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*POEMS*  
AND  
*BALLADS*  
OF PROTESTANTISM

T. C. O'CONNOR.

# WYCLIFFE BALLADS;

A Biography in Verse,

WITH OTHER

## POEMS AND BALLADS

OF

## PROTESTANTISM.

BY

T. CLIFFORD O'CONNOR, B.A.

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"The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare!"

"These harbingers of good, whom bitter hate  
In vain endeavoured to exterminate."

WORDSWORTH.

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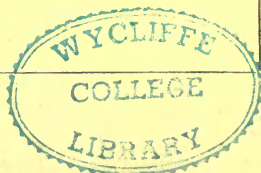
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“Within this frail form lay a temper quick and restless, an immense energy, an immovable conviction, an unconquerable pride. The personal charm which ever accompanies real greatness only deepened the influence he derived from the spotless purity of his life. As yet indeed even Wyclif himself can hardly have suspected the immense range of his intellectual power.”—*J. R. Green.*

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## WYCLIFFE BALLADS.

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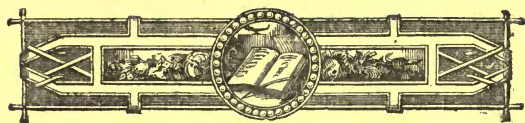
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## Prelude.

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### I.

#### WYCLIFFE AND ENGLAND.

JOHN WYCLIFFE was born about 1324 in Wycliffe village, near Richmond, Yorkshire. At age of 14 entered Oxford University. Became successively Fellow of Merton, Warden of Balliol, Head of Canterbury Hall, and Lecturer in Theology. Was made rector of Fillingham, 1361, rector of Lutgershall, 1368, and in 1375 rector of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire, where he died, 1384, having received the Master's call while celebrating Divine Service in his parish church.

PILGRIM to our Isles of England, drawn, for love of  
England's name,

To her fields of former conflict, to her fanes of ancient  
fame,

To the great ancestral mansions of her nobles and her  
squires,

To the marvels which the genius of her modern life  
inspires,

To the homes and haunts seclusive of her sages and her  
bards,

Where his time-transfigured legends lone age-dim  
Tradition guards,

To her birthplaces of heroes, to her sepulchres of kings,  
To her towers and squares whence martyrs pass'd to  
Heaven on torture's wings ;—

Not in Yorkshire, far-famed Yorkshire, thou of such  
shalt fewest greet,  
Nor in Leicester county, either, thou of such shalt  
fewest meet.

Pilgrim to these Isles of England, drawn, for love of  
England's name,  
To the haunts and tow'rs and temples consecrated to  
her fame,

Fail thou not in thy pleased wand'rings till where, fed  
by numerous rills,  
Tees flows hard by Wycliffe village hid 'mong Yorkshire's  
frontier hills.

Nor yet fail thou till thou comest where the Swift  
stream, winding down  
Through flat Leicester fields tow'rds Avon, passes  
Lutterworth's old town.

*There* was Wycliffe—first Reformer, latest of the school-  
men—bred ;

*Here* for four-and-forty winters slept his bones among  
the dead.

*There* the hills stand, fall the waters, sweep the storms,  
the calm vales lie,  
In whose midst the boy was nurtured ; *here* the man's  
last years went by.

*There* the church wherein, a babe, he to Christ's Church  
on earth was given ;

*Here* the church in which his summons came to join the  
Church in heaven.

So, when treading Oxford's classic courts, forget not all  
the years

Of his student-life, although to-day no trace of these  
appears.

Merton's Fellow, Balliol's Warden, eke of Canterbury  
Hall,

Theologic Lecturer—his Oxford honours there recall ;

For herein lies certain token England's worthiest, who  
knew

All his life, esteemed him worthy ere he rose to public  
view.

But thou, wanderer through England, drawn for love  
of England's name,

Pilgrim to her shrines historic, hoar memorials of her  
fame,

Count thy grateful task unfinished till thou bless God on  
bent knees,

Where by Lutterworth the Swift rolls and by Wycliffe  
Glen the Tees :

For, I say it as I think it, in the roll of England's  
fame—

Of her soldiers, sages, martyrs,—Wycliffe shines the  
noblest name !







# Wycliffe, Reformer in Church and State.

---

## II.

### THE GREAT PESTILENCE.

"This visitation of the Almighty (1348) sounded like the trumpet of the judgment day in the heart of Wycliffe."—*D'Aubigné*, vol. v., p. 110.

WYCLIFFE'S years are four and twenty when to  
Oxford's cloisters come  
Rumours wild of Plague and Earthquake, through all  
Europe scattering doom.  
From the East, past Earthquake's havoc, like the Rider  
on that Horse  
Of the apocalyptic vision, took the Pestilence its course.  
  
Slew its hosts of every nation ; strowed its heaps by every  
shore ;  
Proudest cities left as charnels ; countless terrors whirled  
before.  
  
No most lonely mountain hamlet 'scaped its desolating  
blast ;  
Cattle pasturing in the open perished where the Black  
Death pass'd.

Ships, the sport of tide and tempest, freighted with the  
dead alone,  
Told how far across mid-ocean had th' avenging Shadow  
flown.

So men wailed up, Come back, Earthquake! Famine,  
wealth may face thy breath!  
War, the brave can welcome! Deluge—God, all plagues  
save this Black Death!

And the Shadow now holds England, not fore-run by  
earthshocks here,  
But by storm and rain incessant for the space of half a  
year.

Everywhere in every city, in the prison, in the fane—  
Everywhere in every county, by the roadside, in the  
lane—

In the hamlet, in the castle, round the well-spring,  
(thither led  
By the raging thirst that slew them,) piles of dying and  
of dead!

Vain all skill of all physicians, vain all mothers'  
tenderest care;  
But one passion holds the stricken, it is absolute despair.

Soon the bravest and the kindest cease with such a foe  
to cope;  
In the present see no pity—in the future see no hope.

England mourns one half her people ; Oxford owns like  
agony.

Wait the pale survivors wondering, scarcely fearing,  
what shall be.

Waits, pale-smitten, one survivor—not in fleshly doubt  
or fear—

“ Meaneth this the Age’s ending ? That the judgment  
hour is near ? ”

Back he turns him to that Volume sought and studied  
then of few ;

Not as student now or doctor : deeper ends he hath in  
view.

Now he seeks it, ’neath the shadow of impending doom,  
o’er-awed :

Seeks it for one question’s answer, How shall man be  
just with God ?

And he finds that question’s answer, as it may be found  
by all

Who, while pondering its pages, for the Inspirer’s  
guidance call.

As from Saul, when Jesus met him, now from startled  
Wycliffe, too,

Came that cry unto the Master, “ Lord, what wouldst  
Thou have me do ? ”

As from fishers and taxgatherers by the Lake of Galilee,  
Chose that Master His apostles, His Reformers so chose  
He !

From poor miners, herds, and craftsmen, Luther and his  
brethren chose :  
Both forerunners—Baptist, Wycliffe—from among the  
priesthood rose.

Stayed John Baptist in Judæan deserts till to Israel  
sent :  
Oxford cloisters held John Wycliffe till his prime of  
life was spent.

Dear from tenderest years those cloisters to his heart  
have been, shall be :  
Dearer to their agèd exile's—exile banned for "heresy."

Dearer when that question's answer, "Lord, what  
wouldst Thou have me do ?"  
("Be the Better Day's Preparer and its Morning  
Star !") he knew.



## III.

## THE FRIARS' MENDICANT.

"A stout and valiant champion of the faith; vanquishing by the force of the Scriptures all such who by their wilful beggary blasphemed and slandered Christ's religion."—*From Oxford University's "Publike Testimonie" in 1406.*

"It was about the year 1360 that the name of Wycliffe is first mentioned in history. He was then engaged in a fierce but ridiculous controversy with the various orders of friars."—*Lingard, R. C. Historian, iv. 213.*

In all wisdom of th' Egyptians Israel's Lawgiver was  
learned;  
And like praise from Roman Oxford had our First  
Reformer earned.

Having master'd all the knowledge prized by Schoolmen  
of his age,  
One Book more, by few then studied, did his heart and  
mind engage.

Therefore Friars feared this David more than chiefs of  
prouder looks;  
His sure weapons, smooth stones taken from the  
Scripture's running brooks.

By Tradition's light and Reason's, Conscience's and  
Nature's rules,  
Others ere his time had striv'n for large reform within  
their schools:



So had Greathead, Lincoln's Bishop, famed for life and  
doctrine pure ;  
While Armagh's Fitzralf died wailing labours vain or  
immature.

These are two great names of many : but the Church's  
heart was faint,  
Sick the head then,—so our travelling monks experienced  
no restraint.

(Still a very jibe and scorn they live in every poet's  
rhyme,  
In the homely correspondence and the annals, of that  
time.)

Vices had they ? Were they yet not spies in every  
realm and home ?  
And the most successful salesmen, too, of "pardons hot  
from Rome" ?

Wycliffe, drinking at a deeper, purer fountain, plainly  
urged,  
"One the cure is, Let the Church of Able-Beggary be  
purged.

\*

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"Many think give they a penny to a monk God must  
forgive,  
Though all ten commandments brake they ; therefore  
heed not how they live.

“But I say to thee for certain, Though thy priests and  
friars sing,  
Though thou daily hear their masses, all thy life go  
pilgriming,

“Though thou found thee many colleges and chantries,  
all thou hast  
Give to pardoners and prelates—all were worthless at  
the last ;

“Worthless in themselves ! . . . Love Jesus, and, tho’  
halfpence none be given,  
Thine shall be eternal pardon and th’ unbroken bliss of  
Heaven.”

\*

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Whilst in human nature Conscience and Concupiscence  
survive,  
Where the gospel-truth is hidden, pardon-trafficking  
must thrive.

Even though of prelates only were God’s pardon to be  
*bought*,  
It were still an evil system with innumerable evils  
fraught.

But when arm’d with power t’ exclude from heaven or  
from hell to save,  
Marvel you if kind-souled rival friars cheaper pardon  
gave ?

Vowed to poverty, yet heaping wealth together day by day :

Vowed to purity, their crimes were such as none may dare to say.

In their great "Caim's castles"\* hidden, at most sumptuous tables fed,

While from door to door they travelled gathering poor men's pence and bread,

Vowed "the offscouring of all things" as pilgrims on this earth to be,

They became all things' offscouring by their vile iniquity.

And the sum of all these friars' faith was, "You the Pope obey :

Be alms-giving to the Friar : to Dominic or Francis pray."

So crime flourished, immorality increased where'er they went ;

Though we hold this not accorded with their founders' first intent.

Drinking at a purer fountain than these drank at, Wycliffe urged,

"One the cure is, Let the Church of Able-Beggary be purged !

---

\* Caim's=Cain's Castles. So styled by Wycliffe from the initial letters of the "Four Orders'" names, Carmelites, Augustinians, Jacobites (Dominicans) and Minorites (Franciscans).

“ Reformation of abuses ? Rottenness of heart reform ?  
These are not abuses, but the system’s natural brood and  
swarm.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ If your pardon is a spiritual gift and comes from  
Heaven,  
‘ What has freely been received,’ Christ teaches, ‘ should  
be freely given.’

“ Let a rich man dearly buy, although of criminals the  
worst,  
He has pardon to a thousand years ; the poor may die  
accurst.”

Soon the friars feared this David more than chiefs of  
prouder looks,  
For his weapons—smooth stones chosen from the  
Scriptures’ running brooks.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ ‘ Lading men with burdens grievous to be borne which  
ye touch not ’ :—  
Poverty impose on others, revel you in wealth ill-got !

“ ‘ Widows’ houses too devour ye, making long pray’rs  
for a show ’ :—  
Wring from parting sinners’ terrors what should to  
their orphans go !

“ ‘Passing o’er God’s love and judgment ; tithing  
cummin, mint, and rue :—

Let men keep your fasts and feastings, pay your ‘dues,’  
content are you.

“ ‘Whited sepulchres fair-seeming, full of rottenness  
within’ :—

Vow yourselves to stainless chastity, yet live in loath-  
some sin !

“ ‘God’s commandments make you void with vain  
traditions,’ precepts wrong :—

With your penances and shrivings, shrines and pilgrim-  
ages long !

“ ‘And ye keep the key of knowledge, nor will enter in  
yourselves

Nor let others’ :—So God’s word is Latin-locked in  
Convent shelves !”

\*

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Thus it was that Wycliffe, drinking at Truth’s sources,  
plainly urged,—

“ One the cure is, let the Church of Able-Beggary be  
purged !”





## IV.

## PAPAL EXACTIONS.

“The vigour of English life . . . gave nobler signs of its activity in the spirit of national independence and moral earnestness which awoke at the call of Wycliffe.”—*Green’s “Hist. of Eng. People,”* Chap. v., Sec. i.

NOR this controversy only was distracting England then: Urban’s arrogant exactions vexed anew the souls of men.

Alien priests held our best livings. As he were Lord Temporal too,  
Urban’s tollmen freely ranged the length and breadth of England through.

And the voice of Wycliffe sounded north and south throughout the land:

“Let the King and people rouse them such presumption to withstand.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Christ and Peter were kings’ subjects; Popes and Prelates well may be.

Kings God’s vicars, God-ordained, are; in His vicars God dread ye.

“Christ disowned all earthly kingship there in Pilate’s judgment hall;

Now by Kings’ and Princes’ titles we His ministers must call!

“Christ would not be drawn to judgment ’twixt two  
men, of worldly goods ;  
Yet His vicar claims to arbitrate in all the nations’  
feuds !

“ ‘Gentile monarchs lordship practise, their great ones  
authority,’  
Christ once said, ‘Not so among you ; as your least  
your greatest be.’ ”

Thus it came that Wycliffe, drinking at Truth’s sources,  
boldly urged—

“Let our nation be no longer by Popes’ Temporal Lord-  
ship scourged ! ”

And in reverent recognition of his blamelessness of life,  
Of his learning, of his prowess in all such polemic  
strife,

Oxford named him Balliol’s Warden, nor did Edward  
fail to mark

By much favour his appraisement of “the King’s  
peculiar clerk ; ”

Of “the Clerk ” who had gone with him when to war  
with France he went,

In defiance of the Pontiff, with his people’s full consent ;

Of “the Clerk ” who yet should show him how to strive  
tow’rds loftier heights,

For his nation’s independence and its Church’s ancient  
rights.

## V.

## THE TEMPORAL POWER AND ENGLAND.

“As yet (1366) his quarrel was not with its (the Church’s) doctrine, but with its practice : it was on the principles of Ockham that he defended the Parliament’s indignant refusal of the tribute which was claimed by the Papacy, the expulsion of the bishops from office by the Duke of Lancaster, and the taxation of Church lands. But his treatise on ‘The Kingdom of God’ shows how different his aims really were from the selfish aims of the men with whom he acted.”—*Green’s “Hist. of Eng. People,”* Chap. v., Sect. iii.

WYCLIFFE’S years were two and forty when Pope Urban’s letter came,—

“England’s tribute, England’s fealty, as John gave, again I claim.”

Edward’s summon’d to Avignon for his homage, due arrears,

And to answer for this long delay of three and thirty years.

Straightway then the monarch questioned thus his knights and barons, “Say,

Had King John the right to bind our English nation in such way?”

Many were the angry voices heard among our people then :

“Homage from our Sovereign ! Is a vassal lord of Englishmen ?

---

“ England’s King is the Third Edward, not to-day the  
craven John :

Not two peoples—Norman, Saxon—England’s nation  
now is one.”

“ Laws reformed, extended commerce, battles with great  
victories crowned,

Universities already through wide Europe well re-  
nowned,

“ And our fear upon the nations, might have warned  
this Pontiff proud

That we may not insults brook to-day our fathers not  
allow’d.”

“ See, the tax we pay this Frenchman \* for Church  
dignities alone,

Is fivefold what th’ English nation pays our King on  
England’s throne!

“ See, Italian Priests, French Prelates our best benefices  
hold,

Leaving here their flocks untended, wasting there our  
English gold !

“ Englishmen in their own country are become as hewers  
of wood,

To a servile hierarchy almost all of alien blood !

---

\* The national animosity then existing between England and France greatly helped the opposition to the Papal claims. Many of the Popes being Frenchmen, had exhibited much partiality for their own country, where they then resided, in the appointments to benefices, bishoprics, etc.

“ Yet all this for nothing reckons since our King takes  
not his way  
France-ward, with his thousand pieces, vassal’s homage  
there to pay ! ”

Soon the Parliament of England came together to  
debate  
What reply the haughty Pontiff should receive from  
King and State.

“ England owns no King but Edward. Urban’s pro-  
vince, too, is plain :—  
Let him keep within the spiritual ; from the secular  
refrain ;

“ And within that province, also, gross abuses promptly  
stay,  
Or the King and State of England shall have other  
words to say.”

Grand response ! and well became it Commons, prelates,  
peers and King  
Of the nation that from Crecy and Poitiers could victory  
wring.

Yet no token of the battles, save their names, have we  
to-day ;  
But this greater triumph’s influence can never pass  
away.



Other kings and other armies have trod out all signs  
of those :

Wycliffe's work, all these surviving, forward with the  
ages goes.

Thus, from that hour to this moment Papal summons  
never crost

Sea or land to England's monarch for the vassalage  
then lost ;

And from that hour to this moment every bolt that  
England hurl'd

'Gainst Rome's Empire but advanced us 'mong the  
nations of the world.

Yet while England's voice was heard here, it was  
Wycliffe's hand had wrought ;—

These great principles of freedom it was Wycliffe's pen  
had taught.



## VI.

## AT BRUGES (1374).

"A circumstance which manifests, beyond all question, the importance and notoriety of his previous labours, and the confidence both of the Crown and Parliament in his intrepidity and wisdom."—*Le Bas' Wiclif*, Chap. iv.

NEXT in Bruges, some eight years later, Wycliffe stands to public sight:

There before the Papal legates representing England's might;

Calling for redress of grievances that caused his Church much smart;

Calling for abuses' ending that were eating at her heart.

They who only in remonstrance deal with Rome find little gains;

Yet he came not back with nothing but his labour for his pains.

For in Papal Bruges the Papacy was seen at closer view;\*

And thenceforward Gaunt for many years proved his protector true.

---

\* "He returned from this treaty, like Cranmer and Luther from Rome, more than ever convinced of the necessity of a thorough reformation in ecclesiastical affairs."—*Brit. Reformers*.

## VII.

## THE GOOD PARLIAMENT (1376).

"Never had her (the Church's) spiritual or moral hold on the nation been less; never had her wealth been greater. Out of a population of little more than two millions, the ecclesiastics numbered between twenty and thirty thousand, owning in landed property alone more than a third of the soil; their 'spiritualities' in dues and offerings amounting to twice the royal revenue."—*Green's "Hist. of Eng. People,"* Chap. v. Sect. v.

CROWN against tiara! Still that struggle rends the realm  
in twain.

Vain our law of Præmunire, our Provisors' statute  
vain.\*

Treaty and remonstrance worthless 'gainst ecclesiastic  
fraud!

Criminal-in-chief, Christ's Vicar—the Infallible Vice-  
God!

So once more met th' English Senate, now resolved  
Power's iron hand

Shall enforce the realm's enactments, though the Pope  
himself withstand.

---

\*"The celebrated Statute of Provisors declared void any collation to dignity or benefice, which should be at variance with the rights of the King. The Statute of Præmunire forbade, under the severest penalties, the introduction or circulation of bulls or mandates, prejudicial to the King or people; and all appeals to the Papal Court in questions of property, from the judgment of the English tribunals." *Le Bas' Wiclif*, Chap. iv.

“ God has given His flock to shepherds to be fed, not  
shorn or shaven :

But ‘ the brokers of that sinful city, Rome ’ make sale  
of Heaven.

“ Sale of all things ! In wide Christendom where reigns  
the Prince, doth own

Larger revenue than Urban takes from Edward’s realm  
alone ?

“ See, by firstfruits, reservations, annates, taxes many  
more,

Twenty thousand marks go yearly to the Pope from th’  
English shore :

“ While our alien dignitaries, at the Papal Court who  
dwell,

Yearly more than twenty thousand marks in English  
money tell.

“ So some laymen, thus Pope-guided, their trust also  
dare abuse,

And to bad men sell their patronage, as Christ was sold  
to Jews.

“ Grievously do such abuses hurt our English Church  
and realm ;

Give to that a baneful priesthood, this in poverty  
o’erwhelm.”

'Twas a Parliament of "Romanists" the large indictment  
framed ;

Not a "heretic" among them who as English law  
proclaimed,

"To the Parliament of England, be it known, it has  
seemed good

All our laws against provisions from the Pope are now  
renewed."

Thus the Pope's own English revenue has ceased at  
England's will,

Tho' her alien dignitaries hold their benefices still.

And the grateful English nation named this Parliament  
"The Good :"

Nor was it by statutes only they thenceforth the Pope  
withstood.

Crown against tiara ! England thus her second triumph  
scores :

Papal jurisdiction ceases : mistress she within her  
shores.

And the Patriot who had roused her to maintain, "No  
vassal she,"

Was the man who marched her forces to this greater  
victory.

## VIII.

## ALIEN DIGNITARIES.

"The grievances were no trifling ones. At this very time the deaneries of Lichfield, Salisbury and York, the Archdeaconry of Canterbury, which was reputed the wealthiest English benefice, together with a host of prebends and preferments, were held by Italian Cardinals and priests, while the Pope's collector, from his office in London, sent twenty thousand marks a year to the Papal treasury."—*Green's "Hist. of Eng. People,"* Chap. v., Sec. iii.

THUS the Pope's own English revenue had ceased at  
England's will :

But his alien dignitaries held their benefices still.

So once more both King and Senate to the Patriot-  
Statesman look :

"Counsel us, should we this foreign charge on our  
Church revenues brook ?

"True, the Pope 'tis who these aliens to our dignities  
advance,  
But 'tis true they take some thousands yearly into hostile  
France."

Gladly then they hailed his answer : th' argument  
hailed gladly too,

Which from Nature, Conscience, and The Book, proved  
his conclusions true.

Proved with loud exhortings : "'Spite Pontific menace  
or demand,

Keep your English treasure in your own, and from your  
foeman's hand.



“Claims the Pontiff as Lord temporal? Say he sits in  
Peter’s chair—

Lordship temporal? What the Fisher never had he  
left his heir?

“Christ’s Apostles laid no taxes, they invited offerings  
free :

England’s gifts were gifts—were alms, not tribute—  
to the Papal See.

“Let the Pope choose this or that—apostleship or  
earthly power :

But ’tis not men’s custom that the poorer should the  
richer dower.

“Let war-burdened, Pope-taxed, England keep what  
gold she has at home,—

Keep it from French Pontiffs’ pockets at Avignon or at  
Rome.”

And the Parliament responded, “Never vacant benefice  
Be appointed to henceforward saving with the King’s  
advice.”

Crown against Tiara ! England stands again the victress  
here ;

Towards her great emancipation making surely year by  
year.

First, the Pope no *temporal* lordship hath within her  
four seas’ foam ;

Next, her *Church* is independent of both Church and  
Pope in Rome.

Now, our England claims *the sole control* of all that hers  
may be,  
Nor without her will, to Pope or foe, shall her gold  
cross the sea.

Crown against Tiara! England stands up conqueror  
once more;  
And her leader's he who led her twice to victory before.

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## IX.

### AT ST. PAUL'S (1377).

"Lancaster, whose object was to humiliate, had found a strange ally in Wycliffe, whose aim was to purify, the Church. . . . Lancaster, feudal to the core, resented the official arrogance of the prelates, and the larger share which they drew to themselves of the temporal power. Wycliffe dreamt of restoring by apostolical poverty, its long-lost apostolical purity to the clergy. From points so opposite, and with aims so contradictory, were they united to reduce the wealth and humble the pride of the English hierarchy."—*Professor Shirley's "Fasciculi Zizaniorum,"* xxvi.

By much peril oft encompassed, pressed by persecution  
sore,

Thus his testimony Wycliffe as a Christian patriot bore.

Friars well might be forgiven if they loved him not too  
well;

And what Roman Prelates' hate means Christian annals  
often tell.

'Twas their hour too : our Third Edward linger'd now  
as past his time ;  
While his greater son, the Black Prince, lay adying ere  
his prime.

John of Gaunt, the mind-lost monarch's second son,  
tho' still he stood  
Wycliffe's patron, was not trusted of the general  
multitude.

And the Princess—that great sorrow pressing up into  
her life—  
Might be trusted not to meddle in, scarce understand,  
the strife.

'Tis their hour : the power of darkness it to Wycliffe  
must appear ;  
Though since opened the ‘ Good Parliament ’ not yet  
has passed a year.

Yet—strange seems it when you notice—Wycliffe  
has not once assailed  
Any doctrine of the Church yet    Why as heretic then  
hailed ?

Nineteen articles *they* draw up from his writings ; but  
(strange sin !)  
All pertaining to Church politics, or laws, or discipline.

“From the secular jurisdiction monk or cleric is not free :

Nor can man, till by himself first, excommunicated be.

“There is nought, save sin, can sever from Christ’s Church a human soul :—

In this province Pope or Prelate has no absolute control.”

“Humanly-invented charters to affect the life beyond—An inheritance eternal—what can be more vain or fond ?”

“Christ gave priests no licence to exact by censure temporal things.”

“It is lawful that delinquent churches censured be by kings.” . . . .

’Tis their hour—they know it. Wycliffe to St. Paul’s must now repair.

Primate Sudbury and Courtenay, his worst foe, await him there.

John of Gaunt, Lord Henry Percy, other nobles at his side,

Of their favour come to see that no injustice shall betide.

And the crowds of London citizens press and sway and close amain,

So that e’en Earl Marshal Percy scarce has way made for his train.

Straight betwixt the Bishop Courtenay and these war-  
like nobles rose

Altercation fierce and lengthened, as between relentless  
foes,

Till the gathered people, heark'ning, in two camps  
divided were ;

Though Lancaster's sympathizers seemed by far the  
fewer there.

But as when, a captive, Paul before the Chief Priests'  
Council stood,

And was saved because of variance in the assembled  
multitude,

So our prisoner too was rescued, as he waited un-  
dismayed

'Fore his judges, 'mid that concourse by conflicting  
passions swayed.

Silent to the close sat Sudbury, mute stood Wycliffe at  
the bar,

Whilst before, behind, about them raged the words'  
tumultuous war ;

Nor had Wycliffe heard indictment or been called on to  
defend,

When at nine o'clock the Primate rose and bade the  
Council end.

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Safe escaped from snare of fowler, from the net laid  
privily,  
Praised his thankful heart, "Out of them all the Lord  
delivered me."

Praised and wrought—by voice and pen wrought. Out  
his counter-challenge sounds,  
In a tractate by his preachers borne round England's  
outmost bounds:—

"Peoples cannot, Jesus did not, give Rome's Pontiffs  
world-wide power". . .

"All Christ's members equal rights have in His Church's  
blood-bought dower."

Little thought as yet Popes give him: but though  
Rome may slight him yet,  
Those "Christ's members," Bishop Courtenay and his  
colleagues, not forget.





## X.

## AT LAMBETH (1378).

"Bold as the defiance was, it won him the support of the people and the Crown. When he appeared at the close of the year at Lambeth Chapel to answer the Archbishop's summons, a message from the Court forbade the Bishop to proceed, and the Londoners broke in and dissolved the session."—*Green's "Hist. of Eng. People,"* Chap. v., Sec. iii.

BUT deliverance yet greater found him in a darker hour.  
Both the Edwards sleep their last sleep; John of Gaunt  
has fallen from pow'r.

E'en th' Archbishops—gentle Sudbury, Lollard Neville  
—are not told

In the Council of twelve nobles who young Richard's  
powers hold.

There is one, one only, potent one in all the English  
Court—

The Queen-Mother—tow'rds whom Wycliffe may at  
all look for support.

While from Rome (th' Avignon exile being ended)  
Gregory

Hurls his five bulls 'gainst this Lollard and the Lollard  
heresy.

England's prelates are commanded, "Seize him :—but  
if this you fear,

Cite him publicly before us, three months' hence to  
answer here."

England's monarch, England's princess, England's sons  
of high renown,  
Are enjoined to aid the Bishops heresies in trampling  
down.

Oxford too is well admonished,—“Would you be with  
Rome at peace?

This heresiarch imprison : let his doctrines 'mong you  
cease.”

Yet were some among the prelates who held Wycliffe's  
teaching true ;

While 'mong priests and people daily the Reformer's  
following grew.

Therefore from his seizure shrank they—shrank the  
men of hate and guile—

Even shrank from publishing the Bulls in England for  
a while.

While aloud these same men boasted what they would—  
would not—do : so,

Once again, this time at Lambeth, wait they as a year  
ago.

Once again the meek Reformer dares before them to  
appear ;

Nobler now without his nobles, reverent but void of fear.

Yet all Rome's and England's forces 'gainst one man  
did Gregory call !

But the one man has ONE with him Who is stronger than  
they all.

Calm his written protest placed he in his judges'  
hands :—" Here find  
These strange doctrines fully stated with their sanctions  
in my mind.

\* \* \* \*

" Here before you these my theses, with myself, I now  
submit,  
Ready to retract whatever's shown opposed to Holy  
Writ."

A great crowd of London citizens for the issue watched  
intent ;—

A great crowd this time whose wishes mainly with the  
prisoner went.

And the great crowd's voices went up, while most  
earnestly they plead,—

" With the Patriot-Priest deal kindly though a taint be  
on his creed."

Vain the plea and the entreaty: he is in the hands of foes,  
And the bitter hate of Courtenay for himself and patron  
knows.

So he meekly bides the sentence on his fenceless head to  
fall,

When a stir is in the porch heard and a silence fills the  
hall ;

For Sir Lucius Clifford enters—messenger from Princess  
Joan ;—

Slowly steps he tow'rds the prelates (he himself a  
Lollard known :)

And the Royal message runs thus, "Your proceedings  
stay at once ;  
Nor presume you any sentence on John Wycliffe to  
pronounce."

\* \* \* \* \*

Many prayers went up from London homes that night  
for Princess Joan,  
But the gratefullest of all most grateful hearts was  
Wycliffe's own.

Him had Courtenay with malignant glance watched  
passing through the porch ;  
Yet than Wycliffe was no lealer son that day of "Holy  
Church."

Safe once more from snare of fowler, from the net laid  
privily,  
Praised his thankful heart, "Out of them all the Lord  
delivered me."

Praised and wrought—by voice and pen wrought. Out  
his counter-challenge rings ;  
"Priests o'er nations should not lord it : Popes should  
subject be to Kings."

While his bitter persecutor, baffled of his teeth-pierced  
prey,  
Hied him home revolving surer vengeance for another  
day.



# Wycliffe, Doctrinal Reformer.

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## XI.

### THE GREAT SCHISM (1378).

"In the time of Urban VI. rose the 22nd (or 26th) Schism, of all schisms the worst and the most puzzling. For it was so intricate that not even the most learned and conscientious were able to decide to which of the Pretenders they were to adhere, and it continued to the time of Martin V." (Upwards of 40 years).—*Platina, R. C. Historian.*

"From this time the theological element, in our modern and narrower sense of the word, becomes predominant in his works; he begins to write English tracts, to speak of the translation of the Bible . . . and, lastly, arriving at a conclusion to which he had long been tending, he put out in the Spring of 1381, a paper containing twelve propositions in which he denied the doctrine of transubstantiation."—*Shirley, Fasc. Zizan*, xlii.

Yes, that day from Courtenay's presence when  
triumphant Wycliffe went,

Courtenay's Church had no more loyal son, despite his  
discontent.

Nay, his sonship's leal devotion in the past had urged  
him on :

And its power remained still with him when from  
Courtenay's presence gone.

Wrath of Courtenay, friends' foreboding, nought avails  
against such love :

Foul disfigurements of ages from the Church he must  
remove.

Champion leal of England's Freedom he had been and  
would endure ;

Still would strive her Church to render in its outward  
workings pure,

Never having searched the heart out of the evils of his  
times,

Nor the sure source recognized once of his Church's  
sores and crimes,

But for that Great Western Schism when Pope against  
Pope first arose,

And each summoned Christian nations to the slaughter  
of his foes ;

And the question 'twas of questions which to every heart  
came home,—

“Is the Church's head, Christ's Vicar, at Avignon or at  
Rome?”

Realms in arms, fierce-fought battles, pardons granted,  
Heav'n made good

By each Pontiff to the soldiers who beneath his banners  
stood,

Set the Lutterworth Apostle thinking strange things—  
strange but true:

And his tractate on “the Schism” set others thinking  
strange things too.

“Where hath Christ once taught His shepherds they  
might raise crusades, and kill

Sheep and lambs that He has given them, or despoil  
such at their will?” . . .



“He is Antichrist who many thousand lives puts for  
his own,  
Since the Christ laid down His one life for the many to  
atone.” . . .

“Now is Antichrist divided and one part 'gainst t'other  
fights ;  
'Tis when rogues betray each other honest folks come by  
their rights.” . . .

“Help has been ordained of Heaven against you and  
your wicked tricks,  
Who all censurers of Pontiffs would denounce as  
heretics.

“By the Popes being thus divided, help is given ; so, at  
length,  
Shall their malice better known be ; for ‘dividing  
littlenth strength.’ ” . . .

“And if Popes Christ's Vicars falsely were self-styled  
in th' ages gone,  
May some doctrines not be false, too, which they stamped  
His name upon ? ” . . .

Earth-shocks from the world's love shook him while he  
stood in manhood's porch :  
Schism-shocks now, felt through wide Christendom,  
shall lose him to the Church.

For that day when, leaving Lambeth, Wycliffe sought  
his peaceful home,  
He was still a leal and loving son of spiritual Rome.

Only through this Papal schism he for the first time  
came to know

The main fountain of his Church's shame, his nation's  
sins and woe.

"For if Popes have falsely called themselves Christ's  
vicars in times gone,

May the doctrines not be false, too, which they stamped  
Christ's name upon?

"Other guides than Popes blood-guilty, selfish, must  
for souls be found;

Let the Word of God no longer from plain folks be  
Latin-bound.

"Antichrist's traditions hinder men from knowing God's  
commands,

But the Scripture truth abides still and man's debt to  
know it stands.

"And 'tis not a light thing surely one of God's laws to  
unbind:

Of God's laws then seek we knowledge. Cease, blind  
guides, to lead the blind."...

"And of all false doctrines heretofore by Antichrist  
brought in,

This of putting priest for Scripture doth involve the  
greatest sin.

"Paul the apostle teaches, All before Christ's judgment  
seat must stand

To give answer for the goods received as stewards from  
His hand.

“Since nor prelate nor attorney may avail the sinner  
then,

Shall the Book, these goods declaring and their use, be  
shut from men ?

“Go ye into all the world ; the Gospel preach ye unto  
all ’—

Preach the Gospel : let all sinners hear the Saviour’s  
loving call.”. . .

“Why should Friars hinder others God’s pure Word  
to understand ?—

Wish they to be thought the only men who know it, in  
the land ?

“Still to keep back what they like not would they fain  
retain the pow’r ?

‘Teaching some, some hiding, docking some,’ to suit  
the changing hour ?

“Fear they that their faults of doctrine and of morals  
must be shown,

Were God’s law in their own language to the common  
people known ?”. . .

“Ope the Page of Inspiration, with bared head, in  
loving awe.

God move lords and bishops to stand up for knowing of  
His law.”. . .

Monks and Friars, take you warning ; further you shall  
censured be.

Monks and Friars, loud rejoice you ; on his deathbed  
lieth he.

So 'tis said—upon his deathbed, never more to lift his  
voice

'Gainst the Pardoners and Beggars. Monks and Friars,  
loud rejoice!

## XII.

### THE FRIARS BY WYCLIFFE'S SICK BED.

“Some of the Friars, hoping that the prospect of death might bring with it fear of ecclesiastical censures, waited upon him to require that he would revoke what he had taught against the Mendicant Orders.”—*Book of the Church*.

THEY have heard that he is dying—they will come to  
him : of course

He, the Holy Friars' traducer, is o'erwhelmèd with  
remorse.

They will speak him fair, will wish him well, for his  
distemper grieve ;

All his penitential utterances will graciously receive.

“Many others scoffed at Friars and repented : some at  
death

Passed their riches to our convents with their last  
remorseful breath.

“Wycliffe has no wealth to leave us, but much glory  
must redound  
To our orders if the Heresiarch be but compunctious  
found.”

So they came, so ruled their conduct, the Four Orders’  
delegates.

Wycliffe on his couch of weakness, patient, silent,  
watches, waits.

Then he signed to his attendants, who upraised him in  
his bed :

Fixed his keen eyes on th’ intruders as with all his  
voice he said,—

“Die I shall not, but shall live th’ ill deeds of Friars  
to declare ;

Live, not die, shall I, and publish my Lord Christ’s  
words everywhere.”

Ere a moment in confusion the affrighted Friars fled,  
Nor had long to wait for token Wycliffe purposed as he  
said.



## XIII.

RIGHT OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT: TRACTS,  
TRANSLATIONS, AND "GOSPEL PRIESTS."

"Wyclif no longer looked for support to the learned or wealthier classes on whom he had hitherto relied. He appealed, and the appeal is memorable as the first of such a kind in our history, to England at large. With an amazing industry he issued tract after tract in the tongue of the people itself. . . . Wyclif had organized an order of poor preachers, 'the Simple Priests,' who now formed a priceless organization for the diffusion of their master's doctrines,"—*Green's "Hist. of Eng. People,"* Chap. v., Sec. iii.

SOMETHING new is heard in England—yet to Rome it is  
not new :

Albigenses and Waldenses have already held it true.

Not on Pope or Council calls he ; not to Doctors has he  
sent

His appeal (e'en as a challenge): not to King or Parlia-  
ment.

(How the Prelates held their breath once, how the monks  
refused belief,

When they heard him bid the nation's Council judge  
the Church's chief !)

To the Court of Human Conscience, lo, he boldly makes  
appeal !

*Each man's* judgment must decide for each man's  
spiritual weal.



“ ‘Search the Scriptures for they testify of Me’—the  
Father’s Word ;

‘Ye do err not knowing the Scriptures,’ said to common  
folks the Lord.”

As if viewless spirits aided, tract on tract abroad is  
flung,

Most momentous truths discussing in the common  
people’s tongue.

Filled with sayings from the Book, too, which their  
Church, until to-day,

In the Latin cupboard safe kept out of common people’s  
way. . . .

Hear the cry of Rome’s resentment :\* “Christ the  
gospel only gave

To the clergy, that the clergy might the common people  
save.

“Now broadcast the Gospel pearls are trodden under  
foot of swine :

Nay, the Book itself is taken and translated line by  
line ;

“And his Gospellers are gone forth : ‘Simple Preachers,’  
everywhere

Reading from their Scripture portions, souls innumerable  
snare.

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\* Knighton’s Chronicle.

‘ God has given you the sun,’ these say, ‘and eyes to use  
its light.

God has given you this Scripture too and understand-  
ing’s sight.

‘ You, not being blind, ask none to lead you when the  
sun makes day :

Why not judge for your own souls then, where this  
Word’s light shines ? ’ they say.

For ’twas Wycliffe’s vow, before he left that convalescent  
couch

Where the Friars looked to find him in remorseful  
anguish crouch,—

“ I will fill the realm of England with God’s light ; so  
priestly fears

Shall make haste to flee, as spectres of the night when  
morn appears.

“ From Truth’s Latin-darkened lantern I have flashed  
some rays o’ the Light,

Just enough to show the dangers and the denseness of  
the night :

“ I’ll remove that lantern wholly. ’Tis my faith this  
light can glow,’

Though all clouds pour down their waters, though all  
raging tempests blow.

“ So I’ll fill the realm of England with God’s light, and  
monkish fears

Shall make haste to flee as spectres o’ the night when  
morn appears.”

Therefore sat he down at Lutterworth, with men of  
kindly mind,

From the Latin case which darked it to men's eyes  
God's word to unbind.

Yes, with brand of heresy though English Prelates  
stamp his name ;

Though Pope's menace and anathema have doomed him  
to hell's flame ;

Though Perdition's doom hereafter, in this life imprison-  
ment,

Over his disciples hang by King's and Pontiff's strange  
consent ;

Though his very books are banned to burning, whereso-  
ever found ;

Though of early death God's sentence in his palsied  
frame is bound ;

Lone, abandoned, persecuted, in health broken,—hour  
by hour

Toils he that poor folks may know in their own speech  
God's word of pow'r.

Then, as portion after portion passed completed through  
his hand,

Two by two his " Gospel Preachers " bare their tran-  
scripts through the land.

By the fireside of the peasant, in the castle of the lord,  
In the market-square and churchyard, souls were taught  
the Gospel Word :—

All God's counsel—from the first page Moses wrote of  
the Creation,—

All God's counsel—to John's latest chapter in the  
Revelation.

'Tis his glory, God's whole counsel was not known in any  
land,

Till he wrought, in any language common people under-  
stand.

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#### XIV.

#### FREE, AND FREEING OTHERS.

“Once fairly freed from the trammels of unquestioning belief  
Wyclif's mind worked fast in its career.”—*Green's Hist.*, Chap. v.,  
Sec. iv.

SLAVE, wouldst rend another's fetters, see thine own are  
sundered first.

Clings one broken link about thee, thou art still a thrall  
accurst.

Yes, for thee a happy moment 'twas that crashed thy  
bonds in twain ;

Loosing thee from prison, even if not ridding of the  
chain.

True it is their weight impedes thee, grates on th' ear  
their clanking sound :

Better such than all their silence and thy pillow,  
prison-bound.

But most happy is the moment when at last their latest  
clasp

Hath relaxed from limb or body its intolerable grasp.

Came for Wycliffe that first moment—of the snapping  
of his chain—

When the Papal Schism shook Europe, and both Popes  
shed blood, to reign.

This last moment—when the last link fell from his  
Rome-shackled soul,

Came to Wycliffe just before his spirit touched its final  
goal.

Soul ne'er captive, their slow progress nor ungainly  
gait contemn,

Who have surely burst their fetters but not yet got rid  
of them.

Yet not slow was Wycliffe's progress when he once had  
cast aside

Papal soul-stays, and to Holy Scriptures turned as his  
sole guide.

One by one old errors vanished while that Book he  
bowed him o'er.

One by one the clouds so scatter, as the dawn develops  
more.

No less surely must Truth's fulness in upon such souls be  
borne,

Than through all Night's void abysses Dawn once risen  
must swell to Morn.

And as one by one the old truths in upon his spirit  
brake,

Tract by tract bade all men welcome in his blessing to  
partake.

Thus :—" The Supper is in figure blood and body of the  
Lord :

But both bread and wine remain there though a Pope  
have said the word.

"Bodily in His own Person Christ is not there, whole  
or part ;

Yet He verily is present in the true believer's heart."..

" All exterior confession is superfluous for you  
Of the contrite heart, whose spirit's broken by repen-  
tance true.

" Have you but this true repentance and true faith,  
(nought else can save),

All exterior confession's worthless, or to priest or  
knave." . . .

" By the sentence of the Gospel, if you but repent your  
sin,

Though you speak not one word after, but the life of  
Faith begin,

Christ forgives you—as this woman at His feet in  
Simon's home.

Shrive you to Him, and forsake you these new whisper-  
ing shrifts of Rome."



Thus as one by one the old truths in upon his spirit  
brake,

Tract by tract bade all men welcome in his blessing to  
partake ;

Till he stood the one Reformer who, deserted and alone,  
Dared deny the only creed in all the realm around him  
known.

But meanwhile his efforts slack not, nor his friends' of  
kindly mind,

From the Latin case which darked it to men's eyes God's  
word to unbind.

Mitred rivals, fierce contending, Europe their broad  
battlefield,

Give small heed to th' English pastor who 'gainst both  
his pen doth wield.

Thus his shelter is the tempest. Yet, though Rome  
may not molest,

There are English persecutors watching to disturb his  
rest.

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Well and truly was he named "The Reformation's  
Morning Star,"

Though before him other watchers by that morn were  
smit afar.

Other lights at times had twinkled in the Church's  
troubled heaven,

Ere this brightest one, to announce the Blessed Morn's  
approach, was given.

But this light's peculiar glory is, At last it held its  
way

Calm above all storm and tumult, where no darkness  
dimmed its ray.

Through all clouds of superstition, error's night, its  
radiance shone ;

Only paling in the presence of the Reformation Sun.

Wycliffe stands the first Reformer who, abandoned and  
alone,

Dared deny the only creed in all the realm around him  
known.





## Wycliffe, Witness and Confessor.

XV.

BEFORE COUNCIL OF OXFORD UNIVERSITY.

“With the formal denial of the doctrine of Transubstantiation which Wyclif issued in the Spring of 1381 began that great movement of revolt which ended, more than a century after, in the establishment of religious freedom . . . The century which followed the triumph of Courtenay is the most barren in its (Oxford's) annals.”—*Green's Hist. of Eng. People*,” Chap. v., Sec. iv.

“’TWAS the doctrine of Rome's early Church, as Berengare has said,

‘After words of benediction bread and wine stay wine  
and bread.’

“And the consecrated host which we behold on th' altar  
dim,

Is not Christ nor any part—but an effectual sign—of  
Him.”

Such the doctrine Wycliffe published from his professional chair

In twelve Theses; and from wayside, desk, and pulpit  
dared declare.

• Soon these Theses under sentence fell of Courtenay and  
his court ;

Theses (fearing now, now wishing) Oxford scrupled to  
support.

Chancellor and congregation—Doctors twelve—together  
came,

Transubstantiation's miracle full broadly to proclaim.—

“ When the words of consecration have been spoken by  
the priest,

Bread and wine remain no longer in the sacramental feast.

“ For their substance has been changed into the substance  
of the Lord,—

Though their accidents remain there—by the consecrat-  
ing word.

“ Christ is there, not figured, but in essence, substance,  
perfectly ;

Nor His blood and body only, but His soul and  
deity.” . . .

“ Preach such doctrines, excommunications major on  
you wait :

Hear such doctrines, excommunications minor are your  
fate.”

Yet while thus the man they censure, 'gainst his doctrines  
thus declaim,

“ For they feared the people,” never once they mention  
Wycliffe's name.

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In a lecture hall at Oxford, in his professorial chair,  
See him next. Attentive pupils throng in crowds  
around him there.

This the question which to-day his hearers' presence  
has enticed,

"Are the consecrated elements the flesh and blood of  
Christ?"

But the Congregation's officers appear: ere day is done  
Numbered are his days in Oxford; his, great Oxford's  
greatest son.

For a moment glancing round him as if taken by  
surprise,

Ere another moment rose he in his simplest, stateliest  
guise:—

"Tell your masters I obey them, but am no less  
resolute;

For my doctrines neither Chancellor nor assessors can  
refute." . . .

Only once again looked Wycliffe on loved Oxford's  
mystic walls;

Only once again woke Wycliffe's voice the echoes of her  
halls.

But no century so barren do her chronicles present,  
As the century which followed on John Wycliffe's  
banishment.

Let us hearken that same Oxford, conscience-smitten,  
through her tears,  
When his voice had in her halls been hushed some five  
and twenty years :—

“ With one heart and voice and testimony we our  
witness bear ;  
Boy and man and priest among us, still he showed a  
virtue rare. . . .

“ Therefore by these presents signify we to you and to all,  
Since in tender years he sought us we nought ill of him  
recall ;

“ Nought recall but what was worthy,—of his con-  
versation, toil  
For God’s glory, man’s salvation, and to rid the Church  
of soil.

“ So in answering, reading, preaching, he behaved him  
laudably  
As the Faith’s strong champion, champion strong ’gainst  
Able-Beggary.

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“ God forbid that by our Prelates one for probity so  
famed,—  
Scholar peerless too among us,—should with heretics be  
named.”

Such the witness Oxford bare him, conscience-smitten,  
through her tears,  
When his voice had in her halls been hushed some five  
and twenty years.

## XVI.

## "THE EARTHQUAKE SYNOD."

"Wyclif, though summoned, had made no appearance at the 'Council of the Earthquake' . . . He seems indeed to have been sick at the moment, but the announcement of the final sentence roused him to life again."—*Green's "Hist. of Eng. People,"* Chap. v., Sec. iv.

'Twas in thirteen hundred and eighty-two, the Peasants  
being o'erthrown,—  
Met the Council, in our annals as "The Earthquake  
Synod" known.

Courtenay, Primate now of England, ruled th' assembly:  
with him were  
Bishops nine and fifty others, Rome's new breaches to  
repair.

To them Wycliffe:—"Needless perils at your bar I  
shall not tempt,  
For mine Oxford office from your jurisdiction lies  
exempt."

Days had passed within the Council when at last the  
Doctors came  
To discuss John Wycliffe's "errors"; but they scarce had  
named his name,

When an earthquake shook the city, shook the great  
dome overhead,  
Shook the hearts within their bosoms, shook their  
consciences with dread;



And some ventured to suggest their own and others' fears—to say,

“ Might it be that God is angry with our purpose here to-day ? ”

But the Primate quick recovering from his fright, that subtle mind

Could another explanation for the fearful portent find:—

“ Foul airs, earth-imprisoned, are by violence alone set free :

Only thus the earth is purged, and only thus the Church can be.

“ Opportunely comes this portent ; it is God's approving sign

Of the duty laid upon us—ordered by His will Divine.”

Not alone God's Word in Scripture for His ends can Satan use,

He God's Word in Nature also can pervert to suit his views.

This expulsion of ill humours from the earth was omen good

Of th' expulsion of ill humours from the Church, he understood.

Thus he calmed that awed assembly, quelled their conscience-startled fears ;

There they signed his dreadful sentence 'gainst John Wycliffe and his peers.

While from Richard's dread wrung Courtenay the  
decree, "Let all who prate  
Lollard doctrine be immured within the prisons of the  
State." . . .

But such sophistries availed not with the Seer of  
Lutterworth :

From his still seclusion promptly came the Rector's  
answer forth.

Not "with 'bated breath," nor yet "in whispering  
humbleness," 'twas sent :

O'er the Primate's head appeals he both to King and  
Parliament.

Nor appeals as mere defendant; for he, turning on his  
foes,

In the Court of Public Conscience potent cause against  
them shows.

"Rome's a market where in open day our cures of souls  
are sold

To the highest bidders, (not in grace or learning, but)  
in gold. . . .

"All religious vows let be suppressed: the clergy be  
maintained

By the free alms of their people: tithes be for the poor  
distrained.

"Let our laws of Præmunire and Provisors be enforced  
'Gainst the Popedom: clerics be from secular offices  
divorced.

“Let imprisonment henceforth for excommunication  
cease ;

And our ‘ simple priests’ their doctrine of the Supper  
preach in peace.”

Thus rang out his counter-challenge for all men to hear,  
once more ;

As at all times of deliverance from like peril heretofore.

And that persecuting edict, ere another year had  
gone,

Was repealed, but not ere evil to the Lollards had been  
done.

And no power the Primate wielded, and no law he might  
enact,

Could secure John Wycliffe’s silence or constrain him  
to retract.

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## XVII.

### BEFORE CONVOCATION AT OXFORD.

“If he appeared in the following year before the Convocation at Oxford, it was to perplex his opponents by a display of scholastic logic which permitted him to retire without any retraction of his sacramental heresy.”—*Green’s “Hist. of Eng. People,”* Chap. v., Sec. iii.

FOILED by King and Senate, Courtenay next on Con-  
vocation calls.

Surely here’s a more obsequious court in cleric Oxford’s  
halls.

Here, where he himself can sit chief judge ; his col-  
leagues, too, secure ;  
Fix the hour, e'en pack the audience—here his triumph  
must be sure.

So his summonses are issued. Crowds of clergy gather  
there :  
And six Bishops sit as judges with the Primate in the  
chair. . . .

Yet one other comes to Oxford, one who from his early  
youth  
Had drunk deeply of her fountains, thirsting all the  
more for Truth.

Forty years before, in loneliness and meek humility,  
Knocked a youth at Oxford's portals :—" Mother, all  
thou know'st teach me."

Forty years ! These halls of Oxford all the labours of  
his youth,  
All his manhood's toil had witnessed, all his strivings  
after Truth.

Forty years ! And is it marvel if the old man now  
recalls  
With emotion all his triumphs as a teacher in its halls ?

Forty years ! For now, if Oxford wore of Learning's  
fanés the crown,  
Well the old man knew his greatness made good part  
of her renown.

Forty years! And yet the old man not that day to  
Oxford came  
To receive her great ones' homage or her people's glad  
acclaim.

In a hall of his past triumphs stands he prisoner at the  
bar ;  
And his judges, holy Prelates, his accusers also are.

Lone the old man stands where often he God's Gospel-  
truth had preached  
To admiring auditories—stands a heretic impeached.

“At mine answer none stood by me,” said the Apostle :  
so thinks he,  
Friend-forsaken, foe-encompassed, like Christ in  
Gethsemane.

But in danger's night the God's voice, “Fear not,” he  
has also heard ;  
And celestial visitations unto him have minister'd.

After forty years a prisoner chiefly for that he has  
said,  
“After words of consecration bread and wine are wine  
and bread.”

With the courage of the martyr, with the scholar's skill  
and care,  
In those hostile judges' presence Wycliffe spake and  
did not spare :—

Spake the truth in Christ and lied not, as his conscience  
witness bore ;

While the mask from Prelates' aims and doctrine he  
unflinching tore ;—

Till, exulting in his spirit, as with zeal his great heart  
burned,

On his conscience-smitten judges, as their judge, at last  
he turned :—

“ Why such error propagate you of the simple  
sacrament ?

‘ Accident without the subject, subject without  
accident !’

“ Why, but that like priests of Baalim you would fain  
your masses vend ?

You're the heretics (not Lollards) for such doctrines  
who contend.

“ And with whom contend you, think you ? With an  
old man verging doom ?

No :—with TRUTH, undying, stronger than you, sure to  
overcome.”

While he spake he turned and left them : awed, none  
hinder, none pursue,

As at Nazareth the Master safe his foemen's midst  
passed through.





## XVIII.

## CITATION TO ROME.

"The appeal of the Prelates to Rome was answered at last by a brief ordering him to appear at the Papal Court. His failing strength exhausted itself in the cold sarcastic reply——"—*Green's Hist.*, Chap. v., Sec. iii.

KING and Senate, Convocation, University alike—  
All have failed, at Courtenay's bidding, Wycliffe, as he  
willed, to strike.

Yet one Power remains to appeal to : over lands and  
over seas  
Courtenay's cry is gone that Urban summon Wycliffe  
to his knees.

So these two men now were pitted, one 'gainst t' other,  
'fore the world,  
Priest of Lutterworth—Rome's Pontiff. Surely  
Wycliffe's flag is furled.

From the couch of his infirmity prompt came his answer  
then;  
He "must witness also bear at Rome," if not by voice by  
pen :—

"Were it not a Higher Power than Urban bade him  
stay at home,  
He had gladly given answer for his words and deeds,  
at Rome.



“ Since the Pontiff is Christ’s Vicar he like Christ will surely be ;—

Surely justice deal to all men, to the erring sympathy.

“ Nor doubts Wycliffe, this so being, if he from the Truth have strayed,

All his error will be shown him and the way of Truth displayed.

“ And no doubt, like Christ, Christ’s Vicar (Christ the lowly one and meek),

Worldly greatness or dominion, worldly kingship, does not seek.

“ And no doubt the worldly lordship Urban is compelled to bear

Is a burden he would thankfully be rid of, with its care.

“ Which so being, how should Urban welcome one traduced because,

He had taught, Like Christ, Christ’s Vicars should submit them to kings’ laws.”

Papal practices and doctrines then, in like ironic strain, Held he high before the mirror of God’s Word, to man’s disdain.

So again he fell back victor, while his haters saw with fear,

They had only higher lifted him and called the nations near !



## Wycliffe, Translator and Martyr.

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### XIX.

#### LAST DAYS AND LABOURS.

"The first Reformer who dared, when deserted and alone, to question and deny the creed of the Christendom around him, to break through the tradition of the past, and with his last breath to assert the freedom of religious thought against the dogmas of the Papacy."—*Green's "Hist. of Eng. People,"* Chap. v., Sec. iii.

LONE and tranquil, high the lighthouse lifts its head  
into the storm,  
Far below while hungry surges, raging to destroy it,  
swarm !

Howl the tempests, let all billows up its steep sides burst  
in wrath,  
Still aloft through blackest darkness cleaves that  
radiance its far path.

In his lone home Wycliffe's spirit, like that rock-set  
splendour, kept,  
Calm, unbow'd, 'spite monks and prelates, while their  
rage o'er England swept.

Let kings counsel take together, calm he lifts that light  
on high,—

Nothing flinching, nothing faltering,—to all pilgrims  
sailing by.

Yes; alone he lifts it. Earlier allies have fallen away,  
Since doctrinal reformation he had ventured to assay.

Patriot-statesmen's aim and effort to preserve their  
native land

From the thrall of foreign King or Pontiff, they could  
understand :

But these questions of strange doctrine not within their  
province came,

Save they mourned the hurt his separate action wrought  
their joint-won fame.

Yet, in Wycliffe's mind, as temporal to eterne to these  
were those ;—

As one bad result of many, to the spring whence all  
arose.

Vain the effort towards extinction of flower, foliage, and  
fruit,

Whilst not even you not let alone, but cultivate, the  
root.

'Tis man's spirit rules man's progress, not the king's  
or statesman's art :

They the hands have who the heart have, and 'tis  
doctrine holds the heart.

If a man can make his Maker—or if you believe he  
can,—

And can bless you on your deathbed to eternity, or ban ;

To that man within whose province these prerogatives  
both lie,

(Prelate, Pope, or Priest), what earthly claim he makes  
can you deny ?

Let the Priest be but the pastor, Popes Heaven's porters  
cease to be,

And all ground is gone from under Temporal Supremacy.

But his lordly friends forsook him, having sought in the  
earlier strife,

“ Meat ” of worldly profit only, not “ to everlasting  
life.”

And a loneliness more grievous falls upon him : one by  
one,

Forced by persecution, trusted brethren from his side  
are gone.

Some through fear denied the doctrine, some in prisons  
close are pent,

Some in secret places lurking, some far off in banish-  
ment.

Lone, nor knowing how a moment may affect his palsied  
frame,

Nor what moment Courtenay's jailers may his tottering  
body claim,

Only sure of this, they will come. Yet 'twas ordered  
by God's grace,  
Not through martyrdom's fire-chariot Wycliffe was to  
see His face.

"None of these things move me," thinks he, "neither  
count I my life dear,  
If my Lord Christ in my suff'rings only magnified appear.

"Since to live, and live in silence, were for me the worst  
of crimes.  
Than such treason's guilt towards Jesus better death  
a thousand times.

"I AM's mystic providences, monks' and prelates' pow'r  
and hate,  
Know I:—with strong heart and trusting, meekly, all  
the worst I wait."

But, in ways his brave soul saw not, men were held from  
doing their "worst."  
Gaunt in kind remembrance kept him, though not with  
him now as erst.

'Cæsar's daughter' from Bohemia, good Queen Anne  
in th' English Court,  
Openly read Wycliffe's Bible, and with Lollards did  
consort.

Rival Popes intent on raising armies, East, West, South,  
and North,  
Had but little thought to spare for this poor priest of  
Lutterworth.

While the Prelates, who more clearly saw what  
Wycliffe's movement meant,  
"For they feared the people," dared not yet accomplish  
their intent.

So they bind him to his parsonage and parish; they  
can wait

Till his years and much infirmity release him from their  
hate.

So they bind him, but the Word of God they cannot  
bind; and still

By his "simple priests" and writings he his mission may  
fulfil.

Though his voice is hushed in Oxford, nor in London  
may he stand,

Still his tracts and scripture portions are a power  
throughout the land.

And he lives the First Reformer who, deserted and alone,  
Dared deny the only creed in all the realms around him  
known.

Lone? "And yet alone I am not, for the Father is with  
me,"

Said the Master, treading surely towards thy depths,  
Gethsemane.

And the Master's words still cheered him, "Let your  
heart not troubled be,

Neither fearful: ye believe in God, believe also in Me."



Statesmen of our Isles of England, called Earth's state-  
liest barque to guide

'Twixt the shoals of Superstition, rocks of Intellectual  
Pride!

As your Chart and your Great Charter see you take  
the Blessed Book,

Which, for weal of souls and peoples, Wycliffe, Priest  
and Statesman, took.

Not as Gaunt be,—like vine-tenders fain to shelter  
flower and fruit;

No thought taking for wise tillage of the soil that feeds  
the root.

Let it Order, Fate, or Chance be, your Ship's fortunes in  
the past

Still have varied as this Volume you made light of or  
held fast.

So misprize it not,—a Blessing's in it—in the Blessed  
Tome,

Which, wherever brought, brings blessing; be it nation,  
church, or home.

Other peoples for their rights against usurping Pontiffs  
fought;

Other peoples, too, laughed Rome's ecclesiastic claims  
to nought;

Yea, and conquered: oft, in seeming, conquered surelier  
than you,

Yet in time that proud Pretender's yoke, as erstwhile  
fettered, drew.



They had forced and cherished dearly flower and foliage  
and fruit,

While the root they slighted sorely and the soil that  
fed the root.

Gaunt-like statesmen they, of whom the quarry was not  
prized or known,

Whence true Law-and-Freedom Temples can be hewn,  
and whence alone.

Pilots, then, of Ancient England, called Earth's state-  
liest barque to guide

'Twixt the shoals of Superstition, rocks of Intellectual  
Pride !

As your Chart and your Great Charter see you take the  
Blessed Book

Which, for weal of souls and peoples, Wycliffe, Priest  
and Statesman, took.



## XX.

## PEACE.

“A second attack (paralysis) which seized him in his church proved fatal (Dec. 31st, 1384), when he was about sixty years of age.—*Southey's "Book of the Church."*

“Admirable, that a hare so often hunted, with so many packs of dogs, should die, at last, quietly sitting in his form.”—*Fuller.*

So from day to day he laboured, toiled from week to week, alone,

God's whole counsel, as he found it in His Scriptures, to make known ;—

Chiefly as opposed to errors with which Rome God's Spirit vex ;

His chief joy and care the perfecting his English Bible's text.

Till one peaceful day in winter, with his people worshipping,

Came the summons, “Come up higher, to the presence of the King.”

With the old year passed he from them ; in the new they laid him down

To his rest, where Swift's clear waters wind by Lutterworth's old town.

To his rest men laid him lovingly among the valley's clods ;

Angels bore him to his triumph in the Presence that is God's. . . .

Weep you not, Christ-lovers,—loving him ; though  
dead he speaketh yet.

Heed you not his foes' rejoicing : on His Throne still  
God is set.

And his message than the messenger is greater ; shall  
remain

When the messenger passed beyond the reach of hate  
or pain.

Let them chant above his sepulchre their pœans of  
delight ;

Nothing recks he where, before God's Throne, he walks  
in raiment white.

Let them dig his ashes from the earth and cast on every  
gale ;

But they cannot cast them farther than his doctrine  
shall prevail.

Let them foul his name with slanders, these shall yet  
stand manifest ;

And the name reviled for Christ's sake shall be graved  
on Jesu's breast.

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It had come to him—the day desired of prophets and  
the wise,

When the Word of God's Salvation should lie open to  
all eyes.

It had come, and his the hand had bade that utmost  
darkness cease:—

Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant hence depart in love  
and peace.

It had come ; so he, its morning star, pales gladly with  
the gloom :—

Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant unto Thee in peace  
to come.

Glad he passed away—assured well, “ Truth must grow  
though I decrease.”

Calm he passed away in triumph to God’s heaven of  
Love and Peace.

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## XXI.

### HIS SECRET OF STRENGTH.

“ We find Wycliffe zealously inculcating the lessons of inspiration on the fall of man and the consequent depravity of human nature ; on the excellence and perpetual obligation of the moral law ; on the exclusive dependency of every child of Adam on the atonement of Christ for the remission of his sins ; and for victory over temptation, and the possession of holiness on the aids of Divine Grace.”—*Vaughan*.

SUCH the man, and such the manner of his death and of  
his life.

Hast thou looked into the secret of his strength in all  
that strife ?

Faith was his, and Love as surely ;—not a Faith content,  
‘ God lives ;

So his Providence will care that Time to Truth the  
triumph gives.’

Not a Love on vague abstractions vaguely wasting its  
resource :

But his heart’s response to that which caught him from  
hell’s headlong course.

Christ to him was more than Saviour : Christ was his  
Exemplar hailed ;

Christ his intimate Companion : Christ the Friend that  
never failed.

All that Christ was to him—Saviour, Pattern, Friend,  
Companion true,—

’Twas his faith that Christ would fain be to all mortals  
whom he knew.

And his love constrained him hourly, as he toiled to  
draw men nigh

ONE who would be all men’s Saviour, Pattern, Friend  
and Fast Ally.

Yes, I rate John Wycliffe highly as the Statesman and  
the Priest :

Of Reformers if not greatest, certes, he was far from  
least :

As a Patriot I praise him, as a Scholar I revere :

But as Witness to the Gospel’s simplest truths I hold  
him dear.

Simplest truths? So simple, even lisping babes may understand ;

Though not known to many wise men of his age in any land ! . . .

“Keep thou surely in remembrance all God’s goodness from the first :—

How He made thee in His Likeness, how He saved the self-accurst.

“Read the story of His Passion. Ponder o’er it line by line.

Whose the crimes that caused such travail? Whose the follies? Thine and mine.

“O bethink thee with thine whole heart of the wondrous Love which brought

Him—the Highest—to souls’ rescue that had sold themselves for nought !

“Brought Him down to be our Brother—and our meanest brother too :

Through a mortal anguish brought Him no mere mortal ever knew.

“And bethink thee that the Mercy which availed to save, is still

Strong to strengthen when Temptation ’gainst thy weakness threatens ill.

“O bethink thee that the Love which brought Him down on earth to die,

Still secures on all thy fortunes one sure sympathizing eye!

“That the Love which took Him heavenward to pre-  
pare for thee and plead,  
Sent the Paraclete from Heaven, thee to comfort, stay,  
and lead.”

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“Other name for man’s salvation than His Name hath  
not been given :  
Nor hath human life another perfect pattern under  
Heaven.

“Of the wicked, doomed to dying, shall God’s glory  
ne’er be known :  
True men seeking Life and Glory find it in the Lord  
alone.

“Once I went about, by coveting and riches life to  
gain ;  
In lusts’ swallow and flesh wantonness—in vain : the  
quest was vain.

“Then with worldly feres I took me where the mirth  
rang wild and free,  
But no Blessedness was known there : there no Saviour  
joyed with me.

“Now in ‘good work’ self-deceiving, now in Pharisaic  
rite,  
I assayed the boon so longed for ; but no Jesus met  
my sight.



“Not all these, nor any of them, profit did to me impart.

Spake His Spirit to my spirit,—‘Blessed are the poor in heart.’

“So with humbled soul I sought Him : sought of weakness, He was found

Lying in the Bethlehem manger, in poor swaddling garments bound.

“Want’s privations my life burdened ; I my griefs to Him would tell :—

In the wilderness He hungers ; thirsteth, weary, by the well.

“All at evening sought their own homes ; He unto the mount is gone

With the night-dews and the night-chills : home the Son of Man has none.

“Slanders and reproofs assailed me ; my best acts were judged of evil :

‘He is mad,’ of Him His friends say ; and His foes,  
‘He hath a devil.’

“Foul Disease involved my body ; and my heart Bereavement’s gloom :

But He *touchèd* the loathsome leper, wept by Lazarus’ tomb.

“I would flee the vain world’s follies, far from crowds my bosom still :

He is fasting in the desert, praying lonely on the hill.

“For the Truth shall I be fettered? He this way has  
also trod.

In my flesh for Truth's sake suffer? Pilate's scourges  
drip with blood.

“Mental tortures must I dare too? Shames and  
mockeries and scorn?

Ecce Homo! Lo, the Purple Robe, the Reed and Crown  
of Thorn!

“Always mine, but mine most surely in the death hour,  
when I call—

THOU who for us trod a deeper, darker valley than we  
all.

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“Art thou out in search of Jesus when sun shines or  
shadows lour?

Art thou longing for His presence in Life's prime or  
parting hour?

“Know, a false man finds not Jesus, cannot see Him  
when he stands

In His presence; could not feel Him tho' he touched  
Him with his hands.

Soul, gone forth in search of Jesus, thou shalt find Him  
without fail,

If thou, sorrow-crushed, sin-weary, would'st all souls'  
sole Healer hail.”

## XXII.

## POST-MORTEM.

## (1.) CONSTANCE : THE INQUEST.

“The Holy Synod doth further declare and define the said John Wycliffe to have been a notorious heretic, and to have died obstinate in heresy, by excommunicating him and condemning his memory, and doth judge that his body and bones, if they can be distinguished from those of the faithful, shall be disinterred, or dug out of the ground, and cast at a distance from the sepulchre of the Church.”—*Decree of Council of Constance*, 1415.

CONSTANCE city by Lake Constance where from this the  
Rhine stream flows!

Far beyond, tower Alpine summits crowned with ever-  
lasting snows.

Constance city by Lake Constance! There the Church's  
Fathers see  
Gathered in the fifteenth summer of the fifteenth  
century.

“Councils over Popes supreme are,” they in Council  
have proclaimed.  
(Pio\* other doctrine as the truth, four centuries later,  
named.)

So three anti-Popes deposed they and declared Colonna  
Pope.

(Ah, if true is Pio's doctrine, once the Church did  
darkly grope.)

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\* Pius IX.—Papal Infallibility declared in Rome, 1870.

So three anti-Popes,—John, Benedict and Gregory,—  
they dethroned :

And three heretics accursed they, and their heresies  
disowned.

To hell-fire all three accursed they : two to death by  
fire they doomed ;

While their master's, Wycliffe's, ashes from his grave  
must be exhumed.

Must exhumed be, burned and drowned be ; so be earth  
no more accurst

With one trace of the vile heretic who broached such  
doctrines first.

Constance town ! Two thousand Holy Fathers then in  
Council met

With the Empire's Chief and great ones, in their rolls  
this sentence set.

Pitifullest spite of men that have no more that they can  
do !

Chiefs and Fathers of the Church of CHRIST ? your  
father's works work you.



## (2.) LUTTERWORTH : THE EXHUMATION.

"The brook (Swift) did convey his ashes into Avon ; Avon into Severn ; Severn into the narrow seas ; they into the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wycliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over."—*Fuller*.

BEING dead yet speaks he—yea, dead Wycliffe to good purpose spoke.

Huss and Jerome willing shoulders long had bowed beneath his yoke.

Huss and Jerome must die therefore—die the cruel death by fire !

But the faith of Huss and Jerome shall not in their flames expire.

Thirty years their master's bones in Lutterworth Church-yard had lain :

Thirty years his soul had risen past all reach of hate or pain.

Thirty years the dead was speaking :—potenter to-day his tones,

Or to bind the breaking-hearted or to startle Falsehood's thrones.

Thirty years ! And still in monkish and prelatie breasts his name

Is the fuel of a hatred which no lapse of years can tame.

“ Worse than Jerome, worse than Huss, than both together he appears,  
By whose doctrine all Bohemia has been poisoned all these years.

“ He is past our power to make him feel the fires we make them feel.  
Dig his bones from out their grave and drown them for the Church’s weal.”

Hellish plotters not at all times may their hellish agents find.

Passed some years ere Lincoln’s Bishop was of Constance Council’s mind.

Four-and-forty years have Wycliffe’s bones here lain in mortal trance.—

Look upon this ghastly picture with reverted, hurried glance! . . .

Monks and priests and prelates gather:—’tis some solemn function high

Bids them here, if you would judge them by the triumph in each eye.

Here are also spade and mattock:—’tis some burial rite, no doubt?

Careful delvers too are delving: tonsured clerics crowd about.

Burial, and ne’er a coffin? Burial, no corpse being seen?  
Burial, and no vex’d visage, voice of wail, or weeping een?



Burial? nay, exhumation! Past are four-and-forty years,  
Since men laid here Wycliffe's body while they praised  
him through their tears.

And to-day, though from no eyelid o'er that opened  
grave tears start,  
Down at Lutterworth's old village there are old folks  
sore at heart.

There are old folks telling young folks of the tall spare  
form they knew ;  
Of the face benign and masterful—their pastor's, kind  
and true.

There are old folks telling strange folks of the hand  
theirs oft had prest,—  
Yea the hand that traced the tracts and Scripture  
portions they love best.

There are old folks there with old folks, words recalling  
that he spake,—  
All the doctrines on account of which the priests his  
slumbers brake.

There are old and young folks in whose hearts some  
truths those heard him say,  
Not unburied but revived are, by this hellish deed to-  
day.

Exhumation? Profanation! Flee hence—yet, if stay  
one must,  
With reverted hurried glances note that work of  
ghoulish lust.

They have reached the mouldered coffin, all the mould'-  
ring bones are told:

They have surely scraped together what they find of  
richer mould.

List! A Prelate's voice is lifted: 'tis th' anathema of  
dread

Which the Fathers of that Constance Council 'gainst  
John Wycliffe sped.

See! Christ's priests, as heathen, have already piled a  
funeral pyre:—

Pah! the air reeks with weird savor—mortal earth and  
bones in fire!

But the flames grow dim and dimmer: cold at last those  
ashes lie!

Carefully they now are gathered 'neath that Prelate's  
careful eye.

And again his voice is lifted in th' anathema of dread  
Which the Church's Holy Fathers 'gainst the dead John  
Wycliffe sped.

And those ashes in Swift's waters, hard by Lutterworth's  
old town,

Next, with curse of bell and candle and of book, they  
bravely drown!

But the winds that smoke which scattered, and the  
main to which Swift bore

Wycliffe's ashes, Wycliffe's doctrine since have sown  
by every shore.

And since then in sure proportion as they cherished or  
disdained

Wycliffe's doctrine, Wycliffe's Bible, have the nations  
waxed or waned.

Constance town by Constance waters! There the  
Church's Fathers, met

With the Empire's chief and great ones, in their rolls  
such sentence set!

Holy Fathers—cursed ashes? . . . Holy ashes—Fathers  
curst?

Which? ye after ages answer, realms that have  
Rome's bondage burst.





## L'Envoi.

—  
XXIII.

### WYCLIFFE AND THE WORLD.

#### (1.) GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

“God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform ;  
He plants His footsteps in the sea, and rides upon the storm.”  
“The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church.”

CLOUDS and darkness, storm and tempest—these are of  
our nether air :

But beyond are the infinite spaces, and God's stars and  
heavens are there.

God ? nay, God is here beneath them, God within them  
working still—

God within them ever working some new mercy to fulfil.

Wycliffe may be scorned or troubled ; Wycliffe's ashes  
ocean-drowned ;

Huss and Jerome, his disciples, to the cruel stake be  
bound ;

Many of his faithful Lollards in the coming hundred  
years

Suffer cruelly for Truth's sake—villeins, clerics, knight  
and peers,—

But the seeds they sow are nourished by their blood  
and sweat and tears,

And the green will shoot up greener at the ending of  
their years.

And their own souls shall stand firmer, and their own  
faith surer grow

In proportion as the persecution-blasts about them  
blow.

And the Home Beyond shall welcome greater Throngs  
before the Throne,

And more Blessèd, for the greater Tribulations they  
have known.

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### (2.) WYCLIFFE'S SERVICE.

“To Wycliffe we owe more than to any person who can be mentioned, our ENGLISH LANGUAGE, our ENGLISH BIBLE and our REFORMED RELIGION.”—*Prof. Montague Burrows.*

YES, I say it as I think it,—In the roll of England's  
fame,—

Of her soldiers, sages, martyrs,—Wycliffe shines the  
noblest name.

Stands he not the First Reformer who, abandoned and  
alone,

Dared deny the only creed in all the realm around  
him known?

So that men have truly named him Reformation's  
Morning Star,  
Though before him other watchers by that morn were  
smit afar.

Morning Star o' the Reformation—not in England's  
realm alone:—

In Bohemia, Hungary, Poland, Wycliffe's name was  
loved and known.

Huss had pondered o'er his pages, had transcribed  
them: not for nought,  
Ere a hundred years, to Luther Huss has Wycliffe's  
doctrine taught.

Morning Star o' the Reformation? Nay, all secular  
blessings, too,

In our modern life, to Wycliffe, wholly or in part, are due,

Came through him the Reformation? what of all we  
boast in, then,

Came not through its liberation of man's conscience,  
mind, and pen?—

Came not even to the nations who against its creed  
protest,

But whose very air hath savour of its doctrines un-  
confest?

Certes, from his time to our time England crowned no  
greatness yet

Whose substructure or foundation had not been by  
Wycliffe set.



Think you not he was her liberties' inaugurator true  
Who the people's judgment first invoked 'twixt man and  
Prelate : who

Took the Pope from 'twixt the subject and the  
sovereign in our land ;  
Whilst he taught, 'Twixt Christ and Conscience priest  
or pontiff should not stand ?

Was not he the Founder, likewise, of her modern  
literature,  
Who first fixed our English language on lines popular  
and sure ?

And I hold that Bacon, Shakspeare, Watt and Newton  
of him sprung,  
Just as surely as his Lollards and the Marian martyr-  
throng :—

That his force went with the breezes which the Spaniard's  
vessel bore,  
And the Dutchman's, to Columbia's coast and far  
Australia's shore :—

That his spirit fired the bosoms of the crew of the May-  
flower  
When they dared the ocean rather than be slaves to  
Prelates' power :

And that still it stirs the strong and striving nation-  
alities,  
England's empire-children, springing up afar in south-  
ern seas ;

While from pole to pole our missionaries, wheresoever  
sent,

Are his "Gospel-priests'" successors, who by twos  
through England went.

But his likeliest disciples are the toilers day and night  
Who give other realms in their own speech God's  
saving word of light.

Yes, I say it as I think it, in the roll of England's  
fame,—

Of her soldiers, sages, martyrs,—Wycliffe's shines the  
noblest name :

That his brave heart was th' one acorn whence the  
mighty forest grew,  
Whose leaves now are for the nations' healing all the  
wide world through.

So, thou Pilgrim through our England, drawn for love  
of England's name ;  
Pilgrim to her shrines historic—monumental of her  
fame,—

Count thy grateful task unfinished till thou bless God  
on bent knees,  
Where by Lutterworth the Swift rolls and by Wycliffe's  
glen the Tees.

For I say it as I think it, in the roll of England's  
fame,—  
Of her soldiers, sages, martyrs,—Wycliffe's shines the  
noblest name.





POEMS AND BALLADS  
OF  
PROTESTANTISM.







# Luther's Pilgrimage

FROM

## Wittemberg to Worms.\*

—o—

"Nothing could exceed his submissiveness and humility when a choice was left him whether to be humble or daring, but when conscience spoke, no other consideration was for a moment attended to, and he certainly did then shake the forest in his magnificent ire. . . . What is also remarkable in a man of his indubitable and profound piety is, that he had no sanctified airs, no austerity . . . no show, no parade of sanctity about him . . . His piety was not put on him, but broke out of him."—*See Preface to Hazlitt's Translation of Michelet's Life of Luther.*"

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\* Martin Luther, son of a miner, was born at Eisleben, 1483; entered free school Eisenach, 1489. At Eisenach was greatly befriended by Dame Ursula Cotta. Entered Erfurth University, 1501; opened a Bible for first time, 1503. In 1505 entered Erfurth Monastery, (changing his name to Augustine), where he found a chained copy of the Holy Scriptures. Ordained, 1507. Professor in Wittemberg University, 1508. Visited Rome, 1512. First meeting with Melanethon, 1518. At Augsburg, before the Legate Cardinal Cajetan, 1518. Appeals from the Pope to the Church, 1518. Disputes at Leipsic with Dr. Eck, 1519. Burns publicly Pope's Bull against forty-one propositions extracted from his writings, 1520. Summoned to Diet of Worms by Charles V., 1521.



## PRELUDE : IN WITTEMBERG

(APRIL 2ND, 1521.)

## 1.

AMONG a grave remonstrant group  
He lingers, ready to depart ;  
Like one scarce greater, questioning,—  
“Why will ye weep and break mine heart?”

“For I am ready not alone  
To suffer bonds for Jesu’s name.”  
“The will o’ the Lord be done,” also  
Upon his ear for answer came.

“Yet,” urges one, “why go whilst thus  
By bodily weakness bowed ; until——”  
“God calls me when the Emperor calls :  
I bow me humbly to God’s will.

“God, when He calls, gives answering strength ;  
And so to Worms I go : e’en though  
Each step from Wittemberg on couch  
Of sickness borne, to Worms would go.”

He lives through whom unhurt the Three  
Bel’s seven times heated furnace trod.  
God cannot fail for lack of me,  
But what of me if I fail God ? ”

## II.

Without, the Imperial herald waits,  
Th' Imperial Eagle o'er him borne.  
The streets are thronged with crowds who wait  
To greet—no Emperor's bridal-morn.

They wait to cheer no warrior chief,  
Fresh from victorious battle-fields :  
No statesman whose large policy  
From want or war a nation shields.

Among a few most feeble folk,—  
His friends—about to part, he stands,—  
Earth's greatest, by his greatest girt,  
A friar to his feet commands.

Yet less upon that Emperor  
And princely court in Worms this morn,  
Than on this group in Wittemberg  
Of monks—a Papal Legate's scorn,  
The after ages' fortunes hang,  
The generations' yet unborn.

## III.

The saddest face of a sad group—  
It is Melanchthon's : unto whom,—  
"Brother, most dear of all my brothers,"  
Spake Luther, "why this brow of gloom" ?

“Why? would to God I too might go  
And share the perils of your way” . . .

“’Tis God who orders both our lots ;  
*He* calls me hence, *He* bids you stay.  
So<sup>r</sup> you survive, it matters not  
Though all my foes have power to slay

“For should I never more return  
Thou’lt labour the more earnestly :—  
Labour, my brother, in my place  
When labour is no more for me.

“And now with me commit my soul  
To Him in whom we both believe” . . .  
They part ; and whilst his longing eyes  
Pursued, thus did Melanchthon grieve,—

“My Father, whom God gave to me  
In place of country, kith, and kind :  
Whom, ever as I contemplate,  
Still greater than himself I find !”

#### IV.

Without, th’ Imperial herald waits :  
And anxious thousands throng about  
Where Wittemberg’s Town Council’s gift,  
A covered wagon, waits without.

Here Luther’s fellow-travellers wait :—  
Leal friend, skilled pleader, Jerome Schurff ;  
Chivalrous Suaven, student, knight ;  
And, bravest of the brave, Amsdorff.

Now silence holds the street,—he comes !  
And as he enters with bowed head  
'Tis silence ; till, whilst sinking back,  
“ Now, in the name of God,” he said.

## V.

## THE PILGRIMAGE.

“ Whither, with thousands' sobs and cheers,  
O monk, accused of heresy ? ”

“ I go before the Emperor  
And all the Empire's chivalry :  
I go to speak for Truth and Christ,  
And for our German Liberty.”

“ Yes, Liberty is more than gold—  
And Truth and Christ more precious still.  
God guard thee on thy perilous way ;  
God shield thee round from every ill !

“ But Papal Legates love not Truth,  
And Christ seems little more than name,  
And Tyrants love not liberty ;—  
Recant, or speed back whence you came.—  
Chains are for troublers of the realm ;  
For heretics a faggot's flame.”

“ No heretic, if God be true,  
No troubler of the realm am I.  
To all I yield in all except  
God's word to abandon or deny.

"I answer still, God's will be done !

My Saviour Christ, who is my hope,  
Will through His Spirit strengthen me  
With Satan's ministers to cope.

" 'Recant' ? Thus I recant ;—I've taught,  
The Pope Christ's vicar is and word.  
Now, th' Evil One's apostle he,  
The adversary of the Lord."

VI.

Long passed are Wittenberg's great plains ;  
No welcome out hath Leipsic sent ;  
No greeting gives, save Rhenish cup  
Of customary compliment.

Which hints, " Pass on, O man of doom !  
Duke George, no doubt, with hatred sore  
Hates priests' and prelates' practices ;  
He hates the Lutheran doctrines more."  
(And still the people press to see,  
At every window, every door.)

" Monk, monk, observe you not what these  
Timeservers bode anent your fate ?  
What prudent souls, who hate you not  
But love themselves, prognosticate ?"

" On, on, still on, for God is strong :  
Mysterious still are ways He uses.  
And oft the weak things of the world  
Things mighty to confound He chooses."

## VII.

Naumburg ! Here, as elsewhere, the crowds  
Are out to warn and welcome him ;  
With faces pale for love and awe,  
With eyes that tears of pity dim.

Here through the throngs a priest has pressed,  
Who in his hand a portrait \* bears,  
Which 'neath the pilgrim's eye is placed  
In silence : but the pilgrim hears

A voice within him, " *This* man died  
For morals pure and liberty.  
But *thou* wilt first change *doctrine*, wilt  
Thus only make man good and free.  
If this reformer suffered so,  
What hope, poor German monk, for thee ?"

He gazed ; and as he gazed, the fire  
That always burned within his glance,  
Leaped up ; the while a trance-like smile  
Took all his rugged countenance ;—

"Savonarola suffered sore ;  
Fire-girt, Savonarola died.  
Better Savonarola's woe  
And death than recreant life," he sighed.

---

\* Savonarola's.

Tears glisten in his upturned glance,  
Lips quiver as he spake once more ;—  
“To martyrs what their martyrdom,—  
How light and brief,—on yonder shore !”

Now strong resolve takes all his face,  
As wont ; “’Tis Satan who would fain  
Prevent the Truth from being confessed  
’Fore Princes who his power maintain.  
He dreads the ruin which the Truth  
Once known must bring unto his reign.”

With fixèd face, with glance severe  
The priest had watched him earnestly,—  
In silence from the first had watched :  
But now, swift-vanishing, spake he,  
“Abide thou by this Truth of God,  
The God of Truth will ’bide by thee.”

Yet, as he journeyed on, that face  
His fancy haunted still, and woke  
Such meditations as (like one  
Who thinks aloud) thus once he spoke,—

‘Savonarola was a Saint,  
And lives in Blessedness : for, though  
Some Papal error to him clave,  
In Whom he hoped ’twas his to know.  
Popes burned his bones, his memory ban ;  
Christ canonized him long ago.



## VIII.

Weimar hath welcome, warning too.

"See," spake the Herald, "everywhere  
Th' Imperial edict 'gainst your books.

Dare you still forward?" "Yes, I dare.  
Though under ban in every town  
Through which I pass, I forward fare.

"I trust the Emperor's guaranty."

"Safe-conduct, ay? Hast heard of Huss  
And Sigismond," one calls anear,

"That thou wilt be befooléd thus?"

"I've heard of Sigismond and Huss.

My soul to Jesus I commit.

My life or death is little worth,—

'Tis God's affair; He'll see to it.

So be it life or be it death,

As Truth shall have more benefit."

Duke John has gracious words, and gifts

To meet the charges of his way,

And open house and open church

In which to preach the Word next day.

For 'mong the Princes too were some

Whose hope in Luther's doctrine lay.



## IX.

There is a flutter at his heart :

His glance a strange wild yearning fires,  
As ever and anon he peers  
For Erfurth's towers, for Erfurth's spires.

At last ! It is dear Erfurth town :—

The University where fled  
His student hours ; the convent where  
His years of pain and penance sped.

Again the young Augustine hears

The wise and gentle Staupitz' voice :—  
“Look to the wounds of Jesus Christ,  
And through His sufferings rejoice.”

Lives that old monk who spake to him,

“Christ died for sinners to atone.  
In sins' forgiveness I believe,  
Not others' only but mine own.”

Yes, Erfurth's University

Is known to earth's remotest bound ;  
And Erfurth Convent hath a name  
That through the ages shall resound :

For once in that a student found

A dust-heaped Bible hid away ;  
And once in this the Scriptures chained  
Were a monk's study day by day.

But what sees he along the road,  
At least a league from Erfurth town?—  
The citizens to welcome him:  
In front some doctors of renown.

Right glad the welcome they accord;  
Right glad his greeting in return.  
Two thousand voices fill the air,  
Two thousand hearts in triumph burn.

And Erfurth's streets are still the same  
As when the monk Augustine trod  
From door to door, and blindly begged  
His convent's alms for love of God!

One other night in Erfurth, one  
Within its ancient convent bounds,  
(If ne'er another,) God gives him.

He strays among the grassy mounds  
Where sleep the brothers who no more  
The floor of Erfurth convent tread;  
With pious reverence pores he o'er  
Each brief memorial of the dead.

"Now whose may be yon wooden cross  
New-planted in this field of death?"

A brother's truly, tried and true;  
A brother too in Jesu's faith.

Loosed is the fountain of his tears:

The Man of Iron bows him down  
Above a brother dearly loved,  
Of late forgot, in Erfurth town.

One from the convent seeks him out :—

“The convent’s closing hour is past.”

“See, father, where *he* rest, while I——”

His troubled look to Heaven is cast.

With thankful heart he hears the tale

Of his dead brother’s parting hour ;

Of how he triumphed over death,

And triumphed in the Saviour’s pow’r.

But ere he sought his cell that night

At least another hour was sped

Beneath Heaven’s open vault, among

The mounds and crosses of the dead.

Ask you, this mourner by a grave

How shall *he* brave kings’ wrath, popes’ ban ?

Just speak to him the word “Retract,”

Methinks you’ll meet another man.

Just follow him in Erfurth town

Itself, next morn, to Erfurth church,

Thronged with attentive auditors

From altar steps to outmost porch.

Hear him denounce the public vice,

The priests’ false teaching, prelates’ pride :

His text, “Peace be to you : He said

And showed to them his hands and side.”

And when, his ire ’gainst wrong being ceast,

He turns the wounds of Christ to show,

In one half hour this double man

Of wrath and pity you shall know.

But life is such love rules not all :  
Oft tho' hearts break must veil her crown ;  
And earth for him hath dearer haunts  
Than even this dear Erfurth town.

## x.

Past Gothen now and Rheinendbrunn :—  
Beloved Eisenach at last !  
(Still all the towns and villages  
Poured forth their people as he pass'd.)

'Tis Eisenach, dear Eisenach !  
It seems, to Worms while journeying on,  
Through all his life he travels back,  
Through manhood, youth and boyhood's dawn.

'Tis Eisenach, dear Eisenach !  
“Halt !” and the covered wagon stays  
Before the door was Cotta's once . . .  
Whilst with uncovered head he prays,

“The pious Shunamite” he sees  
In fancy on the threshold stand :—  
Her face of kindness sees who takes  
A solitary singer's hand.

Now to his friends in tears he turns :—  
“Earth nothing has from sea to sea  
So tender as a woman's heart  
When 'tis the abode of piety.”

One moment paused he. "Spurn you not  
Poor scholars singing at your door,  
Who *panem propter Deum* ask ;  
For Luther has done so before.

"I would not now my fortunes change  
With him who fills the Grand Turk's throne ;  
Not for the wealth of all the world  
Surrender some things that I own ;

"But ne'er had kings stayed on a voice  
Once suppliant in this street for bread,  
Had I ne'er learned to read ; my soul  
Ne'er been to Truth's pure fountain led."

And now in kindly scorn one calls,—  
A military chieftain high ;—

"You he who dares the impossible,—  
The Popedom to reform ?" "Yes, I.  
Before me are God's word and law,  
And on His promise I rely."

In altered tones the officer  
Spake back :—"No doubt you well deserve ;  
And much is hid in what you say.

I serve the mighty Charles : you serve  
A Mightier. He will assist  
And shield you ; only do not swerve."

Dear Eisenach ! and has he come  
At Eisenach beloved to die ?  
Fond fearful friends around his couch  
Herein Heaven's warning-sign descry.



"My Father, friends and foes have warned :  
'Tis God himself doth warn thee now.  
Hearken submissive : to His will,  
Thus plainly manifested, bow."

"God warns by friends and foes, and oft  
His special providences guide.  
So, too, He tries His children's faith :  
He trieth me who Abram tried."

And Eisenach is left behind.  
Death in his face he passed its bound,  
Scarce of the sympathetic crowds  
Aught recking, that his ear surround,

Till one calls to him, "Cardinals  
And Bishops at Constance gave Huss  
A welcome of the warmest : what  
If now at Worms they serve you thus?"

His eyeballs flashed, as, with raised head,  
In thunder-tones his answer came,  
"Though they should make a fire to reach  
From Wittemberg to Worms, whose flame  
Would touch the high Heaven, still would I pass  
Right through and through in Jesu's name;

"Before these princes would appear,  
And treading 'twixt Behemoth's jaws  
Would break his teeth, confess the name  
Of Jesus and maintain my cause.



“He lives through whom unhurt the Three  
Bel’s seven times heated furnace trod.  
God cannot fail for lack of me ;  
But what of me if I fail God ? ”

## XI.

He Spalatin from Frankfort writes :—

“If you adjudge our progress slow,  
Know Satan hindered, hinders still,  
By various devices ; so

“From Eisenach till now Disease  
Has had me in her bitter care.  
But as Christ lives I enter Worms  
Despite Hell’s gates and powers of air,  
'Tis not that Satan will fright me,  
But I will drive him to despair.”

Within the school of William Nesse

He spake to the assembled youth :—  
“Your chiefest study be God’s Word,  
Your chiefest search that after truth.”

And he who blessed the children there,  
High-honoured of the wise and good,  
Thence an aged widow’s blessing took  
In love and lowly gratitude.



## XII.

In Worms fear seizes friend and foe  
As Luther's advent draweth near.  
His friends, "no faith with heretics,"  
Among the prelates whispered hear.  
His foes know what is darkness' doom  
If dawn once touch the firmament.  
So friend and foe for once are one  
His nearer progress to prevent.

## XIII.

At Oppenheim his heart is glad  
For Bucer's coming. "Ho, what cheer?  
At head of horsemen, too?" . . . "The Knight  
Of Sickingeen still holds thee dear.  
"He sends me forward with this troop  
For thy convoyal to his hold.  
Since Charles' confessor, Glapion,  
Would warn thee 'gainst being over-bold.  
"Once found in Worms thou'lt surely burn.  
He comes to Ebernberg, and there  
You two shall end the empire's fears.  
But of the nuncio beware—  
"Of Alexander." Bucer thus :  
Amsdorff and Schurff in silence wait.  
Jonas is doubtful what to say,  
But Luther does not hesitate:—

"What, Bucer? Sickingen? List, all:—

If the Emperor's confessor so  
Desireth to have speech with me,  
My answer is, *To Worms I go.*"

Still Bucer urged:—" 'Tis Sickingen

Who sends; what truer friend than he?  
The brave Von Hütten joins with him;—  
His guest, as both would have you be."

"Take Luther's words to both his friends,"  
(Now Luther spake in gentler tone),

"He goes on his appointed way;  
His shield the Lord of Hosts alone."

#### XIV.

At Piffenheim beside the road

A peasant's planting elms. "Let me  
Plant one, and may my doctrines thrive  
As shall the branches of this tree."

(It throve. For nigh a century

From far and near, of every grade,  
Devoted Lutherans to rest  
'Neath "the Reformer's Elm" were laid.)

#### XV.

Of all the princes now in Worms

Attendant on th' Imperial throne,  
Luther holds one in steadfast faith—  
The Elector Frederick alone.

“Back to your master,” Luther spake ;—  
Give him my answer in square terms :  
Held Worms as many devils as tiles  
Upon its roofs, I’d enter Worms.”

## XVI.

Thus openly, victoriously,  
With world and flesh was he engaged,  
A subtler warfare in his soul  
With Satan’s self was often waged.

As from an angel of the light  
Came promptings of most heavenly hue ;—  
Such as, The altar may be God’s,  
But art thou priest or victim true ?

Such as, The altar may be God’s,  
And thou be priest or victim true,  
But is the fire thou bringest “strange,”  
Or such as to such service due ?

Two voices thus within him strove ;  
And now the voice Christ’s grace withstood  
Did seem an angel of the light,  
And now—a brother’s of his blood.—

“What hast thou done with those few sheep  
In Wittemberg’s far wilderness ? ”  
’Tis but a proud and naughty heart  
Has brought thee to the battle’s stress.

"*Thou* might'st leave Kings and Courts alone :  
Yon sphere was large enough for thee.  
Here die ; the world is nothing more,  
And yonder flock roams helplessly."

But "Is there not a cause ?" Still came  
That answer on his heart with pow'r.  
"God called me when the Emperor called :  
'Tis God has called me to this hour."

"And *thou* before the Emperor  
And Empire's chivalry wilt stand  
In friar's frock—a David, but  
Without sling or stone in hand ?  
Speed, speed thee back, poor fatuous soul ;  
Return at once to thine own land."

"O no, not so. I forward go,  
As David's God shall be my stay.  
In mine own strength I face no foe,  
And not unarmed I brave the fray."

"I bring no stones from rushing brook ;  
For this my warfare vain were such :  
My weapon's one—the Spirit's sword.—  
I've put its prowess to the touch  
Already. David's God, through me  
And it, already hath done much."

"The bears and lions" I have slain  
Are lies and wiles that barred truth's way,  
And this Goliath, Empire-Power,  
If it oppose, shall be as they."

“’Tis with its blade the pardon trade  
Was struck to death in Saxony.  
Its point at Augsburg pricked to nought  
A Cardinal’s diplomacy.

“Shame on the sophists’ monstrous brood  
At Leipsic its hilt-jewels pour’d:—  
Popes’ bulls blanch everywhere before  
The shining of my magic sword ;  
And Kings’ decrees (if false) as these  
Shall be, alongside of The Word.”

Two voices thus within his breast  
Strove ever while he journeyed on ;  
Their sharpest struggles waged when he  
From human faces was withdrawn.  
But ’spite occasional sore stress  
The True in every conflict won.

## XVII.

’Twas April’s sixteenth morn when Worms,  
Crowned with her towers, before him rose.  
Upstanding in his car he sang,  
“God is our Refuge from our foes.”

And now the sentry’s trump in Worms  
Is heard from the Cathedral tow’r ;  
And all the waiting city knows  
What means the warning at this hour.

So, while he chants his psalm, from out  
The gates of Worms press cavalcade  
On cavalcade and crowd on crowd,  
By various passions driven and swayed.

Till 'neath the ancient walls of Worms  
It seemed the Saxon wagon ne'er  
Might find a passage, for the throngs  
Of townsfolk congregated there.

## XVIII.

In guise grotesque, with taper lit  
And funeral cross, who comes? The crowd  
Force difficult passage for him; some  
In wonder, some with laughter loud.

Bavaria's ducal jester 'tis,  
With chant monotonous he comes;—  
“Welcome, thou much desired, for whom  
We have been looking in these glooms!”

“Children and fools oft speak the truth,”  
A citizen makes answer hot,  
And, in the cheers which follow, soon  
The wretched spectacle's forgot.

For greater crowds are out than hailed  
The Emperor. For, tho' Worms' night  
Is at its darkest, it is stirred  
By boding thrills of morning light.



And when Charles came, the crowds were out  
Imperial pageantry to scan.

When Luther comes, the crowds are out  
To welcome and well-speed a Man.

Their morning meal scarce tasted, all  
The folks of Worms are out to view  
The Man Huss spake of when he said,  
"I die, but God will visit you."

Nor streets alone, the windows all,  
Are filled with faces : from "the tiles  
Upon the housetops" come to him  
Not "devils'" frowns but human smiles.

And all along that progress slow  
Past those last houses unto where  
Stands "Th' Hospitallers' of St. John,"  
The people's shoutings shook the air.

There stepped he down : but when he felt  
The stones of Worms beneath his tread,  
One moment standing to his height,  
"God, God will be my strength," he said.



## XIX.

## L'ENVOI: IN WORMS.

APRIL 16TH, 1521.

WHILE Chiefs and Princes awed thy streets,  
    Awed in their turn by him the Crown  
Imperial who wore, O Worms,—  
    Well happened it for thy renown,  
  
When at thy portals knocked a MAN,  
    Thou knewest him a MAN no less  
For that within thy walls he passed  
    In Saxon wagon and monk's dress.





“JESUS CHRIST AND HIS  
ENSIGNS.”







# “Jesus Christ and His Ensigns !”

A STORY OF

## France's First Martyr.

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(See D'Aubignes History of the Reformation, Book xii).

HEAR a story of France's First Martyr.—

Louise ruled the realm for her son,  
Duprat then was chancellor ; Beda  
As Syndic controlled the Sorbonne.  
These two were as right hand and left hand  
To the Regent, whate'er she designed :  
For Francis, when France's first martyr  
Was doomed, in captivity pined.

Louise the Devout and the Wanton  
To Syndic and Cardinal spake,—  
“How may we uproot these new doctrines ?”  
Prompt came their response, “By the stake.”  
As prompt her rejoinder, “So be it ;”  
As promptly the edict was signed.  
The one “heretic” Bishop, Briçonnet,  
Seceded, with some of like mind.

Mazurier has gone with Briçonnet,  
And got a rich canonry so.  
Lefevre, the Roussels, and Farel  
Have wisely retreated from Meaux :  
Have gone, to the little flock saying,  
“ Hold fast ; He remains though we go.  
Keep secret. . . . ’Twill pass : in the meantime  
God’s Gospel seed elsewhere we sow.”

Fast held they, in covert close keeping ;  
Still trusting themselves to Christ’s care.  
Lone hut, hidden copse, dingy garret,  
There places of gathering were.  
And one from among them stood forward  
In their secret assemblies to preach ;  
From house to house daily was welcomed  
To comfort, encourage, and teach.

Leclerc the wool-carder. No college  
This France’s first martyr had taught :  
No Bishop ordained him : of scarcely  
One book save The Book knew he aught.  
But the power of Christ’s spirit was on him,  
And the force in his soul of Christ’s love :  
And God with exceptional graces  
Had filled him, great mountains to move.

Yet a zeal not accordant with prudence  
Still marred him : forgot he too oft,  
There’s a time for abiding in ambush  
As for flaunting the banners aloft.

So, traversing daily the city,  
His spirit was daily more grieved  
Because of the thousand devices  
With which deathless souls were deceived.

Whither hasten the priests and the people?  
And the friars—what haste they to see?  
Before the Cathedral porch gathered  
They read, in large letters and free,—  
“No Saviour but Christ for poor sinners;  
No guide but His Spirit and Word,  
As Antichrist soon shall the Pope be  
Destroyed in the day of the Lord.”

Whither hasten the priests and the people?  
And the friars—what haste they to see?  
Three days in succession what causes  
Such crowds in the streets to be?  
Three days through the streets they drave him,  
Hands bound, and back bared: each day  
You might follow his course by the traces  
Were left of his blood on the way.

Three days through the tumult came voices  
Of fierce execration and wrath:  
Some voices in tenderness also,  
To help him along that fell path.  
And one voice was heard through all voices  
Of sympathy, pity, and hate:—  
’Twas the voice of the wool-comber’s mother,  
Who bade him exult in his fate.



And when executioner's scourges

Some deeper sign left in his flesh,—

“I bear my Lord's marks on my body,”

That mother's voice called out afresh.

And again when yet farther the whips bit

And larger stain left on their way,

“Our sins scarred Him deeper!” this mother

Of France's first martyr would say.

At last the third journey is ended :—

He stands in the thousands 'midst now.

The hangman his irons has heated

For branding the “heretic's” brow.

And the wool-comber's mother still waits there,

A witness, but silent and weak,

Hark! A shout has gone up from the people,

Not swelled by her wail or her shriek.

That brand on his brow stands for ever,

And silence has seized on the crowd—

A silence unearthly, oppressive. . . .

Out rang then a cry clear and loud,

“Jesus Christ and His ensigns for ever!” \*

No heart in its bosom but shook.

'Twas the voice of the wool-comber's mother,

Of France's first martyr's so spoke.

Parted the great crowd in sunder

To make her a laneway clear.

Sought she her homestead in silence,

None daring to interfere.

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\* Vive Jesus Christ et ses enseignes !

“ Jesus Christ and His ensigns for ever !  
Our sins deeper scarred Him,” said she,  
“ Who loves more than me son or daughter,  
Of me is not worthy,” saith He.

“ Go hence, Jean Leclerc, and be careful  
Our town never sees you again ” . . . .  
One night may our France's first martyr  
In the home of his mother remain.  
And oft, while his bruises she tended  
And wounds, while the heart in her bled,  
“ Jesus Christ and His tokens for ever ! ”  
“ Our sins deeper scarred Him,” she said.

But when, some months later, flame-girdled,  
Stands France's first martyr in Metz,\*  
'Mong the thousands around him she stands not :  
Yet think you that cry he forgets ?  
Than angels' glad welcome more helpful,  
More near was that voice as life speed,  
“ Jesus Christ and His ensigns for ever ! ”  
“ Our sins scarred Him deeper,” which said.

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\* “ The contemplation of such fortitude at once frightened the adversaries and greatly confirmed believers . . . . After undergoing these tortures, Leclerc was burned at a slow fire, in conformity with the terms of his sentence. Such was the death of the first martyr of the Gospel in France.”—*D'Aubigné*.





## Louis de Berquin.

---

(See D'Aubigne's "History of the Reformation, Book xii.)

IN the very court of Ahab  
Was an Obadiah found :  
In the court of the first Francis,  
Berquin moved, for worth renown'd.  
Like to Saul, for Falsehood zealous  
While it sat on his Faith's throne :  
Like to Paul, for Truth as ardent  
When as truth the Truth was known.

He, while lost in Papal error,  
In an evil court and age,  
High aloft upheld the standard  
Of good morals, learning sage ;  
Greatly favoured of his sovereign,  
Who, no anchorite himself,  
Honoured goodness : who, no scholar,  
Wisdom higher placed than pelf.

So, while yet this " scholar-noble "  
Built on Peter as " The Rock,"  
Him did shepherds hate who solely  
For the fleece' sake loved the flock.

Since, beneath his king's protection,  
He to laugh and weep was free  
At Prelatic follies, friars',  
Monks' and priests' hypocrisy.

With his laughter laughed the nation,  
And his weeping thrilled its heart,  
And his laughter and his weeping  
Made the shameless shepherds smart.  
But when crimes of persecution  
Crowned their other crimes, his breast  
Was with pity for their victims,  
Sorrow for his church, oppress.

"Live Christ Jesus and His ensigns!"—  
To his ears had come that cry  
Of the poor wool-comber's mother  
To her son set forth to die.  
So, such doctors now are "tyrants,"  
And his wit-shafts 'gainst them hurl'd :  
And such monks "most hateful hornets  
Grown the terror of the world."

But the favour of his sovereign  
Shields him still from the Sorbonne :  
And the blackest deed of all deeds  
(In their eyes) he hath not done.  
If at priests' and prelates' vices  
He can strike a hurtful blow,  
Still the "heresy" of Luther  
Finds in France no subtler foe.

Scornfully as his pure spirit  
Of monks' plots and vices deemed,  
To his gentle soul more hateful  
These new persecutions seemed.  
Till at last he said, What mean these  
Heresies for which men die?  
And those Scriptures? Such strange doctrines  
Their true meaning must belie.

So he oped the Sacred Scriptures,  
Oped them confident and blind.  
But, as page by page, he pondered,  
Light broke fuller on his mind.  
There not Papal doctrine found he,  
But of Luther: there he found  
More was needful than reforming  
Priests within the Church's bound.

Like to Saul, for falsehood striving  
While it sat on his faith's throne,  
Like to Paul, for Truth henceforward  
Strives he, since as truth 'tis known.  
So, by night and day he travails,  
By his prayers and voice and pen,  
That the light which fills his own soul  
May illumine his countrymen.

And with power and with acceptance  
He has preached the Gospel Word;  
And his tractates and translations  
Have drawn souls to Christ the Lord.

So 'twas said, another Luther  
Were in Berquin surely known  
If another Frederick only  
Sat upon King Francis' throne.

Vain are now his knightly manners,  
Vain his life without a stain ;  
Vain his alms deeds and his fastings—  
Learning, virtues, all are vain.  
And his foes are now his judges ;  
So, nor legal lore nor wit  
May the “ heretic ” avail now.  
Nor his skill in Holy Writ.

Hear th' offences he stands charged with :—  
“ ‘ Jesus Christ alone,’ he says,  
‘ Is our hope, our life, not Mary : ’  
And to God alone he prays.  
And he holds 'tis wrong on Mary  
As the source of grace to call.  
Grace is gotten through God's Spirit  
And not otherwise got at all.”

Once and twice and yet a third time  
The Sorbonnists him arraign ;  
Once and twice and yet a third time  
Francis bade them loose his chain,—  
Warning him henceforth such notions  
Must keeps bounds in his own breast,  
But convictions like de Berquin's  
Heed nor friend's nor foe's behest.



The halting Scholar-chief Erasmus,  
Writes him,—“Flee your native land!  
See the thousand-headed monster  
Venom darts on every hand.  
Mark you do not compromise me.  
E'en your king's defence must fail.  
Were your cause clear as the Saviour's,  
Even that would not avail.”

But the conscience-voice within him  
More than any king's decree,  
And the word God's Spirit taught him  
Than all doctors', revered he.  
Hark, he summons the Sorbonnists!—  
“For some heresies you teach,—  
These twelve propositions taken  
From your books,—I you impeach:—

“I before the King impeach you  
As the heretics *you* are.”  
And the Gallio-like monarch  
Laughed to see the tide-turned war.  
While the rage of the Sorbonnists  
Burst all bounds;—“To think that they,  
France's light, th' Church's pillars,  
Thus should seem a Lutheran's play.”

But the vacillating monarch  
Loved his tourney and his jest:  
Loved to see the proud Sorbonnists  
By a “heretic” thus prest.—



“These your doctrines, saith de Berquin,  
With the Scriptures not agree.  
Name a day for your refutal  
Of his follies,” answered he.

Many were the fond excuses  
For that day’s postponement, till  
Lucky chance and zealot folly  
Came in aid of wicked will:  
For a fanatic o’er-fervent,  
At the corner of a street,  
Maimed a statue of Our Lady  
Of two fingers and both feet.

And a cry went through the city  
From the monks of the Sorbonne,  
Taken up in wrath or pity ;—  
“See what Berquin’s books have done!  
Such the fruit of Berquin’s teaching!  
Nothing’s safe where ’tis allow’d,—  
Faith or throne or constitution! . . .”  
Such the voices filled the crowd.

And the populace’s voices  
Reached up to the monarch’s ear,  
And the wily Syndic’s whisperings  
Filled his mind with doubt and fear.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now de Berquin’s lodged in prison :  
While the King, at Blois sojourning,  
Hopes men may have come to reason  
By the time of his returning.

Fortune favours still the Syndic ;—

Nay, our Lady, it was said,

By miraculous advantage

Did his prosecution aid.

Brave de Berquin scarce was fettered

When a trouble seized his mind,

For some writings it were better

That the friars should not find.

So he wrote a note in secret,

To a secret friend address'd.

It was carried from the prison

Hidden in a servant's vest.

“Quick ! burn all such books and papers

As might aid the Syndic's ban,

Which you find within my chambers :”

Thus the hurried message ran.

Well this servant loved his master ;

Yet a superstitious heart

Caused him dire misgiving,—Should he

Thus the Church's counsel thwart ?

At the Pont du Change arriving,

All his terror now had sway :

So, before our Lady's statue,

There he swooned, and fell, and lay.

Passers-by have gather'd round him,

And (to give him fuller breath),

While unbuttoning his doublet

Find the letter underneath.

“ ’Tis a miracle ! . . . our Lady—  
She has done it ! ” now they cry.  
(By which “ miracle ” our Lady  
Brave de Berquin dooms to die).

Spake the angel once,—“ Hail Mary,  
Full of grace, with thee’s th’ Lord ! ”  
Say, Christ’s mother, doth this please thee—  
Death and doom by fire or sword ?  
Nazareth’s daughter, wife, and widow,  
Serving Son and Saviour purely—  
Can it be the monks’ “ Our Lady ”  
Is the Gospel’s Mary surely ?

Well I’m doubtful—but no matter :  
Haste our story towards its close.  
Berquin stands before his judges  
For the sentence of his foes.  
He must walk with head uncovered,  
Lighted taper in his hand,  
To the Place de Greve to witness  
Burning of his books, Church-bann’d.

Next, before famed Notre Dame he  
Must be ta’en from Place de Greve :  
There “ to God and to His mother ”  
Penance do ; their pardon crave.  
There his tongue is to be pierced through—  
That unrighteous instrument.  
Thence must he be ta’en to prison  
And within four stone walls pent.

There within four walls a captive  
To his death ; nor pen and ink,  
Nor a book shall he be granted—  
Let him breathe and feel and think !  
This if he abjure his doctrine :  
But if not a fiery death——  
Cruel are the tender mercies  
Of the wicked, Scripture saith.

For a moment shocked and startled,  
Silent stood he—not through fright,  
But the sentence so inhuman  
Seemed, he doubted heard he right.  
But one moment stood he silent ;  
Out his accents clear did ring,  
As he answered, “ I abjure not :  
I appeal unto the King.”

Vain appeal ! at Blois sojourning  
Nought knows Francis of his pain ;  
And the fierce Sorbonne will surely  
See that he appeals in vain.  
Yet is one 'mong his twelve judges,  
(Great Budœus, known to fame),  
Who in secret favours doctrines  
Which as judge he must disclaim.

Well de Berquin too he honoured,  
And de Berquin fain would save :  
So he hastens to the prison,  
Of his convict boon to crave.

“ Do the public penance asked for,  
Save thy life but for a week,  
Till the King is back in Paris  
Or his will by letter speak.”

“ Have I not appealed to Francis?  
They must wait upon their King.”

“ Nay, I tell thee thy submission  
Or thy death this week shall bring.”

“ Then so be it : my submission  
It shan't be, as Christ will aid.”

“ Oh, for Christ's sake and His truth's sake,  
Think again,” Budœus said.

“ When for France—for Church and nation—  
Breaks the better time long due,  
Where will our French Luther's voice be  
And the crown he forfeits, too ?  
But the martyr answered, “ Needeth  
Christ your life or mine ? I'd say,  
Probably our death would better  
Serve to speed that longed-for day.”

O'er and o'er again so reasoned  
At his feet, with tears, the judge,  
But each nobler plea was treated  
As some subtler subterfuge.

“ Ye shall be as gods then knowing  
Good and ill,” the serpent said :  
“ Thou shalt be a light far glowing,”  
Through Budœus now he pled.

Even flint by falling rain-drops  
Hath been channelled, it is told.  
And resolve must needs be steadfast  
Which against Love's pleas shall hold.  
And an hour came when Budæus  
Lay along the prison earth,  
Clasping Berquin's feet, and wailing,  
"Is *my* judgment nothing worth?"

"Here I charge thee in God's presence —  
By my love and by my tears;  
By my wisdom and my knowledge;  
By my hopes and by my fears:  
Go, to burning give thy body,  
Yet thou lackest charity,  
God abandoning and country  
In their utmost need of thee!"

Then the strong man bowed him, shaken;  
Then the Holy Spirit's pow'r  
(Saith the Chronicler,) seemed deadened  
In his bosom, one brief hour.  
"To the Syndic and his minions  
You from me this message bring,—  
I would pardon beg to-morrow,  
Openly, of God and King."

Joyed, Budæus left the prison;  
Grieved, de Berquin stayed behind:  
He has found a darker prison  
Than of stone within his mind.



Lo, his eyes to Heaven are turned :

But that act, which ever brought  
Joy and comfort to his spirit,  
Now hath anguish in the thought.

And shall he go forth to-morrow—  
Say of Christ, I knew Him once?  
Of the gospel of salvation  
To his soul, say, I renounce?  
Lord, who pitying looked on Peter,  
Look on me who pity crave.  
Worthy of Thy service truly  
Were the life I thus should save !

When Budœus next returned,  
There was that in Berquin's face  
Told him, ere a word was spoken,  
He had found the martyr's grace.  
Now Budœus pleads with Beda ;—  
“ Not a day,” the Syndic spake,  
On the sixth day from his sentence  
Berquin stands beside the stake.

Through the city wide that morning  
Had the news like terror flown :  
So, great crowds besieged the prison  
Till its gates were open thrown.  
When at last, the gates thrown open,  
Issued the procession forth,  
Not among the countless faces  
Showed their one of nobler worth.



And the Chroniclers have told us  
Some things the spectators said,  
One to other, as they marked him,  
While the long procession sped.  
"He is liker one who sitteth,"  
Said they, "in some temple high,  
On things holy meditating,  
Than a convict bound to die."

"See," said some, "his brave apparel :  
He is surely liker one  
To his bridal banquet going,  
Than to burn ere set of sun."  
(Truly spake they ; for, that morning  
He had spoken, "Lo ! to-day  
Enter I my great King's presence ;  
Let me have my best array)."

"He is going—whither going ?"  
Answers some one, "To the stake.  
See you not the wretched tumbril,  
Wont such victims there to take ?"  
"He is going—whither going ?"  
"Whither going but to die ?  
Executioners and soldiers  
Saw you not go with him by ?"

"Whither going ?" . . . Ask the martyr.  
"Whither going ?"—he would say.  
"I shall to Elijah's chariot  
From this tumbril step to-day.

‘ Whither going ? ’ In that chariot  
I shall cleave yon azure space,  
And this night my loving Saviour  
To His bosom me embrace.”

At the Place de Greve alighted,  
While he stood beside the stake,  
He would fain to that great audience  
Speak a word for Jesus’ sake.  
But, at signal from the friars,  
Clash of arms and tumult loud  
Caused the last words of the martyr  
To be lost upon the crowd.

It was not his voice God wanted,  
But his death, to speak to France.  
From that stake, his eyes uplifted,  
Meek, heroic countenance,  
And his prayers for foes and country—  
Friends and Truth, a sermon preached  
Which, through all the nation, farther  
Than a thousand sermons reached.

And his stake, too, was the candle  
Whereat Calvin, standing by,  
Lit the torch that from Geneva  
Lighted peoples by and by.  
’Mong the throngs had watched de Berquin  
Brave to death Rome’s cruel ban,  
Went one Sceptic an Apostle,  
Went one youth from thence a man.



## A Martyr of Tell.

---

CLOSE to her breast her babe she prest,  
And faced the crowds, alone.  
Unknown her place of birth, her race,—  
Her very name unknown.  
But this all know, Six months ago  
She came 'mong them to dwell ;  
And has not been at priest's knee seen,  
Or shrine of saint, in Tell.

(For name and blood are of the brood  
Of ancient Albigense :  
And truths that feed her spirit's need  
Are loved in old Vallense.  
A grave knows she in Italy ;—  
No dearer spot earth holds.  
That 'narrow house' ! Her martyr'd spouse-  
In dreamless sleep, it folds).

From south to north the cry is forth  
'Gainst heretics once more.  
Therefore in Tell such voices swell  
Around yon chapel door.

Therefore the din is heard within,  
Of those who fight, who fly;  
Of those who hate, who supplicate;  
Of those who slay, and die.

Therefore before this alien's door  
Is heard the rabble's shout.  
Louder they greet as to the street  
Their victim is thrust out.  
"Proclaim it, pray, why you to-day  
Six months among us dwell,  
And have not been at priest's knee seen,  
Or shrine, or mass, in Tell."

Close to her breast her babe she prest,  
And so before them stood;  
With pitying face, with stately grace,  
With firm unaltered mood.  
And for a space the crowd that face  
Watch, silent as the grave. . .  
"Once only Christ was sacrificed,  
And He alone can save.

"Therefore can't I to priestly eye  
Unveil this heart of mine;  
Nor yet appear your altars near,  
Nor at your Virgin's shrine."  
"Your *life's* at stake," a friar spake;  
"Your life *now*, understand."  
"His life, to save my life, Christ gave:  
My life is in His hand."

She spake once more, calm as before,—

“From wealth, from all most dear,  
From ‘ain countrée,’ I did not flee  
My Lord to abandon here.”

“Speak not so wild: think of your child,—  
Is it to die or live?”

“‘To Him,” said she, “who gave for me  
His Son, my son I give.”

“But say we leave him life to grieve  
And wither day by day?”

“The birds of air are Heaven’s care;  
My boy is more than they.”

“Doomed heretic!” the friars shriek,  
“Thou art not fit to live.”

“Yet graced to die.”

A stander-by  
Has snatched her babe’s reprieve.

One stroke: she fell. And men of Tell  
Rushed in with frantic cries . . .

. . . Her name, her race unknown, and place  
Of birth ’neath alien skies.

But this I trow, a mansion now

Is her’s among the blest:

And a new name given with the same,

Is graved on Jesus’ breast.





## John Leaf,

CHANDLER'S APPRENTICE AND MARTYR.

—o—

I.

BUT yesterday the 'prentice stood

His master's bench behind,

As common place of air and face

As any you could find :

To-day you notice him because

His hands are chained, and he

Is but a youth ; the only youth

In all that company.

Before the Bishops' Bench to-day

He comes to hear his fate ;

And Bishop Bonner has, with pomp,

Assumed the place of state.

I know not what you think : I know

That youth I'd rather be—

John Leaf in chains,—than Bonner, tho'

London's proud Prelate he.

No downcast tearful visage shows

The youth while standing there.

He shoots no high heroic glance,

Sheds no self-conscious air.

As yesterday, his master's bench  
Behind, himself he bore,  
To-day before the Bishops' Bench  
He seems, not less nor more.

Alone, arraigned for heresy,  
At Bonner's bar he stood.  
"No heresy seek I," said he,  
"But the true light of God."  
"Rash, arrogant, presumptuous youth,  
( 'Tis Bonner's opening speech, )  
So, you are one of those, forsooth,  
Whom Pope or Church can't teach."

"My Lord, 'twere easy me to teach ;  
I cannot read or write :  
Yet cannot change my creed as you  
Or others may invite."  
"What is your creed?" "The doctrines which  
I learned from earliest youth :  
Of which, sir, in King Edward's time,  
I've heard you swore the truth."

"Herodian oath and to be broke ;  
The Church has pardoned me :  
Our Holy Father loosed that yoke,  
The Chnrch can pardon thee."

"But will God pardon if I say  
Before Him, I believe  
This doctrine and that other, which  
He knows I can't receive ?"



“What doctrine can you not receive?”

Spake Bonner waxing wroth.

“Your doctrine of the Host is one,”

Leaf answered, nothing loth.

“Nor have I from the Scriptures heard

One proof, the very least.

That I should pray to Saints, or seek

Soul-pardon from a priest.”

“What need we further witness?” now

Indignant Bonner spake.

“To prison! yet one kindness thou

Shalt have, for thy youth’s sake.

Two bills anon—the indictment one,

The recantation, two,—

We send; and as to which you sign

The choice shall rest with you.”

II.

Within his noisome prison-cell

He bows in earnest prayer:—

So rapt doth bow, one enters now

Unto to him unaware.

“I bring you these two bills; in one

Their stern indictment see;

In one your recantation, which

But sign and you are free.”

“Sir, all my thanks are yours to-day  
For all your kindly heed.  
But being unlettered I must pray  
That you be pleased to read.  
First let me hear the indictment bill.”  
The indictment bill was read.  
“Well, God I praise no charge they raise  
Of fraud or hurt,” he said.

“And yet to die for phrase and word  
In fulness of your youth?”  
“Not phrase and word but conscience stirred,  
And Heaven and love and truth.  
My Father, God ; my Saviour, Christ ;  
The Holy Ghost, my Guide :  
They love me so, how could I go  
Through life, Their grace denied ?

“*Their* grace, not priests’. Their love, not works  
Or sufferings of mine.  
Their zealous care that hearks my prayer,  
And doth my hap assign.  
Then take you hence my reverence ;  
And also say, He said  
‘I cannot write but I can seal,’  
And, see ! the seal is red....

“I cannot write but I can seal.”  
He pierced a finger’s vein,  
And spake, while o’er the accusing score  
Sprinkling the ruddy stain :—

“To Bonner say, His ‘guilty’ plea  
Makes your indictment good.  
Already the accusation he  
Has sealed—see, with his blood.”

Not long until at Smithfield’s stake,  
Not lonely, he appears,—  
(Aged Bradford shall with him partake,)  
This youth of nineteen years.  
No high heroic glance, no look  
Of grief or doubt, shows he :  
Still as in warehouse, jail, and dock,  
The soul of constancy.

And while John Bradford’s latest words  
Ring in his inmost soul,  
His spirit burst its fleshly cords  
And clasped its final goal.  
Such was his faith, I doubt if death  
Brings nearer sense of God,  
Than was his stay when day by day  
Through London streets he trod.





# Rawlins White,

FISHERMAN AND MARTYR.

(CARDIFF.)

—o—

## I.

ONLY another night remains to him of life :  
He thinks of Heaven and home, of children, friends  
and wife.

“Send me my marriage robe,” to her his message sped :  
(The shroud in which the fires to-morrow he must  
tread.)

## II.

Over that “marriage robe” his russet coat he wore,  
(Well-worn that russet coat),—and passed the prison  
door.]

And paused in quick surprise at all the guards that wait  
With bills and weapons : then he questioned from the  
gate,

“Alas, what meaneth this ? I would not run away.  
My God and King I praise who brought me to this day.”

## III.

Half-way along their route he sudden doth espy  
His children and his wife, who make a loud outcry.  
The heart within him shrinks ; thick sobs his utterance  
choke ;

Tears trickle down his face, till to himself he spoke,—  
“Ah, Flesh! and is it so? How! Thou wouldst  
hinder me?  
Praise be to God, my Lord hath won the victory.”

## IV.

Sure fixèd stands the stake, the faggots lie prepared ;  
At sight whereof with step more swift he forward fared,  
And stumbled as he went ; whereat he stayed a space  
To bow (on hands and knees) down to the earth his face.  
“Earth unto earth, and dust to dust! so unto thee,  
Who art my mother, I return content,” said he.

## V.

He takes his friend apart, a parting boon to seek :—  
“I am but earth, you see ; and human flesh is weak.  
Pray, pray for me : pray more if I look like afraid ;  
And thy raised finger be my recollection’s aid.”

## VI.

He has embraced the stake and straight beside it stands.  
With undistracted mind and with his captive hands,  
He shows the smith how one might be more surely  
bound ;  
And helps the officers who place the faggots round.

For still his lowly soul his own strength trusted not :—  
“It is God’s grace alone has stayed me to this spot ;  
God’s grace alone, on which no claim, sirs, have I got  
’Gainst e’en the slightest pang not ordered in my lot.

And if the flesh had power one instant, I'd away :  
So fix the chain right fast and give the fires full play."  
Then upwards rose his soul on wings of earnest pray'r,  
That Christ would grant him grace, all He allowed to  
bear.

With cheerful mien his hands for straw and reeds he  
reached,  
And these about him placed, while one the sermon  
preached ;

Which he not seemed to hear save when was wrongly  
turned

Some text; and then his eye in wrath or pity burned:—  
"Hither, good people: what! not a false prophet  
know?"

"Ah, wicked hypocrite! God's Scripture using so?"

Then would the friars call, "Put fire, forthwith, put  
fire."

At last the friars have their cruel heart's desire....  
Longer than most who had before him faced such pain  
Alive amid the fires this martyr did remain.  
But whilst his voice remained one cry still upwards  
soared,—

"Jesus receive my soul:"... "Receive my spirit, Lord."

VII.

Me, in my trial hour,  
Grant, Lord the Good and Just,  
This fisher's trust in God,  
This martyr's self-distrust.





## Mrs. Cicely Ormes.

—o—

“Just twelve months ago to-day ;”—

(With herself she museth lone,)

“O was ever year so dreary,

O was ever year so weary,

To a mortal bosom known ?” . . .

“Just twelve months ago to-day ”—

Seems 'tis all that she can say

Musing in her chamber lone ;

For the burden of a grief

Weighs within her heart like stone. . .

Now her musing must be brief,

For the noise she waits to hear

Strikes unwelcome on her ear ;

'Tis the noise of many feet,

Many voices, in the street,

Drawing near.

Nearer and more near it draws.

Well she understands the cause.

In a moment she is gone,

With the great crowd pressing on ;

Murmuring ever and anon,

As her thought works all the way,

“Just twelve months ago to-day.”



In the mixed procession's van  
March a woman and a man,—  
    Eliza Cooper, Simon Miller,—  
Convicts 'neath the Church's ban ;  
    Not for theft of gold or silver,  
Not for murder.—Heresy  
Is all the crime for which they die.

“Cicely, what takes you here?”  
One has whispered in her ear.  
“What takes *you*?” is her reply,  
Looking full in t' other's eye.  
“Do you think that woman, friend,  
Like to brave it to the end ?  
Just twelve months ago to-day,  
As you know, I answered Yea,  
When I should have answered Nay.”

## II.

Stay! They halt. Both man and woman  
Have their several stations ta'en  
'Mong the faggots, (no uncommon  
Sight in Mary Tudor's reign.)  
There are sobs and imprecations,  
There are groans and gratulations,  
There are prayers and curses loud,  
For their hearing, from the crowd.

While the sticks are piled around them  
And the chains made fast that bound them,  
Mistress Ormes approaching near,  
One has whispered in her ear,—

“ You have had enough before,  
Cicely, of brands and stake ;  
So, keep silence, for God’s sake.”

But she answered back once more,  
“ Just twelve months ago to-day  
When I should have answered Nay  
‘ For God’s sake,’ I answered Yea.  
But to-day as God shall guide  
I will speak if I be tried.”

They have knelt, both man and woman ;  
Knelt and prayed till that inhuman  
Sheriff bids them rise and burn ;—  
Bids them rise and burn or turn.  
For, kind soul, he has it by—  
Pardon,—if they but deny.  
Plain to Mistress Ormes’ own thinking,  
If there be a thought of shrinking  
In the mind of either martyr,  
It is with Elizabeth.

But she, too, has spurned that charter  
Of her pardon, choosing death.

Bound and waiting they appear :—

Praying, O so earnestly !

Praying, praying, save when he  
Speaks a kindly word of cheer

To his fellow. Standing near,  
Mistress Ormes still watches both,  
But the woman most : more loth,  
Every moment that goes by,  
To behold that woman die,  
And no word of hope or cheer  
To have whispered in her ear.

But the fire is drawing near,  
And the woman shrinks ; and fear  
For her constancy possesses  
    One spectator's breast ; when, loud,  
    (Though the flame hath caught his shroud,)  
Simon Miller's voice addresses  
His " stake-fellow." . . " Sister dear,  
Banish every thought of fear.  
Jesus calls us, do not fail Him.  
In a little we shall hail Him.  
Though the billows show so strong,  
Yet the passage is not long ;  
And to-night we two shall feast  
Gaily with our great High Priest." .  
Then spake Cicely Ormes aloud  
In the hearing of the crowd ;—  
" Sister Mellor, do not falter ;  
Willing victim on Christ's altar.  
Just twelve months ago to-day  
I, unworthy, answered Yea  
When I should have answered Nay.

But I promise you 'fore God,  
And by virtue of Christ's blood,  
In the cup you're drinking of  
I'll soon pledge you both with love."

Solaced thus, Elizabeth  
Joyously encountered death.

And the faggots still were burning  
When, in view of all beholders,  
On this Cicely Ormes' shoulders,  
Hands were roughly laid. She, turning,  
Met an officer she knew :  
Knew his speech's meaning too,—  
"To the Chancellor come you."

## III.

As she turned with him to go  
Who had spoken to her so,  
In her voice or glance or mien  
Nothing of suprise was seen.

Spake to her the Chancellor,  
"You and I have met before.  
If my memory is true,  
It is not a year since you——"  
"Just twelve months ago to-day  
I, unworthy, answered Yea  
When I should have answered Nay."

“Ho, this is it? Tell me, pray,  
When the priest uplifts the bread  
What he holds above his head?”  
And she answered, “Bread, of course;  
And if better it is worse.”

“List to me,” the Chancellor spake,  
“Folks are wise to shun the stake.  
I have been to you more kind  
Than most others of your mind.  
Even still would be your friend. . . .

Keep you but a quiet tongue,  
Regularly mass attend,  
You shall not be burnt or hung.  
None shall ask what you believe.”

“Vain your pardon or reprieve.  
Public statements I’ve prepared  
Of my doctrine: have declared  
All my sorrow that to-day  
Twelve months since, I answered Yea  
When I should have answered Nay.  
Death or torture cannot grieve  
Like that memory, I say.”

“Then it must be: to the stake  
You shall go.” The Chancellor spake.

## IV.

As she stood beside the stake  
Thus unto the crowd she spake ;—  
“ Notice well, good people, I  
Solely on my Lord rely  
    For salvation of my soul.  
Though for love of Him I die  
    Gladly ; yet, in part or whole,  
Of my countless sins not one  
By my dying is undone !  
For no fault can it atone.  
This my voluntary death  
Is but witness to my faith  
In the virtue of the blood  
From my Saviour’s side which flow’d.”

On the stake her hands she laid :  
“ Welcome, Cross of Christ,” she said.

To that stake they now have bound her ;  
Have the faggots piled around her,  
    And the torch applied. Up tow’rd  
    Heaven spring the flame and smoke :  
And, while stillness holds the crowd,  
    Out upon the stillness broke  
Her *Magnificat*, clear, loud ;—  
Thus, My Soul doth magnify  
    The Lord,

And my Spirit doth rejoice  
In God my Saviour.  
Nought save gladness in her eye,  
Nought save triumph in her voice,  
Nought of doubt in her behaviour.  
Even with her latest breath  
Triumphs she in death o'er Death.

Then into the flame and smoke,  
As beneath some pleasant yoke,  
Down she bowed her head : and so  
Came her "Finis" to all woe.  
So she entered into rest,  
As a babe whose pain hath ceast  
Seeks, for sleep, its mother's breast.







## Rowland Taylor.

---

### I.

HEARD you Rowland Taylor's story,  
Of Queen Mary's time?—  
Cranmer's Chaplain, Hadley's Vicar,  
Martyred in his prime.

“I am come,” he said to Gardiner,  
“As you summoned me.  
Loyal subject, faithful Christian  
In your presence see.”

“Art thou come, thou villain? Knowest  
Who has bid thee come?”  
“Winton's Bishop, England's Chancellor,  
Death is all men's doom.

“And, my Lord, if your looks lordly  
Should my heart appal,  
How shall you face God in judgment  
Who is Lord of all?

“Nay, for shame how look you any  
Christian in the eye,  
Since the truth you have forsaken  
And your oath deny?”

“That was Herod’s oath unlawful,  
Worthy to be broke :  
And the Pope hath well discharged me  
Of its hated yoke.

“You resist the Queen’s proceedings,  
So the priest she sent  
Must not dare say mass in Hadley.—  
Do as I : repent.”

“I, my Lord, am Hadley’s Vicar;  
And as such maintain  
’Twere against all right and conscience  
Should I mute remain

“When among the flock Christ gave me,  
One, whoe’er, would pass  
To infect them with the venom  
Of the Popish mass.”

“’Gainst the holy mass blaspheming,  
Heretic, again?”

“Christ died *once*, passed into heaven,  
And doth there remain.

“*Once* He died for our redemption,  
Nevermore to die.  
Only bread upon your altar,  
And no Christ doth lie.”

"Slave," quoth Gardiner with flushed visage.

"We too long have slept.—

See you," spake he to the warders,

"He be straitly kept."

II.

'Twixt his friends Bradford and Saunders,

Rowland Taylor now

Stands at bar of the five Bishops,

With untroubled brow.

"Which would you?—Make recantation

Or your sentence hear?

Once to Holy Church submitting,

You have nought to fear."

Spake the martyrs, "Yes, we should have

Worse than fire to fear;—

Should towards God and man no longer

Have a conscience clear."

From the "witnesses" no answer

Save this answer came,

Till the sentence dread was spoken

Dooming them to flame,

When they raised their voices praising

God for this great good,

And admonishing their judges

He requireth blood.

## III.

In the Poultry Compter Taylor  
For a week had lain,  
When the brutal Bonner sought him ;  
Loosed his prison chain,

And addressed him :—" Doctor, even  
Now remember you ;  
Turn you back to Holy Mother  
And for pardon sue.

" I am here to promise pardon  
Surely in such case."

" Turn *you* rather and your fellows,  
And implore Christ's grace.

" As for me, to Papal fleshpots  
Ne'er shall I return."

" I am here then to degrade you,  
You are doomed to burn."

So the Bishop scraped his fingers,  
Thumbs and crown of head ;  
Did the rest of such observance  
And the curse he said,

But the crosier-stroke he gave not,  
For he feared return :  
And the lofty martyr stooped not  
His base fear to spurn.

Only when the curse was spoken  
And removed each vest,  
Spake the Witness, "Though you curse me,  
God, be sure, hath blest.

"And my conscience beareth witness  
You have wrought me ill.  
Yet I pray, God grant you pardon  
And repentance still."

## IV.

That same night wife, son, and servant  
Supped with him and prayed ;  
And, by kindness of his keepers,  
Till the midnight stayed.

After supper, in that chamber  
Walking up and down,  
Thanked he God with loud thanksgiving  
For his martyr-crown.

Praised he Jesus who had bought him  
With His precious blood,  
And the Spirit, the grace-giver,  
In whose strength he stood.

Then his son—his eldest—Thomas  
Took he to his breast,  
For a space, in silence, bosom  
Was to bosom prest ;

Till, "My dear son," spake the father,  
    "May thy father's God  
Bless thee : still His Spirit's guidance  
    Grant thee on life's road.

"So shalt thou be Christ's true servant,  
    Learn His word, and stand  
By His truth till thou rejoin me  
    In that Better Land.

"Shun the broad road, broad and downward ;  
    Serve thou God alway ;  
Be His word thy constant study ;  
    Daily to him pray.

"But in any wise obedient  
    To thy mother be :  
Be thy youth ruled by her counsel :  
    Evil comrades flee ;

"Flee all lewd and filthy living :—  
    Ne'er forget that I  
Now, thy father, in defence of  
    Holy marriage, die.

"And another day when surely  
    God shall bless my boy,  
Love and cherish all poor people :  
    Count thy chiefest joy,—

“Count thy chiefest riches ever—  
To be rich in alms;  
Rich in poor hearts’ blessings—sweeter  
Than archangels’ psalms.

“And when age bows down thy mother,  
Still forsake her not;  
Still provide for her, according  
To thine earthly lot.

“So thy father’s God shall bless thee  
With prosperity,  
And long life, then bliss of Heaven.—  
’Tis my prayer for thee.”

Spake he to his wife:—“Continue  
Steadfast as God’s child.  
From all Popish superstition  
Keep you undefiled.

“I’ve to you been true yokefellow  
As have you to me:  
For the which may God reward you  
To eternity.

“See our children surely brought up  
As God’s children too;  
Skilled in learning, strong to vanquish;  
Teachers false and new.”



To John Hull, his servant, spake he  
Words of kindly pow'r. . . .  
Much they wept and prayed together  
Till the parting hour.

For it came, that hour of parting :  
Midnight hour was spent  
When all three, wife, son, and servant,  
From his presence went.

## v.

Some hours after, by St. Botolph's  
Doth the lone wife stand :  
Two fair children with her waiting—  
One on either hand.

One, Elizabeth, an orphan  
Whom they had upbrought :  
One their daughter Mary ; children  
Both, in years and thought.

Evil doers love the darkness ;  
So by Botolph's gate  
For the prey of evil-doers,  
These three pilgrims wait. . .

'Tis the nearing tramp of soldiers !  
Cries Elizabeth,—  
“ Mother, mother, see him—Father  
Led away to death ! ”

Dim eyes in the dimness saw not,  
But the voice she knew  
Which gave answer, and according  
Straightway towards him drew.

While the captive clasped his daughter  
In a fond embrace,  
To the captains called the sheriff,  
“Let them speak a space.”

There the four knelt down together  
By St. Botolph's ; then,  
As he led, they prayed, in presence  
Of the armed men.

Still in hearing of the soldiers,  
To his wife he spake :—  
“It is well with me, believe me :  
Weep not for my sake.

“I am going to our children,  
Robert, Zachary,  
Ellen, Susan, George, there waiting,  
As you here, for me.

“There my Saviour's welcome waits me  
On that happy shore ;  
And ‘the noble army's’ welcome  
God's White Throne before.

“Say to my dear friends at Hadley—  
All whom my words reached :—  
‘I depart with quiet conscience  
As to what I’ve preached.

“I have preached, just as I found it  
In God’s word, God’s truth :  
So beware that you deny not  
God for fear or ruth.

“All of you beware you sin not  
’Gainst the Holy Ghost,  
Now that such a light has broken  
Once on England’s coast.’ ”

So he spake, and, in the presence  
Of the armèd men,  
Took to his embrace his daughters  
And his wife again.

(Thin and thinner wanes the darkness ;  
Even while he spoke  
And embraced, across the city  
Morning greyly broke.)

And his wife spake while they parted,  
“God be with thee still.  
We shall meet again at Hadley  
If God’s grace so will.” . . .

Soldiers sob, who in fierce battle  
Never felt a fear :  
And the blackest bigot's eyelid  
Glistens with a tear.

But they two met not at Hadley :  
Never met they more  
Till he hailed her from the martyrs'  
Throng, God's Throne before.

## VI.

Essex' sheriff gives him escort  
Now from London's gate.  
By the roadside his son Thomas  
And his servant wait.

"Lift my boy here :'' And he placed him  
'Fore him on the horse ;  
Raised his hat and to the people  
Spake with all his force.

"This is mine own son, in lawful  
Matrimony born :  
And for lawful matrimony  
God be praised this morn."

So he spake, and in thus speaking  
Surely testified  
That one cause was priestly marriage  
For the which he died.

Then with eyes upturned to heaven,  
Tears upon his face,  
With his hand upon his boy's head,  
Prayed he, a brief space.

Then to Hull he gave his Thomas,  
Saying as he gave,  
"Fare you well, John Hull, most faithful  
Servant man could have."

So he rode on pleased and grateful,  
As to bridal cheer ;—  
As there were no Aldham Common  
And no stake anear :

Speaking gay words, speaking grave words,  
Urging, as he went,  
On the sheriff and his yeomen,  
"While 'tis day repent."

## VII.

Come to Chelmsford, Suffolk's sheriff  
Hath him now in ward.  
After supper both the sheriffs  
Tax their captive hard :

Tax him hard in loving-kindness,  
That he should deny ;—  
He was in his prime of living,  
Pity 'twere to die.

For his wife and children pity ;  
Pity for the Church,  
That a guide so good and learned  
Should put out his torch.

Times would change ; for his convictions  
Then he might make strife :—  
“Only now revoke these doctrines,  
So to save thy life.

“This in kindness we advise thee,  
As we hope in God.”  
Thus the sheriffs ; and the yeomen  
Earnestly applaud.

While they spake, across his visage  
Glanced a sudden smile,  
And his answer, slow and studied,  
Gave them hope awhile.

Stillness held them while that answer  
Rang adown the hall :—  
“Take my heart’s thanks, master sheriff,  
And my masters all.

“I have hearkened to your counsel,  
Your advice well weighed :  
Have to heart, for all your goodness,  
All your wishes laid.

“And I find, to speak you plainly,  
I have been deceived :—  
I, and with me many others  
Who like me believed.”

Then the sheriffs and the yeomen,  
In each other's eyes  
Looking, variously gave utterance  
To their pleased surprise.

“Now, good master Doctor, bless you,”  
Spake the sheriffs ; “thus  
You have spoke the wisest sentence  
You yet spake to us.

“Cast yourself away thus vainly ?—  
You were folly's thrall :  
Favour waits you surely.” Likewise  
Also said they all.

But he still maintains his silence,  
Till their wondering gaze  
Notes the smile that o'er his visage,  
Now as erstwhile, plays.

So the sheriff'cross the table  
Eagerly doth lean ;—  
“Master Doctor, tell us, prithee,  
What it is you mean.



“You have been deceived, you tell us ;  
Others are deceived :  
Say, were we mistaken also  
In what we believed ? ”

“I will tell you,” spake the Doctor,  
“How I’ve been deceived,  
Many shall deceive who like me  
Heretofore believed.

“I’m a man, you see, of body  
Which I hoped should lie  
In dear Hadley’s acre (when I  
Hoped in bed to die.)

“I’ve herein been disappointed ;  
And the worms that wait  
Shall be also disappointed  
Of this looked-for bait.

“I and they are disappointed :  
For this carcase-frame  
Shall not rest in Hadley’s acre,  
But be food for flame.”

Much the sheriffs and the yeomen  
Marvelled, as he spake,  
At the soul serene death’s terrors  
Could not even shake.

And his jest more surely taught them  
Than more sober speech,  
That to win him to their purpose  
Lay beyond their reach.

Ever thus his words he suited—  
Grave and gay alike—  
To the audience (here rude soldiers)  
On whose ears they strike.

## VIII.

Lanham town in Suffolk—there he  
Waits two days, and there  
Knights and justices and nobles  
Unto him repair.

One from Gardiner brings proffer  
Of a bishopric,  
If he but disown his doctrines  
As a heretic.

One hath the Queen's pardon ready,  
Signed, and sealed, and sure ;  
And they all have tears, and prettexts ,  
Why he should abjure.

But for him earth's noblest prizes,  
All her fairest joys,  
To the Crown that waits him yonder  
Are as children's toys.

And the faith of Rowland Taylor  
Was not built on sand ;  
So 'gainst Satan's worst devices  
It was sure to stand.

## IX.

Unto him, once lightly mounting,  
Thus the sheriff spake,—  
“ Master Doctor, how so blithely  
Riding to a stake ?

“ Say how feel you ? ” “ Master, never  
Better heretofore ;  
Being now but two stiles distant  
From my Father's door.

“ But, good master sheriff, shall we  
Not through Hadley pass ? ”  
“ Yes, alas ! ” “ Kind master, say not  
For my sake ‘ alas ! ’

“ For I bless God for the promise  
I again shall see  
All that precious flock in Hadley  
Christ to keep gave me.

“ As I taught them may Christ give them  
Grace to live and die :  
May no soul I fed in Hadley  
E'er His truth deny.”

## X.

Hadley town and Hadley steeple  
Are at length in view,  
Not one, 'mong those crowds of people  
Waiting, but he knew.

There the poor wait whom he loved so,  
Wait the rich he taught;  
Whom fortnightly in their turns  
Among the poor he brought.

Not a household in all Hadley  
But his power had felt;  
Not a homestead in all Hadley  
Where he had not knelt.

Stands within yon church the pulpit  
Vacant, whence to all  
He with power and with acceptance  
Preached the Gospel call.

There the Font (his mind's eye sees it,)  
Ancient as the church,  
Where to Christ he gave the children,—  
Just within the porch.

There the Board on which The Supper  
He so oft had spread,  
Facing which their marriage pledges  
Men and women said. . . .

Oh ! it all rose plain before him ;—  
All the pews were filled.  
All the faces turned up toward him  
Preaching as God willed.

And without was Hadley churchyard  
Where he often stood  
With them (all of them in turn,)  
Above the sundered sod ;

Where they too with him had sorrowed  
O'er the open clay ;  
For without, in Hadley churchyard,  
His five children lay.

So no marvel he moves onward  
As one blind and lone,  
While his heart to Hadley's churchyard  
And its church has flown.

Brief the space which 'fore his fancy  
Had those visions brought. . . .  
And the tear mist now is banished  
And recalled his thought.

Dear is Hadley, Heaven is dearer,  
God is everywhere,  
And His sleepers in the churchyard  
Are His singers There.

Even were his waiting Saviour  
Not to him so dear,  
He hath more dear hearts up yonder  
Than he leaveth here.

## XI.

Hark, 'tis the first voice from Hadley !  
O'er the bridge they ride.  
There a peasant waits ; five children  
Huddled at his side.

“O dear Father! O Good Shepherd!  
Doctor Taylor, be  
God thy succour as thou often  
Wert to mine and me.”

## XII.

Hadley town they now have entered  
And its street they find  
With great crowds from town and country,  
Of all ages, lined.

Onward moves the weird procession ]  
Watched with weeping eyes,  
'Companied by lamentations  
And indignant cries.

“O dear father, faithful shepherd,  
Is there God that knows?”  
“Child, look where to death and torture  
Our good pastor goes!”

“Gracious Lord, to Doctor Taylor  
Grant all needful grace.”  
“What will come of this bad world,  
In which such wrongs have place?”

Back and forward sway the people ;  
And his escort's spears  
Seem too weak to quell the tumult  
Which the sheriff fears :

For the martyr's silence only  
Angered more the crowd.  
Then the sheriff gave permission,  
And he spake aloud ;—

“I have taught you all God's counsel :  
God is ever good.  
And to seal the truths I taught you  
Come I—with my blood.”

XIII.

At the first almshouse he halteth,—  
Halts at each in turn,  
To distribute his last bounty  
'Mong their inmates lorn.

At the last almshouse he noteth  
None its gate before.  
“Holds this house the blind old couple  
Whom I knew of yore?”



“They within wait.” His last pieces  
Binding in his glove,  
He has flung them through the window  
And doth onward move.]

What he aye was—self-forgetful—  
Shows he still, and here,  
As there were no Aldham Common  
And no stake anear.

## XIV.

They have come to Aldham Common,  
And he asketh, Where  
Have they come, and why the thousands  
Have assembled there?

“This is where you have to suffer,  
And they come to see.”  
“Praises be to God in Heaven,  
I’m at home,” saith he.

Off his horse then lightly leaping,  
From his face that hood  
With both hands he tore, in presence  
Of the multitude.

Which, on seeing his disfigured  
Grey hairs, reverend face  
And the long white beard, lamented  
Variously his case.

“Now God save thee, Dr. Taylor ;  
Jesu be thy aid,  
And the Holy Ghost thy comfort !”  
So his people prayed.

Moved at heart by such affection  
He would fain have spoke ;  
But each time his voice upraised he,  
Came a cruel stroke.

Now one yoeman, now another  
Harshly at him gave :—  
One into his mouth the tipstaff  
Of his office drave.

Spake the sheriff when appealed to,  
“Hath thy memory slept ?”  
Meekly answered back the martyr,  
“Promise must be kept.”

## XV.

Next the Royal Pardon's proffered,—  
“Which she yearns to grant.  
Hence depart a free man, only  
Say you, ‘I recant.’”

Never a word he spake in answer  
But he sat him down ;—  
Round him glanced and to a loiterer  
Called, of Hadley town :—

“Hither, Soyce : thou long hast waited  
For these boots of mine.  
Prithee, pull them off, and make them  
For thy labour thine.”

Then he rose, put off his garments  
Even to the shroud ;  
And he gave them to some poorer  
Folks among the crowd.

Gave them with such words as often  
He had used before  
When distributing his bounty  
From the vicar's door.

Then his great voice shook the people :—  
“Trust me, God is good.  
Here I stand, the truths I taught you  
Sealing with my blood.”

Yet again that yeoman struck him,  
As his master erst :—  
“Is this keeping of thy promise,  
Heretic accurst !”

So, since they would not permit him  
Speak at all aloud,  
Down he knelt, and one poor woman  
Joined him from the crowd.

Joined him there and knelt beside him :  
Would not be gainsaid,  
Though the soldiers thrust and threatened :  
Knelt with him and prayed.

Till he ended, till he rose up,  
Kindly blessings spake,  
Set himself in that pitch barrel  
Fastened by the stake.

Setting there his back uprightly,  
'Gainst the stake, his hands  
Folding close, with eyes toward Heaven,  
So he prays and stands :—

Stands and prays. Absorbed in prayer,  
Nought seems he to know  
Of the chains that bind his body,  
Faggots piled below.

Till his face was with a faggot  
Struck, when meek reproof,  
Fell as from far heights, "O Friend, is  
There not harm enough?"

David's psalm, "Have mercy on me,"  
Now aloud he prays.  
One more buffet, "Knave, speak Latin";  
But no more he says.

And the fire at last is kindled . . .  
Praying still, with hands  
Folded close, with eyes tow'rd Heaven,  
Thus the martyr stands.

Never moved he, never cried he  
Till a halberd stroke  
Clove his skull in, and the body  
Sank in flame and smoke.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Thus died one of whom not worthy  
Was the world, in truth,”  
Writes who first wrote down this story  
Woven of wrath and ruth.





## Lays of Londonderry.

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THE APPRENTICE BOYS' 'NO SURRENDER.'

TO LORD ANTRIM'S REGIMENT.

---

"No Surrender ! No Surrender !"

Round the City rushed the cry,  
As the flame across a prairie  
By long summers wasted dry.

"No Surrender ! No Surrender !"

From the Ferry Gate it came ;  
So, where falls the careless spark, thence  
Springs the far devouring flame.

"No Surrender ! Let the wisehead

And the weak heart palter still,  
But the ' Prentice Boys of Derry  
This one hour shall work their will.

Talk of Sovereign and duty !

Look yon Ultoghs in the face :  
Tho' no sign of present hate or  
Ancient feud therein you trace——

What ! surrender homes and city  
To a guardianship so base ?

We at least shall not ; nor may we  
Slight full many a danger sign :—  
Lord Mount Alexander's letter  
Menacing some dread design :  
Every smiths' main occupation  
Forging skeane, half-pike, and lance :  
Secret stores of knives, chain-bridles,  
And firearms, disclosed by chance :  
Hints occasional that reach us,  
How their priests some texts construe,—  
'Saul's sore sin in saving *one*  
Of the Amalekitish crew.'—  
If, our sires, you have forgotten  
What you saw in 'Forty-one,  
We, be sure, have not forgotten  
What you tell us off and on !"  
Such the mingled voices sent up,  
In that moment big with fate,  
By the 'Prentice Boys of Derry,  
As they closed the Ferry Gate.  
Ferry Gate is closed securely,  
Shipquay Gate is duly barred ;  
Bishop's Gate is bolted surely,  
And the Gate by Butcher's Yard.  
Changed the guards are ; Campsie's wounded  
But the magazine's made good :  
Of the Thirteen his this glory—  
He was first to shed his blood.  
So 'twas done ; and from the moment  
It was done, all knew 'twas right :



No leal doubter but, that moment,  
Felt as scales fell from his sight.  
Young and agèd, wives and daughters,  
Sons and sires, caught up the cry—  
‘No Surrender!’ From all voices,  
O’er the city it swept by,  
As the flame devours a prairie  
By long summers wasted dry.

\* \* \* \* \*

So the guards were changed and passwords;  
And the gates securely barr’d.  
Derry’s townfolk stood at leisure  
Their position to regard.  
Certes, such it was the boldest  
Well might view it with affright:  
Not three-hundred men among them  
Able to bear arms in fight;  
Drawbridges long time neglected,  
Scarce a ditch their gates before,  
Chains long rusted; not a dozen  
Casks of powder in their store;  
Of provisions scarce a handful  
To compare with all their need—  
Yet the Elders, now, of Derry,  
Glory in their children’s deed.  
“Better die, if needs must, nobly  
On our walls, in open fight,  
Than be butchered by yon rabble  
In our homesteads, day or night;

Better die of slow starvation,—  
Trust in God and do the right.”

“Trust in God,” said Derry’s Elders,  
“Trust in God and do the right.”

“Derry’s ’Prentice Boys, of Derry  
Nobly have deserved on the eve  
Of planned massacre, refusing  
Its apt agents to receive.  
No King’s livery upon them,  
No King’s Captain with them seen,  
Never notice of their coming,  
All their weapons clubs and skeane;  
And among them no few faces  
To our jailors known:—we say,  
Derry’s ’Prentice Boys of Derry  
Nobly have deserved to day.  
Praise we then,” cried Derry’s Elders,  
“Him who oftentimes reveals  
To the babes what from the aged,  
Wise, and prudent, He conceals.  
Praise Him who Tyrconnell’s counsel  
And our fears confounded so,  
Leaving our unguarded townsfolk  
Free to answer thus their foe;  
For ’tis true He leads the blind still,  
By a way they do not know.”  
“Better,” Derry’s youths responded,  
“On our walls to die in fight,

Than be butchered by yon rabble,  
In our homesteads, day or night ;—  
Better die of slow starvation,—  
Trust in God and dare the right ! .

“Trust in God,” cried Derry’s Elders,  
Trust in God and do the right.”

“No Surrender !” Wives and daughters,  
Sons and sires, caught up the cry.  
“No Surrender !” O’er the city,  
From all voices it swept by ;  
As the flame devours a prairie  
By long summers wasted dry.

\* \* \* \* \*

(Thus, one seventh of December,  
Nigh two hundred years ago,  
Thirteen ’Prentice Boys of Derry  
Flung defiance at her foe ;  
Saved their City, saved their Country,  
Won high honour,—as we know.

Londonderry, Enniskillen,—  
Ulster’s fair twin daughters ! Long  
Live you for like noble daring !  
Live your old renown in song !)





## King James in Dublin,

—o—

WITH French crowns four hundred thousand,  
And French officers five score,  
And five times five hundred soldiers,  
James has touched our Irish shore,\*  
Here to find all as he wished it,  
Thanks to his Lord Viceroy's care:—  
Thirty thousand foot, eight thousand  
Horsemen at his orders were.  
Munster, Connaught and all Leinster  
Owned him king. Our Ulster too  
Had within her many thousands—  
Kerne and tory—to him true.  
Welcome glad Kinsale has given,  
Gladder still has Cork bestowed ;  
Into Dublin City proudly,  
As a monarch should, he rode.  
But amid its populace's  
Loud huzzas, his angered look,  
Sends he nor'ward to two cities  
Who his sov'reignty not brook :—

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\* At Kinsale, March 12th, 1689.

Londonderry, Enniskillen,  
Ulster's fair twin daughters ! long  
Live you for like noble daring :  
Live your old renown in Song !

To his Council then spake Stuart,  
(It was of an April day) :—  
“ I'm for Ulster, bid both Houses  
Meet me on the seventh of May,  
When I'll tell you how we captured  
Derry town, without delay.”  
From that Council Hall the monarch,  
As a monarch should, did stride,  
Looking, “ To our next gay meeting,”  
At his creatures either side.  
To his favourite whip he whispers,  
“ See the horses are stirred on,  
See you catch up General Hamilton  
Before those walls are won ;  
For I wish myself the glory  
Of that exploit when 'tis done.”  
With himself he communes gaily :—  
“ 'Tis some poor small place, I'm told,  
And quite certain to surrender  
When my regiments they behold.  
When they see my twenty thousand  
Halt their puny walls before:  
When they view my kingly presence  
Good for twenty thousand more.

I'll have glory without danger——"  
('Tis some heroes' favourite way) . . .  
. . . One last word to faithful Commons,  
"I'll be back without delay ;  
And I'll tell you all about it,  
When we meet, the seventh of May."

Ah, but other thoughts had Derry—  
'Other men and other minds.'  
If 'a poor place' few the poor hearts  
That King James in Derry finds.  
One such heart, no child of Derry's,  
Has command of walls and guns ;  
Still confounds, still paralyzes,  
The best counsels of her sons.  
Trust not in him, fallen monarch ;  
He is now as good as known—  
William's name in his commission  
Leaves him life and it alone—  
For that name's sake, while a doubt was,  
He could not be overthrown.  
With all doubt his power is over,  
And not even William's name  
Now might shield him in his office  
Or his memory from shame.



## The Flight Northwards.

—o—

On the fifteenth day of April  
Cladyford was lost and won :  
On the sixteenth, James caught up with  
The triumphant Hamilton.  
Everywhere had fortune favoured  
Stuart plans and policy,  
'Spite some failures and reverses  
As at Coleraine and Ardtrea,  
Nor'ward, Nor'ward flee the Protestants,  
Hamilton's dread march before.  
Faster, faster as the news spread  
Of the routal at Dromore.  
Nor'ward, Nor'ward humbler folks flee,  
Nor'ward, or 'protection' take.  
Many yoemen, squires and nobles  
Cause and native land forsake :  
Many more a loftier purpose  
Have before their spirits set ;  
Fighters who, retreating nor'wards,  
Keep their faces southwards yet.  
Massarene Castle, Lisburn, Antrim  
Have been given over to loot ;



Hillsborough Castle with its thousand  
Pounds and food store followed suit.  
Coleraine's at last abandoned ;  
Cladyford lost yesterday ;  
And Lōrd Kingston called from Sligo  
Leaves to Connaught open way.  
What if Ennniskillen yields not,  
Derry's ruler is secured ;  
And a messenger from Derry  
Its surrender has assured.  
So no marvel when the monarch,  
With such cheer on every hand,  
Reached his camp, within five miles of  
Derry town, he gave command  
That his vanguard should move forward  
From St. John's to Upper Strand.





## King James before Derry.

---

On the seventh of December,  
Sixteen hundred and eighty eight,  
Derry Boys called "No Surrender!"  
And shut fast the Ferry Gate.  
Four months later other leader  
Than Lord Antrim sought our walls;  
Other army than his rabble  
For admittance at them calls.  
Antrim's master is that other  
Leader—James of Stuart breed.  
His that other army—come of  
Many nations, one in creed.  
One their Church, the Church which many  
A race with slavery has banned;  
And which never for man's freedom  
One unselfish battle planned.  
Yes, yon Captain is James Stuart,  
Pope-blest monarch, sanguine, vain;  
Towards the southern gate advancing  
With a small attendant train.

Just nine score and seven paces  
From the southern gate halts he,  
For a survey of the City  
Sure so soon his prize to be ;  
That the townsfolk might distinguish  
Him among his company.  
Brief his halt is. " From yon ramparts,"  
Said he, " see the gunners now—  
Can it be ? A gay salute, sirs,  
In our honour, I avow.  
They have been but waiting for us—  
Let us forward " . . . Monarch vain !  
At your side's a fallen captain,  
Several wounded in your train.  
And the echoes of that one burst  
Scarce had woke the dells around,  
When the monarch and his escort  
For dear life tread safer ground.  
Puzzled monarch—that his escort  
Could outstrip himself in flight,  
And that Derry held defenders,  
Who would dare to show him fight.  
Soon with angered voice and visage,  
" What means all we have been told ?  
Treaty of Capitulation ?  
Yet these gunners uncontrolled ?  
Ah, fallen monarch, Lundy's Council  
Is not Derry's but his own.  
Tho' therein are some who hate you

Yet his treachery gives it tone,  
And he sways no more in Derry  
For his treachery is known.  
So this king might have been answered  
In his camp at the Upper Strand.  
“Back, to-morrow, to St. Johnstown,”  
Is his Majesty’s Command.





# The Garrison's "No Surrender."

(To King James.)

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NOTE.—On April 18, four months after the closing of the Gates by the Apprentice Boys, King James rode out from his camp on the Upper Strand, towards the City, quite confident that, immediately on his appearance before the Walls, the Garrison would surrender. But the enraged citizens, who had been strongly suspecting treachery on the part of their chief (Col Lundy,) sent a cannon shot in the King's direction; whereupon he returned to his camp faster than he had set out. About same hour Captain Murray was seen coming from Culmore at head of 50 troopers; a rumour having reached him that the City's surrender was determined upon. There were about 30,000 people at this time crowded within the walls. Walker, (till then the only Ulster Leader who had at all been successful in resisting the invading force,) Baker, afterwards joint governor with Walker, and the other Ulster Chiefs, were observing Lundy; on the one hand resolved there should be no surrender, and, on the other, slow to depose Lundy from an office to which he had been commissioned by King William, until he had taken steps openly to effect the capitulation, or had done some other overact which would be their justification for resorting to such an extreme measure. This prudent conduct on their part did not satisfy the impatient populace, and so the arrival of Captain Murray precipitated the crisis; as recorded below.

YES, Brave King, almost the moment  
You from out your camp did ride,  
By your glance to conquer Derry,—  
From Culmore, on t'other side,  
Rode there out another Chief who  
At its flood will take this tide.—

Came another Captain, saying,  
- Not—Give *me* up Derry town :  
Thinking, not—How your surrender  
Shall redound to my renown :—  
But the loyal lover praying,  
As he thought ;—" O city gay,  
Be you not more fair than worthy :  
Live your pure renown always !  
All my service now I offer,  
All in this one life of mine ;  
What is mine, or any other's  
Life or name, compared with thine ?  
Here come fifty true men with me ;  
And within your boundary walls  
Thousands are who thus will answer,  
When your trumpet to them calls.  
But yield not to yonder wooer,  
Yet forget not ancient fame,  
Nor by any base surrender  
Yield your memory to shame."

From the walls our townsfolk watch him,  
Cheer his progress with huzzas ;  
And with waving hands forbid him  
Either to return or pause.  
Still he nears us, surely, surely,  
At his fifty troopers' front :  
Now unhindered, now opposing  
Some sharp battle's sudden brunt :

Still with gestures energetic,  
Ere his voice could reach our ear,  
Warning us 'gainst the surrender  
Vagrant rumour made him fear.

One has rushed into the council ;—  
“ Murray’s now at Pennyburn,  
Spurring from Culmore to ”——“ Bear him  
Our fixed orders to return.”

One comes thirty minutes later ;—  
“ Murray’s at the Shipquay Gate  
And demands admittance.”——“ Tell him,  
He may on the Shipquay wait.”  
Yet again ; “ The soldiers clamour  
To admit him and his train.”

“ Drop a rope to hale him up by :  
Let his troop without remain.”  
And the messenger to Murray  
Has the shameful message ta’en.  
Once he upwards glanced with scorn,  
Once he smote the gate amain ;  
“ Open !” called he ; and the sentry  
Swung it open for the entry  
Of a hero and his train.

Honour we the noble sentry,  
Hight James Morrison, who entry  
Gave to Murray and his train.

And he entered, and his horsemen—  
Fifty cavalry all told.



Round about him throng the towsfolk,  
Sons and fathers, young and old ;  
Grandams, mothers, wives and daughters,  
Round and round about him close :——  
“ Here at last has come a chieftain  
Who at least his purpose knows.” . . .  
“ Other Chieftains in our city  
Are as brave and leal, no doubt ;  
But this one both knows his purpose  
And unawed will see it out.” . . .  
“ Derry’s Chief plans with no purpose,  
Or one purpose—to betray ;  
And has still fine explanations  
For his folly or foul play.” . . .  
“ Ulster’s captains, too, distrust him,  
But they will not thrust him hence,  
For he bears in his commission  
William’s name :—most poor pretence,  
When the traitor is but plotting  
To restore King James the Crown.”  
Then would wail the weak and fearful,—  
“ O Sir, save us ; save our town ! ”

But through all the wild confusion,  
In short pauses still was heard  
Murray’s voice—his broken speeches  
Urging all the timid fear’d ;  
Till amid the crowd’s hushed silence  
All the heart within him spoke,—

‘What it cost our sires and grandsires  
To reject the Papal yoke :  
How it was our bounden duty  
To our children to pass on,  
Free from stain and diminution,  
All our ancestors had won :  
How an Empire’s fate was hanging  
On our action there that hour :  
How the fortunes of our Faith, too,  
God had given into our power.’  
“Live as freemen, or die freemen,  
But our children yet unborn,  
When their father’s names are mentioned,  
Must not shrink ’neath rebels’ scorn.”

Then, observing one and other  
Of the great crowd, here and there,  
Who by glance or sob gave token  
They not wholly with him were,  
Spake he ;—“Say, then, we surrender ;  
Are you one whit more secure ?  
Certain guarantees they proffer ;  
Are you of their sanctions sure ?  
When your garrison’s disbanded,  
And your arms have been laid down ;  
When yon rabble has free quarters,  
And free scope, in Derry town,—  
Will your lives be, or your freedom,  
Worth the price of James’s crown ?

By your wives' and daughters' honour,  
Sires and lovers, what say you?  
By your own and children's honour,  
Girls and matrons, answer true!  
No! Live freemen or die freemen,  
But our children yet unborn,  
When their fathers' names are mentioned,  
Must not shrink 'neath rebels' scorn."

Then he paused; and still the crowd paused,  
Till he spake in accents low:—

"There are traitors, there are tremblers

In our City. Let us know

Who our friends are. Once the watchword

'No Surrender!' had a charm.

You whose vow is 'No Surrender!'

Wear a white badge on your arm."

Then, before by word or gesture

Might the great crowd give reply,

Stood the hero to his full height,

Lifting sword and voice on high,—

"No Surrender!" And the great crowd

As one man caught up the cry.

Off to Stuart's Camp that shout went,

Out to ocean, up to sky:

"No Surrender! No Surrender!"

From all voices it swept by,

As the flame devours a prairie

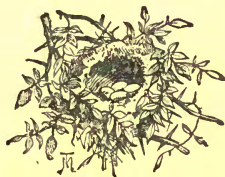
By long summers wasted dry.

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Thence he strode upon the ramparts ;  
Round and round the walls he stept.  
Changed the guards, and charged the gunners,  
Saw the keys securely kept ;  
While the shout of " No Surrender !"  
Round and through the City swept.





## The First Sabbath of the Siege,

---

It was on a Thursday Morning,  
And 'twas April's eighteenth day,  
When the first gun from our ramparts  
Sent King James in fright away.  
On the following Sunday Morning  
They their first shot did essay.

'Mong us crashed it, with much terror  
For our wives and children fraught;  
Ay, with terror for our heroes  
Who of wives and children thought;  
Rather for it was the first, than  
For the evil that it wrought.

Yet the feeling of the Sabbath  
Was that day in Derry town;—  
Manifested in our people's  
Faces, moving up and down  
To and from the fair Cathedral,  
Of our Derry height the Crown.

And, be sure, not slow our youths were  
The dread challenge to resent.  
So, while our unarmed townsfolk  
Meekly to their worship went,  
Our Commanders had a sortie  
Planned, the foe to circumvent.

Note that bold commanding figure  
Stepping firmly up the street,  
As if snows of seventy winters  
Never on his forehead beat.  
Note the eagle glance that searches  
Every face that it may meet.

From beneath the gown's deep purple  
Cuirass-gleams your glance withstand:—  
Crimson sash across his shoulder,  
Round his neck the cleric's band,  
In one hand he grasps a Bible,  
On his sword-hilt rests one hand.

This is WALKER. From the consult  
Of the Colonels comes he now,  
To a place his heart loves better  
And the work of his youth's vow;  
For already the great concourse  
Doth within St. Colomb's bow.

There they wait—nor vainly wait—him.  
How our hearts his voice used hold,

As with words and glance of fire he  
The grand story did unfold  
Of God's marvellous deliv'rances  
And promises of old!——

“‘For thy promises of old are  
Sure and everlasting;’ so  
Wait we here, in no chance trusting;  
Forth, not in man's strength they go:  
Here wait *we* 'neath God's protection;  
*They* in God's strength seek the foe.”

It was the first word we heard of 't;  
And the word was scarcely spoke  
When the rattle of the battle  
Into the Cathedral broke.  
But our great commander-cleric  
Yet our audience did invoke.

“Like as Moses on the mountain  
Did with Hur and Aaron pray,  
Let us pray; and God shall answer  
As He answered on that day.”—  
And we prayed, “O God of battles,  
Help, who didst help Joshua.”

And He helped us; often after  
Sent like help in doubtful fray.  
Often after were we gathered  
In like fashion, there, to pray;  
And to hear such words of courage  
As our Governor's that day.



Nor his only. In our city  
Eighteen Clergymen were found,  
With eight Presbyters. St. Colomb's  
Unto all was common ground ;  
And through every voice St. Colomb's  
Pulpit gave the same sure sound.

In the morn Episcopalians  
Thronged within its sacred walls :  
In the evening Presbyterians  
Answered to its belfry calls ;  
While upon our leaders' councils  
No religious discord falls.

God was with us ; God among us ;  
As herein was sureliest shown.—  
Praise we Him by whom not only  
Were our enemies o'erthrown,  
But ourselves restrained from marring  
Work was all the Almighty's own.





## The 'Relief.

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ONCE again a Sabbath morning  
O'er the 'leaguered city broke :  
From the roof of the cathedral

Once again our cannon spoke,  
And our flag was dipped, in token  
To the fleet of last distress ;  
Whilst within the old cathedral

Once again our people press.  
“ Once again ! ” In every bosom  
This one feeling uppermost,—  
Ere another Sabbath morning  
Derry shall be saved or lost.

Once again on board the Swallow  
Brave Micaiah Browning stopt ;  
Once again implored the General  
His proposals to accept :—

“ Sir, of your five thousand soldiers  
Not a man those guns who heard,  
But his heart is with compassion,—  
Yes, with indignation, stirred.  
What then must the breast be like to  
Of a native of the place ;  
One whose starving wife and babies  
Share yon city's evil case ? ”——

Kirk spake, sharply interrupting,  
    "I know all that you would say.  
General Schomberg has sent orders  
    That admit of no delay.  
Hold you ready, and the Dartmouth  
    Shall convoy you. Give command  
That six guns their eight guns answer,  
    To announce relief at hand."

How his true men cheered Micaiah,  
    As he climbed the Mountjoy's side,—  
Every man a man from Derry !  
    How they laboured : with what pride !  
How they watched and watched the Dartmouth ;  
    Watched for flowing of the tide !

When, towards eve, the Dartmouth signalled,  
    (Captain Leake, Commander stout),  
Both the Mountjoy and the Phoenix  
    Had their canvas all flung out.  
Inwards move they with the frigate,  
    Wind and tide in favour now . . .  
Four good miles of water stretching  
    'Twixt the quay and foremost prow  
When, (where meet the lough and river,)  
    Fort and Castle of Culmore  
Thunder on them with great fury,  
    And the troops from either shore.  
Nobly Leake has done his duty,  
    Bravely Browning's work is done.

Gallant Douglas follows after  
Till the frith within is won,  
Where the frigate casts her anchor,  
While the victuallers sail on !  
'Tis the hour of evening service ;  
And our gathered people wait,  
(Not much happier for the six guns  
That had answered to our eight\* :)—  
Wait our Governor. “ ’Twas Sabbath ;  
He was preaching,” one recalls,  
“ When our men first proved their prowess  
In a fight outside the walls.  
Then he mainly talked of courage  
And of duties to fulfil ;  
Mainly now of trust, endurance,  
And submission to God’s will.”  
'Tis the hour of evening sermon :  
For the last time Walker stands  
In the pulpit of St. Colomb’s,  
Lifting heavenward holy hands :—  
Hands, methinks, no whit less holy,  
That for Freedom, Home, and Creed,  
He hath wielded warrior’s weapon  
In their hour of deadly need.  
No less holy that he pleads not  
Sable gown or whitened hair ;  
Takes in all his people’s peril  
And privation manhood’s share :

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\* They had been so often disappointed already. General Kirke is very generally condemned for being so long in the Bay without having made any serious effort for the town’s relief.

No less holy than the Temple,  
Where he worships, is to-day  
For that Derry's ammunition  
In its vault is stowed away :  
For that from its roof and tower  
Look our guns in greatness down,  
Speaking terror to our foemen,  
Shedding safety on our town.

'Tis the hour of evening sermon.—  
For the last time Walker stands  
In the pulpit of Saint Colomb's,  
Lifting heavenward holy hands.

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“In His care who first our spirits  
To this lofty path impell'd ;  
In His care, the God whose spirit  
Hath till now our cause upheld,  
Can we not still trust, my brethren ?  
His arm shortened ? Cannot save ?  
Who poured bread on starved Samaria,  
Sank proud Egypt in the wave ?  
It was when a lord despairing  
Said, “Shall Heaven's window open ?”  
To Elisha, that Elisha's  
God fulfilled His servants' hope.  
When the foe was close behind them  
And the deep sea close before—  
*Then* 'twas God, through walled-up waters,  
Caused His people to pass o'er. . . .

View we now His special mercies  
To ourselves these hundred days :  
Supernatural providences,  
Often by most natural ways. . . .  
Hearts, look up in full thanksgiving !  
Tears of weakness, cease to fall !  
We at last are wholly helpless :  
Now is God's time : on Him call."——  
Hark, that shout ! What means this rushing  
Of the soldiers in the street ? . . . .  
One has entered, hushed and eager,  
To announce, " The Fleet ! The Fleet !"——  
From the tower of the Cathedral  
Sentinels have called, " They come."——  
Speed their way, God, past the castle,  
Past the batteries and the boom !

Ah, to see the men of Derry—  
Women, men, and children too,—  
Crowding on the walls of Derry,  
Crowding roof and tower, to view !  
Ah, to see the pale-black, sunken  
Cheeks take other hue ; to see  
Eyes, in which so long gleamed famine,  
Glance with hope's quick energy !  
How they cheered, how blest, each other,  
'Spite their weakness, 'spite the din,  
As the frigate quelled the castle  
And the three good ships swept in !

But that momentary gladness—  
It hath passed. Three miles remain  
Of a low and narrow river  
To be traversed by the twain.  
Of a low and narrow river  
Held on both banks by the foe :  
And the boom, THE BOOM ! God only  
Doth as yet the issue know.  
Faces up towards Heaven are turned,  
Hearts in longing thither go.

“ If I perish, then I perish,”  
Spake the self-devoted queen.  
Seemed as if the stately storeships  
Sailed death’s very jaws between.  
Oft the belching fire from both banks,  
Pouring from small guns and great,  
Smoke-enveiling both the vessels,  
Left us doubting of their fate.  
But the nearing fire still told us  
They were nearing. On they came,  
As a strong man through a tempest,  
Through the death-hail, fire, and flame.

How we hoped and feared in Derry !  
How we wondered, watched, and prayed !  
Some were bowed in the Cathedral,  
Some within their own homes stayed.  
Longing so intense possessed them,  
Famine-worn, they dared not cope



With the harrowing alternation—  
 Hope and fear, and fear and hope.  
 Some, combining their last efforts,  
 Waved the standard from the tow'r :  
 Some the minute-gun kept firing,  
 As denoting the last hour.  
 On the crowded walls and ramparts,  
 Various gestures, various cries,  
 From the strongest of the watchers  
 Told of glad or sad surprise.  
 Hands are stretched towards the vessels ;  
 Hands are clenched towards the foe.  
 Faces all upturn to Heaven ;  
 Thither all heart's cryings go.

\*                      \*                      \*                      \*

" 'Tis the Mountjoy ! 'tis our townsman !  
 Bold Micaiah takes the lead.  
 But the Boom, THE BOOM ! " they whisper,  
 As the storeships nearer speed.  
 " See, the batteries, that cover  
 It at both ends, ready wait  
 See, the ambushed musket-volleys  
 Are enough to seal their fate !  
 God, look on us and our brothers,  
 And thy glory vindicate."  
 As a strong man through a tempest,  
 Through this hail and storm of death,  
 Drive the Mountjoy and the Phoenix :  
 But our boldest hold their breath,

And the soldiers of King Stuart  
Yet within their camp detained,  
Watch the issue of this moment  
With a vision no less strained,  
When the batteries are opened,  
And the musket volleys pour,  
With a fury twice redoubled,  
From the lines on either shore.

On the Mountjoy sweeps majestic,  
While upon its loftiest deck  
Stands the gallantest Commander  
Ever braved a battle's wreck.  
Roar of cannon, din of muskets,  
And all else despite, was yet  
Heard the shock through all the battle  
When the boom and vessel met.  
And the boom remains unbroken  
But hath felt its mortal wound ;  
Whilst the ship in its recoiling  
Swerves aside and lies aground.

Like one—closed in a death-struggle,  
And assured his hour is come,—  
Who already in his foeman's  
Flashing eye hath read his doom ;  
But for one last effort gathers  
All his yet remaining might,  
That the other, though his victor  
May have cause to rue this fight :

So the boom shook back the good ship ;  
Cast its conqueror aground ;  
But, though lying yet unbroken,  
Hath received its mortal wound.

Then a cry of exultation,  
As of demons loosed from hell,  
From the Stuart army went up——  
Ah, we knew its meaning well.  
Blacker in each other's faces  
Looked we in that fateful hour,  
When we knew the boom unbroken  
And the Mountjoy in their power :  
As we saw them gaily rushing  
For the boats, our ship to board ;  
Whilst the guns from both the batteries  
All their fury on her poured.

Then, as loftily the sea-cliff  
Fronts all wrath of heaven and air,  
Fronts all wrath of storm and ocean,  
Nor regards the lightening's glare,  
Soul-unshaken, self-sufficing,  
Towered that steadfast spirit : then  
In that hour of fate our captain  
Spoke his orders, cheered his men :—  
“ God who brought us here can bring us  
Farther. I've one fear, but one,  
Lest our consort have the crowning  
Of our work so well begun ;

Sunder that which we have shaken ;  
Take our prize through this delay.—  
Men, our babies' fathers must be  
First in Derry town to-day. . . .

“At the worst, we may these boatmen  
Bid return.” His gunners heard,  
And a broadside on the landside  
Sent them back dispersed and scared.  
It did more. The guns rebounding,  
Aided by the rising tide,  
Shook the ship from shore and left her  
Free once more, Foyle river's pride.

In the meantime,—while the Mountjoy  
Had been labouring, righting,—some  
In the long boat have been plying  
“Axe and lever” ’gainst the boom ;  
So when next the good ship faced it,  
Scarcely shaken she passed through,  
And triumphant, through the battle  
Smoke, emerged to Derry's view.  
Oh, the shout that from the ramparts  
Then ascended to the sky !  
All the strength in our starved bodies  
Was centred in that cry.  
For one moment we remembered  
Nothing of privations braved :  
Nothing but our rescued city  
And our cause and honour saved.

Yet not long our loud acclaiming  
Lasted ; for our hearts quick were  
With our loved ones and our lost ones  
Who our triumph might not share.  
Sobs were mingled with thanksgiving,  
Tear blind eyes to Heaven cast,  
While through " Ross's Bay " the Phoenix  
And the Mountjoy upwards pass'd.

In that hour of passion-tumult  
Some fell dead in Derry town.  
In some lives the light of reason  
Was for ever stricken down.  
Some had risen from sick-couches,  
But in vain, the ships to greet.  
Some set out, but, hunger-conquered,  
Fell down swooning in the street.  
Some sped home to cheer the sick ones ;  
Some, to bid the dead revive :  
Some half went, ere recollecting  
*They* no longer cry nor strive.

" What is this ? The Mountjoy beaten ? "  
" Captain Browning loiter thus ? "  
" Let the Phoenix, e'en, outstrip her,  
In the race for home and us ? "  
" Browning ! Gallantest commander  
Ever braved a battle's wreck ! " . . .  
. . . Ah, the brave Micaiah Browning  
Lieth dead upon his deck.

Oh, for many a long year after,  
And by many a crowded hearth,  
Loved his men to tell the story  
Of their Chief's last hour on earth.  
How he held his lofty station  
Through the bullets and the balls,  
Up the long course of the river,  
Pointing still to Derry walls.  
How, aground when struck the vessel,  
Never cloud passed o'er his thought,—  
How he cheered them, how inspired them,  
How he blessed them, as they wrought.  
How, when next they faced the barrier,  
Cried he, "God for Derry town !  
Men, this river and this moment  
Shall be posts of our renown."  
How, as through the boom they burst in,  
And, in triumph, him they view'd,  
Than himself e'en greater, nobler,  
He, like one transfigured, stood.  
How, when through the smoke they struggled,  
And the ramparts' shout came down,—  
"Think you, hearts, hath Heaven such music  
As these cheers from Derry town?"—  
How just then the bravest Captain  
Ever strode through battle's wreck,  
With a bullet in his forehead,  
Fell down dead upon the deck !  
Fell down dead, his sword tow'ard Derry,  
Where his heart was all the while.

And his face e'en in the coffin  
Had not lost that triumph-smile.

Still with shout and shot they follow  
The two vessels sailing on.  
But when once the boom was broken  
Derry walls were lost and won.  
Well they knew it, and we knew it,  
And the angels looking down.—  
Did our dead, we wondered, know it—  
They who died for Derry town?

Night was falling when the Phoenix  
Came alongside the Ship quay,  
With its stores from Scotland. (Scotland  
True to Ulster stand alway !)  
Never shouting nor acclaiming  
From the throngs awaiting there :  
Sobs were mingled with the blessing,  
With thanksgiving misery's pray'r.  
Cheers beftted yonder triumph,  
And o'er-burdened hearts relieved;  
But in silence, as from Heaven,  
Their restored lives are received.

And not one is there among them  
Whom the hundred days have left  
With unwounded heart or spirit,—  
Of some loved ones unbereft.



And the gallantest Commander  
That e'er braved a battle's wreck,  
Derry's son and her deliverer,  
Lieth dead upon his deck.

Night had fallen when our people,  
Young and old, whose strength allowed,  
With one heart and with one purpose,  
Were within the old church bowed.  
Oh, to see the breathing spectres  
Up and down the aisles that tread!  
Seem they sleepers just half-wakened  
From some City of the Dead.  
Faces wan and bodies wasted—  
Still that strange sepulchral air  
Clung about them, still that starkness,  
Even when most rapt in pray'r.  
Not until the prayer was ended,—  
Spake the pastor, "Let us praise,  
And a psalm of loud thanksgiving  
To our God and Saviour raise":—  
Not until the psalm essayed they,  
Found their human hearts relief:  
Sobbed the agéd with the children,  
Sobbed and wept, but not for grief.

No heart there whose pure thanksgiving  
Reached not up to Heaven's height,  
Though no song of loud thanksgiving  
Touched the Church's roof that night.

“City of the Dead?” Ay, rightly  
Derry might have been named so,  
Out of her prolonged entombment  
And its multitudinous woe.  
Yards and churchyard overburthened  
With the taken prey of death :  
Atmosphere with rankness reeking  
Of a pestilence’s breath.  
Whilst her living look like corpses  
Of shrunk form and ghastly glare :  
With just life enough for motion,  
And just heart enough for prayer.  
Yet shall place be found in Derry  
For a grave full six-foot deep,  
Where to lay Micaiah Browning  
In his calm triumphant sleep.  
(Browning’s widow, Browning’s orphans,  
Day of mourning ’tis for you.—  
Day of pride through all the ages,  
Yours and your descendants’ too.)  
Here it shall be—in the chancel  
Of our old cathedral—set.  
Never Bishop lived, more nobly  
Earned this pious honour yet.

\* \* \* \*

Never yet sincerer mourners  
Followed car of King or liege,  
Than the concourse which attended  
This last funeral of the siege.

## NOTE.

PROTESTANT readers will not think less kindly of this work because they find one or two Bible characters introduced among our Reformation witnesses to Bible truth. In the "Wycliffe Ballads" we are brought in view of the bondage under which our National Churches groaned five centuries ago, and of the conditions under which their exodus commenced. In the "Poems and Ballads," &c., attention is directed to the greatness of the price by which our inheritance has been secured: all this, to evoke gratitude, to stimulate endeavour, and, by God's blessing, to bring about in some minds greater willingness to face the minor hardships or sacrifices that Protestant Christians in our day are being, or may be, called upon to endure. There are some who, in the presence of every passing cloud, give up all effort of their own in sheer despair; there are others who refrain from effort because they cannot do every thing themselves, or because they are indifferent, or have satisfied themselves that it is God's work and care, and so must come right in the end. To the one class the Author would earnestly say, you can at all events strive in prayer with the Master as did the woman of Syro-Phœnicia, and to the other he would respectfully recommend a more careful study of the character and work of Nehemiah.

One profound regret has followed the Author through a work that has been in all other respects a source of pleasure and advantage to him. It has been still a grief that one could not extol the heroism of the confessor or the constancy of the martyr without also making mention of the traitor's infamy and the persecutor's cruel hate. But even towards traitor and persecutor alike Protestants may well be charitably minded to-day, when they recall how the "witnesses" themselves forgave their enemies and prayed God's pardon for them with their dying breath: how in most cases the system was more to blame than the individual; and how that the great All-Disposer has ever over-ruled the subtle devices of men for the accomplishment of His own wise ends; so that in every age it has been still found true, "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church."

DONOUGHMORE RECTORY,

Baltinglass, *Dec. 20th*, 1887.



## The Syro=Phœnician.

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“And Joseph saw his brethren, and he knew them, but made himself strange to them, and spake roughly to them.”—GEN. xlii. 7.

By thankless Galileans spurned,  
Towards the Phœnician plain He turned,  
To seek 'mong aliens the repose  
Refused Him by His household foes :  
Yet in this Pagan place to hear  
A cry strike sudden on his ear,  
As one invoked Him by that name  
To which “His own” denied His claim,  
And “Mercy, Son of David, Lord !”  
For her demoniac child implored.

“Up from Judæa, Galilee,  
Thy rumour reached us,” wailèth she :  
“Down from our cities, Sidon, Tyre,  
Zarephath—all our coasts, desire  
Drew mighty multitudes who brought  
Back blessings far beyond their thought.  
On her who cannot of Thee know,  
On me who could not leave her woe,  
Have mercy, Son of David, Lord !”  
He never answered her a word.

“Of all the ills that I have heard  
Were healed by Thee, what one appeared  
Drier than mine? I toil and weep;  
Long vigils, tortured, maddened, keep;  
Nought of my anguish for her woes,  
Nought of my pain my darling knows:  
Out of her face of misery  
Sends never look of love to me,  
But often wrath and hatred, Lord—”  
And still He answers her no word.

His followers speak: “Send her away;  
She crieth after us,” they say.  
He answers them, “Ye might have known  
To Israel’s lost sheep alone  
Have I been sent.” With strained ears  
The disappointing words she hears.  
Despite their harshness, their disdain,  
Her bitter cry is heard again,  
“Have mercy on me, help me, Lord!”  
But still he answers not a word.

“Mercy on us, O Lord, thou Son  
Of David!” Still the cry goes on.  
“Mercy on me, and on my child,  
Whose misery sets e’en strong men wild.  
Mercy on me who oft have wept  
She has not with the dead long slept:  
Mercy on her whose tender frame  
Foul spirits for their dwelling claim:

Have mercy on me, help me, Lord !”  
He never answers her a word.

Answers ? ’Twould seem He from her hides :  
Within-doors hidden now abides !  
But vain the door and vain the crowd  
That would repel her. See her bowed ;  
Bowed o’er His travel-wearied feet,  
Ere He quite resteth in his seat.  
Hands clasped,...one glance of misery  
From tearless eyes cast upwards,...she  
Wails, breathless, fainting, “ Help me, Lord !”  
Hark ! He will answer her a word !

Woman, look up from thy deep woe :  
Look up and hope, O woman ! Lo,  
It is His voice who bids be fed  
The thousands hunger’d ; bids the dead  
Start from their slumber ; awes the storm ;  
While from His advent devils swarm  
Affrighted—such as hold thy child !  
And yet compassion’s tones most mild  
Are those which truliest thy Lord’s  
True heart express : then hark his words.

“ Must not the children first be fed ?  
Meet were it we the children’s bread,  
Ere they have finished their repast,  
To the little dogs \* should take and cast ?”

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\* *Little dogs* in original.



How looked He then—this Brother born  
Unto adversity and scorn ?  
Love's Priest and Victim, how looked He  
On that crushed suppliant soul, while she  
Moaned up, " Lord, help me ; help me, Lord,"  
And He gave answer with such word ?

Joy, not resentment, flashed *her* brow.  
Not tearless eyes uplifts she now—  
To settle on that grand calm FACE.  
Her hands unclasp—as though to embrace  
His feet—one moment ; clasp once more,  
But not in misery as before.  
" The *little* dogs," ... " the children *first*,"  
Swift mused she...Seemed her heart must burst  
The while she answers back, " Truth, Lord !  
I bless Thee for that answering word :—

" Truth ; for, though ours such lowest place,  
The household yet doth us embrace ;  
Nor, do I ask Thee ' take and cast,'  
I claim what *falls* from the repast—  
The little dogs' just share, which they  
For their glad portion have alway.  
Here over Israel's border line,  
The table's verge, I claim Thee mine,  
Thee and Thy power to bless me, Lord !"  
He answers her another word.

" Great is thy faith, O woman ! Be  
It as thou wilt e'en to thee.



For this thy saying it is done,  
The devil from thy daughter gone.”  
How looked He then, this Brother born  
Unto adversity and scorn ?  
Love’s Priest and Victim, how looked He  
On that sufficèd soul, while she,  
Bowed down before Him, blessed her Lord :  
Then rose and blessed Him for that word ?

Homewards, O mother, hie thee straight,  
Where friends and neighbours wond’ring wait,  
Surely to find it as He said,—  
Thy daughter laid out on the bed ;  
No longer anguish-racked, self-rent,  
Nor by fierce demon-strugglings spent.  
To drink her looks of love hie home ;  
And love to tell, all years to come,  
Tried and triumphant, how thy Lord  
Was “ snared ” by thee in his own word.

Nor one gift only brought that hour :—  
To thy strong faith its perfect power ;  
Thy hands the door of gospel hope  
Unto the Gentile world to ope ;  
Wherever Christ is known, men’s praise  
And love and blessing all the days :—  
Which triple wreath now forms the crown,  
From shore to shore, of thy renown ;  
Safe-kept by thine harsh-seeming Lord,  
And granted with the wished-for word.

Poor heart within me, often spent  
With doubts and fears and discontent ;  
Because there comes no sign He hears  
Or marks thy cryings strong and tears,  
While others tell at touch of them  
Flows mercy from His garment's hem ;  
Trust, as her hour's protracted pains  
Proved nought compared with its great gains,  
A larger gift prepares thy Lord  
For thee than means the wished-for word.

Think, while the silence stays unbroken,  
At least refusal is not spoken :  
Behind His coldest countenance  
Surprise love lurking in His glance !  
Out of the eater still comes meat :  
Out of the strong that which is sweet :  
Still Faith, Humility, and Love,  
More than a match for God can prove ;  
Still wring rich blessing from thy Lord,  
Though now He answers with " rough " word !





# Nehemiah.

A MODEL FOR IRISH PROTESTANTS.

A HOMELY SERMON IN HOMELY VERSE.\*

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I HAVE no doubt at all that Nehemiah  
Was “a good man and true :”  
Stands, though he lived in th’ Olden dispensation  
Fit MODEL for the New.

Like Moses, friend of princes, choosing rather  
To suffer with his race,  
Than in the court of earth’s most potent monarch  
To fill a favoured place.

He not disowned his nation at the lowest,  
But sought its benefit ;  
And so, like Moses, lawgiver and leader,  
In time, became to it.

He LOVED HIS NATIVE LAND not in proportion  
As this might bring him gain :  
When for himself prayed for her ; e’en to Heaven  
Confessed her shames with pain ;

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\* Specially addressed to my brethren of the Loyal Orange Association.

And when came opportunity to serve her,  
Did willingly resign  
Wealth, dignity, and ease, as sacrifices  
At love-of-country's shrine.

From first to last for guidance, help, and blessing  
He doth to Heaven cling.  
"So PRAYED I to the God of Heaven," writes he,  
"And said unto the King—."

And when his growing wall Tobiah jeers at,  
"Hear, O our God," he cries.  
And when the wall is crowned,"—For 'twas God's doing  
Our foes have downcast eyes."

From first to last his heart he lifts to Heaven  
In praise or prayer of faith :—  
"According to my God's good hand upon me,"  
At each advance he saith.

And yet, with all this Trust, he recognizes  
GOD'S FELLOW-HELPERS WE.  
As if sole on his shoulders lay the burden,  
So watched, so laboured he.

Note with what prudence, with what forethought took he  
Full powers from the King ;  
Full contributions for his work secured he  
While onward journeying.

And when at last arrived within the City,  
By night with anxious care  
The length of ruin traversed, gauging fully  
The work before him there.

Not rashly his allies and friends were chosen ;  
The words not rashly spoke  
With which he did the help of chiefs and elders  
'Gainst their " reproach " invoke.

Still God's good hand is with him, so they answer,  
" Let us rise up and build ; "  
Though foemen's mouths are wide with scornful laughter,  
Their hearts with hatred filled.

But hostile threat or bitter scoff he needs not,  
Nor needs he look at all  
Beyond the City, would he find sufficient  
Mere brave men to appal.

The work's extent, the coldness and the grudging  
Of some he came to aid :  
Traitors within his camp, leal friends whom even  
Their love still made afraid.

'Gainst all which he his people cheers, reminding  
Of paths THEIR FATHERS trod ;  
Of THEIR OWN MANHOOD ; while in secret prayer  
He stays his heart on God.

So, Brothers, shrink you not for your work's vastness,  
For cries of friends fear-curst,  
For treachery in your fold, or for the lagging  
Of some who should be first.

Like difficulties have been faced and conquered  
By your brave sires before :  
E'en Derry's self was not without its TRAITORS  
And TIMESERVERS of yore.

But FOES are also there whose MOCKING laughter  
The builders hear far off.  
"That which they build a passing fox would tumble,"  
Is grieved Tobiah's scoff.

Yes, they may scoff. The brave Tirshatha blenched not,  
For taunts from such as they,  
Nor answered once their ridicule. My brothers,  
So hold you on your way.

So, when you are reviled revile you never.  
Your cause, so just and true,  
Should lift you far above the bigot's level,  
However lowly you.

"Sancta simplicitas!" cried Hüß the martyr,  
In pity, from the fire,  
To see an agèd zealot heap the faggots  
In hate around his pyre.

Distinguish 'twixt the honestly mistaken  
And him who follows fraud :  
The credulous and criminous ; the bigot  
And him who mocks at God.

Meet sophistries with Sense: 'gainst Love's scared  
pleadings  
Your hearts to firmness school.  
Meet menace with the strong hand armed and ready ;  
With silence—ridicule.

FALSE ACCUSATION, too, is tried :—" What, will you  
Against the King rebel ?"—  
We too are "loyalist rebels"!—Nehemiah  
Just let his conduct tell.

But treacherous friend and timid sympathizer  
Foes' strength EXAGGERATE.  
Soon Nehemiah's preparations tested  
The weakness of their state.

His workmen shall be warriors :—" SWORD AND TROWEL  
While th' enemy is near !"  
With one hand they shall labour at the building,  
With one hand hold the spear.

" And with me he shall stand who sounds the trumpet ;  
And where you hear it blow,  
Haste thither all ; there is the post of weakness  
And there th' attacking foe.



“Suburban dwellers, every man among you,  
Gather within the wall.  
All else, e’en ties domestic, are as nothing  
When shrine and country call.”

A people thus united what could conquer :—  
Brave souls so far above  
All selfish views ? Pray for ourselves, my brothers,  
Like Wisdom, Courage, Love.

Be not of THE TIMESERVERS, “Curse ye Meroz :  
Against the mighty she  
Come not to help the Lord. Jehovah’s angel  
Saith, curse ye bitterly.”

Deny not truth for fear :—hast fallen like Peter,  
Shun not his contrite after course.  
Betray not truth for gain :—Wouldst be a Judas  
Without Iscariot’s remorse ?

Why should the word “MINORITY” affright us,  
If it means not, in sooth,  
“Minority” in enterprise and virtue,  
Intelligence and truth.

The Protestant minority this moment  
Rules all the world. Think you  
The Protestant minority to-morrow  
Would not hold Ireland too ?

'Tis the prerogative of Protestantism  
To govern :—look and see !  
And Ireland, if from England loosed to-morrow,  
Would no exception be.

Now, mockery having failed, false accusation  
And threats of war, his foes  
Try stratagem ; and now, as if in kindness,  
A CONFERENCE propose.

He might have answered them, “ I’ll not walk into  
Your snare with open eyes.”  
“ You fence for time, or, in their leader’s absence,  
My people would surprise.

“ When strong, or not found out, some folks’ choice  
weapons  
Are fraud and violence ;  
But driven at bay, with airs of outraged friendship,  
They call for—Conference.”

Two answers he had choice of :—“ I distrust you  
Who have so oft misled : ”  
Or, “ I’ve a great work here and cannot leave it : ”—  
And this is what he said.

So, POLITIC AND COURTEOUS be towards all men ;  
And when two answers you,  
One bitter and one kind, have, send the kind one,  
E’en to worst foes, if true.

Scorn, slander, shows of war, and plotted ambush  
Their force have vainly spent.

And now the talk is of assassination :—

A THREATENING LETTERS's sent.

“To-night hide in the Temple ; else masked murder  
Shall take you unaware.

There surely are the strongest walls ; most surely  
Is God's protection there.

SCARED FRIENDS cry,—“ God can build these walls with-  
out you :

He not requires your life ;  
Surely prefers His child at altar kneeling  
Than striking in the strife.”

So some good Christians “ in the temple ” hide them,  
“ Leave all to God,” to-day.

“ Good Christians, heirs of Heaven, should content them  
With trusting Heaven ” they say.

But other thoughts inspire the brave Tirshatha,  
And other hopes in Heaven ;—  
That God's protection is most surely over  
The post of duty given.

“ God surely can rebuild these walls without me,  
But yet GOD WILLS NOT SO.  
And while they are unbuilt, and while foes menace,  
I to no Temple go.

“ Here will I pray while working with my trowel :  
And if I must wield spear,  
Here will I pray ; assured He bides as near me,  
As in the Temple, here.”

God could have built those walls without him, yet He  
Without him would not ; so,  
God will not your Faith's bulwarks keep, my brothers,  
Save to His help you go.

“ Should such as I flee ? I, so charged, commissioned,  
God's fellow-helper, I ?  
To save my life flee even to the Temple ?  
Not I, I durst not fly.

And when, to-day, men tell us we must gather  
Our household goods and go ;  
And take our Bibles and our high traditions  
Across the ocean's flow ;

Leave our own land where God as lights has placed us  
'Mid superstition's night ;  
As builders to build up the broken bulwarks  
Of Freedom, Faith, and Right ;—

Go hence as convicts or rejected aliens,  
What shall our answer be ?——  
Same as, and prompt as, this Tirshatha's, “ Should we,  
A people like us, flee ?

“SUCH AS WE FLEE? what answer give those waters  
That roll by Oldbridge town?  
And what the walls which cross the Foyle look nor’ward,  
Our ramparts of renown?

“What say th’ Apostles who first consecrated  
Dear Erin’s soil to God?  
Martyrs and pastors of past generations  
Who sleep within her sod?

“What saith the Book we owe to their devotion?  
Trust in the Lord: do good:  
DWELL IN THE LAND of thy heart’s love, and surely  
Thou shalt not lack for food.’”

Nor fear you lack a GREATER ONE’S EXAMPLE  
For deeds resolved and bold:  
But see you all such deeds are by an earnest  
Passion for Peace controlled.

The Prince of Peace is He. No doubt, ‘Come to me’  
Is His most constant word:  
And yet as surely He has said, “I come not  
Peace bringing, but a sword.”

“Come unto me all burdened ones,”—yet see Him  
Who take the small cords’ scourge;  
Drive the profaners *from Him*, when ’twas needed  
His Father’s house to purge.

But see you that, through all, the work makes progress:  
And, have you but one hand,  
And may make choice betwixt the sword and trowel,  
The trowel then demand.

Yes, many a noble soul Christ-loved, Christ-loving,  
Has gone to his reward  
From duty's post amid the carnage-tumult  
On Battle's slippery sward ;

But of all deaths the death most near the Master's  
Is that which Stephen faced :  
And round His Throne the Martyr's noble army,  
Methinks, is nearest placed.

Strong by his faith, the brave Tirshatha cowed not  
Before the mongrel hordes.  
He cast his burden on the Lord, and heartened  
His people with brave words.

And, after all, *this man of warlike seeming*  
*Was Peace's truest friend :*  
*For just because he stood prepared, his people*  
*Had not to fight in th' end.*

He kept his patience 'spite all provocations  
And challenges, all through :  
No smart retort from him, no "One of us is  
As good as three of you."

For Peace he laboured : as the veriest coward  
Could act and speak things smooth,  
Until his great commission was imperilled,  
Till Peace endangered Truth.

And note, "THE WORK" WENT ON 'spite all distractions,  
Political, or aught.  
"We laboured in the work," and "Each one over  
Against his own house wrought."

"The people had a mind to work." Love never  
Can fail of some device  
To keep her altar smoking, for WHERE LOVE IS  
THERE MUST BE SACRIFICE.

Behold the Greater One on Hill of Olives  
Weep Zion's sins and doom.  
He to the alien boasts, Save out of Zion  
Salvation cannot come.

Yet the Jerusalem He so mourns over,  
The same is which hath slain  
His seers and messengers : whose chiefs already  
Have planned his death of pain.

The Via Dolorosa lies before him,  
Up which he soon shall go ;  
Gethsemane, Golgotha, and the Garden ;—  
Yet hear his hearts cry, "Oh,



“Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often  
Would I have gathered thee  
As doth a hen her brood beneath her bosom,  
But ye would not—even ye !”

O PATRIOT OF PATRIOTS in all things  
Our best example thou !  
One with thy country in a midnight blacker  
Than threats my country now

And now one last and loving word, my Brother :—  
What of THAT OTHER WALL—  
THE SPIRITUAL, within thee ? Makes it progress ?  
Or, hast thou built at all ?

Lies it a ruin under World-love's rubbish ?  
Gates burned by fire of Lust ?  
And that fair shrine, the soul, thou shouldst have  
cherished,  
'Neath throne of Satan thrust ?

Waken, my Brother, waken, though awaken  
Thy foes when thou upstand :—  
Far subtler foes than ever troubled Ezra's  
Or Nehemiah's band.

Not Horonite, Arabian, or of Ammon,  
Though thine are also three.  
The world, the flesh, the devil, are the troublers  
That watch to harass thee.

Though various are their forces and their weapons,  
And thou, alas, so small ;  
Stand to thy duty, Brother ! One is with thee,  
ONE stronger than they all.

From loftier Palace-heights than Nehemiah's,  
Through deeper loss and shame,  
To win that shrine, to help thee build its bulwarks,  
This Prince more mighty came.

Take to you God's whole armour, buckler, breastplate,  
Sword, girdle, helmet, greaves ;  
Still praying ever for the grace which ever  
His trusting child receives.

So shalt thou trample sin ; shall fierce temptation  
Before thy onset fall.  
And thou shalt grow in strength to help the battle  
Of some beyond thy wall.

For in the world's regeneration, also,  
God's fellow-helper thou.  
Yonder are Crowns and Rest : bless him who placed  
thee  
Builder and Fighter now.

He needs not thee ; just out of loving favour  
Thy loving help demands.  
Up ! Answer thou :—Here come I, loving Saviour,  
A HELPER WITH BOTH HANDS.

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