

said. "I'm ever so happy with you, and I pray God to spare you to me many years."

At that moment there came a loud ringing at the street bell. In a few seconds Sarah showed herself.

"A young gentleman has called to inquire after the master," she announced.

"Ask him in."

Cap in hand, Dorothy's providential messenger stepped briskly into the room.

"I hope you'll excuse me calling," he began apologetically, and with some show of awkwardness. "I happened to be passing your house, and thought I should inquire if you are better." He paused. "I hope the doctor and priest called all right," addressing Dorothy.

She nodded.

"We are most grateful to you; I don't know what we should have done without you."

"I am much obliged to you, lad," her father said, shaking hands with him, "and I am very glad to be able to thank you."

"Oh, I didn't come for that!" he answered good-naturedly. "I was anxious to know how you were getting on. This young lady," he added, turning to Dorothy, "did me a good turn that day I called; and I am grateful to her. My parents wish me to thank you for them, Miss."

"Is your hand all right?" she inquired.

"Yes—thanks. See! No scar anywhere."

He held out his hand to show.

Lifting his eyes, he perceived the portrait of her brother. In bewilderment and surprise he took a step forward, and then pointed to it, asking her:

"Where—where did you get that?"

"That's my son," the old man answered.

"Do you know him?"

"I know my own father well enough," the boy proudly said. "We have a portrait like that at home; it is the image of dad, and was taken before I was born."

Old Mr. Rudford sat up straight. His eyes scanned the lad curiously.

"What's your name?" he abruptly asked.

"Peter Rudford. My father's name is John, and my grandfather's is Simon; so they called me Peter to complete St. Peter's name."

Old Rudford leaned back in his chair. A sob of relief escaped him; and seeing his pallor—and fearing a relapse—Dorothy hurried to give him a restorative.

"Does your father ever speak of his old home at Cumpton?" Simon asked, on recovering.

"Oh, yes—very often. He went there a few months ago, but strangers were in the house. They could not give dad any information, they said, about his father."

"And does he really wish to see his old father again?" the old man asked eagerly.

"Rather! Yesterday, I heard him telling mother that his father's friendship was the one thing needed to complete his happiness."

"And the son's friendship is the one thing needed to complete his father's peace of mind," said old Simon impressively. "Tell him your grandfather says so, my lad."

Peter gazed from father to daughter. He was not quite convinced. It seemed so strange.

"Are you really my grandfather?" he faltered.

Dorothy got up and kissed him.

"Yes—and you're my nephew," she added, turning to her father, her eyes sparkling.

"Well, I never!" Peter gasped at last. "To think that I hurried off to the priest and doctor for my own grandfather!" He emitted a chuckle. "Why, it reads like a story! I must get home and tell dad about this. Won't he be astonished!"

"You'll have tea first," said his aunt.

"Tea?" His eyes twinkled. "Guess I couldn't wait; I am too anxious to tell dad and mother the news. But I'll have tons of teas with you henceforth. I'll be jolly glad to come! Oh, I must be off and tell them!"

He took an affectionate leave of them both, leaving an atmosphere of gratitude and joyous expectation behind him.—*Messenger of the Sacred Heart.*

## England's Martyrs

### THE CAUSE OF THEIR CANONISATION

Hanged, drawn, and quartered! This was the horrible death suffered by the greater number of the two hundred and fifty-two Catholics who gave their lives for the Faith during the English persecutions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and the agony of their last moments had been preceded, in many cases, by long imprisonment in a foetid dungeon and hours of unimaginable torture upon the rack. Probably, in all the long annals of the Church, there is no record of martyrs who suffered more intensely—certainly, none bore their passion with greater fortitude. Priests and laymen and delicate women, the old and the young, were not merely unyielding under torture, and in the shadow of the gallows; they were bright-faced and merry—the merriest martyrs this old world has ever seen. One after another was dragged to Tyburn, with a smile on his lips and a jest on his tongue. Is it their light-heartedness that makes them so lovable?

The first band, who suffered for refusing to take Henry VIII's Oath of Supremacy, set the brave example. They disobeyed quietly, and respectfully and joyously, well knowing that heaven would be the penalty of their refusal. As the years passed Franciscans, Jesuits and secular priests, and the men and women who harbored or in any way aided them, lived in constant peril: hunted, spied upon, a price on their heads, with enemies numbering thousands and tens of thousands. But they thought less of the hardships of their lot, and of the danger of capture and death, than of God's goodness and the sweetness of His service. The gallows was not to be greatly dreaded: was there another so short and sure a way to heaven?

Typical of these gallant English martyrs was a Benedictine monk, Dom Mark Barkworth, who went to Tyburn singing for joy. The chronicler says: "Coming up with the cart in his black habit, his hood being taken off, his head being all shaven but for a circle on the nether part of his head, he most joyfully and smilingly looked up directly to the heavens and blessed him with the Sign of the Cross. Then he turned himself towards the gallows tree, whereon he was to suffer, made the Sign of the Cross thereon, and kissed it, and the rope also, the which being put about his neck, he turned himself and with a cheerful, smiling countenance and pleasant voice sang in manner and form, 'This is the day which the Lord hath made; let us rejoice and be glad in it.' A Jesuit Father, who was with him, joined in the

triumphant strain." The sublime duet continued until the hangman ended it.

The proverbially joyous Franciscans were not less joyous than usual in the grim shadow of England's displeasure. Friar Elstow, having publicly protested against Henry's divorce from Queen Catherine, was summoned before the Council to give an account of his words. "You deserve to be put in a sack, and thrown into the Thames!" thundered Cromwell; and the friar answered merrily, "As for the Thames, the road to heaven is as near by water as by land." Their story is well told in Father Steek's *Franciscans and the Protestant Revolution*.

Long afterwards one of his brethren, Father Bullaker, with his health shattered by months of imprisonment and severe attacks of gaol fever, had but one fear: that he would die before he reached Tyburn. At his trial, when he was called a seducer of the people, he exclaimed delightedly: "You fill me with gladness, for you give me the same title which the Jews gave to Christ." Even as his body hung from the gallows his face smiled, "as if it had been the face of an angel."

Dr. Allen, the founder of Douay, begged the assistance of the Jesuits in the English mission, and foremost in the first band of them, was Blessed Edmund Campion, with the possible exception of Blessed Thomas More, the most beloved of all the English martyrs. When the rector told him that he had been chosen for the work, he, "being scarce able to hold tears of joy and tenderness of heart, went to his chamber and there on his knees to God offered himself wholly to His divine disposition without any exception or restraint, whether it were to rack, cross, quartering, or any other torment or death whatsoever."

The approach of danger did not sadden or even sober him. Disguised as a jewel merchant, he landed at Dover. To his superior he wrote: "Such a peacock, such a swaggerer! A man must needs have very sharp eyes to catch a glimpse of holiness beneath such a garb, such a look. In any case I will take a part in the fight, though I die for it."

Some time later, living in hiding, surrounded by spies, but merry still, he wrote his famous *Brag and Challenge*, which ends thus: "Touching our Society, be it known unto you that we have made a league—all the Jesuits in the world cheerfully to carry the cross that you shall lay upon us and never to despair your recovery while we have