—

A letter written by the Count de Besi, Apostolic Vicar of Shantung, to the directors of the work in Italy, has just been published: it is dated Nanking, May 13th, 1843. Speaking of his converts he says—"The return of peace, joined to the zeal of the newly-arrived Missionaries, and, more than all, the blessing of the Lord who blessed their efforts, has so greatly increased the number of Neophytes, that they number 72,000 or 73,000, without including the province of Honan, which is also a part of my vicariate." These Converts, the Bishop says, reside in Keang-nan, by which, according to the description given, he means the provinces now called Keangsoo and Gnan-hwei, both of which were formerly included under that name. The provinces of Honan and Keang-nan, according to the An. de la Prop. de la Foi for June, 1839, contained, at that time, 40,000 converts; so that, at the least, there has been an increase, from 1839 to 1843, of 42,000—that is, allowing only 10,000 converts to Honan, and 30,000 to Keang-nan, in 1839, and taking the present calculation to be only 72,000. The number of Missionaries consists of "four Europeans, . . . and ten Native Priests;" the latter "for the most part old and infirm."

"The zeal of the newly-arrived Missionaries"—i. e., those of the four mentioned already, who arrived "during the previous year," 1842—the Bishop tells us contributed greatly to this increase. He, however, does not inform us how these Missionaries acquired the language so as to be able to labour so effectually as soon as they arrived in China. Indeed, speaking not merely of the four foreigners, but including also the ten Native Priests, he says—"These are not sufficient for the ministry of the sick. M. L'Avastiere has, in his district alone, 9400 Christians, and he is able only to visit them once in three years, notwithstanding his indefatigable zeal and prodigious activity, as a Missionary for a great part of the time, and that the converts are so separated, that it is necessary to make many journeys in going from

Selection of notes to the above.—A treaty of peace with the Huguenots was concluded at St. Germain on Aug. 15th, 1570; and early in the following spring the 7th synod of the Reformed Church of France assembled at Rochelle, being the first which received the sanction of royal authority, and it commenced its sittings under the direct protection of the king's letters patent. Smedley's History of the Reformed Religion in France. Vol. i. p. 316.

As an especial gratification to his "dear and most beloved aunt," the queen of Navarre, the king empowered her to have divine service performed, in the presence of as many persons as chose to assist, in one house in each of her fiefs, even during her absence from it. Smedley, ut supra i. 341.

The suburbs of certain provincial towns, expressly named, were set apart for the exercise of general worship, provided such towns were neither the actual residence of the court for the time being, nor within two leagues of that residence. In Paris and within ten leagues it was altogether prohibited. Smedley, ut supra.

The Cardinal spoken of in the letter was Odet de Coligny, archbishop of Toulouse, and Cardinal de Châtillon; he was condemned by the council of Trent for embracing the protestant faith. He fled (to England) out of France, in 1598, after the battle of Saint Denis, and, on his return in 1570, was poisoned by one of his servants. He was honourably buried among the metropolitans, in the cathedral at Canterbury. See Strype, Annals II. i. 333.

Dr. Story was one of the examiners of the martyr Philpot. His character may be judged of from the following language, addressed to Philpot, and recorded by Foxe: "Well, Sir, you are like to go after your fathers, Latimer the sophister, and Ridley, who had nothing to allege for himself but that he had learned his heresy of Cranmer. When I came to him with a poor bachelor of arts, he trembled as though he took the palsy; as these heretics have always some token of fear whereby a man may know them, as you may see this man's eyes do tremble in his head." But I despatched them; and I tell thee that theirs hath never been yet any one burnt, but I have spoken with him, and been a cause of his despatch." Acts and Monuments, vol. 623. See also Strype, Annals, l. ii. 297.

He was appointed teacher of all ships at Antwerp for English goods and heretical books. (Strype, Parker, II. 366.) and was allowed a moiety of the confiscation.

He was decapitated on board the ship Cornelius de Eycke, at Bergen-op-Zoom, (Carte's History of England) and suffered at Ybura in June, 1571. He was made a saint at Rome, and his martyrdom printed, and set up in the English college there. Strype, Annals, l. ii. 297.