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It is not necessary to say anything here of the various editions of the English Bible which were issued from time to time from the press—Tyndale's, Coverdale's, Matthew's, the Great Bible, and others—for our readers are more or less acquainted with their history. It may be enough to observe that their appearance gave a wonderful impetus to the Reformation, and enabled those who had severed themselves from the Roman Communion to give to any who asked "a reason of the hope that was in them with meekness and fear." "It was wonderful," says an excellent writer, "to see with what joy this Book of God was received, not only amongst the learneder sort, and those that were noted for lovers of the Reformation, but generally all England over, among all the vulgar and common people; and with what greediness God's Word was read, and what resort to places where the reading of it was. Everybody that could bought the Book, or busily read it, or got others to read it to them, if they could not themselves; and divers more elderly people learned to read on purpose, and even little boys flocked among the rest to hear portions of the Holy Scripture read."

WILLIAM COWAN.

ART. VI.—TYNDALE.

(*Concluded.*)

IN 1524 Tyndale went to Hamburg, and then probably to Wittenberg, the home of Luther, where he stayed some months and completed his translation of the New Testament. Modern inquiry has shown that he was for his age a skilled Greek scholar. He translated from the 1522 edition of Erasmus' Greek Testament, and used also the Latin translation of Erasmus, the Vulgate, and Luther's New Testament. To get the book in type he went to Cologne, then famous for its printers.

It has been said by Mr. Froude that "of the translation itself, though since that time it has been many times revised and altered, we may say that it is substantially the Bible with which we are all familiar. The peculiar genius—if we may be permitted such a word—which breathes through it, the mingled tenderness and majesty, the Saxon simplicity, the preternatural grandeur, unequalled, unapproached in the attempted "improvements of modern scholars, all are here, and bear the impress of the mind of one man, William Tyndale." I will

quote a few verses of his translation, which will show how what we read to-day is substantially the same:

"These words spake Jesus, and lift up His eyes unto heaven, and said, Father, the hour is come, glorify Thy Son, that Thy Son may glorify Thee. As Thou hast given Him power over all flesh, that He should give eternal life to as many as Thou hast given Him. This is life eternal, that they might know Thee, *that* only *very* God, and whom Thou hast sent Jesus Christ—I have glorified Thee on the earth. I have finished the works which Thou gavest me to do." The changes are almost imperceptible.

A printer named Quentel undertook the work; an edition of 3,000 was decided on, and day by day Tyndale saw the close of his labours approaching. But there was "in Cologne at this time one of the bitterest enemies of the Reformation, John Cochlæus. He learnt that in Cologne there were two Englishmen lurking, learned, skilful in languages, eloquent, whom, however, he could never see. Quentel was at the same time printing a book for him. He invited some of the printers to his lodgings, excited them with wine, and extracted from one of them the secret by which England was to be drawn over to the Reformation, namely, that there were at that very time in the press 3,000 copies of the New Testament translated into the English language, and that they had advanced as far as the letter K in the order of the sheets.

Cochlæus at once obtained an order from the Senate of Cologne prohibiting the printing. But Tyndale and his companion, Roye, warned of their danger, collected the sheets already printed and sailed up the Rhine to Worms. Cochlæus sent tidings of his discovery to Henry VIII., Cardinal Wolsey, and the Bishop of Rochester, in order that the English ports might be strictly watched.

Tyndale pressed on his work at Worms. Changing the size, he printed 3,000 copies in octavo, and then completed the original quarto. Of the quarto only one mutilated fragment remains, esteemed by the British Museum as one of its greatest treasures. It was recovered in 1836 attached to a tract of Œcolampadius, by one Thomas Rodd, of Great Newport Street. Of the octavo there are two complete copies.

The books reached England in 1526. A copy fell into the hands of one of the Bishops. A synod was summoned; Tunstall denounced it; it was resolved that the book should be burnt wherever found. Tunstall preached against it at Paul's Cross, declaring that he had found in it over 3,000 errors—every misplaced dot of an i or comma, as Tyndale said—and then flung the copy into a blazing bonfire. Men present muttered that the book was not only faultless, but very well

translated, and was devised to be burnt because men should not be able to prove that such faults as were at Paul's Cross declared to have been found in it were never found there indeed, but untruly surmised. *The light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not.*

On October 24 Tunstall proclaimed that all who did not give up their copies to the Vicar-General would be excommunicated. So did the Archbishop of Canterbury on November 3. In 1529 Tunstall, being at Antwerp, met a merchant, Packington, a friend of Tyndale's. Tunstall offered to buy all the copies that Packington could obtain. Packington bought up all that were left, and thus, not only put Tyndale out of debt, but enabled him to print a new and better edition.

In the margin are courageous and invaluable glosses, which the Bishops were never weary of denouncing, showing a keen insight into the very heart of Scripture, and throwing a vivid light upon many a vivid passage. For instance, on the text, "Whatsoever ye bind on earth shall be bound in heaven," he writes, "Here *all* bind and loose;" and on the words, "If thine eye be single," "The eye is single when a man in all his deeds looketh but on the will of God, and looketh not for land, honour, or any other reward in this world; neither ascribeth heaven, or a higher room in the heaven unto his deeds; but accepteth heaven as a thing purchased by the blood of Christ, and worketh freely for love's sake only."

In the prologue we see Tyndale's very heart and soul. With admirable modesty he exhorts his readers, "if they perceive in any places that I have not attained the very sense of the tongue or meaning of the Scripture, or have not given the right English word, that they put to their hands to amend it, remembering that so is their duty to do. For we have not received the gifts of God for ourselves only, or for to hide them, but for to bestow them unto the honouring of God and Christ, and edifying of the congregation which is the body of Christ."

From the completion of the first issue till his imprisonment Tyndale laboured at the translation of the Old Testament and the improvement of the New. He was like one inspired for the work, and he toiled at it with a persistence that sprang from intense love for his task, the keenest sense of its supreme importance, and a self-sacrifice culminating in martyrdom heroically met. Bishop Westcott says: "In rendering the sacred text he remained throughout faithful to the instincts of a scholar. From first to last his style and his interpretation are his own, and in the originality of Tyndale is included in a large measure the originality of our English Version. . . . It is of even less moment that by far the greater part of his

translation remains intact in our present Bibles than that his spirit animates the whole. He toiled faithfully himself, and where he failed he left to those who should come after the secret of success. . . . His influence decided that our Bible should be popular, and not literary, speaking in a simple dialect, and that so, by its simplicity, it should be endowed with permanence."

The first of Tyndale's own books was published in 1528. He had been living quietly at Marburg. The work is called "The Parable of the Wicked Mammon," and is a powerful setting forth of the doctrine of justification by faith, and a careful examination of those passages of Scripture considered to tell for and against. In his preface he says: "Some man will ask, peradventure, why I take the labour to make this work, inasmuch as they will burn it, seeing they burnt the Gospel. I answer, in burning the New Testament they did none other thing than that I looked for: no more shall they do if they burn me also, if it be God's will it shall so be." He had suffered four years of exile, and he was beginning to feel what would be the end. He was perfectly willing to lay down his life for the brethren. "It is a wonderful love wherewith a man loveth himself," he says in this book. "As glad as I would be to receive pardon of mine own life (if I had deserved death), so glad ought I to be to defend my neighbour's life, without respect of my life or my good. A man ought neither to spare his goods, nor yet himself, for his brother's sake, after the example of Christ."

Those who think the Reformation effected so small a change, and that things were very much the same before as after, should note that this book, saturated with the doctrine of St. Paul, and containing the belief of ninety-nine Englishmen of the Reformed faith out of one hundred at the present day, was denounced by the Archbishop of Canterbury as containing many detestable errors and damnable opinions, and was called by Sir Thomas More, the bigoted Romanist, "The Wicked Book of Mammon, a very treasury and well-spring of wickedness."

There appeared soon after the longest and most elaborate of Tyndale's books, "The Obedience of a Christian Man." Next to God's Word itself, it was one of the most potent influences on the side of the Reformation in England. After discussing the duties of various classes, and the existing ecclesiastical system of righteousness, he concludes: "Thou shalt never have rest in thy soul, neither shall the worm of conscience ever cease to gnaw thine heart, till thou come at Christ; till thou hear the glad tidings, how that God for His sake hath forgiven thee all freely. If thou trust in thy works, there is no rest.

Thou shalt think, I have not done enough. . . . If thou trust in confession, then shalt thou think, Have I told all? . . . Likewise in our holy pardons and pilgrimages gettest thou no rest. As pertaining to good deeds, therefore, do the best thou canst, and desire God to give strength to do better daily; but in Christ put thy trust, and in the pardon and promises that God hath made thee for His sake; and on that rock build thine house and there dwell."

The book had a wonderful effect in England. More and the prelates were more than ever furious. Those who were turning towards the Reformation received it like a trumpet-call. Thoughtful men at the Universities, recoiling from the spider's webs of scholasticism and the wickedness and lies of the Church, were won by its pure and gentle logic to Christ. Bilney the martyr, who had recanted, carried it in his hand when he gave himself up; so did Bainham, a London lawyer, who was in the same case. Ann Boleyn delighted in it, and so did the ladies and gentlemen of her court. Henry VIII. himself studied it with marked satisfaction, and said, "This book is for me and all kings to read."

At the beginning of 1530 appeared Tyndale's translation of the Pentateuch, printed at Marburg. The one perfect existing copy is in the British Museum. Here, again, he translated direct from the original, with the help of the Vulgate, Luther's German Bible, the Septuagint, and perhaps Wycliffe's manuscript translation. It is equally the basis of our Old Testament, as in the case of the New. From the famous prologue is the following striking and useful passage: "Though a man had a precious jewel and rich, yet if he wist not the value thereof, nor wherefore it served, he were neither the better nor richer of a straw. Even so, though we read the Scripture, and babble of it never so much, yet if we know not the use of it, and wherefore it was given, and what is therein to be sought, it profiteth us nothing at all. It is not enough, therefore, to read and talk of it only, but we must also desire God, day and night instantly, to open our eyes, and to make us understand and feel wherefore the Scripture was given that we may apply the medicine of Scripture, every man to his own sores; unless that we intend to be idle disputers and brawlers about vain words, ever gnawing upon the bitter bark without, and never attaining to the sweet pith within."

In the course of 1530 Tyndale issued his celebrated "Practice of Prelates," in which he exposes the tricks of the Pope and the existing hierarchy. He likens the Pope to the ivy first clinging to, and then "sucking the moisture so sore out of the tree and his branches that it choketh and stifleth them," and closing with the words: "The nearer unto Christ

a man cometh, the lower he must descend, and the poorer he must wax. But the nearer unto the Pope ye come, the higher ye must climb, and the more riches ye must gather."

More was commissioned by the Bishops to write an answer, which he called a Dialogue. Tyndale replied in an "Answer," one of the best exhibitions of enlightened reasoning in the English language. More again replied with a Confutation in 500 pages, in which he showed no favour to the reformed doctrine. He describes Tyndale as "a shameful, shameless, unreasonable, railing ribald," as one who learned his heresies "from his own father, the devil, that is in hell," as being one of the "hell-hounds that the devil hath in his kennel."

In 1531 Stephen Vaughan, the English envoy, had interviews with Tyndale, and did his best to promote Henry VIII.'s interest in the exile. But Henry's ecclesiastical policy continually changed, and these efforts were useless. It was by Vaughan that Tyndale sent his noble message to Henry: "If it would stand with the King's most gracious pleasure to grant only a bare text of Scripture to be put forth among his people, like as is put forth among the subjects of the Emperor in these parts, and of other Christian princes, *be it of the translation of what person soever shall please his majesty*, I shall immediately make faithful promise never to write more, nor abide two days in these parts after the same; but immediately to repair into his realm, and there most humbly submit myself at the feet of his royal majesty, *offering my body to suffer what pain or torture, yea, what death his Grace will, so that this be obtained.*"

If Tyndale had waited a little longer, he would probably have been recalled with honour, and witnessed the issue of his own Bible by the King's authority. The clouds were lifting from England, but they were descending more darkly on the Netherlands. Thomas Cromwell, Henry's Minister, did his best to save the illustrious exile; but he had offended against the Emperor's laws of heresy, and as there was a coolness between Henry and his uncle, the Emperor Charles V., there was no likelihood of pardon being extended as a favour. The immediate authorities were the Marquis of Bergen and the Archbishop of Palermo; the appeal was to the Regent, Mary of Hungary, and the Emperor himself, who had become exceedingly bitter against Reformers.

In 1534 Tyndale returned to Antwerp. The account of what befell there may best be given in the words of Foxe, the English martyrologist, as quoted by Tyndale's biographer:

"Tyndale lived in the house of an English merchant named Pointz, and, while thus sheltered, a plot against his life seems to have been formed in England, and a certain Henry Philips

sent over to execute it. Tyndale occasionally went out to dinner or supper among the English merchants, and Philips managed to make his acquaintance and get on such terms with him that Tyndale invited him to Pointz's house. The latter distrusted Philips, but Tyndale, slow to think evil of any man, defended him. Philips, having prospered so far in his iniquity, visited Brussels, and arranged for the betrayal of Tyndale into the hands of the Emperor's officials. Pointz was compelled to leave Antwerp for a few days on business, 'and in the time of his absence Henry Philips came again to Antwerp, to the house of Pointz, and, coming in, spake with his wife, asking her for Master Tyndale, and whether he would dine there with him, saying, "What good meat shall we have?" She answered, "Such as the market will give." Then went he forth again (as it is thought) to provide, and set the officers whom he brought with him from Brussels in the street, and about the door. Then about noon he came again, and went to Master Tyndale, and desired him to lend him forty shillings, "For," said he, "I lost my purse this morning coming over at the passage between this and Mechlin." So Tyndale took him forty shillings, which was easy to be had of him if he had it, for in the wily subtleties of this world he was simple and inexpert. Then said Philips: "Master Tyndale, you shall be my guest here this day." "No," said Tyndale; "I go forth this day to dinner, and you shall go with me, and be my guest, where you shall be welcome." So when it was dinner-time, Tyndale went forth with Philips, and at the going forth at Pointz's house was a long narrow entry, so that two could not go in afront. Master Tyndale would have put Philips before him, but Philips would in no wise, but put Master Tyndale before, for that he pretended to show great humanity. So Master Tyndale, being a man of no great stature, went before, and Philips, a tall, comely person, followed behind him; who had set officers on either side of the door upon two seats, who, being there, might see who came in at the entry; and, coming through the same entry, Philips pointed with his finger over Master Tyndale's head down to him, that the officers who sat at the door might see that it was he whom they should take, as the officers that took Master Tyndale afterwards told Pointz, and said to Pointz, when they had laid him in prison, that they pitied to see his simplicity when they took him. Then they took him and brought him to the Emperor's attorney, or Procuror-General, where he dined. Then came the Procuror-General to the house of Pointz, and sent away all that was there of Master Tyndale's as well his books as other things; and from thence Tyndale was had to the castle of Filford (Vilvorde), eighteen English

miles from Antwerp, and there he remained until he was put to death.'"

Tyndale remained in prison for over a year, and was able to continue his translation of the Old Testament to the end of the Book of Chronicles. The rest was finished after his death, in his own language and spirit, by his friend, John Rogers, and published with Tyndale's New Testament in what is known as Mathew's Bible. There are few more interesting scenes in English history than the progress of that translation in the castle in the Netherlands. While in prison Tyndale wrote in Latin the only letter of his extant to the Governor of the Castle. It is so touching and so graphic that I will give it you:

"I believe, right worshipful, that you are not ignorant of what has been determined concerning me (by the Council of Brabant); therefore I entreat your Lordship and that by the Lord Jesus; that if I am to remain here (in Vilvorde) during the winter, you will request the Procureur to be kind enough to send me from my goods which he has in his possession, a warmer cap, for I suffer extremely from cold in the head, being afflicted with a perpetual catarrh, which is considerably increased in the cell. A warmer coat also, for that which I have is very thin; also a piece of cloth to patch my leggings; my overcoat has been worn out; my shirts are also worn out. He has a woollen shirt of mine, if he will be kind enough to send it. I have also with him leggings of thicker cloth for putting on above; he also has warmer caps for wearing at night. I wish also his permission to have a candle in the evening, for it is wearisome to sit alone in the dark. But above all, I entreat and beseech your clemency to be urgent with the Procureur that he may kindly permit me to have my Hebrew Bible, Hebrew Grammar, and Hebrew Dictionary, that I may spend my time with that study. And in return, may you obtain your dearest wish, provided always it be consistent with the salvation of your soul. But if any other resolution has been come to concerning me, that I must remain during the whole winter, I shall be patient, abiding the will of God to the glory of the grace of my Lord Jesus Christ, whose Spirit, I pray, may ever direct your heart. Amen.—W. TYNDALE."

Are we not reminded of the words of Paul to Timothy, "Wherein I suffer trouble, even unto bonds: but the Word of God is not bound"?

The end came on Friday, October 6, 1536. Philips had frustrated all efforts to save him. Pointz had been on the point of succeeding, when Philips, with extraordinary zeal and activity, got Pointz himself imprisoned.

"At last after much reasoning, where no reason would

serve, although he deserved no death, he was condemned by virtue of the Emperor's decree, made in the assembly at Augsburg, and, upon the same, brought forth to the place of execution, was there tied to the stake, and then strangled first by the hangman, and afterwards with fire consumed in the morning, at the town of Filford A.D. 1536; crying thus at the stake with a fervent zeal and loud voice, 'Lord! open the King of England's eyes!"

The very next year, Tyndale's Bible, in the completed form of his friend John Rogers, was actually licenced by Henry VIII. through Cromwell's dexterous management. It was received with enthusiastic joy by Archbishop Cranmer and the reforming bishops, and even Bonner, Bishop of London, was obliged to sanction its issue. A revision was almost immediately begun, which ended in the publication in 1539 of what is known as the Great Bible.

So lived and died this truly noble man. His influence still lives in every one of the millions of copies of the English Bible that are abroad in the world. There is in his character a majestic simplicity, an entire self-sacrifice, an absolute devotion to duty, a lofty courage, a calm perseverance, a quiet dignity, a wonderful thoroughness, a humble likeness to Christ, that places him in the very highest rank of the heroes of the Christian Church.

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WILLIAM SINCLAIR.

Short Notices.

The Sunday at Home. Vol. for 1895. Pp. 812. Price 7s. 6d. R.T.S.

THIS delightful volume is a welcome addition to many a home library. The coloured illustrations are even more beautiful than ever, particularly the frontispiece from Mr. Grace's picture "October's Biting Frosts." The series called "The Story of the Faith" is most useful; and that on "Sunday in East London" throws great light on one of the most important problems of the age: How to bring Christianity home to the masses of the Metropolis. Biography, poetry, the Bible, Scripture studies, serial stories, sketches from life, talks with workers, and the Monthly Record, fill up a volume which in its special purpose it would be difficult to surpass.