

A long process of trial and preliminary degradation was in store for him. The authority of the pope having been restored in England, his case was tried by a papal commission, which Cranmer had strength of mind enough to refuse to recognize. This, however, was of little aid to him. His enemies were too fast upon his track. Gardiner and Bonner were restored from prison to their sees, and (the latter especially) took delight in the discomfiture of the man whom, in his palmier days, they were unable to injure. Bonner's coarse vulgarisms and taunts in the presence of him who was still his Archbishop are among the things which deface history. Step by step the unfortunate prelate was pulled down. First came his excommunication by the pope, then his degradation, accompanied by every possible form of humiliation, in Christ church, Oxford. Arrayed in the robes of Canterbury, only to have those robes stripped from him; clothed again in a workingman's tunic, he was proclaimed as Thomas Cranmer only, and handed over to the secular power.

Then began a series of degradations inflicted upon himself by his own hand. Cranmer was timid, and he shrank from death. This is evident. He had seen the burning of Ridley and Latimer, and he shrank from it. Each one looking at the situation must judge for himself as to how far that fits in with the ordinary feelings of humanity. Yet Cranmer was cruelly tortured by his enemies, who led him on by base promises to recant and abjure his former principles.

One recantation was not sufficient, nor two, but repeatedly, at the bidding of his foes, he signed documents, each one stronger than its predecessor, denying the principles for which, more or less through his life, he had contended. And then when his enemies had done their worst with the unfortunate man, and degraded him as far as degradation could possibly go, they arranged that he should be burned at the stake.

On the 18th of March, 1556, he was taken to St. Mary's church, Oxford, to declare publicly in the ears of the people his recantation. Solemn was the scene when the ex-Archbishop rose to speak. With calm dignity he reviewed his past life, and particularly his recent deeds, and, to the surprise of all, declared that the documents he had recently signed did not express his feelings, that the declarations were wrung from him against the sentiments of his heart, and as his right hand had offended that should be the first to perish in the flames.

Amidst the jeers of his enemies, he was taken to the same place where he had seen Ridley and Latimer die. The torch was applied; the flames gathered round him; his right hand was held unflinchingly in the flame, while he was heard to say, "That unworthy hand! that unworthy hand!"

Thus died the sixty-sixth Archbishop of Canterbury. History has taken different views of him. With all his faults, he seems to appeal unusually to the quality of pity. He trod a dangerous path from first to last, and seemed resolved to live at times at any cost. And if at the last he abjured his recantations only because he felt that death was certain in any case, it counts for little in the attempt to restore any heroism that he may have possessed. If, however, as many think, he was ignorant of his doom at the time when he made that public statement in St. Mary's church, and that he still thought that a promise of pardon awaited him if he should make his signed recantations public, then a merciful verdict, that knows how to honor a penitent, must accord him—what many have accorded him—the martyr's crown. History does not help us here. The point cannot be determined, but that charity which thinketh no evil leads us to attach much importance to the dying wail of an unfortunate man, "This hand hath offended—this unworthy hand."

THE "HIGHER CRITICISM."



THE Dean of Montreal (the Very Rev. Dr. Carmichael) has issued an important little book called, "How Two Documents may be Found in One,"* his object being to show that the treatment of Holy Scripture by the exponents of what is called the higher criticism does not hold good as an argument in what they wish to establish. This the dean undertakes to show by applying the same treatment to modern books of whose authorship there can be no doubt whatever. The position the dean takes is made very plain by one illustration. It is this. Professor Driver says that the fourteenth chapter of Exodus is made up of the writings of three different authors, which he calls J., and E., and P., and that if you join J. and E. together, and then separate them from P., you obtain two distinct narratives, clearly differing from one another in style. Any one can find for himself the two so-called different narratives. Let him turn to the fourteenth chapter of Exodus and read the fifth, sixth, seventh, tenth, eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, nineteenth, twentieth, twenty-first (second clause), twenty-fourth, twenty-fifth, twenty-seventh, (from "And the sea returned"), thirtieth, and thirty-first verses, and he will see that a clear and distinct narrative is given, in itself quite complete. Then let him read the omitted verses, the first, second, third, etc., and clauses, and he will find another complete narrative of the same event. This is undoubt-

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