

get me ready by to-morrow," he added, "to be gone—well, two weeks? My leave will not expire till two weeks from Saturday, which will give me time to go and come."

Mrs. Hartland knew that further remonstrance from her would be useless, and she desisted from further argument.

"But, further, you will not go without a sight of Rosine, or a message from her to her own people; it will break her heart when she hears of it," said Dr. Hartland, running over the letter which his father had put into his hand.

"I'd rather she did not know how badly off they are there," replied the Colonel, "and she might want to go with me."

"That, of course, is out of the question," said the Doctor, "for she would never care to come back, and we can't any of us spare her now. She will not ask to go unless you propose it; and you can soften the matter as to Mr. Benton's illness, and make the government an excuse for the journey. I know you can find something to do for the Department on your way."

"Thank you, Ned, for the suggestion. I'll go," he said, rubbing his hands with delight at the thought of meeting Rosine; he was pining for her, although only separated for a few days.

Thus it came that he journeyed many miles out of his way before turning his face westward, and carried many messages of love from Rosine to her dear ones, without leaving on her mind any of the anxiety he was feeling lest he should not find his friend Benton among the living.

Colonel Hartland reached Athlaca readily, and found Horatio Leighton in the post-office as he inquired the way to Mr. Benton's farm. The young man piloted the stranger to the Prairie Home, and was a witness to the delightful reunion of tried friends.

All Philip Benton's reserve vanished with the Colonel, and he was once more a boy, he opened his whole heart, and was the better for it. Marion accompanied her father's friend to St. Louis, whither he was bound, and sought out Harold, whom they found diligently pursuing his studies, determined to be first in his profession, with the avowed object at some future day of making a home for his parents, where they could work without labor; this was the golden vision for which he worked day and night. The Colonel was delighted with him, and expressed his admiration to Father Coté, upon whom he called with Marion. "He is a splendid fellow. I shouldn't wonder if he were President of the United States yet."

"O, I hope not," replied the venerable priest; "his soul would be risked at the White House. He is terribly ambitious now for a good object; but I often have to remind him, with the good Kempis, that 'man proposes, but God disposes.' He has a noble object, and I get really enthusiastic myself when he talks of his blessed mother, and what he will do for her."

"God spare him to fulfil his purpose," replied the Colonel.

"Amen!" was the hearty response.

Before leaving Athlaca, Colonel Hartland had made arrangements for securing the office of postmaster for his friend, and had bought a pretty cabin in the timber adjoining the growing town, only a short distance from Mrs. Leighton. Here he desired his friend to locate himself. Horatio Leighton made a ready sale of the prairie farm at a price far beyond its original cost, owing to the increasing tide of emigration brought to Athlaca by the prospect of a railroad through its boundary, and the discovery of an extensive coal-bed within its borders. The interest of this sum, with the annual stipend from Mr. Hawthorn to his daughter, enabled them to live in that land of plenty with comfort.

EDMUND ARROWSMITH.

(Concluded.)

When the Court reassembled, the jury appeared and gave their verdict of "Guilty of high treason." Father Arrowsmith's only answer to the usual question of the Court was silently to lift up his eyes and hands to heaven while the brutal sentence was delivered by the Judge, who added of his own to the revolting language of the law—"Know shortly thou shalt die aloft, between heaven and earth, as unworthy of either; and may thy soul go to hell with thy followers. I would that all the priests in England might undergo the same sentence!"

The long wished for crown was won, the one desire of the Seminarist, the Missioner, the Jesuit. Father Arrowsmith sank on his knees and, with bowed down head, *Deo gratias!* burst from his lips. And then he repeated this thanksgiving in English, that all might know his joy. The ferocious Judge sent the sheriff to bid the gaoler to load him with the heaviest fetters he could get and to shut him up alone and in a dark dungeon. The gaoler, who seems to have had a kind heart, said there was no cell of the sort, and the answer he received was to put him into the worst one that he had. Father Edmund could hardly walk with the weight of iron at his ankles, the "Widow's Mite," so these shackles were called, and had almost to be carried to a den so narrow that no one could lie down at full length therein, and into which hardly a ray of light could enter. As he was borne along he recited in a clear, loud voice the *Miserere* psalm. Guards were kept at the door, and not a soul was allowed to enter his prison, under a penalty of £100, save Justice Lee, who came to accept in private the challenge which Father Arrowsmith had offered him before the Court. But Edmund knew how once before a minister had boasted falsely of a controversial victory, gained under like odds, or rather not gained at all, by the same divine over a Catholic gentleman in prison. He simply declined the offer, and Mr. Lee went off boasting, much as Casaubon boasted against Baronius, that his adversary was a weak, silly fellow, and not conversant with Greek. He had not, however, liked the hideous gloom in which his enemy was fettered, and called loudly for a candle, "lest that traitor should desperately mischief me in the dark."

There Edmund lay, with nothing but his martyr's reward to cheer him, from two o'clock on Tuesday till mid-day on Thursday,

hardly any, if any, food or drink being allowed to pass his lips. Good people hoped that King Charles would send a royal pardon. But his Majesty was too busy with his rebellious Commons and their petition of rights. Yet unexpected hindrances arose. The whole trial had been so entirely against the forms of law, that when Yelverton had drawn up the Sheriff's warrant and sent it to his brother Whitelock to sign, that prudent Judge said Yelverton had better sign it himself first; nor would Whitelock even then have anything to do with it, but warned Sir Henry it would bring him into trouble. However, by dint of altering some words and warning the officer to conceal the illegalities, that difficulty was got over.

But no one would serve as executioner. A butcher offered, for £5, to send his man, but the servant took to his heels and he never saw him more. A promise of life was offered to any felon if he would take the office, but all refused the bribe, till a deserter, whom Father Edmund had saved from starvation when in prison, offered for 40s. to do the deed. He had to be protected from his fellows lest they should handle him roughly. The judge, anxious to see the death of his victim, contrary to custom, ordered that the execution should take place at an earlier date than the day that had been originally fixed.

Sir Henry seems to have wished the martyrdom to have been as private as possible, and ordered it at mid-day, when the Lancaster folks would be at dinner. It was at eight in the morning of August the 28th, when the sheriff came to tell the martyr that he must die that day. "I beseech my Saviour to make me worthy of it," was his reply.

There was another priest in the prison at the time, one John Southworth, whose crown had been delayed, but not taken away; for seven years later he was found working side by side with the future martyr, Father Henry Morse of the Society of Jesus, during an outburst of the plague in London, and twenty-nine years after, it 1654, he died at Tyburn, when Cromwell was practically ruler of England. At the time of Father Edmund's condemnation, John Southworth stood reprieved, and they had arranged together that he should give absolution to his brother-priest before his death. But the guards and the bolts had hindered all possibility of this, till, crossing the castle yard, Father Arrowsmith looked round for his last chance, and saw his friend standing and looking at him from a large window above. He raised his hands—the signal which had been agreed upon—received his last absolution, and passed out joyfully into the open street. A dense multitude was there awaiting him. As the gaoler was handing his prisoner over to the sheriff, a Catholic gentleman burst from the crowd, and reverently embraced him, kissing tenderly the marks of the wounds he had received in his capture.

Father Arrowsmith was tied down on the hurdle, with his head, out of scorn, towards the horses' tails, and so along this *Via Dolorosa* he was dragged, the javelin-men marching beside him to keep the Catholics from the martyr. Before him strutted the executioner, bearing a big club, while Protestant ministers intruded their polemics on the few minutes left the Father to prepare for death. Father Arrowsmith had written out on a sheet of paper acts of love of God and of contrition, under the title of "Two Keys of Heaven," and holding them in his hands, he kept his eyes and his heart fixed upon them. He feared, no doubt, lest the natural terror of the moment, the noise of the crowd, the wearisome interruptions of the preachers should prevent his soul and thoughts from adhering to his Lord and God.

The journey was a short one, and at a quarter of a mile from the prison the gibbet was reached. The unwearied Mr. Justice Lee was at Father Edmund's side, and called his attention to the fire whose flames roared over the cauldron, to the knife and the block, and the massive gallows and the rope. "Look you, Master Rigby," the name by which the martyr was known, "see what is prepared for your torment and death unless you are ready to conform to the laws and accept the king's mercy." It was a sight to make the heart sick, and Father Edmund did not need a further tempter. "Good sir," he said, smiling, "tempt me no more. The mercy which I look for is in heaven, through the death and Passion of my Saviour Jesus Christ, and I most humbly beseech Him to make me worthy of His death."

No sooner was the martyr freed from his rough hurdle than he knelt down under the shadow of the gibbet and offered his life to the King of Martyrs in satisfaction for his sins. The parson was at his elbow to criticize his last prayer. "You attribute nothing to Christ's merits and Passion." "O, sir, say not so! Christ's merits are always presupposed." And so for a quarter of an hour he continued praying aloud so that every word was noted by loving ears, and was exposed to the cavils of the unrelenting ministers. At last the sheriff bade him to make haste. "God's will be done," he said, as he sprang to his feet, kissed reverently the ladder, and then began to mount it, begging all good Catholics as he went up to join their prayers to his. Lee assured him there were none present, and offered himself to pray with him. "I neither wish for your prayers, nor will I pray with you," answered Father Edmund, "I will have nothing to do with you, and if what you say be true that there are no Catholics here, I wish to die as many deaths as here are people, on condition that they were all Catholics." He paused on his ascent to pray for King Charles and his realm, and especially for his persecutors, expressing freely his pardon for them, and begging pardon of any he might have wronged.

Not daring to show himself on the spot, but still unwilling to miss the cruel sight, Judge Yelverton had taken a place at a window whence, by help of glasses, he could see everything that passed, and there he swore he would remain till he had witnessed the end of his victim. The martyr's prayer went up for him, but the grace, if given, fell on too hard a soil.

Father Edmund had got high up on the ladder, and then he turned round to say his last words to the great crowd around and beneath him—"Bear witness you, who are come to see my end,