

**LIFE OF
ARCHBISHOP
LAUD, PP. 1-267**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649633043

Life of Archbishop Laud, pp. 1-267 by John N. Norton

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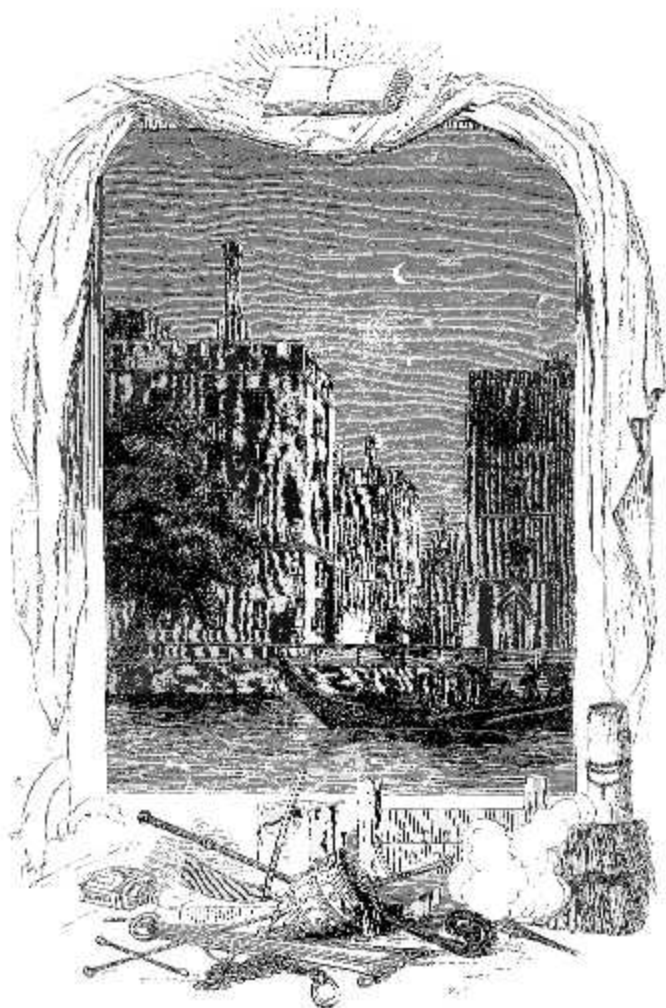
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JOHN N. NORTON

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LAUD, PP. 1-267**



LAMBETH PALACE.

LIFE
OF
ARCHBISHOP LAUD.

BY
JOHN N. NORTON,

RECTOR OF ASCENSION CHURCH, FRANKFORD, KY.; AUTHOR OF "FULL
PROOF OF THE MINISTRY," "SHORT SERMONS," "LIFE OF
BISHOP CHASE," ETC.

"This Prelate,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashioned to much honor."
Henry VIII. Act. iv. 8. 2.

BOSTON:
E. P. DUTTON AND COMPANY,
Church Publishers.
1864.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by
E. P. DUTTON AND COMPANY,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Mass-
achusetts.

RIVERSIDE, CAMBRIDGE:
STEREOTYPED AND PRINTED BY H. O. HOUGHTON.

TO THE
REV. A. C. COXE, D.D.,
RECTOR OF CALVARY CHURCH, NEW YORK;
AS ONE WHO, WHILE NOT DISPOSED TO DENY LAUD'S FAULTS,
IS WILLING TO DO JUSTICE TO HIS MERITS,
This Volume
IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

"This Episcopate is one; it is a whole, in which each enjoys full possession. The Church is likewise one, though she be spread abroad, and multiplies with the increase of her progress: even as the Sun has rays many, yet one light; and a tree boughs many, yet its strength is one, seated in the deep-lodged root; and as many streams flow down from one source, though a multiplicity of waters seems to be diffused from the bountifulness of the overflowing abundance, unity is preserved in the source itself — Part a ray of the Sun from its orb, and its unity forbids this division of light; break a bough from the tree, once broken, it can bud no more; cut the stream from its fountain, the remnant will be dried up. Thus the Church, flooded with the light of the Lord, puts forth her rays through the whole world, with yet one light, which is spread upon all places, while its unity is not infringed. She stretches forth her branches over the universal earth, in the robes of plenty, and pours abroad her beautiful and onward streams: yet is there one head, one source, one Mother, abundant in the results of her fruitfulness."

St. CYPRIAN, translated by the Reverend Charles Thornton, in the Library of the Fathers, Oxford, MDCCLXXXIX.

ODE TO THE MEMORY OF ARCHBISHOP
LAUD.

In stern reproach from age to age
If fiercest trials borne,
And specious lies on history's page
With epistles of scorn,
Or life laid meekly down for truth —
If such must be before, in sooth,
The martyr's crown is won,
How well the Church may number thee
Amid that glorious company.

Thou hast thy faults; but what were they
Who branded thee with crimes;
Who seest'd above thy bleeding clay,
And fung their taunts to him?
Oh! shame that those malignant jeers
Should echo yet in these far years,
And in this distant clime!
'Tis time the seas should quench the fires
Lit up by their relentless eyes.

Ay! what were they when later days,
Which still sustain thy dust,
Have graced with epithets of praise,
Urn, monument, and storied bust?
The men whose deeds in glory shine,
While foul dishonor blackens thine?
Let broken faith and trust,
A murder'd King, and trampled laws,
Proclaim how holy was their cause.

Thou had'st thy faults; yet thine a heart
Pure, honest, faithful, true,
That would not stoop to petty art,
A universe to sue;
A soul, when fiercest tempests woke
Their wrath, that could not bend — and broke —
All else that man might do:
When waves the sinking bark overwhelm
The firmest hand must yield the helm.

