

## P O E T R Y

## T R I N I T Y S U N D A Y.

*These Three are One—1 John v. 7.*

The principal events in our blessed Lord's life and ministry having been now made the subjects of annual commemoration in the church, commencing with his advent in the flesh, and terminating with the coming of the Holy Ghost; a concluding festival is appropriated to the celebration of the "holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity, three persons and one God."

O Holy, Holy, Holy, King supreme,  
Lord of the armies of the earth and sky,  
Before whose presence brightest seraphim,  
As on thy throne thou sitt'st exalted high,  
Thy praise the saints in heaven, a countless throng,  
Chant through thy temple with alternate cry:  
Thy praise the assembled saints on earth prolong,  
Foretaste of bliss to come, and join that heavenly song.

O Holy, Holy, Holy! First to Thee,  
Father of all, the choral strains ascend:  
Thou art, thou wast, and thou for aye shalt be,  
Thou ne'er beginnest, and thou ne'er shalt end:  
Great Source of Being! Thou abroad didst send  
Thy mandate on creation's natal day:  
Life, light, and order thy behest attend;  
Chaos has heard, and darkness hastes away,  
And earth and heaven stand forth with all their fair array.

O Holy, Holy, Holy! Next in state,  
The eternal Father's co-eternal Son,  
We praise Thee, sole-begotten, uncreate:  
For thine the glory of the Father's throne,  
By birth inherited, by virtue won.  
Thou didst not scorn the lowly virgin's womb,  
For us thy race of humbleness to run:  
Thou didst not spare, triumphant o'er the tomb,  
For us at God's right hand thy sceptre to resume.

O Holy, Holy, Holy! Homage meet  
Thee too we pay, by thee, blest Spirit, led,  
Guide to all truth, all-knowing Paraclete!  
'T was thine at first with mighty wings outspread  
To brood above the waters dark and dead;  
O'er the baptismal waters still't is thine,  
Spirit of life, thy quickening power to shed:  
Where'er thou art, the charms of Eden shine,  
Peace, freedom, joy, and love, and sanctity divine.

O Holy, Holy, Holy, One in Three,  
In person three, in essence still the same!  
Though darkly now, as in a glass, we see,  
And scan celestial things with partial aim;  
Taught by thy word, baptized into thy name,  
'T is ours in lowliness of soul to own  
Of each, of all, the high mysterious claim;  
'Till purged from mists by sin around us thrown,  
We see Thee face to face, and know as we are known.

O Holy, Holy, Holy, King supreme,  
Lord of the armies of the earth and sky;  
As thou my first, be thou my latest theme.  
To thee with praise, on thee for grace I cry:  
Thou all in all, a thing of nought am I!  
Led by the light of thy unerring lore  
To thee I turn with faith's illumined eye,  
No further seek thy secrets to explore,  
But bow me to the dust, and wonder, and adore!

*Bishop Mant.*

## E P I S C O P A L M A R T Y R S.

It is remarkable that the only martyrs among the prominent Reformers, were those of the Protestant Episcopal Church of England. It may not be unacceptable to our readers to have a short account of the fiery trial through which some of them passed in contending for the faith once delivered to the saints. Our space confines us to the immediate circumstances of their martyrdom.

*Bishop Hooper.*—Hooper, after being degraded from his priestly office, was sent to his diocese of Gloucester, to be burnt there. At this he rejoiced, hoping by his death to confirm the faith of those over whom he had formerly been placed. One day's interval was allowed him, which he spent in fasting and prayer. Some came to persuade him to accept of the Queen's mercy, since life was sweet and death bitter. He answered, "the death that is to come after is more bitter, and the life that is to follow is more sweet." Once as his friends parted with him he shed tears, "All my imprisonment," said he, "has not

made me do so much." On the 9th of February, he was led to execution. The stake had been made ready near a great elm tree, in front of the cathedral where he was wont to preach. "The place round about, the houses, and boughs of the tree, were replenished with people, and in the chamber over the college-gate stood the Priest of the college." Being denied leave to speak, but allowed to pray, he declared his belief in the strain of a prayer. While he was on his knees in prayer, a box containing his pardon was brought and laid before him; at the sight whereof he twice exclaimed, "If you love my soul away with it!" He prayed earnestly for strength from God, to endure his torment patiently; and then undressed himself and kissed the reeds. When he was tied to the stake with iron chains, he desired them to spare their labor, for he was confident he should not trouble them. He would fain not have taken off his doublet and hose, but the sheriffs required them—so that he remained in his shirt; and being a tall man and raised on a high stool, he was seen by all the people. The fire was kindled, but the wood being green burnt ill, and the wind blew away the flame of the reeds. He prayed oft, "O Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me and receive my soul," and called to the people that the fire was burning his nether parts but did not reach his vitals. The fire was renewed, but the wind still blew it away, and prevented it rising up to stifle him, so that he was long in torment. The last words he was heard to utter, were, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." One of his hands dropped off, before he died; with the other he continued to beat upon his breast for some time. He was near three quarters of an hour in burning.

*Bishops Ridley and Latimer.*—On the 15th of October, following, Ridley and Latimer were led to the place of execution, which was a ditch opposite Baliol college. Lord Williams, of Tame, had been appointed to see it done with a sufficient retinue, lest any tumult might be made in the hope of rescuing them. They embraced each other, knelt each beside his stake, in prayer, and then conversed together, whilst the Lord Williams, and other persons in authority, removed themselves out of the sun. Ridley distributed such trifles as he had about him to those who were near, and many pressed about him, to obtain something as a relic. They then undressed for the stake; and Latimer when he had put off his prison dress, remained in a shroud, which he had put on, instead of a shirt, for that day's office. Till then his appearance had been that of a poor withered bent old man; but now as if he had put off the burthen of infirmity of age, "he stood bolt-upright, as comely a father as one might lightly behold." When the fire was brought, Latimer said, "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man! We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out!" The venerable old man received the flame as if embracing it, and having as it were, bathed his hands in the fire, and stroked his face with them, died presently, apparently without pain. Ridley endured a longer martyrdom, until the gunpowder exploded, and then he fell at Latimer's feet.

Thus died these two excellent Bishops. The one for his piety, learning and solid judgment, justly esteemed the ablest man of all who promoted the Reformation; and the other, for the plain simplicity of his life, a truly primitive Bishop and Christian.

*Archbishop Cranmer.*—Cranmer was now pulled down from the stage and carried to the stake, surrounded by priests and friars, who, with promises of heaven and threats of everlasting torments, called upon him, to renounce errors by which he would otherwise draw innumerable souls into hell with him. They brought him to the spot where Latimer and Ridley had suffered. He had overcome by grace the weakness of his nature; and, after a short prayer, put off his clothes with a cheerful countenance and willing mind, and stood upright in his shirt, which came down to his feet. His feet were bare; his head, when both his caps were off, appeared perfectly bald, but his beard was long and thick, and his countenance so venerable that it moved even his enemies to compassion. Two Spanish friars, who had been chiefly instrumental in obtaining his recantation, continued to exhort him; till perceiving that their efforts were vain, one of them said, "Let us leave him for the devil is with him!"—Ely, who was afterwards President of St. John's still continued urging him to repentance. Cranmer replied,

he repented of his recantation. Once more Ely called upon him to stand to his recantation. Cranmer stretched forth his right arm, and replied, "This is the hand that wrote it, and therefore it shall suffer punishment first."

True to his purpose, as soon as the flame rose, he held his hand out to meet it, and retained it there steadfastly, so that all the people saw it sensibly burning before the fire reached any other part of his body; and often repeated with a loud and firm voice, "This hand hath offended! this unworthy right hand!" Never did martyr endure the fire with more invincible resolution; no cry was heard from him, save the exclamation of the proto-martyr Stephen, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit! He stood immovable at the stake to which he was bound, his countenance raised, looking to heaven, and anticipating that rest into which he was about to enter; and thus "in the greatness of the flame," he yielded up his spirit. The fire did its work soon, and his heart was found unconsumed amid the ashes.

*Note to Rev. Mr. McGuire's Sermon.*

## M A H O M M E D A N C R E E D.

A Catechism, printed some years since at Constantinople, for the instruction of children in the Mahomedan religion, contains the following principal articles, to which the young Mussulman is required to give his assent:

"I believe in the books which have been delivered from heaven to the prophets. In this manner was the Koran given to Mahomet, the Pentateuch to Moses, the Psalter to David, and the Gospel to Jesus. I believe in the prophets, and the miracles which they have performed. Adam was the first prophet, and Mahomet was the last. I believe that, for the space of fifty thousand years, the righteous shall repose under the shade of the terrestrial Paradise; and the wicked shall be exposed naked to the burning rays of the sun. I believe in the bridge Sirat, which passes over the bottomless pit of hell. It is as fine as a hair, and as sharp as a sabre. All must pass over it: and the wicked shall be thrown off. I believe in the waterpools of Paradise. Each of the prophets has, in Paradise, a basin for his own use; the water is whiter than milk, and sweeter than honey. On the ridges of the pools are vessels to drink out of; and they are bordered with stars. I believe in heaven and hell. The inhabitants of the former know no want; and the Houris who attend them are never afflicted with sickness. The floor of Paradise is musk, the stones are silver, and the cement of gold. The damned are, on the contrary, tormented with fire, and by voracious and poisonous animals.

However frequently you are injured, if real penitence and contrition follow the offence, a Christian is always bound to forgive.—*Bishop Porteus.*

Internal conformity to the grace and holiness of CHRIST, is the fundamental design of a Christian life.

There is an hour coming, when I must exchange time for eternity. Am I preparing for that hour?

## S C H O L A R S H I P I N K I N G ' S C O L L E G E , A T F R E D E R I C T O N , N E W - B R U N S W I C K .

NOTICE is hereby given that a Scholarship of £25 per annum, in the above College, will be open for competition on Monday the 27th day of June next, to all candidates, whether already on the Matricula of this University or not; to be held until the expiration of three years from the date of Matriculation, provided the successful candidate resides so long in the College: the examination for which will be in the first twelve Books of Homer's Iliad, Xenophon's Cyropædia, the Odes of Horace, the first four Books of Euclid, and the first part of Algebra.

By order of the Council,

G. F. STREET, Registrar.

King's College, 7th April, 1836.

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