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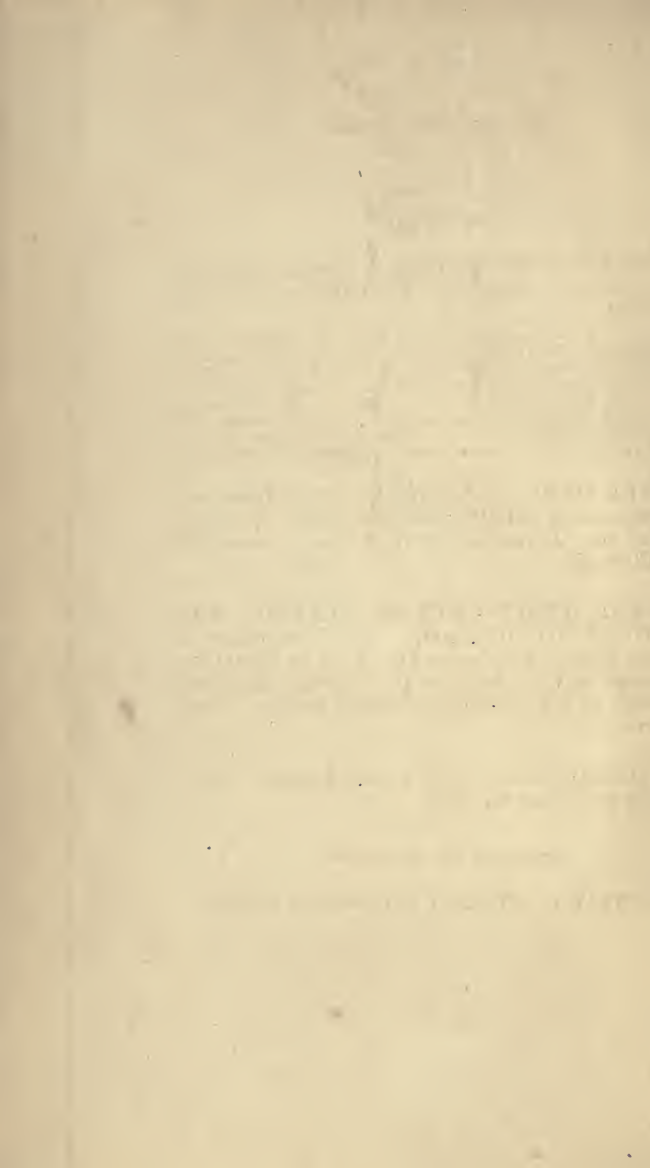


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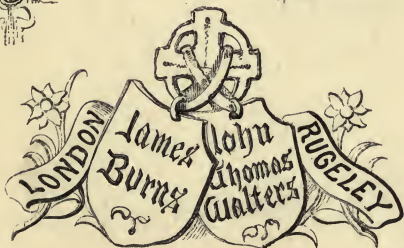




A
Mirror of **H**aith.

Lays and Legends
of the
Church in England.

By the
Rev. I. M. Neale.



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TO THE

REV R. T. LOWE, M.A.,

BRITISH CHAPLAIN, AT MADEIRA,

The following Ballads,


WRITTEN, FOR THE MOST PART, IN THAT ISLAND,

ARE,

IN TOKEN OF RESPECT AND GRATITUDE,

INSCRIBED BY

THE AUTHOR.



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PREFACE.

IT has been well observed that in relating the various contests between the Church and the world historians have always sided with the latter against the former. The mystical Powers and Divine Claims of the one have been set down to presumption and bigotry: the earthly wisdom and unprincipled expediency of the other have been lauded as the security of 'Civil and Religious Liberty.' Therefore it is that a brand has been fixed to the names of such men as S. Ambrose, and S. Gregory VII., and Nicon: as S. Dunstan, and S. Anselm, and S. Thomas of Canterbury, and Laud, and Sancroft. Had they been of the world, the world would have loved its own.

In direct contradiction to this popular view, the object of the following ballads is to set the principal events of the Church History of Britain before the reader, in that light in which they appeared to the contemporary Church. It is plain that general effect is rather to be regarded in them, than minute historical accuracy. We, writing at such a distance of time, and without a practical acquaintance with the Ritual of the unreformed Church, can only hope to attain to the outlines of the picture, and the strongest lights and shadows: minuteness in the scenery and landscape is out of the question. Or, to make use of another comparison, we may hope to be like some Catholick-minded architect of the seventeenth century, who, though unable to recall the details of Christian art, might yet, by arrangement and grouping, succeed in producing a Catholick effect.

Notes and introductions have been added where they might, by any possibility, be considered necessary; and the writer trusts that he has not, ignorantly, as assuredly he has not wilfully, misrepresented any fact or character. If he shall appear in any case to have passed a presumptuous judgment, it must be remembered that his aim was to point out the manner in which, even in this

life, sinners have been visited by the Hand of GOD. If his language shall ever seem too strong, it must be borne in mind that a ballad, in its very nature, requires strong language, inasmuch as it is *supposed* to be addressed to those who are not so alive, as a reader of more cultivated mind, to implied censure, or inuendo.

It may be proper to add, that the whole of the following ballads were written before the appearance of the first part of the "Lives of the Saints."

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A

Mirror of Faith.

I.

S. Alban, the Protomartyr of England.

THE Church of England early acquired considerable reputation. It is always, by contemporary writers, put on an equality with those of Spain and Gaul; and to the council of Arles, A. D. 314, it sent three bishops, those, namely, of York, London, and Richborough. The persecution of Dioclesian, though the imperial edict was but coldly received by Constantius, the Prefect of Britain, raged with considerable violence. Alban, a soldier by profession, and an inhabitant of Verulam, having sheltered Amphibalus, an aged priest, was put to death in a popular insurrection; while Amphibalus

A

himself, since added to the number of the Saints, fled to Lichfield, and there, with his companions, received the crown of Martyrdom. From their passion that city received its present name, "The Field of the Dead;" and, in allusion to it, the Corporate arms have the singular charge, "Divers Martyrs in sundry manners put to death." The body of S. Alban was buried on the spot where he suffered; his relics are said to have been discovered by the miraculous apparition of a ray of light, which in the dead of night streamed down upon his grave. The abbey church of S. Alban's, founded by Offa, king of Mercia, in 793, was built over the spot: the place where the magnificent shrine once stood may still be seen behind the high Altar, and a plain stone bears the legend, "Albanus Angliæ Protomartyr." The Lord Abbat of S. Alban's, in consequence of the priority of the Martyrdom of that Saint, took precedence all the mitred houses; though a few of them, *e. g.* S. Edmundsbury, were superior in wealth to his own. The abbey church, destined, like Glastonbury and Reading, to be pulled down, was preserved, at the Reformation, by the piety of the inhabitants, who purchased it for themselves.

O WEEP not for him that hath gotten the day,
Hath a mansion of light for a cottage of clay;
Hath looked the last enemy full in the face;
Hath fought the good fight, and hath finished his race.

O weep not for him that, a moment ago,
 Was an heir of corruption, an exile in woe,
 But now hath a garment more gloriously bright,
 Than royal Constantius on festival night!

Returning in peace from the enemy's shore,
 With the captives behind, and the lictors before,
 When the populace shout, and the consulars bow,
 He hath not the glory Albanus hath now!

When the trumpet sounds pœan for victory gain'd,
 And the prize is assigned by the judges ordained,
 And the theatre shines in its festal array,
 Would ye weep that the athlete receiveth the bay?

CHRIST's hero confronted the enemy's rage,*
 With GOD for his judge, and the world for his stage;
 The fiend and the foeman in vain would confound;
 The Martyr expired, but the victor was crowned!

Ye ask me where now our Albanus doth rest;
 He hath found a sweet home upon Abraham's breast; †

* See the beautiful and frequently occurring passages in S. Chrysostom's earlier homilies on the Statues, where this idea is expanded, and applied to Job, and to the Three Children.

† "He resteth in Abraham's bosom," says S. Jerome, speaking of a departed friend: "if thou enquirest what felicity is contained in that expression, I cannot tell; GOD knoweth: whatsoever joy is therein signified, that doth he who hath left us partake."

But who can conceive the full joy of his lot,
 Since we can but describe it by that it is *not*?

No more suns that go down—no more stars that arise;
 No more grief—no more pain—no more tears—no more
 sighs;

And, to sum its full blessedness up in one breath,
 No more terror and anguish, because—no more death!

Apostles, and Martyrs, and Kings he beholds,
 And Prophets, and Bishops that died for their folds;
 And all that is holy, and all that is fair,
 Inherits a tearless eternity there! *

To its deep mountain sources the Tiber may flow;
 The seven-hilled city be sacked by the foe;
 The Cæsar, his name and his fame, be forgot;
 But Britain's first Martyr, ALBANUS, shall not!

* "A tearless eternity." Such is Pindar's noble expression, in describing the Fortunate Islands and their inhabitants: ἄδακρυν νέμοντας αἰῶνα. *Olymp.* II. 120.

II.

The Mission of S. Augustine.

As the Saxons spread themselves over England, the Church was gradually confined to the fastnesses of Wales and Cornwall: and even there, it is to be feared, had lost much of its piety. The circumstances which are said to have turned the attention of S. Gregory the Great to the conversion of the Angles, the children whom he saw exposed at Rome, and his play on the names of their country and province, are well known. Be these as they may, certain it is that, sent by him, S. Augustine, (whose memory we celebrate on the 26th of May) landed, with forty companions, in the Isle of Thanet, in the year 598: were favourably received by Ethelbert, King of Kent, a prince whose authority was in reality acknowledged by all the petty states south of the Humber: were made the means of his conversion: were put in possession of the city of Canterbury, (where the British church of S. Martin was first used by them:) and from thence, as from a center, spread the knowledge of the One Faith over his whole kingdom. Through S. Augustine, himself consecrated by the Archbishop of Arles, it is needless to say that our present succession is derived. The frequent occurrence of this

most Catholick subject in the lately exhibited cartoons, is a cheering proof of the revival of a better feeling with respect to our Blessed Saints.

KING Ethelbert sits in his power and his pride ;
The High Priest of Woden is close at his side :
His vassals and liegemen in seemly array
Are waiting the stranger's arrival to day.

They rest in the glade, where the aged oak spreads
His hundred green branches to shelter their heads,
Lest the words of the aliens enchantment should fling*
By magic device o'er the soul of the king.

The true-hearted pilgrims ! Like exiles they went,
From their own sunny shores to the forests of Kent :
They came not for war and for conquest arrayed ;
They came not with banner and ensign displayed ;

Yet theirs was a conflict more glorious to wage,
Than those that shine brightest in history's page :
Yet theirs was a conquest more glorious to win,
Than those of earth's victors,—o'er darkness and sin.

* By the advice of his priests, Ethelbert received S. Augustine under an oak, that tree being supposed to possess a virtue against magic.

The silver cross gleams for their banner afar ;
Their clarions and trumpets sweet litanies are ;*
And Augustine is standing at Ethelbert's throne,
His message of love and of peace to make known.

Oh blest be the day that Saint Gregory gave
The mission, 'not Angles but Angels' to save ;
And the hour that Augustine drew near with his band,
And ENGLAND'S APOSTLE first spake in her land !

* History has preserved the litany sung at the entrance of the missionaries, when they took possession of Canterbury : " By Thy mercy, O LORD, we beseech Thee to turn away Thy wrath from this city, and Thy Holy Temple ; for we are sinners. Hallelujah."

III.

King Edwin's Witenagemot.

S. AUGUSTINE had gone to his rest : but the Catholick faith spread rapidly among the Saxons. S. Paulinus, having received episcopal consecration, betook himself to the court of Edwin, King of Northumbria. This prince was an idolater : his queen Edilberga, daughter to that King Ethelbert who had been converted by S. Augustine, was a Christian. At her instance, after an escape from assassination, Edwin consented that his daughter should be baptised ; and shortly afterwards, in a dangerous war with the King of Wessex, he promised to become a Christian if he should return victorious. After subduing his enemy, he convened a Witenagemot or council at York : its deliberations are, in the following ballad, versified pretty exactly from the historian.

KING Edwin sat among his thanes ;
 and council sage held they,
 If they should cast to bats and owls
 their fathers' gods away :
 Strangers had gone throughout the land,
 in hovel and in hall
 Preaching one faith in GOD on high,
 the Father of us all :

The King, by Wessex men assailed,
to GOD had vowed a vow,
If now his enemies should fail,—
if he should vanquish now,
And so return, in wealth and peace,
to rule Northumbria's state,
By water at the Holy Font
to be illuminate.

Up riseth Saint Paulinus first ;
“ ye know how, day by day,
With tears I have besought this land
to ponder what I say ;
How I have preached of One Great GOD,
by all to be adored ;
And of one Saviour, JESUS CHRIST,
His Only SON our LORD :
And that He came with humbleness
His blood for us to shed ;
But He shall come with majesty,
to judge the quick and dead ;
And of the HOLY GHOST on high,
and of the last great Doom ;
The Resurrection of the Dead,
and of the Life to come.”

Then out and spake old Coiffi,—
Thors' priest renowned was he :
“ Long at the altars of our gods
I've bowed my aged knee ;
I never missed our fathers' rites ;
I worshipp'd every day,
When others came inconstantly,
or turned with scorn away ;
Yet these be they that thrive in power,
and grow in riches still,
While I, for all my services,
have met with grief and ill ;
Wherefore, my sentence, lords and thanes,
adviseth to forsake
The gods that of their worshippers
so ill observance make.”

Then out and spake an ancient thane,
sat at the king's right hand :
“ Full oft, O King, in winter night,
when frost is o'er the land,
And in thy hall, around the fire,
we sit and make good cheer,
A small bird seeks the light and heat,
a moment tarrying here ;

Out of the darkness it escapes,
and into darkness darts;
But whence it cometh none can tell,
nor whither it departs :
So in the brightness of this life
hath man a little share,
Coming—our wise men say not whence,
to go—they know not where.

“ Wherefore, if aught these strangers preach
can chace the doubt and fear
That hangeth o’er the future life,
in GOD’S Name, let us hear !”
Then up rose good Paulinus,
and blessing Him above
That gave them ears to hear that day,
he spake the words of love :
Of temperance, of righteousness,
and of the Crown on high,
That shall be won by actions done
in this life virtuously ;
And how the wicked, after death,
have heritage in hell,
In chains, and fire, and darkness, there
eternally to dwell.

Then out and spake old Coiffi,—
 “a horse and arms!” he cried:
 (Priest that before that day had touched
 or horse or arms had died):
 He rideth forth, he turneth north;
 the crowd press on with speed;
 At Thor's old shrine, Godmundingham,
 he reined his foaming steed:
 Forthwith, with mighty force, he hurls
 his javelin in the wall:
 The crowd, aghast, stand back to see
 the god's great vengeance fall.
 “Down with the walls,” at length they cry,
 “reared first for power and pelf,
 Down with the temple of the god
 that cannot help himself!”

 They gave their idols to the wind;
 their vengeance they despised:
 The Bretwald* of Northumbria
 believed and was baptized;
 The priests were at the river-side
 from morning on till eve,

* Bretwalda, that is, *Wielder of Britain*,—a title of honour given to certain of the most powerful Saxon princes.

Into the Ark of Holy Church
fresh converts to receive ;
And churches rose in hill and vale,
and matin strains were sung,
And woods, and caves, and desert moors,
with hermits' vespers rung :
And good Paulinus sat, renown'd
for fasting and for prayer,
First of a line of Blessed Saints,
in York's Cathedral Chair.*

* For King Edwin's seat was at York ; and the Church in Britain, as elsewhere, generally followed in her divisions and territorial distinctions those of the state.

IV.

The Battle of Maser,

AND

Martyrdom of S. Oswald.

(A. D. 642.)

EDWIN'S subsequent reign was for some years characterized by such deep security, that (as a proverb, quoted and attested by V. Bede, assures us,) in his time, a woman, with a babe at her breast, might have passed unharmed from one end of his territory to another. But seven years after his conversion, he was attacked by Penda, the pagan King of Mercia, and in the battle of Hatfield Chase, lost both his life and crown. After two short and unfortunate reigns, Oswald succeeded. He was a prince of great piety; and bestowed Lindisfarne on S. Aidan, who erected a monastery on it, and thus gave it its present name, Holy Island. By the labours of this bishop, Northumberland was thoroughly evangelized. King Oswald was, for a season, no less prospere-

rous than pious; but, in the eighth year of his reign, Penda marched against him. The armies met at Maser, either Oswestry in Shropshire, or Winwick in Lancashire.

IT is the morn of battle-day ;
 the Christian hosts confess ;
 And Prelates stand, with lifted hand,
 to comfort and to bless ;
 King Oswald heareth hunting-mass,*
 for fast comes on the foe ;
 And fearful in the rising sun
 the Mercian standards glow ;
 And good Birinus,† numbered since
 amongst the Blessèd, saith,
 “ God speed the men that fight to-day
 for country and for faith !”

* Hunting-mass was an abbreviated kind of Mass, used when the urgency of war, and, alas ! too often when the pleasures of the chase, interfered with the full forms. S. Ethelred's behaviour, on an urgent occasion, in insisting on the whole office, we shall presently have occasion to notice.

† S. Birinus was sent into Wessex by Pope Honorius. Having baptized Cynegils, he was placed by that prince in the city of Dorchester, of which he was the first Bishop. His connexion with S. Oswald arose from the latter having married a daughter of King Cynegils.

The Paynim host carouseth high
on metheglin and ale ;
Quoth Penda of the bloody hand,
“ Lords Ealdormen, *waes hail!*
By Thor, for whom our fathers fought,
there lies an easy prey,
Unless the GOD Whom Christians serve,
defend them well to-day.”
So spake the fool, and praised his gods
of brass, and wood, and stone ;
And wilt Thou not, O LORD of Hosts,
arise and save Thine Own ?

“ Lord Prelate,” quoth King Oswald then,
“ I see yon sun arise ;
Who nevermore, I know it well,
shall mark it mount the skies :
GOD guard His Church, whate’er His Will
appointeth unto me !
He shield that Woden’s shrine should stand
where now His temples be !”
King Oswald’s cheek is ghastly pale,
and yet his heart beats high :
“ Preserve my people’s souls, O LORD !
although their King must die !”

The hosts move on : the Christian priests
are bending on the knee ;
To Paynim charms and hellish rites
the Mercian augurs flee :
' King Anna,* with East Anglia,
before our puissance fell ;
King Edwin, with Northumbria,
of Penda's deeds can tell :
And yet right well they served their GOD,
and gave Him gold and land ;
And who are these, that He should save
King Oswald from our hand ?'

King Penda from the battle-field
returns in proud array ;
King Oswald's corpse they mangle sore,
and mock the senseless clay :
The fierce insulter of the Faith
in pomp and glory reigns ;

* This is an anachronism. Anna was not overthrown by Penda till twelve years afterwards. Penda, after having thus vanquished three excellent monarchs, Edwin, S. Oswald, and Anna was himself defeated and slain by Oswy, King of Northumbria, in the great battle of Winwidfield.

A nameless tomb, and hurried rites†
 the Blessed Martyr gains.
 Fearful and terrible Thy works,
 Whose glory ne'er decays;
 Righteous and marvellous to men,
 O KING of Saints, Thy ways!

† S. Oswald fell on August 5; and that day was, till the Reformation, celebrated by the English Church in his memory.

V.

The Pilgrimage of S. Etheldreda.

Circ. A. D. 670.

THE family of Anna, King of the East Anglians, was emphatically a family of Saints. He himself, as we have seen, received the crown of Martyrdom, in fighting against the Pagans: his eldest child, S. Sexburga, and her daughter, S. Ermenilda, and her grand-daughter, S.

Wereburga, are reckoned among the Blessed. His second daughter died in the odour of sanctity: and his third, S. Etheldreda, or S. Audrey, was one of the most celebrated Virgin Confessors of England. Born at Exning, her father's capital, (now reduced to a small village, its market having been in time of plague removed to the healthier situation thence deriving the name of Newmarket), she was baptized by S. Paulinus, Apostle of Northumbria, in a spring, which at this day by a slight corruption is called S. Mindred's Well. She early made a vow of virginity, which was respected by her successive husbands, Tondbert, Ealdorman of the Girvii, and Egfrid, King of Northumbria. Divorced at length by the latter, she took the veil at Coldingham, and retired to Ely, where she founded the celebrated Abbey, which for some years she governed with singular prudence. She was called to the Church Triumphant, Oct. 17, 680, on which day the English Church still celebrates her name.

HER pilgrimage is rough and long,
She lays her down to sleep :
But angel guards, a bright-winged throng,
Their vigils o'er her keep :
Her pilgrim's scrip is near her spread ;
Her oaken staff is at her head :
Yet guards of such immortal sheen,
Had never king nor prince, I ween.

Perchance she dreameth of the time,
Her father filled the throne ;
And she had beauty's pride and prime,
And royalty her own :
Those happy hours are passed away ;
Her step is weak, her hair is grey ;
An exile now, her life at stake,
And all for Holy Church's sake.

There is no leaf to shade her head,
No breeze to fan the heat ;
The fiercest rays that noon can shed,
Upon the pilgrim beat :
At once the staff in earth takes root ;
Rises the sap, the branches shoot :
And breezes, as they dance that way,
Amidst a giant chesnut play.

Scorn ye the tale our fathers told?
Believe its moral still ;
GOD never left His Saints of old,
And us He never will !

Is there a creature that we feel
Can less than other work our weal?
The barren staff becomes a tree,*
And blossometh abundantly.

* This is a favourite subject of representation in stained glass. The most perfect legend of Saint Etheldreda in this material with which I am acquainted, occurs in Eaton Socon Church, Bedfordshire.

VI.

Venerable Bede.

(A. D. 735.)

THE history of this eminent Saint and Doctor of our Church is well known. He departed to his reward, on May 27, 735, being Ascension-eve, after completing the dictation of a translation of S. John's Gospel. One of his disciples, to whom the charge of his epitaph was entrusted, had written, *Hac sunt in fossa Bedæ ossa;*

and unable to think of a proper epithet, fell asleep. On awaking, he found that the word *Venerabilis* had been supernaturally inserted.

His voice grows weak, his hand grows faint ;
Yet still he toils, the dying Saint,
That Saxons in their tongue may quote,
The words the loved Apostle wrote ;
His eyes grow dim and fixed in death,
And with the volume ends his breath.

Ascension-eve ! the May-dews bright
Were glittering on the brow of night ;
In Jarrow church the vespers closed,
Just as the toil-worn monk reposed ;
Meet time, in twilight's calm decay,
For soul like his to soar away !

The law that guides each sphere he knew,
Earth gave her treasures to his view ;
His precious things the sea reveal'd,
The clouds their treasure-house unseal'd ;
Yet never humbler spirit sought
His Judgment-seat, Who sinners bought !

Where Durham's rock-built turrets rise,
Beneath a lowly stone he lies ;
A lowly stone, whereon the Cross,
Is sculptur'd that redeem'd our loss ;
His learning-knights inscribe his name ;*
How shall they character his fame ?

Deep midnight slept upon the pile ;
An angel came, with heavenly smile,
Tracing, in characters of light,
The word they knew not how to write ;
And future years the line shall read,
That tells of VENERABLE BEDE !

* The simplicity of the Anglo-Saxon language has no word for disciples. The compound "learning-knight" is therefore employed.

VII.

The Martyrdom of S. Edmund.

A.D. 870.

EDMUND, King of East Anglia, was more directly a martyr than any other sovereign of England. Having been defeated and made prisoner by the Danes, he was commanded to apostatize. Refusing, he was tied to a tree, and shot to death with arrows. He was called to the heavenly crown on the 20th of November, on which day the English Church celebrates his memory.

Wouldst thou be one of this world's far renown'd ?

Not many great, are call'd, not many wise ;

Yet some be found,

Whose humble footsteps may ascend the skies,

And GOD hath martyrs even amidst earth's crown'd.

As from their golden throne the Pleiades

Beam peace, and joy, and hope o'er them that sail

On midnight seas,

So that great Heptarchy of saints we hail,*

That shine amidst a heaven more fair than these.

* SS. Oswald, Ethelred, Edward, C. Edward, M. Edmund, Alkmund, Charles. By a singular mistake, an author, to whom the English Church

Monarchs, that left the purple and the throne,
When to the Martyr's nobler diadem

GOD called His Own :

Each life-drop of their agony a gem
Brighter than e'er in earthly sceptre shone :

Each fought a different fight, but all fought well ;
Each ran a different race, but all were crown'd :

One heavenly spell

The champion-chiefs of different ages bound :
And, Holy Mother Church ! for thee all fell !

Rest in thy glory ! midst thy brethren rest,
O holy prince, of all that martyr-train

Brightest and best :

And change the scorn and torments of the Dane
For the deep peace and hymnings of the blest ;

Though evil hands thy gorgeous shrine have rent,
Though evil hearts have wrought thy abbey's fall,

Not vainly spent

Was the brave life that would not be in thrall,
But reared the Faith so firm a monument ;

is deeply indebted, speaks of the last of these as the only man who ever joined the titles of a King and Martyr. Many in other countries might be added, e. g. S. Olave.

And even as yet, in these our evil days,
The village church in carved oak embalms*

Thy name and praise :

Filling thy right hand with the victor's palms,
Circling thy head with Saints' triumphant rays !

+ The Abbey of S. Edmund's Bury, of which now scarcely a vestige remains, was the richest in England. The little church of Greensted, Essex, the nave of which is rudely formed of chesnut trees, placed together stockade wise, is supposed to have been erected in 1009, as a temporary resting-place for the body of the martyr, on its way from London, where it had been removed for safety in another eruption of the Danes, to Bury.

* S. Edmund frequently occurs represented on the panning of rood screens, especially, perhaps, in the east of England.

VIII.

The Battle of Essendune.

S. ETHELRED, the elder brother of Alfred, was attacked in the same invasion of the Danes, wherein S. Edmund suffered. A few days after the battle of Essendune, he received the Crown of Martyrdom, in fighting against the pagans. He was buried in Wimborne Minster,

where a small brass is to be seen bearing his effigy. It is of the early part of the 17th century.

‘Go, call the priests, and bid the thanes,
and let the Mass be said;
And then we meet the Paynim Danes,
quoth good King Ethelred.
‘I see their Raven on the hill;
I know his fury well;
Needeth the more we put our trust
in Him That harrowed hell.’

Then out and spake young Alfred;
‘My liege, this scarce may be;
Our troops must out with battle shout,
and that right instantly.’
Made answer good King Ethelred;
‘To GOD I look for aid;
HE shield a Christian king should fight,
before his host have prayed!’

The Priests are at the Altar now,
the king and nobles kneel;
The Sacrifice is offered up
for soul and body’s weal;

And nearer now, and nearer still
the Danish trumpets bray ;
Northumbrian wolves came never on
as they came on that day.

Four bow-shots are they from the host,
the Saxon is aware ;
Yet not a knee in England's ranks
but bendeth yet in prayer :
The five stout Jarls look'd each on each,
and one to other spake ;
' By Woden, but these Christian fools
an easy prey will make !'

Young Alfred holds no longer ;
' Let priests and women pray ;
But out to battle, lords and thanes,
or else we lose the day !'
Half with Prince Alfred grasp their arms,
and battle on the plain,
And half with godly Ethelred
at holy Mass remain.

Prince Alfred's men are on the hill ;
their shields are o'er their head ;

The Raven flies triumphant midst
the dying and the dead :
Freat and the Sidrocs thunder here,
there Harold's bloody crew ;
And for each man the Northmen miss,
the Saxon loseth two !

The Mass is said, the King is up :
' Now, worthy liegemen, shew
That they who go from prayer to fight
can fear no mortal foe !'
And on with sword and battle-axe
the Wessex column roll'd :
Both thane, and ceorl, and earldorman,*
and heretoch and hold.

Then waxed the combat fierce and sharp :
yet ere the sun went down,
The Raven spread his wings for flight
as far as Reading town :

* Ceorl, retained in our own language, under the form *churl*. *Heretoch* and *hold* were the names of officers in the Anglo-Saxon armies. Their functions are not accurately known.

And on the morrow, when they came
the foemen's dead to count,
Five mighty Jarls and one great King
were writ in that amount.

In English song the king live long,
that won a field by prayer ;
The bloody day of Essendune
long live recorded there !
Short life was godly Ethelred's ;
short life, but long renown :
And for the Royal Diadem
he hath the Martyr's Crown !

IX.

S. Eadburga's Choice.

A.D. 924.

THE following legend is related of the Princess Eadburga, daughter to King Edward, and grand-daughter to Alfred. She took the veil at Winchester, under her grandmother, Aleswitha, widow of the latter king,

where she led a long and holy life. S. Eadburga was held in singular veneration in the Mitred Abbey of Evesham, where a chapel bore her name. She departed to glory December 13.

KING Edward rose from matins,
And Eadburga smil'd
As through the royal chamber
He led his fair-hair'd child ;
The chamber, where the treasures
Of ancient monarchs lay ;
The people's willing tribute,
The foeman's ravished prey.

And there was many a casket,
Right glorious to behold ;
And there was many a goblet
Carved out in solid gold ;
And many a gaud of silver,
And many a princely vest,
And many an Eastern jewel*
That maiden loveth best.

* King Alfred, we are told, had sent an embassy to the Christians of Meliapour ; and from them he received a large present of eastern spices and jewels.

But passing these, a chalice
The little princess eyed,
And, writ in golden letters,
A parchment by its side ;
And out spake good King Edward,
‘ Now GOD be blessed for this !
My daughter, thou, like Mary,
Hast made the choice of bliss !’

They fought for merry England,
The Saxon and the Dane,
Beneath the royal banners
Of Edmund and of Sweyn :
But war can ne'er affright her,
But foes can ne'er assail ;
For fair-hair'd Eadburga
Hath ta'en the holy veil !

X.

The Martyrdom of S. Elphege.

A. D. 1009.

S. ELPHEGE, or Alphegus, was translated from Winchester to Canterbury by King Ethelred. The Danes, under Thurchil, having taken that city by assault, bound the Archbishop, and compelled him to witness the conflagration of his cathedral, and the massacre of those who had taken refuge in it. After this, they detained him in captivity for several weeks, hoping to obtain a ransom for him. But he, constantly refusing to solicit his friends for the sum they required, which was three thousand pounds, received the crown of martyrdom on the Saturday after Easter, 1009, being the 19th of April, which day has been ever since set apart by the Church to his memory.

PAYNIM strains are swelling high
Midst the Danish revelry;
Paynim flames are spreading wide
Round the Minster's holy side;
High they eddy, fierce they pour
In at window, roof, and door;

Scarce escaped the Danish steel,
Suppliants at the Altar kneel ;
“ Out ! the foe’s revenge to court :
Death is bitter, be it short !”

Ready for the Faith to die,
Holy Elphege standeth nigh ;
For himself he knows no fear,
For his flock he sheds a tear ;
As he sees them sally out,
As he hears the Danish shout ;
Each commending, as they fall,
To the GOD and LORD of all :
Looking past the death-stain’d brands
To a House not made with hands.

Wearily the seasons glide ;
Draweth nigh the Easter tide :
How, a prisoner, may he share
Holy Church’s praise and prayer ?
In his dungeon can he be
Fellow with the glad and free ?

Yea, his mighty LORD ordain'd,
 As He suffer'd ere He reigned,
 So His servant now should rise,
 By his passion, to the skies.

Still he teaches, still he prays,*
 Still he leads to wisdom's ways;
 Prelate with his latest breath;
 GOD'S True Martyr in his death: †
 Choose the noblest stage ye may,
 Deck the scene! proclaim the day!
 As the stony shower ye pour ‡
 On the more than conqueror,
 Angels stand to bear him straight
 Home to Heav'n's eternal gate!

* It is said that the period of his captivity was passed by S. Elphege in labouring for the conversion of his captors.

† True Martyr. "Ye see," said S. Thomas of Canterbury, as he went to his passion, "ye see the shrine of the Prelate and truly Martyr, Elphege; and in short space shall another Archbishop have attained unto the self-same crown."

‡ S. Elphege was stoned at Greenwich, on the spot where the old parish church, dedicated in his honour, now stands. Archbishop Lanfranc, who, notwithstanding, his piety, was probably not free from Norman prejudices, had some scruples as to allowing the title of Martyr to S. Elphege. He was at length convinced of its justness by S. Anselm.

XI.

The Legend of S. Aidan.

THE following legend is related of the same S. Aidan who is referred to in the introduction to the fourth ballad :—

THEY waken the morning with clamour and shout ;
The horns sound reveillé, the yeomen are out ;
And the knight and his followers, o'er forest and fen,
Press hard on the trail of the good stag of ten.

Comes forth from his cell holy Aidan at Nones ;
His own hand had raised it of moss-covered stones :
And a runnel of water went murmuring by,
And a wood was his covert when tempests were high :

And peasants would say that, o'ertaken by night,
They had seen him conversing with spirits of light :
Bright Angels beside him at Nocturns there stood,
And voices celestial were heard through the wood.

But now, by the bugle-notes, clear and more clear,
Holy Aidan knew well that the hunters drew near;
And the stag, worn with labour, and weary with heat,
Crept close to the Saint, and crouch'd down at his feet.

Then up came the hounds, and the huntsmen came next,
But the dogs were at fault, and the yeomen perplexed:
They grop'd as in darkness to compass the prey,
That safe in the midst of his enemies lay.

Saint Aidan look'd on him with pitiful eye,
Till the hunt had swept past, and the danger gone by:
And where should the weak go, when harassed by foes,
Except to the feet of the Priest, for repose?

XII.

The Battle of Hastings.

1066.

WE are so much accustomed to look on the Conqueror's attempt as an invasion arising solely from his insatiable ambition, and are so well aware of the miseries which his

success caused, for several centuries, to England, that we miss the point of view in which contemporaries beheld it. To them it appeared a special interposition of Providence to punish a foul perjury. The landing of William, apparently impossible from the superiority of the Saxon fleet, the character of the troops, whom, flushed with his Norwegian conquest, Harold led into Sussex, his superiority in arms and numbers, his own remarkable fate, all lead to this conclusion. It was necessary to premise thus much, to justify the spirit of the following ballad.

“O go not forth, my liege, to day!
let Leofwin lead the van,*
For GOD is just, Lord Harold,
to judge the perjured man:
Think on the relics of the Saints †
o'er whom thy oath was sworn:
And dread their vengeance, if thysself
conduct the host at morn!”

* Leofwin and Gurth were the brothers of Harold. They requested him to allow them to lead the army, since the guilt of perjury could not attach to them. They were both slain in the battle.

† William of Normandy is said to have made Harold swear fealty to him over a chest, of the contents of which the latter was ignorant. They proved to be the relics of the most famous saints, collected from the various churches of his duchy.

King Harold laughs the rede to scorn :

“ And by my fay,” quoth he,

“ The Bastard would deserve a land
from whence the king could flee !

Norweyan Jarls, at Stamford Bridge, *
another welcome found,

When, for the realm they came to win,
they found six feet of ground.”

In dance, and feast, and revelry,
the Saxons pass the night ;

The Normans cry to GOD on High
to aid them in the fight :

And either host, on chosen post,
was set in meet array,

All as it drew to hour of tierce,
on Saint Calixtus' day. †

Burgundian archers hold the van,
then Anjou's heavy mail,

And last the Norman men-at-arms,
when archery shall fail :

* The battle of Stamford Bridge was fought fifteen days before that of Hastings. The Norwegians received in it a signal defeat.

† “ Martyris in Christi Festo cecidere Calisti,” said the inscription commemorating the event in Battle Abbey.

In Tristan's hands the banner stands,
all blessed beyond the seas :
Shine in the front of battle brunt
Saint Peter's golden keys.

The Saxons spread an iron line
before their crescent wood :
Then rose the war-cries, "GOD with us !"
"CHRIST'S Rood, the Holy Rood !"
Fell fast the Norman arrow-sleet,
and right and left ye view,
The volunteers of Burgundy,
and spearmen of Anjou.

The men of Picardy fall back :
Duke William gives the sign ;
And like a thunderbolt, his knights
are on King Harold's line :
The knights go down, the line stands firm,
sword shivers, corslet cracks,
And men-at-arms scarce curse in death
the Saxon battle-axe.

The Bastard rides along his lines,
for rumour held him slain :
“Here, by GOD’S Grace, I am,” quoth he,
and by His Grace will reign ;”
Forthwith upon the foe again
rolls on the Norman shock,
Dash’d, in the very charge, away,
like foam upon a rock.

Knight after knight, and man on man,
swell up war’s sad amount ;
Soul after soul, the live-long day,
gives in the last account :
Till at the time the sun went down,
and night was on the sea,
There went a rumour through the host,
“King Harold, where is he ?”

Thou, as thou stand’st in Waltham Nave,*
think gently of the dead :
The fault was heavy, so the doom ;
oath broken, life-blood shed ;

* Waltham Abbey was founded by Harold : he was probably buried there. The only legend to his sepulchre is said to have been ‘*Harold Infelix.*’

Prejudge not Him That in His Love
 full often striketh here,
 That so the soul, in Day of Doom,
 With glory may appear.

XIII.

The Martyrdom of Walthoff.

A.D. 1076.

WALTHEROFF, one of the last Saxon patriots, was, on information received through his perfidious Norman wife, Judith, and through the jealousy of the Conqueror, condemned to die as a traitor. He was executed on a hill near Winchester, at an early hour of the morning, lest a rescue should be attempted.

AYE! summon, proud Bastard, thy Normandy's crew,
 Or call the battalions of distant Anjou;
 But deem not the Saxon, tho' crushed he may be,
 So lost as to play the assassin for thee!

The Saints of old times, in unearthly array,
Look down from the Homes of the Blessed to-day :
How shall not the Martyr encourage his soul, *
With these for spectators, and Heav'n for his goal?

The passage is rough to the Kingdom of Bliss ;
But others have tried it when rougher than this ;
There are Angels to cheer thee, though tyrants may mock ;
And GOD crowns the head that hath stooped to the block.

Play the man ! that thy country may joy to behold !
Play the man for her Church, and the poor of its fold !
That the deed of the moment that endeth thy strife,
May be greater than those thou hast done in thy life !

With thee—for they hasten thee on to thy crown—
The sun that now riseth shall never go down :
The tyrant lies yet on the couch of his state ;
They call thee the wretched—they deem him the great :

And let it be so ! for the day is at hand
When ye both at a mightier tribunal must stand ;
And Heaven the judgment of earth shall reverse,
And thou have the blessing, and he have the curse !

* It is proper to observe that Waltheoff, though accounted by his countrymen Martyr, and revered as such, has never been formally enrolled among the Saints.

XIV.

The Defence of S. Wulfstan.

Circ. 1070.

SAINT Wulfstan was made Bishop of Worcester by S. Edward the Confessor : he rebuilt great part of his cathedral, and is buried in the Presbytery, where his monument is in a shameful state of neglect. After the occurrence described in the following ballad, he was permitted to retain his see.

SAINT Wulfstan stands at Westminster,
before the Bastard's throne ;
The tyrant will have Worcester
for a minion of his own :
So accusations, false as hell,
upon his head they lay,
And men of Belial stand to swear
his name and fame away.

Then out and spake King William :
" Now lay the Mitre down ;
By good Saint Luke, 'twere rashly done
to match it with the Crown.

The Bishop's crook may serve his turn
to rule his silly sheep,
But to clash it with the sceptre
will make the Bishop weep."

Then out and spake Saint Wulfstan :
" God aid me in my need !
The Helper of the helpless
my righteous judgment plead !
From good Saint Edward I received
the staff that is thine aim ;
To Saint Edward I will therefore
again restore the same.

At the Confessor's shrine he stands :
" O Holy King, to thee
I yield the staff thou gav'st me once,
and now they seek from me.
Lo ! there it lieth, lordlings,
ye may take it from the spot :
Saint Edward, if him list, shall yield
the thing that I will not."

He struck his staff upon the shrine :
it rooted in the stone ;
And not a hand in all that band
can bear it off alone.
Then knights and thanes together
try all with might and main ;
But only he that set it there
can pluck it forth again.

Thus GOD made clear His servant's cause,
and did the helpless right,
Confounding those his enemies,
and vanquishing their spite.
—As ill fall those would late have made
old Sodor's glory bow,
As ill fall those would do the same
to holy Bangor now !

XV.

The Conqueror's Death.

SEPT. 9, 1087.

THE homeliness of the following ballad arises from its being little more than a versified imitation of the Saxon Chronicle, the author of which must have been well able to give a character of King William, for, says he, "I sometime lived in his herd."

IT was a time of anguish,
a time of wailing sore,—
A time of tribulation,
such as had not been before ;
King William sat upon the throne,
and many widows wept ;
And the crown he won by strength of arm,
by strength of arm he kept.

Castles he builded great and high,
digg'd dungeons deep and dark ;
Did mickle wrong to weak and strong,
"he was so very stark ;"

Took gold and silver as him list,
 made rich grow poor with speed ;
Slew some of right, and some by might,
 and all for little need.

The noble's arm sans curse or harm
 struck them of human kind ;
But whoso touch'd the fallow roe,
 him justicers must blind :
So much he loved the high-deer
 as they had been his kin :
But man might slay his neighbour,
 and count it little sin.

His pleasure was in hunting :
 he loved it ear' and late :
Forests he had sans number,
 and threescore parks and eight :
Yet as if all were naught or small,
 both priests and poor he chas'd ;
And thirty hamlets for his deer
 he burnt and laid them waste.

Then was there mickle suffering ;
and men might threat or pray,
But he was stark beyond all bounds,
and needs must have his way.
And twenty years both churls and peers
he mightily oppressed,
Till it was GOD'S good pleasure
that England should have rest.

Prelates are standing by his bed ;
they bid him think of Heav'n ;
They bid him pardon others,
as he would be forgiven :
While there was hope he would not hear,
but death came on apace ;
And then the unforgiving king
received them to his grace.

“ What is that bell I hear afar,
this early morn ? ” quoth he :
They told him that it toll'd for Prime
in the church of Saint Marie ;
“ Then to our Lady in my need
my spirit I commend ;
And let the Ever Virgin
in the Judgment stand my friend ! ”

How shall the Purest of the pure
defend the vile of heart ?
How can the Mildest of the mild
uphold the murderer's part ?
Who putteth off all thoughts of grace
until his dying day,
He buildeth up a mansion
upon a bed of clay.

Then knights and barons called to horse ;
then priests and prelates fled ;
Then servants plundered bower and hall,
and with the booty sped :
And three long hours the monarch lay,
disgraced by common crew ;
For he shall have no mercy
that mercy never knew.

Then out and spake Sir Herluin,
a Norman knight was he :
"The burial e'en of wicked men
is counted charity :
The King lies all deserted here,
but I will have him hence,
Sith he hath none to tend his corpse,
all at mine own expense."

So they brought him to Saint Etienne,*
the church himself had built,
And they spake about his conquests,
and kept silence o'er his guilt :
The Mass is sung—the sermon said,
the corpse upon the bier ;
Then out and spake a citizen :
“ In GOD'S Name, nobles, hear !
“ The very land whereon ye stand
was mine by law and right :
King William cast an eye thereon,
and made it his by might ;
As ye would dread, with wicked hands,
a temple to disgrace,
Make not GOD'S House, the House of Prayer,
a robber's burying-place.”
So died the man that never thought
of mercy in his life :
In turmoil all his days were spent—
his burial was in strife :
He that laid hands on Holy Church,
and took Her goods by force,
Is spoiled himself in hour of death
by men without remorse.

* S. Etienne, at Caen, now called the Abbaye aux Hommes, is one of the most perfect specimens existing of the severest Norman.

XVI.

The Last Hunt of William Rufus.



(Aug. 1st or 2nd, 1100.)

THE character of William Rufus was looked on by his contemporaries with a mixture of awe and hatred. His extortion, his cruelty, his licentiousness, his oppressions, were shared by him in common with other monarchs; but in his open defiance of GOD He stood alone. "By the holy face of Lucca," he said, "God shall never behold me a good man, for the ill He hath brought upon me." Before his death, prophecies and portents were circulated respecting that event; and to this day its manner remains a mystery. Sir Walter Tyrrel made oath, when influenced by no possible motive of fear, in the reign of his successor, that he had not been near the king on the morning of his death. The spot is marked by a stone, now cased in iron, lying in a glade, about a quarter of a mile to the right of a lone inn, on the Southampton and Ringwood road.

KING William reign'd in England;

A bold bad king was he:

He looked with grace on the ill man's face,

And he bade the good man flee.

His servants, at his word, made search
For the silver and the gold
Her sons had given to Holy Church,
In the pious days of old ;

There was never a night but he lay down *
A worse man than he rose ;
And never a morning but up he sprung
Worse than at evening's close ;

Yet seldom prince, before or since,
Had wealth and power as he ;
The words he said, the schemes he laid,
Prosper'd exceedingly :

He put his trust in things of dust,
And sought for fear, not love ;
And he said, as he followed his own heart's lust,
"There is no GOD above !"

He treasur'd up, by deeds of wrong,
A fearful reckoning day ;
For mercy, though it tarrieth long,
It will not bide away.

* These are the exact words of the contemporary annalist.

In that same forest, which of old
His father's lust had made,
When church and cot he spar'd them not,
But both in ruins laid;
In that same forest, by the son,
Shall vengeance' debt be paid.

He rose at light from a reveller's night,
And Mass he would not hear :
They told him portent to affright ; *
He laugh'd to scorn their fear :

A deer sprung out at his very feet,
And he thought to pierce it soon :
And he spurred thro' the heat on his steed so fleet,
But the chace held on till noon :

And not till then, in a shady glen,
The good stag stood at bay :
—What follow'd next, alone of men
Can Walter Tyrrell say.

* One of his servants was forewarned, in a dream, on the preceding night, by an old man who appeared in the form of a Bishop, that his lord's end was approaching. The sleep of the King himself was disturbed, and he only dispelled his presentiments by indulging largely in the pleasures of the feast.

Oh then too slow was the king's cross-bow,
For the deer sprung past his aim ;
"Shoot ! Walter Tyrrell ! shoot !" he cried—
"Shoot ! in the devil's name !"*—

Some say that the shaft Sir Walter aim'd
Glanc'd off to King William's heart :
Some say that the fiend the King had nam'd
Directed himself the dart :

Of a fearful form in the greenwood bough,
And of fearful sounds they tell ;
Yet never was known, from then till now,
How William Rufus fell.

His body lay in the same green glade,
All in an August sun :
The many friends his gold had made,
They fail'd him every one ;

But peasants laid it in a cart,
When their toil at Vespers ceas'd ;
And the life-blood flowed along the road
Like the blood of a slaughter'd beast ;

* "Trahas, trahas arcum *ex parte diaboli*," are the words which the annalist puts into the King's mouth.

And at Compline-tide to Winchester
The festering corpse they bring :
And they laid him in the Cathedral church
Because he had been a King

But never a heart at his death was sore,
And never an eye was dim :
The church bells toll for mean and poor,
But they never toll'd for him:

No Psalms they said, no Prayers they made,
No Holy Alms they gave :
And his treasures at last to another past,
Ere he was in his grave !

XVII.

The Martyrdom of S. Thomas.

Dec. 29, 1171.

IT is only within the last few years that justice has been done to the memory of this extraordinary man and glorious Martyr. For a most able defence of his conduct, the reader must consult Mr. Froude's Remains. For the details of his martyrdom, I may, perhaps, be allowed to refer to a little tale, called "Agnes de Tracy."

THERE came four knights into the hall,
and Knights unarmed were they :
"Hear, Lord Archbishop, what the King
commands by us to-day :
Unloose the Prelates thou hast bound
in Holy Church's band ;
Give up thy hoards of gems and gold,
and good broad hides of land ;
Lay down the Mitre at his feet,
and fly beyond the sea ;
So will his royal anger cease,
and 'twill be well with thee."

Then out and spake that Holy Man,
 “ Right well the King I love ;
Yet, judge ye, him should I obey,
 or One That is above ?
How can the wealth of Holy Church
 be meet for monarch’s use ?
The Prelates have been bound by GOD,
 and how can mortals loose ?
This is mine own Cathedral church,
 and here will I remain :
GOD judge its wrong, if aught but death
 part it and me again ! ”

The four ill knights have left the hall ;
 they close the doors with speed :
The good Archbishop prayeth now
 for strength in time of need ;
They muster in the court below ;
 their face is dark with hate ;
They don their arms—they grasp their swords—
 they thunder at the gate ;
And from within the wail of grief
 and terror riseth high ;
The monks are bending on the knee :
 “ Fly, Lord Archbishop, fly ! ”

"What mean ye by this outcry strange?
 who listeth may depart;
 What mean ye thus," the Prelate said,
 "to weep and break mine heart?
 For Holy Church, Her rights and lands,
 and treasures, whoso dies,
 Is offered up to GOD on high
 a glorious sacrifice:
 Let be, let be, these vain laments;
 or, since ye thither call,
 On to the Altar! Where more fit
 the sacrifice should fall?"

By good S. Denys' Altar, straight *
 the Bishop takes his place;
 A gleam of twilight softly falls
 upon his reverend face:
 And from the far-off Choir that now
 wears evening's solemn vest,
 The Vesper strains trill sweet and faint,
 like hymnings of the Blest;

* S. Thomas probably chose this position,—at the north-east end of the north transept, and since called the Martyrdom,—as wishing to fall at the shrine of one, who, like himself, was an Bishop and Martyr.

He standeth there with claspèd hands ;
each chapel groweth dim ;
Night cometh fast o'er all the earth ;
but never more on him !

The four ill knights are entering in,
the holy Vespers cease ;
“ Strike, if ye will, this hoary head,
but let these go in peace !
The Shepherd's flock, in time of need,
may scatter and may fly :
The Shepherd it beseemeth best
for that same flock to die.
To GOD in Heav'n my Church, my soul,
my body I commend ;
Do as ye list ! and by His Grace
I shall endure the end !”

The Prelate fell as Prelate should :
his glory cannot die ;
And for his meed he hath a House
not made with hands, on high :

And here on earth they rais'd him up *
a shrine right fair to see,
And great resort was at his tomb
that died so valiantly.
And thither pilgrims, year by year,
in long procession came ;
Till Christendom could tell the tale
of good S. Thomas' fame !

* The remains of the Martyr were translated with great pomp into *Becket's Crown*, July 7, 1207 : and that day was celebrated by the English Church to his memory with greater solemnity than that of his death, probably as falling at a more convenient period of the year.

XVIII.

The Battle of the Standard.

(Aug. 22, 1138.)

DAVID, King of Scots, disappointed by King Stephen of the Earldom of Northumberland, which had been promised to him, overran the north of England, committing the most horrible barbarities. Thurstan, Archbishop of York, in extreme old age, assembled the northern barons, and directed the curates of his diocese to urge their parishioners to arms. The victory which the English obtained received its name from the standard, which bore the banners of the three Patron Saints of Yorkshire, S. Peter of York, S. Wilfrid of Ripon, S. John of Beverley, and which was attached to a car, in the midst of the host. The field of battle is now crossed by the Great Northern railway, and a little hill which marked the spot was levelled for the construction of that line.

“HALT ye, my children ! thus far forth
your battles I have led :
Now must I give you o’er to GOD,”
Archbishop Thurstan said.

“ Ye know that wives beside the hearth,
and maidens at the wheel,
And Priests upon the Altar steps,
have felt the Scottish steel :
Ye know that he who falleth now,
for Holy Church he dies ;
Ye know that he who sleepeth here
shall wake in Paradise ;
Meet absolution have ye had
for every sin confess'd :
Go forth, then, sons of Holy Church,
to victory, or to rest ! ”

Then out and spake the noblest twain
that followed at his beck,
Sir Oliver of Albemarle,
Sir Walter de l'Especc:
“ Perish the man that fears to die
as the brave have died before ;
Our knightly troth that we return
or victors, or no more ! ”
And straight a herald, shrill of voice,
proclaim'd throughout the host,
“ The Scots are at Northallerton !
each captain to his post ! ”

And high above the battle-field
 three pennons gleam'd afar,
All three made fast to one ship's mast,
 and fixed upon one car.

Saint Wilfrid there for Ripon
 had his standard fair to see :
For York, Saint Peter, Prince of Saints,
 Saint John for Beverley ;
All in a silver Crucifix
 to console the dying eye,
They hid the Blessed Sacrament,
 and set it up on high ;
Then up stood Orkney's Bishop,
 and blessed the kneeling host,
In the Name of FATHER, bless'd he them,
 of SON, and HOLY GHOST.
Look on the army, and be sure
 each man will do his best :
Look on the Bishop,—who can doubt
 that Heav'n will do the rest ?

Dashed on the men of Galloway,
 with Malise of Stratherne ;
And Hexham tramples Galloway,
 as the wild ox tramples fern ;

Dashed on the men of Teviotdale,
 all at Prince Henry's feet ;
 And Ripon winnows Teviotdale,
 as the barn-flail winnows wheat :
 Then Lothian and the Isles fell on,
 and few shall be their smiles
 Who welcome back the battle-rack
 of Lothian and the Isles :
 "Look on your standard, lords and knights,
 think, yeomen, on your vow !
 Press on ! Press on ! for good Saint John !
 there is but Moray now !"

The Priests and Bishops weep and pray
 with mickle care and pain,
 The *Quare fremuerunt ?*
 was the burden of their strain.
 The Priests and Bishops look abroad,
 the Scottish Dragon flies ;
Te Deum and *Non Nobis*
 in notes of triumph rise.
 For warriors bold in days of old
 deem'd fields were won by prayer ;

Their fond belief we laugh to scorn,
 who trusted in GOD'S care :
 To Him their spoils were dedicate,
 the day of battle o'er :
 And we our " Gates of Somnauth"
 to an idol-shrine restore.

XIX.

The Battle of the Galliois.

(June 5, 1191.)

KING Richard, on the second day after leaving Cyprus for the Holy Land, fell in with a Saracen vessel, carrying Greek fire and venomous serpents to the Turks, then besieged by the whole power of Christendom, at Acre. The crew is variously stated, by European and Arabian writers, from 650 to 1500.

WE bore along for Palestine,
 a gallant band were we ;
 The wine-dark ocean stretched before,
 and Cyprus on our lee :

And squires they burnish'd armour bright,
 and knights were vowing high ;
Some for the love of lady fair,
 and some for chivalry :
But most and best upon their breast
 beheld the bloody Cross,
And they vow'd to win the Sepulchre
 and count their lives as dross ;
And they longed for fight, as they paced the deck,
 in the sultry hour of noon,
With them that serve Mahommed,
 and call upon Mahoune.

But elder knights spake mournfully
 of their comrades that were laid
In the burning, burning desert,
 or beneath the palm-trees' shade ;
When their brethren's band pressed swifter on,
 with trumpets sounding clear,
For the Arab of the Wilderness
 was hanging on their rear :
And how they cried for water,
 till their voice wax'd low and weak,
And how the fiery pestilence
 flush'd purple in their cheek :

And, one by one, their labour done,
With their last long sleep opprest,
They laid them down a little while ;
The Desert knows the rest !

They say that he who dies by thirst,
In his very death-pang dreams
Of his country's deep and shady woods,
her cool and splashing streams :
When round him is one sea of sand,
above one burning glare ;
And like the blast of furnace,
the Sirocco fires the air :
No ghostly comfort had they then,
as their spirit passed away ;
But they heard the jackall's long-drawn howl,
as it track'd its living prey.
Peace to their souls, and rest, and light,
if GOD's good pleasure be !
Peace to the warriors of the Cross,
that died as die may we !

And others told of the river old,
that let GOD's people pass :
How his nether waves to the ocean roll'd,
and his hither stood like brass :

And the deep, dark vale of Tophet,
That the sun ne'er shines upon ;
And the Old Man of the Mountain,
that dwells by Lebanon ;
And the Holy City, how 'twas won,
in spite of wall and fosse,
And the Crescent sunk from Omar's Mosque,
and Godfrey rais'd the Cross :
They put the sceptre in his hand,
and he ruled with great renown ;
But where his LORD had borne the Cross,
he would not wear the Crown !

They tell strange tales of the cursèd sea,
the sulphurous, the Dead ;
No fishes in its wave can swim,
no bird can fly o'er head :
There are fruits that grow upon its shore
right glorious to behold ;
But touch, and ashes crumble
beneath their rind of gold !
And in the summer evenings,
Engeddi's herds-men view
Far, far beneath, the towns of old
GOD's vengeance overthrew ;

And each wild tale brings wilder on,
as they gaze upon the deep :
And spirits of the former days
come down to haunt their sleep.

So on we bore for Palestine ;
and as we paced the deck,
“ A sail a-head !” the helmsman said,
ere we could see a speck.

Then out and spake King Richard,
“ We make the distance less :

Lean on your oars, good oarmen, lean,
as ye fain would win largesse.”

Then thrice the sweeps fell right and left,
where twice they fell before ;

Each heart beat high, sharp gazed each eye,
as on the squadron bore :

Three masts the monstrous vessel hath,
and canvas fully spread :

And a deck that gleams with scymitars,
and the Crescent at her head.

Saint George for merry England now !
our fleet is round her side ;

And three men’s height above our heads,
Their chief our arms defied :

“ALLAH IL ALLAH!” is their cry,
and then like death-rain fell
That thrice-accursèd fire, at first
devised by fiends of hell :
The fire that burns through chain and plate,—
the fire that nought can quench,
That for water flames the deadlier,
and hath poison in its stench :
Oh ! there were shrieks from knight and squire,
I hear them to this day,—
As 'twixt the armour and the bone
it burnt the flesh away !

King Richard eyed her lofty side,
“As well might kids, I wiss,
Encircle some old lion,
as we encounter this !
Back, steersman ! back, good oarsmen, back !
and give your vessel way !
Then shew what heads of steel can do
on sides of wood to-day !”
Back bore the squadron north and south,
back bore it east and west :
Loud laugh'd the Paynim, deeming now
our weakness was confest :

And then his words of blasphemy
right plainly might we hear :
“There is One GOD ! There is but One !
Mahommed is His Seer !”

Around him now, four bowshots off,
our gallant squadron lay,
Their prows towards the Infidel ;
he needs must stand at bay !
King Richard's pennon is on high,
and swift as lightning's flash,
On the doom'd vessel, one and all,
our ten brave galleys dash !
Then steel-head broke on heart of oak,
With clash, and din, and jar ;
And shattered clamp, and shivered cramp,
and splintered plank and spar :
Right through the ship's ribs drove our beaks
a clothier's ell and more ;
“Back, steersman, back, and to the deep
Give further conflict o'er !”

Fast come the waters gurgling in !
the ship is sinking fast !
The crew is motionless on deck,
the canvas on the mast ;

No mourning base, no prayer for grace :
one cry comes loud and clear,—

“There is One GOD! There is but One!
Mahommed is His Seer!”

Without a shriek, with unblanched cheek,
as calm as calm could be,

They, teaching Christians how to die,
went down into the sea.

And long we thought upon the men
that would not swim, nor strive,

When of a thousand Infidels
remained but thirty-five !

XX.

The Siege of Jaffa.

(August, 1192.)

THIS was the last exploit of King Richard in Palestine ; and with it all hope of regaining the Holy Land virtually terminated. Free access to the Sepulchre was, however, granted to pilgrims.

IT was the Lord of Jaffa-town,
and mournfully looked he,
First on the bristling Paynim ranks,
and then toward the sea ;
“ An if King Richard sends no help
afore the sun go down,
Then will I yield, for yield I must,
to Saladin the town.”

It was the men of Jaffa,
and all the live-long day,
With straining eyes, and beating hearts,
they gazed upon the bay ;

The Priests say Tierce—the Priests say Sexts,—
no sail upon the deep :
The Priests say Nones ; and Christian knights
they think no scorn to weep.

It was the Host borne forth to guard
the circuit of the wall ;
It was the Priests, that to their aid
the LORD of Sabaoth call :
“Think on Thine own Jerusalem,
that Infidels assail :
Think on the prayers of Christendom,
and let the right prevail !

“Remember all Thy Servants,
that gave their lives for Thee :
And let their Sacrifice of Death
accept before Thee be :
They shed their blood to win the land
Thy Blessed Feet have trod ;
For pilgrims' love, and CHRIST's dear sake
they made the Truce of GOD !

“ We put no trust in arm of dust,—
we look to Thee on high :
The sun is sinking to the sea,
and no deliverance nigh :
O send us one more day like that
when Thine Arm the victory won,
And the sun stood still on Gibeon,
and the moon on Ajalon !”

It was King Richard hurrying on,
with seven brave galleys fast ;
Crowding more rowers on the bench,
fresh canvass on the mast ;
Watching the sun as down it sunk,
the keel as on it flew,
And joining all that man can pray,
with all that man can do.

It was the watchman on the tower
that told the joyful tale ;
“ Seven Pisan galleys round the Point,
all under press of sail !”

Then trumpets brayed, and drums were beat,
and convent bells were rung,
And in the fair Cathedral
the Priests *Non Nobis* sung.

It was a Priest for GOD's dear love
that vowed the town to save ;
It was a Priest by GOD's good help
that battled with the wave ;
King Richard hears amidst his peers :
" They hold it yet," quoth he ;
" GOD's everlasting curse on him
that will not follow me !"

Then out and spake King Saladin,
that stood upon the strand :
" Sons of the Faithful, back a space.
and let the madmen land :
Six hundred thousand of them glut
the kites of Acre's shore ;
Bishops, and knights, and yeomen,
and these shall swell the score !"

Then out and spake King Richard :

“ Now mark the words I say :

Down on one knee, good yeomen,
and keep the foe at bay !

The buckler in the left hand,
the javelin in the right :

Thus many may come on in charge,
but few return in flight !”

It is the Paynim cavalry

that on the Faithful drive ;

And some go down, and more rear back,
with most are stak'd alive ;

Then steel met steel, and both lines reel,
with hack, and stab, and gash,

And scymitars of Cairo

with spears of Sherwood clash.

Like meteors from the citadel

the cursèd fire-rain fell ;

And rocks came swinging thro' the air

from the creaking mangonel : *

* The mangonel discharges stones ; the balista, quarrels or arrows, and the petraria, rocks.

With spears they push, with swords they hew,
with dagger blades they thrust;
And one petraria poundeth
twelve infidels to dust.

Serpents and fiery arrows fall
on baron and on churl:
Stone after stone, with jar and moan
the good balistæ hurl:
To shivers rock, to splinters steel,
to powder stone they jam,
As 'neath their penthouse on the wall
they thunder with the ram.

Fierce and more fierce, as daylight ends,
the war-cries rising be:
SAINT GEORGE FOR MERRY ENGLAND! here,—
there, MONTJOYE SAINT DENYS!
HA! BEAUSEANT! like a trumpet peal,
drives each fierce Templar on,
And there the Hospitallers call
on the name of good Saint John!

The falling fall for Christendom :
 lament not thou the slain :
Their blood is GOD'S own sacrifice ;
 it is not shed in vain :
For all that man holds holiest
 they died that died that day,
And to the Holy Sepulchre
 their blood hath won a way.

XXI.

King John crosses the Wash.

(1216.)

“ His steed had needs be fleet, my liege,
 his heart had needs be brave,
That ventures o'er the strait to-day—
 Saint Nicholas him save !
Not for all gold above the earth,
 or precious gems below,
Would I be half-way o'er the Deeps,
 when the tide begins to flow.”

“ Let yeomen tremble, if them list !
a King must have his way :
Firm is the sand, and nigh the land,
and I will cross to-day.”

“ Who faceth peril such as this,
of conscience pure needs be ;
Grant that a man may meet it well,—
Sir King, thou art not he !”

“ When I return again in peace,
thy words thou shalt aby :
The LORD'S Anointed thou hast curs'd,
and thou shalt surely die.”

“ If thou return at all in peace,”
said then the hermit bold,
“ GOD'S Name will be blasphem'd of men :
King John, thy days are told.”

King John's good steed is on the beach :
the beach is rough and steep ;
But all his foot, and all his horse
went down into the deep !

And wearily and painfully
they plough'd their sandy way,
And gallantly and knightfully
they toil'd the live-long day.

The King spake out to all his host :

“'Tis yet the ebb of tide:

One little hour of labour more,
and we gain the further side.”

The LORD spake out to all His waves,
the waves His voice obey'd :

And in their might, both left and right,
came on in foam array'd.

At hour of Prime, the host went in,
for all the sand was bare ;

At Vespers it was deep blue sea,
and yet the host was there :

Thus in old times did GOD o'erthrow
the tyrants of His Fold ;

And still can do as valiantly
as in the days of old.

XXII.

The Funeral of Queen Eleanor.

A. D. 1291.

NEVER were human affection, and the hope of immortality more beautifully combined, than in the commemoration of Edward's beloved Queen, by the Crosses which bear her name, and which were erected on the spots where her funeral procession halted. Three of these now alone remain,—those at Geddington, Northampton, and Waltham.

SHE cometh in pomp and pride ;
And yet no baron, with knightly mien,
Heralds the progress of England's Queen :
No pages stand waiting the royal beck,
By the palfrey that arches his milk-white neck :
No flowers are strew'd in the throng'd highway,
No village is out in its holiday,
As the horsemen onward ride.

Do ye think on her glories past?
How she came to our country the Royal Bride,
The lov'd of Guienne, to be England's pride;
And pleasures waited to tend her hours,
Her seasons all spring, and her paths all flowers:
How we welcomed her next to Edward's throne,
Who had saved his life, and had risk'd her own?
Then ye well may wait the last.

Aye! turn not aside! though now
She is passing forth with her mournful train,
The journey she shall not return again:
Though the hands that love so oft had pressed
Are folded in prayer on her quiet breast:
Who held her dearest would now least dare
To gaze on the face that was late so fair,
Or to kiss his loved one's brow.

Yes! look, and do not fear!
The eye may be dim, and the heart be sore:
But the silver Cross goes on before;
And Holy Church hath Her banners high,
To emblem Her SAVIOUR'S Victory:
HE hath the Keys of Death and Hell;
And She in His Might, hath power as well,
To dry the Mourner's tear!

She goes not from life to death !
 Nay, rather she passeth from death to life,
 To a region of peace from a land of strife :
 And the Priests, as they tune the strong bataunt,
 The EXPECTANS EXPECTAVI chaunt :
 And they say the Mass, and they give the dole,
 For the light, and the rest, and the health of the soul,
 That breatheth Celestial breath.

What mattereth now to the dead
 The sceptres she held, and the crowns she ware,
 And the jewels that cluster'd amid her hair ?
 But the widows she cloth'd, and the orphans she fed,
 And the poor that blessed her for daily bread,
 The secret sigh, and the holy prayer,—
 These be the jewels whose virtues rare
 A lustre around her shed !

Passeth the train away :
 They shall mark the spots in future years,
 That were wet each night with the mourner's tears :
 Where Death had his court, they shall raise the Cross,
 Where the Prince of Life redeem'd Death's loss ;
 Meanwhile, as the strains in distance die,
 With humble knee, and upraised eye,
Orate pro anima !

XXIII.

The Dissolution of the Religious Houses.

A. D. 1536.

THE curse pronounced upon the violaters of Monasteries and the detainers of Abbey lands, has, from the time of the Reformation to our own day, produced the most terrible effects on the families who have been implicated in sacrilege. I will give a single example of the anathema itself: that pronounced by Pope Benedict XII., in his charter to the celebrated Abbey of Cluny.

“Accursed be they,” says the Pontiff, “that shall violate the immunities, rights, property, or churches of the order of Cluny. If they repair not the ill that they have done, let them be separated, as corrupted members, from the Body of CHRIST: let them be driven from the threshold of the Holy Church of GOD, and cut off from the communion of the Faithful. Accursed be they walking and sitting, waking and sleeping! Accursed be they entering in and going out, eating and drinking! Accursed be their bread and their water! the fruit of their body, and the fruit of their land! Accursed be they with fever and burning heat on earth, and accursed be they hereafter with demons for ever and ever!

Let their children be fatherless, their wives widows!
Let the children of their children be vagabonds, and
beg their bread! Let them be delivered over to the
anathema that is written against sacrilege in the Word
of GOD, until they shall have made reparation for the ill
they have done!"

THE Abbey Church is dedicate!

'Tis glorious to behold

Tall arch, slim shaft, and goodly pier,
and shrine that flames with gold.

The rich, deep hue of storied glass,
the vaulting groin on high,

The Rood-screen, with its serges seven,
and carved imagery:

Pier behind pier, and arch o'er arch,
that lead both heart and view

Where the High Altar stands to close
that matchless avenue:

But goodlier far it is to mark
the worship of the crowd;

The lords, and knights, and mighty earls,
that reverently are bowed:

And clad in gorgeous vest the Priests,
that raise the Holy Prayer;
And incense-clouds and taper bright,
and Indian jewels rare :
And as they dedicate the House
in Faith and Holy Hope,
The glistening of the silver Cross
'twixt chasuble and cope :
And goodly more than all to hear
the dread Tersanctus rise,
As in the Choir they offer up
the Mystic Sacrifice ;
And antiphonal voices chant
in cadence soft and sweet,
And the Celestial Choir's response
the Organ notes complete.

The Holy Bishop steppeth forth ;
his hairs are white as snow,
The Deacon holds a tome writ full
of bitterness and woe ;
“ Accursed,” saith the Prelate then,
“ be he in future years
That layeth hands upon the house
the pious founder rears ;

Accursed in the city street,
 accursed in the field ;
Earth give him nevermore her fruit,
 nor heav'n its blessing yield ;
Accursed be his going out,
 accursed his coming in :
Fly him all hope, and let his prayer
 be turned into sin :
In his last hour, when most his need,
 all mercy fail him then !"
And all the people, as one man,
 answer'd and said, " Amen."

" Let sentence at the judgment-seat
 be given against his right :
Let Satan stand at his right hand,
 and let his day be night !
All ills of earth, all woes of hell,
 his head and heart oppress :
And be his wife a widow,
 and his children fatherless :
Let them be wanderers, seeking still
 their bread as best they may :
And in few years his name and fame
 from earth be put away !

He hated blessing ; wherefore ne'er
let blessing come him nigh :
He loved cursing ; let it then
be done accordingly !
Thus let it happen to that man !"
And solemnly again
The multitude with one man's voice
answered and said, " Amen !"

The Abbey Church is desolate !
The Abbot's faithless hand
Surrender'd up to tyrant sway
both revenues and land ;
No more the Matin-songs of Praise,
nor Holy Vespers, rise ;
Hush'd is the voice of Compline, ceas'd
the Daily Sacrifice :
They break the glass, they melt the brass,
they strip the massy lead :
They rifle for their lucre
the cerecloths of the dead :
They laugh to scorn the humble prayer
writ o'er the senseless clay,
That asketh, " Of youre charite
a Paternoster say :"

They overthrow the Altar tomb,
with effigy and lore,
“For Jesu’s tender love, in peace
repose they evermore :”
For windows rich in imag’d Saints
the pink May blossom glows ;
For frescoed roof and gilded shrine,
the nightshade and the rose :
And for the organ-note that swell’d
so mellow and so deep,
The summer gale, and winter storm,
that o’er the ivy sweep :
And for the House that once dispens’d
both words and means of grace,
Remains a spot the peasant dreads,
an ill and haunted place !
And oftimes, on the holiest ground
of all the holy fane,
You meet the rude, loud laugh, and jest,
the viands and champagne :
Or from the heartless connoisseur,
in studied phrase you hear
Of light and shade, of heat and warmth,
of capital and pier :

Or, the philosopher will teach
 how superstitious rite
And ancient mummery, have fled
 before Religion's light.

The Abbey Church is well revenged !
 its spoilers, where are they ?
Where are the wealthy that have thriv'd
 on fruit of its decay ?
The curse hath brooded o'er them still,
 with dry and tearless eyes ;
Hath hovered o'er them as they sleep,
 hath met them as they rise ;
Hath hunted them from land to land,
 to darkness turn'd their light ;
From age to age hath followed on,
 a mildew and a blight :
Their every spring of earthly joy
 in bitterness hath steep'd ;
They planted vines, and others drank ;
 they sow'd, and other reap'd :
Their argosies came back from sea,
 to perish in the port ;
Their brides were faithless to their troth,
 or death their love cut short ;

“ Would GOD,” at close of even-tide,
they said, “ that it were light !”
At peep of morning twilight,
“ Would GOD that it were night !”
Each sight hath wrought them bitterness,
each sound hath rung a knell ;
Consumption, fever, pestilence,
have done their business well ;
Unnatural hate, and violent end,
on mountain, or in fen :
Strange ills, and fearful signs and deaths,
unlike the death of men :

For godless hands have Abbey lands
such fate decreed in store :
Such is the heritage that waits
Church robbers evermore !

XXIV.

The Curse of the Abbeyes.

1.

THEY tell us that the LORD of Hosts
will not avenge His Own :
They tell us that He careth not
for temples overthrown :
Go ! look through England's thousand vales,
and shew me, he that may,
The Abbey lands that have not wrought
their owner's swift decay.

2.

Ill hands are on the Abbey Church ;
they batter down the Nave :
They strip the lead, they spoil the dead,
they violate the grave ;
Where once with penitential tears
full many a cheek was wet,
There thou caroucest in thy halls,
Protector Somerset !

3.

Look to the scaffold, reared on high,
 the sawdust, block, and steel !
Look to the prisoner, wan of face,
 that turns him there to kneel :
Hark to the muffled bell that calls
 that bloody sight to see :
Earl Hertford, Duke of Somerset !
 the summons is for thee !

4.

Thou thought'st no blame, thou felt'st no shame,
 to spoil S. Pancras' shrine :
His Sussex woods, his Lewes fields,
 were all a prey of thine ;
Thou dravest forth the monks at large,
 and mad'st their wail thy mock ;
Ho ! Thomas, Baron Cornwall !
 prepare thee for the block !

5

The curses of the holy walls,
 where men of GOD have been,
Are loud against thee, Suffolk's duke,
 and cry from plundered Shene ;

XXV.

The Discovery of Madeira.

(July 1, 1419.)

THE sad legend of the first discovery of Madeira by Robert Machim, an Englishman, and Anna D'Arfet, his bride, is well known. Its second discovery was made by the great Zargo, who had, two years before, discovered Porto Santo. It is an authenticated fact, that, though Madeira may now be seen from Porto Santo as plainly as Calais from Dover, such was the cloud of exhalation which then encircled the former island, that the discoverer had no small difficulty in persuading his men to sail towards what seemed an immoveable bank of vapour.

THE tropic bay was rippling,
the north-east breeze was high :
And bright on Porto Santo rose
that first day of July :
The old church door pours forth no more
its crowd adown the steep ;
And on the sand a gallant band
are bouning for the deep.

It was a Friar Minorite ;—

“ O tempt not thus,” quoth he,
“ O tempt not thus,” Lord Zargo,
the dangers of the sea :

The orange-groves of Cintra,
what groves so fair as they ?

What foreign land can match the strand
of Lisbon’s pleasant bay ?

“ Yet once again, Lord Zargo,]
though dauntless be thy breast,
Look on the cloud that like a shroud
is glooming in the west :

For three long years of doubts and fears
I’ve dwelt where now I dwell ;
And all those years that blackness
hath hovered there as well.

“ Strange legends are there of it ;
strange tales I’ve heard men tell ;
Some call it earth’s far limit,
and some the mouth of hell ;
The western wind brings ever
low sounds of them that weep,
And cries, that are not of the earth,
come faintly o’er the deep !”

Then out and spake Lord Zargo,
and a scornful man was he ;
“ Go, tell such tales to others,
but tell them not to me ;
The morning hours are wearing ;
my merry men, to the bay !
What better speed can Christian need
than we have had this day ?”

The good ship São Laureço
is standing to the west ;
the wind is in her canvas,
the spray around her breast :
And as the day went slow away,
and as she near'd the shore,
Higher and higher grew the mist,
and darker evermore.

Men cluster'd on the gangway,
and spoke in tones of dread,
And hurriedly, each moment,
the helmsman heav'd the lead.
“ How bears her head ?” Lord Zargo said :
“ West and by south,” quo' he ;
“ West lies the land,” quoth Zargo then,
“ and west our course must be.”

A purple haze is round them,
the ripple dies away ;
The purple haze grows purpler,
and stiller grows the bay :
The water shoals from ten to six,
the water shoals to four,
And ever through the darkness
the billows moan and roar.

Then were there cries of terror,
and rending of the hair ;
One called on Santiago,
and one upon S. Clare ;
And swift as thought, such change was wrought,
that scarce they trust their sight,
A glorious island springs to view,
all decked in summer light.

Mountains arrayed with forests,
and many a steep ravine,
While many an ancient river
made melody between.
And thither, with her canvas set,
the gallant vessel bore :
And there Lord Zargo and his crew
are standing on the shore.

Beneath four clustering orange-trees,
a stone's-throw from the surf,
There rose a Cross of cedar-wood,
and two fair graves of turf:
And some kind hand of Christian
had bade the seaman say
A Paternoster for the soul
that there had passed away.

They rear a hasty Altar,
with flowers they deck it straight;
And Priests and mariners around
in seemly order wait:
And the first strain Madeira heard,
the Western Ocean's pride,
Was Mass of Requiem for the souls
of Machim and his bride!

XXVI.

King Charles the Martyr

SETS UP HIS STANDARD AT NOTTINGHAM.

(S. Bartholomew's Eve, 1642.)

PROBABLY historian never invented a finer method of giving sublimity to a war which he was about to relate, than did Clarendon, in closing his first volume with the above event. He has, as it were, in the preceding books, been employed in pointing out the gathering clouds and the rising wind. The omen with which he closes is the first flash of lightning that preludes the storm.

GOD bless King Charles! They're moving down!
 The Castle Hill is gay
 With gleaming helms and waving plumes,
 and chivalrous array :
 There is the Royal Standard !
 and midmost in the ring
 Of noblemen and gentlemen
 that fence it, rides the King :

It bears a golden diadem,
all in a field of blue :
And for its legend ye may read
“ Let Cæsar have his due !”
Hark to the war-horse’ measured tread !
the very houses shake !
They thunder from the Castle heights
with falconet and drake !
S. Mary’s bells are pealing now
a merry welcome out ;
And drums strike up, and trumpets bray
and thousand voices shout :
Aye ! raise the cry of joy again !
and tell it out afar,
The Lion is aroused at length !
King Charles goes out to war !

The bloody crew of Westminster !
Woe ! Woe ! to them to day !
They’ve play’d their game, and play’d it out :
the reckoning is to pay !

There's Strafford's murder cries for blood ;
 Oh GOD of Vengeance, when ?
The good Archbishop's dungeon,
 and Montague and Wren : *
Altars defiled, and Church reviled,
 and Holy Bishops chas'd,
And faithful pastors driv'n to die
 on mountain, or in waste !
The end is nigh ! the knell is rung,
 of such as play their part
With GOD's Great Name upon their lips,
 and the devil in their heart.
England is up ! her sword is grasp'd !
 her battle-bow is bent !
Call all ! call all ! both gentlemen
 and yeomen, north of Trent !

The drums and trumpets sound more near ;
 room for the Life-guards ! room !
GOD bless King Charles ! he's passing now,
 you know him by his plume !

* Bishop Montague, of Norwich, suffered from the intolerable presumption of the Commons as early as the end of King James the First's reign, and he was persecuted by them, more or less, till his death. Bishop Wren of Ely was imprisoned in the Tower during the whole of the Civil War. He fortunately survived the Restoration.

There's the Lord Marshal by his side !
 there's Uvedale on before !
There's Falkland and Southampton,
 and six hundred heroes more !
And look how ladies wave the scarf,
 and strong men bow the knee,
As, clattering through the city streets,
 goes England's Chivalry !
And old men raise their eyes to Heav'n,
 and maidens roses fling,
And children clap their little hands,
 and cry, GOD save the King !
It is a nation's love that speaks !
 'Twere worth a pound of gold,
That the Vanes, and Pym, and Manchester,
 and Lenthall might behold !

Who says the clouds are stormy,
 and the sky a fiery red ?
Who says the winds are moaning,
 as if wailing future dead ?
Is not the Church upon our side,
 and can we fail to win ?
Doth She not bless our going out,
 And hail our coming in ?

Let men, and fiends, and all the powers
of darkness do their worst,
Yet whom She blesseth, he is blest,
and whom She curseth, curst.
And have we not a champion band
to plead for us on high ?
Martyrs, and Confessors, and Saints,
A Blessed Company ?
What if e'en now, to aid our cause,
angelic legions wait,
Girt with celestial armour,
round Heav'n's eternal gate ?
What if e'en now, amid the blast,
their pinions' rush we hear,
And their fleet chariots to our aid
adown the gale career ?
Who talks of Rebel-levies ?
their prowess we contemn :
They be far more that side with us,
Than they that fight for them !

They've passed the gate ; they're on the green,
they're winding up the hill ; *
The Standard's in the Marshal's hands,
the army hold them still :

* Called to this day Standard Hill.

“ GOD be my guardian, as I make
the Church’s cause mine own!
As o’er Her holy side my shield,
So His o’er me be thrown!
I fight for merry England’s sake,
her Altars and her laws:
O GOD of Hosts! the strife is Thine,
not ours! Plead Thou my Cause!
And let them drain the very lees
of faction’s bitter cup,
Who made me raise this Standard!
Earl-Marshal! set it up!”

It writhes and flutters in the breeze;
you scarce could tell its form:
Now GOD be with the Banner!
it is a fearful storm!
It struggles like a living thing!
the rude wind raging round
Rustles and riots through its folds,
and yet it stands its ground!
It shudders like an aspen-leaf,
as the gale comes fiercer on!
It standeth yet! it yieldeth not!
It quivers! it is gone!

Well, be the omen as it may!
 If these our arms must fail,
 The cause we love, the Church's cause,
 shall evermore prevail;
 Tho' all that host be swept away,
 as the wind sweeps Ocean's surf,
 Their narrow homes upon the heath,
 their couch a bed of turf,
 They lov'd their Church beyond their life, *

* The following lines endeavour, however feebly, to express the feelings of those great and good men who drew their swords for the Church and the King :—

K. CHARLES : Never was Prince, that less than I fear death,
 Should dread his coming :—speak I not the truth ?
 For I have far more friends in Heav'n than here ;
 Nor ever Prince be less in love with life ;
 For all those friends laid down their lives for me !

HYDE : Your Majesty, methinks, doth too much dwell
 On the sad thought—They died ; and not enough,
 Or on the joy with which they gave their lives,
 Or on the cause for which they laid them down,
 Or on the good seed which their blood hath sown.
 True, 'tis a mournful thought, that to them now
 Our victories bring no joy, no woe our griefs :
 But this were sadder, oh how much, if they
 Who bled for us, should e'er, by our default,
 Have bled in vain ! So ardently they long'd
 For that great jewel, an unfettered Church,
 That all good else seem'd nothing in the scale ;
 Wherefore, because they could not give aught more,
 They gave their lives. And 'tis our truest love

Their future is not dim !
 Oh ! shed no tear for him that falls !
 Oh ! mourn ye not for him !
 His name is marked by hands above
 in Glory's brightest ray ;
 Writ with the things and men of old,
 that cannot pass away :

Not to lament a death which must have come
 Sometime, and never could have come so bright,
 As to press on the self-same path they trod ;
 While on our happier hours their thoughts descend
 Sadly, but sweetly, as the red leaf falls
 On the fresh flower beneath it. When again
 The merry wine-cup circles through Whitehall,
 Then shall they still be present, in our hearts,
 Who lie far off in moor and battle-height,
 While the wind sings their requiem ! 'Tis in truth
 A lovely custom, that, on All Souls' Eve,
 When the bright circle closes round the fire,
 Leaves for the absent and departed ones
 The very seats it was their wont to fill ;
 A lovely and a true one : for I deem
 'Tis but the shadowing forth of that most sweet,
 Yet most mysterious intercommuning,
 That, at some certain seasons, links the soul
 In closer union with departed friends.
 We cannot stir without them : thoughts of them
 Do haunt us like sweet strains ; the very air
 Breathes of their presence : where we go they come ;
 Are with us in the forest solitude,
 Or full assembly ; breathing pleasant thoughts
 Of joys that we have known with them on earth,
 Of joys that we shall know with them in Heav'n.

But weep for him that fails his Church,
in this Her hour of need :

Weep ye for him that loseth Her,—
for he is lost indeed !

For them that fight Her battles now,
GOD'S Grace be o'er them shed !

For them that stand to block Her path,
their blood be on their head !

XXVII.

Lord Brooke is shot before Lichfield Cathedral.

(S. Chad's Day, 1644.)

THE details of this remarkable instance of GOD's judgments on Church violators have been so circumstantially given by Mr. Gresley, in the "The Siege of Lichfield," that it is needless to do more than to refer the reader to that tale.

IT was Lord Brooke, a rebel bold,
 from Warwick took his way,
 To burn S. Chad's Cathedral Church
 all on S. Chad his day :
 The men-at-arms came slow behind,
 the horse went on before,
 And deadly hate their chief elate
 to GOD's fair Temple bore :

* S. Chad, Bishop of Lichfield, had a hermitage about a mile from the present site of the Cathedral, in a place now called Chadstowe, or Stowe. There he is said to have been miraculously supported by a stag, and S. Chad's well is shewn to this day.

“ If Thou vouchsaf’st, O LORD,” said he,
“ to give me Lichfield town,
Then will I burn, as Jehu did,
yon House of Baal down !”

It was the men of Lichfield then,
right gloomy was their cheer !
They looked upon the country round,
the enemy was near :
They looked upon their battlements,—
their battlements were weak ;
They looked upon their garrison,
munitions were to seek.
They looked upon their three fair spires, *
and thought of GOD on High :
They looked upon their fathers’ tombs,
and vowed for them to die.

It was Sir Richard Dyott,
a gallant knight to see ;
“ Death may come oft before he comes
in so good cause,” quoth he :
“ If for our Holy Fatherhood,
and for our kingly sway,

* These three spires, however, were not then, as they are now, unique among the English Cathedrals.

Of banners gay, and fair array,
the rebel-captain boasts :
With him there is an arm of flesh,
with us the LORD of Hosts !

It was the Priests that straight arose,
and Litany was sung :
Down Nave, and Aisles, and Transepts fair,
the Miserere rung :
“ Spare us, Good LORD ! and crush our foe,
and laugh to scorn his rage :
Give not Thy people to rebuke,
nor leave Thine Heritage !
Or since our sins have well deserved ;
that we be put to shame, }
Spare yet the house our fathers reared
so goodly to Thy Name !”

It was the sound of war and siege !
They marshal for attack :
With mattock, basket, pioneer,
and ladder, for the sack :

Come on both pikemen, men-at-arms,
and heady volunteers :
With rammers, sponge, and touchwood match,
come on the cannoneers :
And out spake Brooke, above the rest,
in midmost of the line :
“ We go about Thy work, to-day !
Vouchsafe, O LORD, a sign !”

It was a man both deaf and dumb *
was in the central Tower :
Before him lay the silver moat,
beyond, the rebel-power ;
He leant his piece upon the wall,
and cunning aim he took,
Where, in his prayer, with visor up,
and eyes towards Heav'n, stood Brooke :
The trigger fell, the flint struck true,
the bullet sped its way ;
And that same instant, in the dust
the bold blasphemer lay.

* His name was Dyott: he was a brother of the knight of the same name.

It was a soldier standing by :

“ Now praise,” quoth he, “ GOD’S Name,
For half that space, except by grace,
were far beyond our aim.

He asked a sign : a sign he hath !
it entered in the eye,

Wherewith he trusted he should see
GOD’S Church in ruins lie.

He asked a sign : a sign he hath !

and he who would not pray
’Gainst sudden death, by sudden death *
is called unshriv’d away.”

It was the good Lieutenant then,—

“ Now out upon the foe !
An easy prey is ours to-day,
since rebel Brooke is low.
And by the terror of his fall,
let future ages see
GOD’S Church is still His care, and still
He doeth valiantly !

* Lord Brooke (a high Calvinist) had always objected to the petition in the Litany against sudden death.

And tell how Brooke, sworn enemy
 to GOD's fair Temples, lay
 Before Saint Chad's Cathedral church,
 all on Saint Chad, his day!

 XXVIII.

 Bishop Wren in the Tower.

BISHOP Wren, "the least of these birds, but the foulest," says a Puritan writer, the companion and friend of Laud, Montague, and Mainwaring, was imprisoned in the Tower at the commencement of the Civil War, and remained there till the Restoration, when he was restored to the see of Ely.

THIS is the lot Thy Will ordains :
 This is the lot I gladly take :
 Only, O LORD, where Satan reigns,
 One humble prayer to Thee I make :
 O give me yet, before I die,
 To see Thy Church's victory !

I think of those with whom I shar'd
Unfear'd defeat, unhop'd success :
Of all we did, of all we dar'd,
Of all that GOD vouchsaf'd to bless :
O give me yet once more, say I,
To join my brethren ere I die !

The same sweet counsel did we take,
In the same House of Prayer we knelt,
And lips with one another spake,
And hearts with one another felt :
Oh ! be it joy, or be it care,
Be mine, say I, my brethren's share !

I know each stands to guard his post :
For Holy Church each plays the man :
And I alone, of all the host,
Aid in the strife no longer can :
That once to victory, or to rout,
Went with the foremost in and out.

Yet have we all one end in view ;
 Beneath one LORD of Hosts all fight :
 To me to bear, to them to do,
 He giveth, Whose award is right :
 Their hope more fair, my light more dim ;
 But each with each, and all for Hm.

 XXIX.

The Martyrdom of Archbishop Laud.

(Jan. 10, 1645.)

THE season is past of his sufferings at last,
 And his end is drawing nigh :
 And now the good Archbishop stood
 By the place where he must die.

He had guarded the Church from wicked men,
 In troublesome times of strife :
 All they could take he had lost for Her sake,
 And now he must lose his life.

But as he pass'd up Tower Hill,
'Twas a marvellous sight to see
How door, and roof, and window-sill,
Were as throng'd as throng'd could be;

How down to the Thames from the Tower wall
A troop of horsemen ran ;
And soldiers were drawn in array, and all
To guard one weak old man !

But as he went, there were hands stretched out,
If they might but touch his side ;
And strong men turned their heads about,
And like little children cried.

So stedfastly the scaffold steps
That good Archbishop trod,
As one that journey'd to his home,
And hasten'd to his GOD.

And there the great axe, in the winter sun,
Was glittering like to gold ;
And the block was there, and the men in masks,
Right fearful to behold.

The Archbishop knew why each was there ;
Yet manfully all he eyed :
For he that feareth ALMIGHTY GOD
Hath nothing to fear beside.

“ I have been long,” he said, “ in my race,
And suffer’d much pain and loss ;
Now to its end I am coming apace,
And here I find the Cross ;

“ And in sight of men, and of Angels too,
In sorrow and shame I stand :
But the shame must be despis’d : or else
No coming to GOD’S Right Hand.

“ I have the weakness of nature still,
And have pray’d both night and day,
If it stood with my Heavenly FATHER’S will,
That the cup might pass away.

“ He is as able to rescue me
Now from ungodly men,
As He was to deliver the Children Three
From the fiery furnace then ;

“ His hand was with them to bring them through,
And a glorious victory won ;
So He can do once more ; if not,
His will, not mine, be done.

“ And if He bids me to cross the sea
That I have full in view,
I shall enter its waves right willingly,
Yea, and pass through them too !

“ I would not leave my fathers' Church,
And before Dissenters bow ;
For that I have borne both shame and scorn,
And for that I must suffer now.”

Then he prayed in silence a little space,
For the King, and himself, and his fold ;
And when he arose again, his face
Was glorious to behold.

Then he knelt by the block, and he gave the sign
That should carry him home to his rest ;
And that same moment the great axe fell,
And his spirit was with the blest.

XXX.

Death of the Princess Elizabeth.

THE Princess Elizabeth, a child of five years old, and daughter of King Charles the Martyr, was seized with a dangerous illness while confined in the Isle of Wight. When dying, she was asked if she would not pray. "I cannot say my long prayer," she replied, meaning the LORD'S PRAYER, "but I will say my short one,—Consider and hear me, O LORD my GOD, lighten mine eyes, that I sleep not in death." And so saying, she expired.

WHEN evil days seem coming o'er us,
 And evil men wax worse and worse;
 Their patterns who have gone before us,
 Our fears shall calm, our hopes shall nurse:
 In Holy Church is blessed union
 'Twixt us and those whose work is done;
 They that have slept in Her Communion,
 And we that live therein, are one.

Yet think we not that they forget us,
Nor aid us in our hour of ill :
Their lives are as ensamples set us,
Their spirits hover o'er us still ;
Nor Saints alone and Martyrs preach us,
Sweet love of Faith and Hope in GOD :
The mouths of babes and sucklings teach us
To tread the steps that they have trod.

A Princess one,—and yet a stranger :
A harmless child, and yet a thrall :
In hour of sickness and of danger,
And not a friend to hear her call :
Forsaken, yet not broken-hearted :
True child of Holy Church was she ;
Her father from her side was parted,
Her Heavenly Father could not be !

They saw her face begin to alter,
They knew her soul would pass away :
And as her voice began to falter,
They ask'd her if she would not pray ?

“ I cannot say my prayer, ‘ Our FATHER,’
Because I scarce know how to speak ;
And yet I think that He will gather
Into His Fold a lamb so weak.

“ He will not let the sickness frighten
His child, though feeble be her breath ;
So I will only ask him, ‘ Lighten
Mine eyes, lest I should sleep in death.’ ”
Such varying strength of consolation
The Church receiveth from Her Head ;
To triumph in Her martyr’s Passion,
To calm Her infant’s dying bed !

XXXI.

The White King's Funeral.

KING Charles the Martyr was, in his life, known as the White King, from his exemplary purity, and from his having made choice of that colour for his coronation robes.

'T WAS a winter night, and the pall was white,
For the snow fell thick and fast,
As to its grave in Windsor Nave,
The White King's coffin past.

The good King Charles, it was meet that he,
Whose reign on earth below
Had been spotless and pure as pure could be,
Should have now a crown of snow.

There had risen against him a rebel-host,
And he sank before his foes;
And his faith was tried to the uttermost,
And brightest it shone at the close.

For the Church his life he held not dear,
For the Church he came to die ;
And in that season of doubt and fear,
There was one of Her Bishops by.

“ Now,” said that Bishop, “ there only remains
One stage, one short stage more ;
It shall bear you quickly from fear and pains
To the place where pains are o'er.”

“ From death,” said the King, “ to life I go ;
From bondage to be freed ;
To a Palace above from a dungeon below :
A blessed exchange indeed !”

No trumpet might sound, no banner might wave,
As his coffin was borne on its way ;
That Bishop was ready beside the grave,
But they would not let him pray ;

For they made great search for the sons of the Church,
And such in their dungeon they laid ;
Fools ! as if they who endure for a day
Could unmake what GOD had made !

The Church they spoil'd, and Her Bishops fell,
And they thought they had crush'd Her outright;
But is it not written, "The gates of hell
Shall never destroy Her" quite?

She rose again; and we have Her still,
And She nevermore can fail;
Though Dissenters may strive to work Her ill,
They cannot for long prevail.

So if e'er she is touch'd by wicked men,
We will stand by Her holy side;
And if it should come to the worst,—why then
We can die as the WHITE KING died!

XXXII.

The Death of Lord Derby.

THE headsman's at his post :
the Earl is on his knees :
There's a murmur through the host
Like the wind on forest trees ;
" In battle-field his heart beat high ;
But can he like a traitor die ? "

The Earl's last prayer is said :
the sorrowing Priests retire !
But, as he turn'd his head,
He saw a distant spire :
Tipp'd with the yellow light, afar
It shineth like some peaceful star.

" I pray, Sirs, turn the block :
All for the Church's name
I've faced the battle-shock,
I die this death of shame :
And I would fain that church might be
The last of earth mine eyes shall see. "

They would not hear his prayer :

“ Well ! be it as ye will !

My soul will soon be there

Where ye can do no ill.

Lead on, Sirs !” Long his fame endure,

The Martyr-chief of Bolton-Moor !

XXXIII.

The Death of Oliver Cromwell.

THE whole course of history presents no more terrible example of one who was given over to a strong delusion, than the case of Cromwell. With the single exception of that moment of anguish, in which he enquired whether a Saint could fall away from grace, and received for answer, Neither finally nor fatally, “ there were no bands in his death.” He prayed little for himself; but occupied himself in interceding for England. His chaplains, in their public prayers, said expressly, “ We ask not for his life : we know that it is of too much consequence to be in jeopardy ; but we ask for

his speedy recovery. The Independents could hardly be persuaded of his death : and were only consoled by the thought that his intercessions would avail them more on high than even when he was on earth. At the hour of his death, there was a terrible storm : tradition reported that one had occurred at his birth, There had also been a tempest five days before : Bond, an Independent of some repute, died in its course. On which some Royalist observed, that the Devil had sent for Cromwell, and he not being ready, had taken *Bond* for him.

THERE are signs on the earth, there are signs in the sky :
 There's the tempest below, and the whirlwind on high :
 To her last long account, from her cottage of clay,
 The soul of the Tyrant is passing away !

The whirlwind was loud at the hour of his birth,—
 He came, like a whirlwind, to trouble the earth ;
 And now, through his groans, and the gasps of his breath
 The whirlwind is loud round the chamber of death.

'Twas his birth-day ; the day of his fortunate star :*
 The day of dark Worcester, and bloody Dunbar :
 When his foes fell before him like leaves in the blast,
 But a mightier than he stands beside him at last !

* It is well known that Cromwell regarded September the 2nd as a fortunate day, and had often referred to it as such.

There are balsams of virtue his sickness to heal,
There are waters whose magic could work to his weal :*
They will not regard them—they will not apply,
For 'tis written above that the Tyrant must die !

By treason and rapine he climb'd towards his Throne,
And the Crown that he long'd for, but called not his own :
By the Puritan fear'd, by the Loyal abhorr'd,
His safety was terror, his sceptre the sword.

Yet now, as the season draws near he must part,
There is hope in his eye, there is peace in his heart :
And the chaplains pray low in the canopied room,
So king-like in silence, so lordly in gloom :

Yet once, as if fear in his bosom held sway,
He hath asked, " If the faithful can e'er fall away ?"
And joy at the answer flush'd out in his face,—
" Then I needs must be saved, for I once was in grace !"

* Cromwell's disease was a Tertian Ague. In all probability the Peruvian Bark would have saved his life. But this medicine was regarded, at its first introduction, with great jealousy by physicians. When King Charles the Second was labouring under an ague, his physicians were most reluctant to administer it; and it was only done on his positive command. It probably saved his life.

Oh, 'tis fearful to witness the terrors that rend
The heart of a sinner approaching his end :
His forecasts of Judgment, his memories of ill ;
But the peace of a Cromwell is fearfuller still !

XXXIV.

King Charles the Second

MAKES HIS PUBLIC ENTRY ON BLACKHEATH.

(May 29, 1660.)

A BRAVE old tree is English Oak,
that breaks, but never bends !
A bitter winter was its lot,
but the spring shall make amends !
A hundred thousand Englishmen
have burst Rebellion's yoke ;
A hundred thousand Englishmen
have each a sprig of oak ;

Oh, many a tree waves gallantly
in forest and in fell ;
But of the rest the prince confest
is that of Boscobel !
Look to the dust on Shooter's Hill !
and hearken to the drum !
And see the pursuivant-at-arms,—
The Royal Exiles come !

Rightly goodly are the Trained Bands,
that glitter in their gold ;
The Mayor and all the Aldermen,
are goodly to behold ;
The plumes are fluttering on the heath ;
the standards waving nigh ;
The craft upon the river
have each their flag mast-high ;
And English chivalry hath donn'd
the surcoat for the mail ;
And English beauty forward leans,
and flings aside the veil ;
Now, by my faith, I would Old Noll
could have one day of grace,
So he might stand where now I stand,
and meet us face to face !

Hark ! to the murmur o'er the heath,
that loud and louder runs !
Hark ! to the deep-ton'd city bells,
and the distant Tower guns !
The Barge is up from Westminster,
to wait the turn of tide ;
The Lions and the Fleurs-de-lys
are trailing o'er its side ;
And Greenwich streets and Greenwich hill
are throng'd as throng'd can be ;
One sea of heads from Charlton Church
as far as Deptford Quay :
The cavalcade is on Blackheath !
Hark to the cheer and cry !
Strike drums ! down kees ! up hats and caps,
The King is going by !

How gallantly he checks his steed,
that chafes and foams the while !
How gallantly he bows to thank
bright eye or brighter smile !
Muskets and cannons royally
times one and twenty roar ;
And kettledrums and trumpets bray
around, behind, before ;

They strew the way with flowers and silk !

The Mayor is on his knees ;

The Sheriffs and the Aldermen

are giving up the keys.

GOD bless the King ! Old England

shall be merry England yet ;

GOD bless the Duke of Albemarle !

A nation's in his debt !

Mark how he takes the Bible now,

and clasps it to his breast,

And promiseth to make it still

his hope, and stay, and rest !

“ And by our royal word,” he saith,

“ the fault hath lain on us,

Who came no sooner to a land

that gives its welcome thus !”

Where's Holland now, the renegade ?

where's Peters, Prynne, and Vane ?

Where's Bradshaw, too, the most accurs'd

of all the rebel train ?

That thing which once they hated sore,

and made their venom's mark ;

That thing are they become themselves,

“ DUMB DOGS THAT CANNOT BARK !”

Room, gentlemen of Kent, in front!

The King moves on that way!

Sound trumpets, you that go! and light
the bonfires, you that stay!

Where is the cart that bears the Rumps?

Who wants to rule the roast?

The poor shall feast their fill to-day,

And never pay their host.

The cheers and trumpets die away,
as down the hill they go:

And now you catch the loyal shout
of the crowd that waits below!

“GOD bless the Church, the poor man’s Church,
and give Her sway once more!

GOD bless the King, and send us soon
a Queen to England’s shore.’

* Among other demonstrations of the popular hatred of the Commonwealth, one of the most favourite was the roasting rumps, in mockery of the Rump Parliament.

XXXV.

The Great Plague.

(A.D. 1666.)

RIGHT well remember I the course
of threescore years and ten ;
But like the plague-year, never one
so terrible to men.
The heav'n above was adamant,
the earth beneath was brass :
A copper haze was in the sky,
and wither'd herb and grass :
The sun by day, by night the moon,
shone out with bloody glare ;
And evil spirits were abroad
to taint the wholesome air :

All in the fields the cattle died,
the fruit upon the tree :
There were strange sights, and mighty signs,
and portents dread to see :
There fell upon the minds of men
a horror and a dread :
Ill visions haunted them by day,
ill dreams were round their bed :
A fiery sword was o'er the land,
of pale and leaden hue :
Few of such terrors men have seen,
but I remember two :
The first was slow, and sickly-hued,
and solemn to behold,
And ghastly in a ghastly sky ;
and that the Plague foretold :
The next was brightly terrible,
and flash'd forth ruddy flame,
Flick'ring and quiv'ring through the air,
before the Fire it came.
From marsh and fen unwholesome steam
were rising day by day :
The air had all the hush of death,
the breeze forgot to play :

And in the churchyards, as night fell,
a sheeted ghost came out,
And pointed first toward the ground,
and then to those about :
Yea, and they spake of strange low calls,
that voic'd the lonely man ;
And citizens look'd each on each,
and all were pale and wan :
Such are the signs that evermore
before GOD'S Vengeance run :
Wrath is gone out before the LORD :
the plague-stroke is begun !

Then went a rumour thro' the crowd,
but none knew how nor whence ;
Men's talk was of a Turkey-ship
that brought the pestilence :
And ye might meet in every street,
with remedies right sure,
And charms of power, in magic hour
infallible to cure :
But here and there the doors were nail'd
with the fearful cross of red ;
The LORD HAVE MERCY ! here and there
spoke wretchedness and dread :

And friend scarce gave good day to friend,
and on to business past,
And marts were shut, and there were streets
whereby men hurried fast :
And plague-deaths shew'd amid the list,
though far between and few ;
For them who died not of the Plague
the SPOTTED FEVER slew :
From the Bishop's Gate to Temple Bar
press'd chariots out in haste ;
And men went hurrying from the town
to lay the country waste :
Night after night, with funeral light,
the dead cart went about ;
And grass was green in every street,
and there were few went out :
They digg'd a pit to hide their dead,—
they made it wide and deep,
And there they brought the plague-struck men,
and flung them in like sheep :
No words of grace, no hallow'd place,
no prayer, no chaunt, no priest,
No mourners ; they were buried
with the burial of a beast :

Some that in mortal agony
had writh'd upon the bed ;
Some that at once, without a pang,
amidst the street fell dead :
And as the deaths came thicker on,
and wilder grew the cry,
Men's thought was, " Let us eat and drink ;
to-morrow we shall die !"
They threw away all hope in GOD,
they threw away all dread :
For rash and prudent, each and all,
were number'd with the dead.

All thoughts and remedies of men
before GOD's Vengeance bow :
Now is thy time, O Holy Church !
for not of men art thou !
The Priests are in the Palace-hall,
the Priests are in the street, *
The Priests go on from death to death
with never-tiring feet :

* The case of Mr. Mompesson, of Eyam, will probably occur to the reader's memory.

With That Blest Food they fortify
the heart of sorrow bent :
The hard of heart they soften, they
absolve the penitent :
Yea, and their lives they held not dear,
if so GOD'S special grace
Might but descend upon their flock,
in finishing their race.
Men that have laugh'd at battle-fields
before the Plague will quail :
CHRIST'S soldier waxeth mightiest,
when mightiest foes assail !
A small thing seem'd it in their eyes
to yield their mortal breath ;
Their wives, and sons, and all their homes
were dedicate to death :
This is the Church that men despise
at distance from the grave :
This is the Church men find in death
the only Ark to save !

XXXVI.

Bishop Bull

RECEIVES THE THANKS OF THE GALLICAN CHURCH.

PETAVIUS, a French priest, in his great zeal for the power and infallibility of a general Council, asserted, in a work on the subject, that the Consubstantiality of GOD the Son with GOD the Father, decreed as an Article of Faith in the Holy Œcumenical Council of Nicæa, was not held, as least not as necessary to salvation, by many of the Fathers before the date of that assembly. His inference (the truth of which, *per se*, Archbishop Bramhall allows) was, that an Œcumenical Council may make that Faith necessary to Salvation which before was not so. Justly indignant at such an attack on the orthodoxy of the Ante-Nicene Fathers, Bishop Bull published his celebrated *Defensio Fidei Nicænæ*. This work procured him the thanks of the Gallican Church in synod assembled, a compliment the more remarkable, because his opponent was a Frenchman.

IMMORTAL band of Champions! once endued
 With wisdom, and with counsel, from on high.
 And piercing ken, and heavenly fortitude,

To crush that thrice-accursed heresy :
Great is your glory now, and high your place
In the eternal mansions of the sky.

For that right valiantly ye ran the race,
For that right fearlessly ye fought the fight,
For that like adamant ye set your face,

Unto the death to battle for the right
Of HIM, the CONSUBSTANTIAL ! Therefore now
Do ye enjoy the Beatific sight :

With crowns of light, and harps of gold ye bow,
All praise and power ascribing to His Name ;
With Pastors true, as ye were, to their vow,

And that from mighty tribulations came :
Nor yet on earth ye lack the victor's due ;
Praise through the Churches, and eternal fame : *

What though ungodly men, an envious crew,
Spurning the glories of a former day,
Changing old verity for falsehood new,

* The Greek Church celebrates the Holy Fathers of Nicæa on the 19th of May.

Your hard-won diadem would tear away ;
Yet undisturb'd be, Blessed Saints, your rest :
And Thou, O Holy Mother Church, display

Thy Heav'n-sent strength to succour the opprest :
Send forth, in all his might, thy Champion meet,
To bless the Fathers that have made thee blest,—

The evil schemes of aliens to defeat.
Thee, too, a sister Church, the battle o'er,
For sympathy of gladness do we greet ;

Oh ! when shall strife betwixt us be no more ?
Oh ! when shall one Communion bless each shore ?

XXXVII.

The Death of Bishop Kidder.

(The Night of November 26—27, 1703.)

BISHOP Kidder was a Churchman of the school of Tillotson, a mild and well-meaning man, but sadly deficient in his views on the Authority and Privileges of the Church. He was a popular preacher in London during the reign of King James the Second; and was consecrated to Wells, at the deprivation of Bishop Ken for refusing the oaths to William of Orange, after Beveridge had declined a see thus vacated. He was one of the Prelates concerned in the proposed mutilation of the Prayer-Book, to which we have before referred. He was at Wells in the great storm of 1703; and a stack of chimneys fell on his bed, and crushed him to pieces.

THE Cathedral chime tolls curfew time,
But you scarce can hear the bells;
For the storm is loud, and the thunder-cloud
Is over the Towers of Wells.

In heaven above, and in earth below,
There is sound of conflict sore :
That was a night, amidst nights of woe
To be chronicled evermore.

Many lay down to their last long sleep,
That never thought of ill :
Many a skiff was in the deep
That in the deep is still ;

Navies that past with pennon'd mast
From conquest of the foe,
Fought their last fight with the sea that night,
And now its secrets know.

On moor, and coast, and mountain-path,
Woods, waters, and tempests roar'd ;
And from Land's End, as far as wild Cape Wrath,
The Vengeance of GOD is pour'd:
But the storm that swells round the Palace of Wells
With heavier wrath is stored.

A Bishop is there, in S. Andrew's Chair,*
That there hath little right ;
And sounds of fear are around his ear,
And his conscience awoke that night.

* The Cathedral Church of Wells is dedicated in honour of this Saint ; from S. Andrew's Wells the Town derives its name.

Never the roar of the tempest ceas'd :
Heavier wax'd the shower :
The wind it grappled like some ill beast
On the roof of the Virgin's Tower ; *
And he thought of the wrong he had done his soul
By flattering usurped power.

He knew the offence that had driven from thence
A Bishop without a friend ;
And he called, in his fear, his servants near
To ask if the night would mend ;

And as he spake, great oak-trees brake,
As a flame of fire snaps tow ;
And as answer they made, the lightning play'd
With brighter and fiercer glow.

Then the Bishop knelt, for his sins he felt,
And his heart was sore afraid :
And he laid his head on his lordly bed,
And a hurried prayer he pray'd ,
And he knew not, as he laid him down,
That his latest prayer was said.

* The Virgin's Tower is a small turret in the Palace.

All at the hour of Matins, shone
A horrible lightning flash ;
Men said that they heard a single moan
At the end of a fearful crash :

And in that hour, and on that spot,
The Bishop passed away :
And whether his soul is at peace, or not,
Will be known in the Judgment-day :
But He on the Cross That redeem'd our loss
To the uttermost rescue may !

“ Judge not,” saith the LORD, “ that ye be not judg'd,”
And we would not herein offend ;
But we know what the guilt of the Bishop was,
And we cannot forget his end.

XXXVIII.

Bishops Fullarton and Sage
ARE CONSECRATED IN SCOTLAND.

(The Conversion of S. Paul, 1704.)

THE enormities exercised by William of Orange on the Church of Scotland are less known than they deserve to be. Then, and long after, not only was the consecration of a Bishop in her Communion felony, but the simple fact of using her service was also felony. The Bishops of William's, and the succeeding reigns, had much to answer for in not opposing their voice to the Presbyterian persecution. So utterly enfeebled did the Church of Scotland become, that till her Bishops brought themselves into notoriety, by consecrating, in 1784, Dr. Seabury, Bishop of Connecticut, Bishop Horsley did not know of her existence. He thenceforward became her warm defender. Bishops Fullarton and Sage were the first who were consecrated after the Scotch Church was deprived of Her Temporalities. Since then, forty-four Bishops have been their successors, many of

them consecrated in times of great affliction. The barbarities practised towards the Church after the battle of Culloden would be incredible, were they not so well attested by Bishop Forbes.

THE snow-drifts were thick on the mountain and moor,
The windows were barred, and the doors were secure ;
The cottage was lonely, and mildew'd the room,
And the tapers that gleamed there ill lighted its gloom :

The brave Church of Scotland ! Her Bishops were there, *
Their strength was departed, and hoary their hair ;
And they perill'd their lives at the end of their race,
To consecrate those who should stand in their place.

Time was that the mitre and staff were their own ;
The Cathedral and Palace their footsteps had known :
Till he, whose name reeks with the blood of Glencoe,
Had schismatics for friends, and the Church for his foe ;

He laid Her, the insolent, under his ban,
And the Bishops of GOD were the felons of man :
Her Temples he sack'd,—he assaulted Her sore ;
He seized all Her wealth, and he *could* do no more !

* The consecrators were Dr. Paterson, Bishop of Glasgow ; Dr. Rose, of Edinburgh ; Dr. Douglas, of Dunblane.

For Her treasures Celestial, Her pride and Her joy,
No monarch could give Her, no monarch destroy :
And Her Priests suffer'd gladly the worst he could
 send,
If they might but be faithful and true to the end.

They were hunted on mountains, they hid them in
 rocks ;

They fled with the deer, and lay down with the fox :
They met on the moor by the cold winter moon ;
They were watch'd and pursued by the bloody dragoon :

In peril and fear in one place they have met,
And in seemly array are the Fatherhood set :
These lift up the Hand, and those bend on the knees,
And they give them the Grace and the Power of the
 Keys.

The brave Church of Scotland ! Her perils are o'er ;
We look for the times of Her Glory once more :
The days of the strangers' usurping are told ;
Oh ! when shall the Shepherds return to their fold ?

XXXIX.

The Death of Bishop Jolly.

DR. Jolly was consecrated Bishop of Moray in 1796. Probably none, in these times, ever approached more nearly to the model of a Primitive Bishop. He led a life of poverty, giving away his income in charity. In extreme old age, he never permitted any one to sleep in his cottage, and one morning was found dead in bed, the eyes being closed, and the corpse stretched. Report affirms that the physician thought it impossible that he could have placed himself in the position in which he was discovered.

OH say not, though the Church below
Hath lost Her first resplendence,
No Angel-visitings we know,
No Heav'n-bestow'd attendance!
Say not Her brightest things are fled,
And all Her glories parted:
Nor Blessed Spirits tend the dead
That were Her faithful-hearted!

Break not the quiet of the scene
By vain lament or weeping :
'Twi'xt life and death, in state serene,
That holy form is sleeping !
It is not rest ! for never rest
So deep a quiet gaineth !
It is not death ! for deep imprest
The smile of life remaineth !

No earthly hands thy eye-lids clos'd,
Love's latest care to shew thee :
No earthly hands thy limbs compos'd,
And smooth'd thy couch below thee :
But who can tell what met thine eye,
So calm in faith and patience ?
What bright, angelic forms,—what high
Celestial visitations ?

Alone, yet not alone, in death !
No mortal arm was near thee !
But better friends receiv'd thy breath,
And waited round to cheer thee !

Then first they met thy raptur'd eyes ;
They parted from thee never :
But, in the realms of Paradise,
Are with thee now and ever !

XL.

The Parting of the Bishops of Australia and New Zealand,
AT SYDNEY.

(A.D. 1842.)

THE incidents connected with the meeting of Bishop Broughton and Bishop Selwyn, the address delivered by the former, and the embarkation of the latter, must be fresh in the memory of every Churchman.

THE cliff above is dark and bleak ;
The waves are green below ;
The Bass Rock rears his granite peak, *
And dashes them to snow !

* The Bass Rock is a remarkable object in the strait that divides New Holland from Van Dieman's Land.

Autumn her richest treasures pours
On all the lovely plain !
Wreathes flowers to deck Cape Melville's shores,
And smiles on sweet Yarrayne ! *

On sorrowing hearts that morning shone :
The bark is in the bay,
That bears New Zealand's Bishop on
To regions far away :
There had they met, high thoughts to share,
Those holy Fathers twain :
There must they part, as those that ne'er
Can hope to meet again !

High thoughts indeed, and smiles and tears,
Upon that alien strand,
Of all the Church's hopes and fears,
Committed to their hand :
Of all the souls, an unknown host,
That from their former state,
Of Water and the HOLY GHOST
Shall be regenerate !

* The Yarrayne is a river to the west of Sydney.

Of Holy Bishops that have borne *
 Good rule in days of ill ;
Of foes that they may laugh to scorn,
 Since GOD is with them still :
Their fellowship and sacred vow
 One sweet Communion seals :
And for his Brother's blessing now
 New Zealand's Bishop kneels.

Joy to the Bishop that is gone,
 Untrammel'd by the State !
GOD guard his steps ! GOD's benison
 On all his counsels wait !
Soon for the humble tent, where still †
 The LORD'S great name is plac'd,
The fair Cathedral crown the hill,
 The village-church the waste !

* "Of Polycarp and Ignatius, Bishops like ourselves," said the Bishop of Australia in his farewell address.

† For the convenience of Daily Service, the Bishop took with him a tent, constructed in the form of a cross. It accompanies him on his journeys.

L'Envoij.

SEAL up the book, and make the vision fast,
Yet for a little while: the end is not yet here :
While Holy Church, secure in mercies past,
Looks patient on, through each succeeding year.
The gathering of the ill both far and near,
Arm'd with earth's might, with carnal wisdom stor'd,
Affrights Her not, Who knows that She must steer
Her course through that Red Sea by Martyrs scor'd,
To Her Eternal Home, to Her Triumphant LORD.

The deeds of daring that must yet be done,
The Holy Passions that must yet be borne,
The battle-fields by Martyrs to be won,
How oft the weak shall laugh the proud to scorn,
Angelic strength shall succour the forlorn,
And patience vanquish wrath, is writ on high :
The mystic curtain must not yet be torn,
The Church's future triumphs meet the eye :
His time is not yet come Who doeth marvellously !

Seal up the vision, for the end is not ;
This only know we now, nor fear to know,
The toil before the Crown must be our lot,
And none can earn a prize without a foe.
But when round Holy Church, in whispers low
The presage of the coming storm we hear,
When through the earth sounds one deep tone of woe,
When the sea roars, and men's hearts fail for fear,
Then let Her lift Her Head, for Her reward is near !

THE END.

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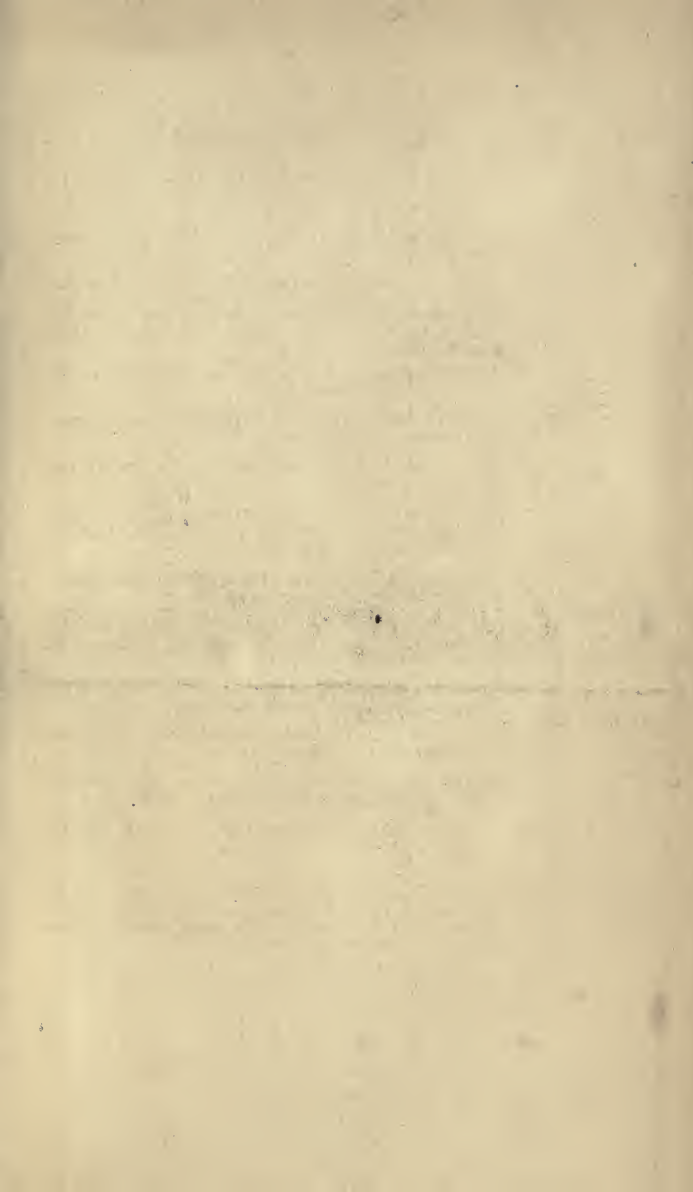
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